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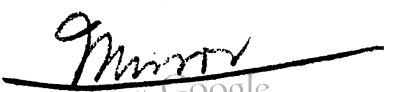
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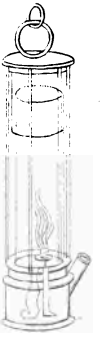
Royle. Sculp.

Sir Humphry Davy. Bart.

INVENTOR OF



THE SAFETY LAMP

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

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PREFACE.

We begin to think that a long Preface in this season of *ennui* would be almost as tiresome as tragedy in warm weather, and much more so than the trite three-line Prologue in Hamlet. Our materials are collected from all quarters, with but little of our own; so that we might praise all the authors without the charge of uncommon vanity; but panegyric savours much of the poppy, and we must use it accordingly.

Our thanks are first due to such Subscribers as have, by personal observation and research, enabled us to throw a light on certain obsolete customs or portions of our domestic history; for these contributions form a prominent feature of the Correspondence of The Mirror; it being our object, in this department, to gather facts rather than to draw only upon the invention of our friends. In support of this system we could select many specimens from the Correspondence of the present volume, the interest of which is, we hope, be equal to any of its predecessors.

The *Selector* will be found to contain many valuable extracts from New and Costly Works, in almost every class of literature; and the piquancy of the *Notes of a Reader* may be turned to as a convenient little treasury, into which readers of all tastes may dip with pleasure and advantage.

The *Sketch Book* contains rather an unusual number of Narratives, some of them of extraordinary interest, and written in the best style of the best authors.

The *Spirit of Discovery* will be considered characteristic of our times, by illustrating the real economy of science in its application to the conveniences of every-day life. As a collateral branch of this division is *The Naturalist*, under which head we have endeavoured to identify The Mirror with Zoology, as one of the most popular studies of the day.

The *Spirit of the Public Journals* breathes not a few of the sweetest and most recent poetical compositions from the pens of celebrated authors, some of whose names are passports to high excellence.

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The *Engravings* have, probably, been criticised upon first impression; so that we can only hope they have merited the applause of our Subscribers. We may be permitted to remark that some of the illustrations relate to scenes and subjects of no ordinary attraction in Antiquarian Remains, and Architectural Improvements of yesterday; a few of these have been executed at a considerable cost to the Proprietor; for which extra exertion he has been more than requited by the increased demand.

Several current *Novelties* will be found described at length in this volume—as the circumstantial and accurate accounts of the Colosseum—and the New Swan River Settlement, the last of which is illustrated with an Engraved Chart.

Strenuous as have been our exertions for past patronage, we shall not relax in the ensuing volume. An entirely new Type has been prepared for this purpose, and we feel confident that we shall be enabled to keep pace with the increased typographical beauty of the MIRROR, as well as with the improved spirit of its Engravings.

June 27, 1829.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. XIII

PORTRAIT of the late SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, Bart.

Bruce Castle, Tottenham.
Old Elephant, Fenchurch Street.
Macclesfield Bridge, Regent's Park.
Rupert's Palace, Barbican.
Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park.
Grove House, ditto.
Colosseum, Exterior, ditto.
Marquess of Hertford's Villa, ditto.
Doric Villa, ditto.
Colosseum, Interior, ditto.
Kirkstall Abbey.
Warwick Castle.
Old Covent Garden Market.
York Terrace, Regent's Park.
Snow Flakes, Magnified.
Rugby School.
Miners of Derbyshire.
Fortune Playhouse, Barbican.
Epsom New Race Stand.
Old Charing Cross.
Exeter 'Change, Strand.
Hyde Park Grand Entrance.
Talipot Tree.
Glowworm.
Deathwatch, Magnified.
Chester Terrace, Regent's Park.
Guy's Cliff.
Roman Altar.
Gower's Tomb.
Hirlas Horn.
Old Somerset House.
Harrow School.
Sussex Place, Regent's Park.
Clarendon House, Piccadilly.
Relic of John Bunyan.
Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park.
Chart of the Swan River Settlement.
Laleham Park, the Residence of the Young Queen of Portugal.
Holland House, Kensington
Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park.
Residence of T. Campbell, Esq.
Labyrinth at Versailles.

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MEMOIR
OF
SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BART.

THE present may be regarded as a chemical age; for so extensive, rapid, and important have been the late acquisitions in the science of chemistry, that we may almost claim it as the exclusive discovery of our own times. The popularity and high estimation in which it is held may be ascribed to three causes: 1. The satisfaction which is afforded by its results. 2. Its utility in all the arts of life. 3. The little previous preparation which an entrance on its study requires. To these may be added, the new interest conferred upon the science by the discoveries of Black, Priestly, and Lavoisier, which had already introduced into chemical science the long-neglected requisites of close investigation and logical deduction; but it was reserved for Sir HUMPHRY DAVY to demonstrate the vast superiority of modern principles, by the most brilliant career of discovery, which, since the days of Newton, have graced the annals of science.

Sir Humphry Davy was born December 17, 1779, at Penzance, in Cornwall. His family was ancient, and above the middle class; his paternal great grandfather had considerable landed property in the parish of Budgwin, and his father possessed a small paternal estate opposite St. Michael's Mount, called Farfal, on which he died in 1795, after having injured his fortune by expending considerable sums in attempting agricultural improvements. Sir Humphry received the first rudiments of his education at the grammar-schools of Penzance and Truro: at the former place, he resided with Mr. John Tomkin, surgeon, a benevolent and intelligent man, who had been intimately connected with his maternal grandfather, and treated him with a degree of kindness little less than paternal. His genius was originally inclined to poetry; and there are many natives of Penzance who remember his poems and verses, written at the early age of nine years. He cultivated this bias till his fifteenth year, when he became the pupil of Mr. (since Dr.) Borlase, of Penzance, an ingenious surgeon, intending to prepare himself for graduating as a physician at Edinburgh. As a proof of his uncommon mind, at this early age, it is worthy of mention, that Mr. Davy laid down for himself a plan of education, which embraced the circle of the sciences. By his eighteenth year he had acquired the rudiments of botany, anatomy, and physiology, the simpler mathematics, metaphysics, natural philosophy, and chemistry. But chemistry soon arrested his whole attention. Having made some experiments on the air disengaged by sea-weeds from the water of the ocean, which convinced him that these vegetables performed the same part in purifying the air dissolved in water which land-vegetables act in the atmosphere; he communicated them to Dr. Beddoes, who had at that time circulated proposals for publishing a journal of philosophical contributions from the West of England. This produced a correspondence between Dr. Beddoes and Mr. Davy, in which the Doctor proposed, that Mr. Davy, who was at this time only nineteen years of age, should suspend his plan of going to Edinburgh, and take a part in experiments which were then about to be instituted at Bristol, for investigating the medical powers of factitious airs; to this proposal Mr. Davy consented, on condition that he should have the uncontrolled superintendence of the experiments. About this time he became acquainted with Davies Gilbert, Esq. M. P. a gentleman of high scientific attainments, (now President of the Royal Society), with whom he formed a friendship which has always continued; and to Mr. Gilbert's judicious advice may be attributed Mr. Davy's adoption of and perseverance in the study of chemistry. With Dr. Beddoes, Mr. Davy resided for a considerable time, and was constantly occupied in new chemical investigations. Here, he discovered the respirability of nitrous oxide, and made a number of laborious experiments on gaseous bodies, which he after-

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wards published in "Researches Chemical and Philosophical," a work that was universally well received by the chemical world, and created a high reputation for its author, at that time only twenty-one years of age. This led to his introduction to Count Rumford, and to his being elected Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Institution in Albemarle-street. On obtaining this appointment Mr. Davy gave up all his views of the medical profession, and devoted himself entirely to chemistry.

Mr. Davy's first experiments as Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, were made on the substance employed in the process of tanning, with others to which similar properties were ascribed, in consequence of the discovery made by M. Seguier, of Paris, of the peculiar vegetable matter, now called *tannin*. He was, during the same period, frequently occupied in experiments on galvanism.

To the agriculturist, chemistry is of the first consideration. The dependence of agriculture upon chemical causes had been previously noticed, but it was first completely demonstrated in a course of lectures before the Board of Agriculture, which Mr. Davy commenced in the year 1802, and continued for ten years. This series of lectures contained much popular and practical information, and belongs to the most useful of Mr. Davy's scientific labours; for the application of chemistry to agriculture is one of its most important results; and so rapid were the discoveries of the author, that in preparing these discourses for publication, a few years afterwards, he was under the necessity of making several alterations, to adapt them to the improved state of chemical knowledge, which his own labours had, in that short time, produced.

In 1803, he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1805, a member of the Royal Irish Academy. He now enjoyed the friendship of most of the distinguished literary men and philosophers of the metropolis, and enumerated among his intimate friends, Sir Joseph Banks, Cavendish, Hatchett, Wollaston, Children, Tennant, and other eminent men. At the same time he corresponded with the principal chemists of every part of Europe. In 1806, he was appointed to deliver, before the Royal Society, the Bakerian lecture, in which he displayed some very interesting new agencies of electricity, by means of the celebrated galvanic apparatus.* Soon afterwards, he made one of the most brilliant discoveries of modern times, in the decomposition of two fixed alkalies, which, in direct refutation of the hypothesis previously adopted, were found to consist of a peculiar metallic base united with a large quantity of oxygen. These alkalies were potash and soda, and the metals thus discovered were called *potassium* and *sodium*. Mr. Davy was equally successful in the application of galvanism to the decomposition of the earths. About this time he became Secretary of the Royal Society. In 1808, Mr. Davy received a prize from the French Institute. During the greater part of 1810, he was employed on the combinations of oxymuriatic gas and oxygen; and towards the close of the same year, he delivered a course of lectures before the Dublin Society, and received from Trinity College, Dublin, the honorary degree of LL. D.

In the year 1812, Mr. Davy married his amiable lady, then Mrs. Apreece widow of Shuckburgh Ashby Apreece, Esq. and daughter and heiress of the late Charles Kerr, of Kelso, Esq. By his union with this lady, Mr. Davy acquired not only a considerable fortune, but the inestimable treasure of an affectionate and exemplary wife, and a congenial friend and companion, capable of appreciating his character and attainments. A few days previously to his marriage, he received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty, then Prince Regent, being the first person on whom he conferred that dignity.

* This apparatus is of immense power, and consists of 200 separate parts, each part composed of ten double plates, and each plate containing 32 square inches. The whole number of double plates is 2,000, and the whole surface 128,000 square inches.

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We now arrive at the most important result of Sir Humphry Davy's labours, viz. the invention of the SAFETY-LAMP for coal mines, which has been generally and successfully adopted throughout Europe. This invention has been the means of preserving many valuable lives, and preventing horrible mutilations, more terrible even than death; and were this Sir Humphry Davy's only invention, it would secure him an immortality in the annals of civilization and science. The general principle of this discovery may be described as follows:

"The frequency of accidents, arising from the explosion of the fire-damp, or inflammable gas of the coal mines, mixed with atmospherical air, occasioned the formation of a committee at Sunderland, for the purpose of investigating the causes of these calamities, and of endeavouring to discover and apply a preventive. Sir Humphry received an invitation, in 1815, from Dr. Gray, one of the members of the committee; in consequence of which he went to the North of England, and visiting some of the principal collieries in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, soon convinced himself that no improvement could be made in the mode of ventilation, but that the desired preventive must be sought in a new method of lighting the mines, free from danger, and which, by indicating the state of the air in the part of the mine where inflammable air was disengaged, so as to render the atmosphere explosive, should oblige the miners to retire till the workings were properly cleared. The common means then employed for lighting the dangerous part of the mines consisted of a steel wheel revolving in contact with flint, and affording a succession of sparks: but this apparatus always required a person to work it, and was not entirely free from danger. The fire-damp was known to be light carburetted hydrogen gas; but its relations to combustion had not been examined. It is chiefly produced from what are called blowers or fissures in the broken strata, near dykes. Sir Humphry made various experiments on its combustibility and explosive nature; and discovered, that the fire-damp requires a very strong heat for its inflammation; that azote and carbonic acid, even in very small proportions, diminished the velocity of the inflammation; that mixtures of the gas would not explode in metallic canals or troughs, where their diameter was less than one-seventh of an inch, and their depth considerable in proportion to their diameter; and that explosions could not be made to pass through such canals, or through very fine wire sieves, or wire gauze. The consideration of these facts led Sir Humphry to adopt a lamp, in which the flame, by being supplied with only a limited quantity of air, should produce such a quantity of azote and carbonic acid as to prevent the explosion of the fire-damp, and which, by the nature of its apertures for giving admittance and egress to the air, should be rendered incapable of communicating any explosion to the external air. These requisites were found to be afforded by air-tight lanterns, of various constructions, supplied with air from tubes or canals of small diameter, or from apertures covered with wire-gauze, placed below the flame, through which explosions cannot be communicated; and having a chimney at the upper part, for carrying off the foul air. Sir Humphry soon afterwards found that a constant flame might be kept up from the explosive mixture issuing from the apertures of a wire-gauze sieve. He introduced a very small lamp in a cylinder, made of wire-gauze, having six thousand four hundred apertures in the square inch. He closed all apertures except those of the gauze, and introduced the lamp, burning brightly within the cylinder, into a large jar, containing several quarts of the most explosive mixture of gas from the distillation of coal and air; the flame of the wick immediately disappeared, or rather was lost, for the whole of the interior of the cylinder became filled with a feeble but steady flame of a green colour, which burnt for some minutes, till it had entirely destroyed the explosive power of the atmosphere. This discovery led to a most important improvement in the lamp, divested the fire-damp of all its terrors, and applied its powers formerly so destructive, to the production of a useful light. Some minor im-

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provements, originating in Sir Humphry's researches into the nature of flame, were afterwards effected. Experiments of the most satisfactory nature were speedily made, and the invention was soon generally adopted. Some attempts were made to dispute the honour of this discovery with its author, but his claims were confirmed by the investigations of the first philosophers of the age."*—The coal owners of the Tyne and Wear evinced their sense of the benefits resulting from this invention, by presenting Sir Humphry with a handsome service of plate worth nearly two thousand pounds, at a public dinner at Newcastle, October 11, 1817.

In 1813, Sir Humphry was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and vice-president of the Royal Institution; in 1817, one of the eight associates of the Royal Academy; in 1818 created a baronet, and during the last ten years he has been elected a member of most of the learned bodies of Europe.

We could occupy many pages with the interesting details of Sir Humphry Davy's travels in different parts of Europe for scientific purposes, particularly to investigate the causes of volcanic phenomena, to instruct the miners of the coal districts in the application of his safety-lamp, and to examine the state of the Herculaneum manuscripts and to illustrate the remains of the chemical arts of the ancients. He analyzed the colours used in painting by the ancient Greek and Roman artists. His experiments were chiefly made on the paintings in the baths of Titus, the ruins called the baths of Livia, in the remains of other palaces and baths of ancient Rome, and in the ruins of Pompeii. By the kindness of his friend Canova, who was charged with the care of the works connected with ancient art in Rome, he was enabled to select with his own hands specimens of the different pigments, that had been formed in vases discovered in the excavations, which had been lately made beneath the ruins of the palace of Titus, and to compare them with the colours fixed on the walls, or detached in fragments of stucco. The results of all these researches were published in the Transactions of the Royal Society for 1815, and are extremely interesting. The concluding observations, in which he impresses on artists the superior importance of permanency to brilliancy in the colours used in painting, are especially worthy the attention of artists. On his examination of the Herculaneum manuscripts, at Naples, in 1818-19, he was of opinion they had not been acted upon by fire, so as to be completely carbonized, but that their leaves were cemented together by a substance formed during the fermentation and chemical change of ages. He invented a composition for the solution of this substance, but he could not discover more than 100 out of 1,265 manuscripts, which presented any probability of success.

Sir Humphry returned to England in 1820, and in the same year his respected friend, Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, died. Several discussions took place respecting a proper successor, when individuals of high and even very exalted rank were named as candidates. But science, very properly in this case, superseded rank. Amongst the philosophers whose labours had enriched the Transactions of the Royal Society, two were most generally adverted to, Sir Humphry Davy and Dr. Wollaston; but Dr. Wollaston very modestly declined being a candidate after his friend had been nominated, and received from the council of the Society the unanimous compliment of being placed in the chair of the Royal Society, till the election by the body in November.† A trifling opposition was made to Sir Humphry Davy's election, by some unknown persons, who proposed Lord Colchester, but Sir Humphry was placed in the chair by a majority of 200 to 13. For

* Memoir—New Monthly Magazine, Vol. I. Mr. Dillon has lately invented an *Improved Safety Lamp*, an Engraving of which will be found at page 137, Vol. XII. of the MIRROR.

† It deserves notice, that two of the most illustrious philosophers of our times, Sir H. Davy and Dr. Wollaston, have died within the present year.

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this honour no one could be more completely qualified. Sir Humphry retained his seat as President till the year 1827, when, in consequence of procrastinated ill health, in great measure brought on by injuries occasioned to his constitution by scientific experiments, he was induced, by medical advice, to retire to the continent. He accordingly resigned his seat as President of the Royal Society, the chair being filled, *pro tem.* by Davies Gilbert, Esq. who, at the Anniversary Meeting, Nov. 30, 1827, was unanimously elected President.

Since his retirement, Sir Humphry Davy resided principally at Rome, where a short time ago he had an alarming attack of a paralytic nature, but from which he was apparently, though slowly, recovering. Lady Davy, who had been detained in England by her own ill health, joined Sir Humphry, at Rome, on hearing of his alarming state. Thence he travelled by easy stages to Geneva, without feeling any particular inconvenience, and without any circumstances which denoted the approach of dissolution: but on Friday, May 29, 1829, the illustrious philosopher closed his mortal career, in the fifty-first year of his age, having only reached Geneva on the day previous. "Lady Davy had the gratification of contributing, by her soothing care, to the comfort of his last days during their stay in Italy, and on their journey to Geneva, where they intended to pass the summer, and hoped to have derived benefit from the eminent practitioners of that city. Sir Humphry had also been joined by his brother, Dr. John Davy, physician to the forces in Malta, whence he came on receiving the intelligence of his brother's danger. But all human art and skill were of no avail. The last and fatal attack took place at half-past two on Friday morning, and the pulse ceased to beat shortly after. The event was no sooner known, than the afflicted widow received the condolence and affectionate offer of services from the most distinguished individuals of Geneva; amongst whom we must mention M. A. de Condolle, the eminent botanist, and M. Sismondi, the historian, both equally beloved for their amiable character, as illustrious throughout Europe for their works. M. de Condolle obligingly took charge of all the details of the interment of his illustrious colleague; and the governor of the Canton, the Academy of Geneva, the Consistory of the Geneva Church, the Society of Arts and of Natural Philosophy and History, together with nearly all the English resident there, accompanied the remains to the burial-ground, where the English service was performed by the Rev. Mr. John Magers of Queen's College, and the Rev. Mr. Burgess. The members of the Academy, in the absence of any relation of the deceased, took their place in the funeral procession; and the invitations to the syndicate, and to the learned bodies who accompanied it, were made by that body in the same character. The whole was conducted with much appropriate order and decency, and whilst every attention and respect were paid to the memory of the deceased, nothing was attempted beyond the unostentatious simplicity which the deceased had frequently declared to be his wish, whenever his mortal remains should be consigned to their last home; and which in accordance to that wish, had been expressly enjoined to her kind friends by the afflicted widow. In the procession, which followed the corporate bodies and the countrymen of the deceased, were many of the most eminent manufacturers of Geneva, and a large body of mechanics, who were anxious to pay this tribute of regard and gratitude to one whom they deservedly looked upon as a great benefactor to the arts, and promoter of sciences, by the application of which they earn their livelihood.*

During his retirement on the Continent, Sir Humphry continued to communicate the splendid results of his labours to the Royal Society, and at the anniversary meeting of the year 1827, the royal medal was awarded to him for a series of brilliant discoveries developing the relation between electricity and chemistry.† Upon this interesting occasion, Mr. Davies Gilbert spoke at

* Extract of a Letter from Geneva, dated June 1, 1829.—*Times.*

† These experiments, the last which engaged Sir Humphry Davy's attention to any extent, were on the application of electrical combinations, for the purpose of preserving

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some length, commencing as follows: "It is with feelings most gratifying to myself that I now approach to the award of a royal medal to Sir Humphry Davy; and I esteem it a most fortunate occurrence, that this award should have taken place during the short period of my having to discharge the duties attached to the office of president; having witnessed the whole progress of Sir Humphry Davy's advancement in science and in reputation, from his first attempts in his native town to vary some of Dr. Priestly's experiments on the extraction of oxygen from marine vegetables to the point of eminence which we all know him to have reached. It is not necessary for me more than to advert to his discovery of nitrous oxyde; to his investigation of the action of light on gases; on the nature of heat; to his successful discrimination of proximate vegetable elements; nor to his most scientific, ingenious, and useful invention, the safety-lamp,—an invention reasoned out from its principles, with all the accuracy and precision of mathematical deduction."

The course of Sir Humphry Davy to the highest rank as a chemical philosopher, was, after his appointment at the Royal Institution, rapid and brilliant; and if he was previously aided by as few of the advantages of fortune as any man living, he had then at his disposal whatever his industry and talents chose to command. We have given but a hasty outline of his labours; but it is possible that he may have left behind him much, not yet made public, for which, science will be still further indebted to him. His works, papers, and letters are numerous, and the greatest portion of them are contained in the Transactions of the Royal Society. One of the most popular and interesting of his recent papers is that on the *Phenomena of Volcanoes*. This contains a series of investigations of Vesuvius, made by the author during a residence at Naples in 1819-20, and bearing upon a previous hypothesis, "that metals of the alkalies and earth might exist in the interior of the globe, and on being exposed to the action of air and water, give rise to volcanic fires, and to the production of lavas, by the slow cooling of which basaltic and other crystalline rocks might subsequently be formed." We have not space for the details of these investigations, interesting as they would prove to an unscientific reader; but we give an abstract of the result of Sir Humphry's observations:

"The phenomena observed by the author afforded a sufficient refutation of all the ancient hypotheses, in which volcanic fires were ascribed to such chemical causes as the combustion of mineral coal, or the action of sulphur upon iron; and are perfectly consistent with the supposition of their depending upon the oxidation of the metals of the earths upon an extensive scale, in immense subterranean cavities, to which water or atmospheric air may occasionally have access. The subterranean thunder heard at great distances under Vesuvius, prior to an eruption, indicates the vast extent of these cavities; and the existence of a subterranean communication between the Solfattara and Vesuvius, is established by the fact that whenever the latter is in an active state, the former is comparatively tranquil. In confirmation of these views, the author remarks, that almost all the volcanoes of considerable magnitude in the old world, are in the vicinity of the sea; and in those where the sea is more distant, as in the volcanoes of South America, the water may be supplied from great subterranean lakes; for Humboldt states that some of them throw up quantities of fish. The author acknowledges, however, that the hypothesis of the nucleus of the globe being composed of matter liquefied by heat, offers a still more simple solution of the phenomena of volcanic fires."†

the copper sheathing of ships' bottoms. To this subject Sir Humphry gave much of his time, and personally inspected all the boats and vessels on which the trials were made. Although the theory upon which they were conducted proved eminently correct, no advantage could be ultimately taken of the plans which it suggested. The saving of the copper was wholly counterbalanced by an accumulation of shell-fish and sea-weed on the sheathing, which became sufficient, in a short time, to prevent the proper command of the ship at the helm.

† Abridged in the *Arcana of Science and Arts* for 1829.

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We have hitherto spoken of Sir Humphry Davy as a philosopher. He was, however, in every respect, an accomplished scholar, and was well acquainted with foreign languages. He always retained a strong taste for literary pleasures; and when his continued illness retarded his scientific pursuits, he made literature his recreation. In this manner he wrote *Salmonia: or Days of Fly-fishing*, in a series of conversations, we gather from the Preface:—"These pages formed the occupation of the Author during several months of severe and dangerous illness, when he was wholly incapable of attending to more useful studies, or of following more serious pursuits. They formed his amusement in many hours, which otherwise would have been unoccupied and tedious." "The conversational and discursive style were chosen as best suited to the state of the health of the author, who was incapable of considerable efforts and long continued exertion." The volume is dedicated to Dr. Babington, "in remembrance of some delightful days passed in his society, and in gratitude for an uninterrupted friendship of quarter of a century:" and the likeness of one of the characters in the conversations to that estimable physician abovenamed, has been considered well drawn, and easily recognisable by those who enjoy his acquaintance.

The philosophical works of Sir Humphry Davy are written in a clear and perspicuous style, by which means he has contributed more to the diffusion of scientific knowledge than any other writer of his time. His three principal works, "Chemical and Philosophical Researches," "Elements of Chemical Philosophy," and "Elements of Agricultural Chemistry," are in a popular and familiar style, and the two last are excellently adapted for elementary study. His numerous pamphlets and contributions to the Transactions of the Royal Society have the same rare merit of conveying experimental knowledge in the most attractive form, and thus reducing abstract theory to the practice and purposes of life and society. The results of his investigations and experiments were not therefore pent up in the laboratory or lecture-room where they were made, but by this valuable mode of communication, they have realized what ought to be the highest aim of science,—the improvement of the condition and comforts of every class of his fellow-creatures. Thus, beautiful theories were illustrated by inventions of immediate utility, as in the *safety-lamp* for mitigating the dangers to which miners are exposed in their labours, and the application of a newly-discovered principle in preserving the life of the adventurous mariner. Yet splendid as were Sir Humphry's talents, and important as have been their application, he received the honours and homage of the scientific world with that becoming modesty which universally characterizes great genius.

Apart from the scientific value of Sir Humphry's labours and researches, they are pervaded by a tone and temper, and an enthusiastic love of nature which are as admirably expressed as their influence is excellent. In proof of this feeling we could almost from memory, quote many passages from his works. Thus, speaking of the divine *Study of Nature*, he has the following reflective truths:—"If we look with wonder upon the great remains of human works, such as the columns of Palmyra, broken in the midst of the desert, the temples of Pæstum, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries, or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the Acropolis of Athens, or in our own Museum, as proofs of the genius of artists, and power and riches of nations now past away; with how much deeper feeling of admiration must we consider those grand monuments of Nature, which mark the revolutions of the globe; continents broken into islands; one land produced, another destroyed; the bottom of the ocean become a fertile soil; whole races of animals extinct; and the bones and exuviæ of one class, covered with the remains of another, and upon the graves of past generations—the marble or rocky tomb, as it were, of a former animated world—new generations rising, and order and harmony established, and a system of life and beauty produced, as it were out of chaos and death; proving the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness,

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of the GREAT CAUSE OF ALL BEING!" Here we cannot trace any co-mixture of science and scepticism, and in vain shall we look for the spawn of infidel doctrine. The same excellent feeling breathes throughout *Salmonia*, one of the most delightful labours of leisure we have ever seen. Not a few of the most beautiful phenomena of Nature are here lucidly explained, yet the pages have none of the varnish of philosophical unbelief or finite reasoning. "In my opinion," says one of the characters in the Dialogue, (to be identified as the author,) "profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees changes of causes and effects, so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thundercloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motions of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures." *

Many other passages in *Salmonia* gush forth with great force and beauty, and sometimes soar into sublime truths. Thus says the eloquent author:

"A full and clear river is, in my opinion, the most poetical object in nature. Pliny has, as well as I recollect, compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge;—in this mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters."

"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy: but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity: makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair!

Few of those whose fame and fortune are their own creation, enjoy, as did Sir Humphry Davy, in the meridian of life, the enviable consciousness of general esteem and respect, and the certainty of a distinguished place in history, among the illustrious names of their country. "A great light has gone out,"—short but brilliant has been his career; yet let us hope he has but exchanged his worldly fame for unearthly immortality, to shine amidst the never-dying lights of true glory.

* *Salmonia*, 1st. Edition, page 161. Several beautiful Extracts from which, will be found in Vol. XII. of the MIRROR.

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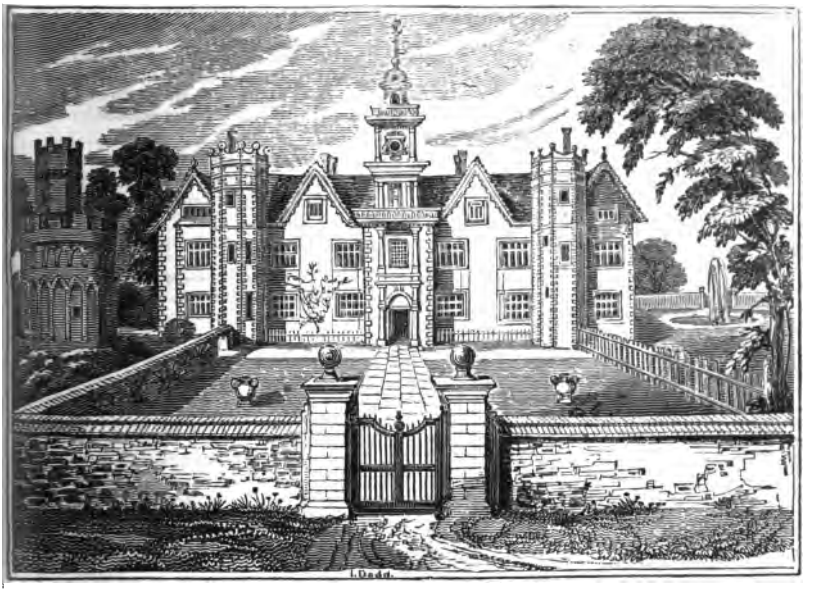
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 350.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1829. [Price 2*d*

Bruce Castle, Tottenham.



THE engraving represents this interesting structure, as it appeared in the year 1686; being copied from a print, after a picture by Wolridge.

The original castle was very ancient, as appears by the foundations, and an old brick tower over a deep well, the upper part of which has been used as a dairy. The castle is said to have been built by Earl Waltheof, who, in 1069 married Judith, niece to William the Conqueror, who gave him the earldom of Northampton and Huntingdon for her portion. Matilda or Maud, their only child, after the death of Simon St. Liz, her first husband, married David, first of the name, king of Scotland; and Maud, being heiress of Huntingdon, had in her own right, as an appendix to that honour, the manor of Tottenham in Middlesex.

Robert Bruce, grandson of David, Earl of Huntingdon, and grandfather to Robert I. of Scotland, memorable as the restorer of the independence of his country, became one of the competitors for the crown of Scotland in 1290, but being superseded by John Baliol, Bruce retired to England, and settled at his grandfather's estate at Tottenham, repaired the castle, and acquiring another manor, called it and the castle after his own name. Shakspeare says,

> Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns,

and the fortunes of the two Bruces are "confirmation strong as holy writ."

The estate being forfeited to the crown, it had different proprietors, till 1631, when it was in the possession of Hugh Hare, Lord Coleraine. Henry Hare, the last Lord Coleraine of that family, having been deserted by his wife, who obstinately refused, for twenty years, to return to him, formed a connexion with Miss Roze Duplessis, a French lady, by whom he had a daughter, born in Italy, whom he named Henrietta Roza Peregrina, and to whom he left all his estates. This lady married the late Mr. Alderman Townsend; but, being an alien, she could not take the estates; and the will being legally made, barred the heirs at law; so that the estate escheated to the crown. However, a grant of these estates, confirmed by act of parliament, was made to Mr. Townsend and his lady, whose son, Henry Hare Townsend, Esq. in 1792, voluntarily sold the pro-

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perty for the payment of the family debts; and "although the castle may soon be levelled with the ground, yet the destruction of this ancient fabric will acquire him more honour, than if the prudence of his ancestors had enabled him to restore the three towers, of which now only one remains."*

The present mansion is partly ancient, and partly modern, and was very lately the property of Sir William Curtis, Bart. Up to the period at which the castle is represented in the engraving, the building must have undergone many alterations, as the tower on the left, and the two octagonal and centre towers, will prove. The grounds there appear laid out in the trim fashion of the seventeenth century, and ornamented with fountains, vases, &c.

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOM.

(For the Mirror.)

BROMLEY PAGETS, Staffordshire, is 129 miles from London, and is a pretty town on the skirts of Derbyshire. This place is remarkable, or was lately, for a sport on New Year's Day and Twelfth Day, called *The Hobby-Horse Dance*, from a person who rode upon the image of a horse, with a bow and arrow in his hands, with which he made a snapping noise, and kept time to the music, while six men danced the hay and other country dances, with as many deer's heads on their shoulders. To this hobby-horse belonged a pot, which the reeves of the town kept filled with cakes and ale, towards which the spectators contributed a penny, and with the remainder they maintained their poor and repaired the church.

HALBERT H.

THE BARON'S TRUMPET.

(For the Mirror.)

Thou blowest for Hector.
TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

SOUND, sound the charge, when the wassel bowl
Is lifted with songs, let the trumpets shrill blast
Awaken like fire in the warrior's soul,
The bright recollections of chivalry past;
Let the lute or the lyre the soft stripling rejoice,
No music on earth is so sweet as thy voice.

Sound, sound the charge when the foe is before us,
When the visors are closed and the lances are down,
If we fall, let the banner of victory o'er us
Dance time to thy clarion that sings our renown:
To the souls of the valiant no requiem is given,
So fit as thine echoes, to soothe them in heaven.

LEON.

Gough's Camden.

THE NEW YEAR.

(For the Mirror.)

TWENTY-NINE. Father Janus! and can it be true,
That your *double-fac'd* sconce is again in our view?
Take a chair, my old boy—while our glasses we fill,
And tell us, "what news"—for you can if you will.

Shall we have any war? or will there be peace?
Will swindlers, as usual, the credulous fleece?
Will the season produce us a *deluge* of rain?
Did the comet bring coughs and catarrhs in his train?

Will gas, so delicious, *perfume* our abodes?
Will M'Adam continue "Colossus *of-roads?*"
Will Venus's boy be abroad with his bow,
And make the dear girls over bachelors crow?

Will *quid-nuncs* from scandalous whispers refrain?
Will poets the peak of Parnassus attain?
Will travellers' tomes touch the truth to a T?
Will critics from caustic coercion be free?

Shall we check crafty care in his cunning career?
In short—shall we welcome a happy new year?
What, *mum*, Father Janus?—egad I suppose,
Not one of our queries you mean to disclose.

Let us, therefore, the blessings which Providence sends,
To our country, to us, our relations and friends,
With gratitude own—and employ the supplies,
As prudence suggests, "to be merry and wise."

Nor ever, too curious the future to pry,
Presume on our own feeble strength to rely;
But, taught by the *past*; for the *future*, depend
Where the wise and the good all their wishes extend.

JACOBUS.

FALLING STONES

(For the Mirror.)

OF these bodies, the most general opinion now is, that they are really of *celestial* origin. But a few years ago, nothing could have appeared more absurd than the idea that we should ever be able to examine the most minute fragment of the siderial system; and it must, no doubt, be reckoned among the wonders of the age in which we live, that considerable portions of these heavenly bodies are now known to have descended to the earth. An event so wonderful and unexpected was at first received with incredulity and ridicule; but we may now venture to consider the fact as well established as any other hypothesis of natural philosophy, which does not actually admit of mathematical demonstration. The attention of our philosophers was first called to this subject by the falling of one of these masses of matter near Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire; it weighed about 50 pounds, and for some years after its de-

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scent did not excite the interest it deserved, nor would perhaps that attention have been paid to it which was required for the investigation of the truth, if a similar and more striking phenomenon had not happened a few years afterwards at Benares, in the East Indies. Some fragments of the stones which fell in India were brought to Sir Joseph Banks by Major Williams; and Sir Joseph being desirous of knowing if there might not be some truth in these repeated accounts of falling stones, gave them to be analyzed, when it was found by a very skilful analysis, published in the Transactions, 1802, that the stones collected in various countries, and to which a similar history is attached, contained very peculiar ingredients, and all of the same kind. The earthy parts were silex and magnesia, in which were interspersed small grains of metallic iron. Since these investigations, the subject has attracted very general attention, and most of the fragments of stones said to have fallen from heaven, and which have been preserved in the cabinets of the curious, on account of this tradition, have been analyzed, and found to consist of the same ingredients, varying only in their different proportions.

Pliny relates, that a great stone fell near Egos Potamos, in the Thracian Chersonese, in the second year of the 78th Olympiad. In the year 1706, another large stone is, on the authority of Paul Lucas, then at Larissa, said to have fallen in Macedonia. It weighed 72 pounds. Cardan assures us, that a shower of at least 1.200 stones fell in Italy, the largest of which weighed 120 pounds; and their fall was accompanied by a great light in the air.

The caaba, or great black stone, preserved by the Mahometans in the Temple of Mecca, had probably a celestial origin. It is said to have been been brought from heaven by the angel Gabriel. Some astronomers imagine that these stones have been thrown from a lunar volcano. There is nothing, perhaps, philosophically inconsistent in this theory, for volcanic appearances have been seen in the moon; and a force such as our volcanoes exert would be sufficient to project fragments that might possibly arrive at the surface of the earth. But probability is certainly against it, and it seems more likely that they are fragments of comets. For those bodies, from their own nature, must be subject to chemical changes of a very violent nature; add to this, that from the smallness of their dimensions, a fragment projected from them with a very slight velocity would never return to the mass to which it originally belonged; but would traverse the celestial regions till it met with some planetary or other body sufficiently ponderous to attract it to itself.

We have numerous other instances of these phenomena, which are attested by many very credible witnesses, but I will not at present monopolize more of your valuable pages with this subject, though one of considerable interest; yet I may, perhaps, at some future period, if agreeable, send you a few rather more circumstantial and more interesting accounts than the above.

Near Sheffield. J. M. C—D.

THE POET, CHATTERTON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SHOULD the following notice of Chatterton, which I copy from a *small handkerchief* in my possession, be thought worthy of a place in the MIRROR, you will oblige me by inserting it. The handkerchief has been in my possession about twenty-five years, and was probably printed soon after the poet's death; he is represented sitting at a table, writing, in a miserable apartment; behind him the bed turned up, &c. SUFFOLK.

The Distressed Poet, or a true representation of the unfortunate Chatterton.

The painting from which the engraving was taken of the distressed poet, was the work of a friend of the unfortunate Chatterton. This friend drew him in the situation in which he is represented in this plate. Anxieties and cares had advanced his life, and given him an older look than was suited to his age. The sorry apartment portrayed in the print, the folded bed, the broken utensil below it, the bottle, the farthing candle, and the disorderly raiment of the bard, are not inventions of fancy. They were realities; and a satire upon an age and a nation of which generosity is doubtless a conspicuous characteristic. But poor Chatterton was born under a bad star: his passions were too impetuous, and in a distracted moment he deprived himself of an existence, which his genius, and the fostering care of the public would undoubtedly have rendered comfortable and happy. Unknown and miserable while alive, he now calls forth curiosity and attention. Men of wit and learning employ themselves to celebrate his talents, and to express their approbation of his writings. Hard indeed was his fate, born to adorn the times in which he lived, yet compelled to fall a victim to pride and poverty! His destiny, cruel as it was, gives a charm to his verses; and while

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the bright thought excites admiration, the recollection of his miseries awakens a tender sympathy and sorrow. Who would not wish that he had been so fortunate as to relieve a fellow creature so accomplished, from wretchedness, despair, and suicide?

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF CHATTERTON.

Ah! what a contrast in that face portray'd,
Where care and study cast alternate shade:
But view it well, and ask thy heart the cause,
Then chide, with honest warmth, that cold applause
Which counteracts the fostering breath of praise,
And shades with cypress the young poet's bays:
Pale and dejected, mark, how genius strives
With poverty, and mark, how well it thrives;
The shabby cov'ring of the gentle bard,
Regard it well, 'tis worthy thy regard,
The friendly cobweb, serving for a screen,
The chair, a part of what it once had been;
The bed, whereon th' unhappy victim slept
And oft unseen, in silent anguish, wept,
Or spent in dear delusive dreams, the night,
To wake, next morning, but to curse the light,
Too deep distress the artist's hand reveals;
But like a friend's the black'ning deed conceals;
Thus justice, to mild complacency bends,
And candour, all harsh influence, suspends.
Enthron'd, supreme in judgment, mercy sits,
And, in one breath condemns, applauds, acquits:
Whoe'er thou art, that shalt this face survey,
And turn, with cold disgust, thine eyes away.
Then bless thyself, that sloth and ignorance bred
Thee up in safety, and with plenty fed,
Peace to thy mem'ry! may the sable plume
Of dulness, round thy forehead ever bloom;
May'st thou, nor can I wish a greater curse;
Live full despis'd, and die without a nurse;
Or, if some wither'd hag, for sake of hire,
Should wash thy sheets, and cleanse thee from the mire,
Let her, when hunger peevishly demands
The dainty morsel from her barb'rous hands,
Insult, with hellish mirth, thy craving maw
And snatch it to herself, and call it law,
Till pinching famine waste thee to the bone
And break, at last, that solid heart of stone.

LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB.

"Away, away, my barb and I,"
As free as wave, as fleet as wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby,
And leave a world of slaves behind.

'Tis mine to range in this wild garb,
Nor e'er feel lonely though alone;
would not change my Arab barb,
To mount a drowsy Sultan's throne.

Where the pale stranger dares not come,
Proud o'er my native sands I rove;
An Arab tent my only home,
An Arab maid my only love.

Here freedom dwells without a fear—
Coy to the world, she loves the wild,
Whoever brings a fetter here,
To chain the desert's fiery child.

What though the Frank may name with
Our barren clime, our realm of sand,
There were our thousand fathers born—
Oh, who would scorn his father's land?

It is not sands that form a waste,
Nor laughing fields a happy clime:
The spot, the most by Freedom graced,
Is where a man feels most sublime!

"Away, away, my barb and I."
As free as wave as fleet as wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby.
And leave a world of slaves behind!

NOSTALGIA—MALADIE DE PAYS—CALENTURE.

(For the Mirror.)

This disease, according to Dr. Darwin, is an unconquerable desire of returning to one's native country, frequent in long voyages, in which the patients become so insane, as to throw themselves into the sea, mistaking it for green fields or meadows:—

"So, by a *calenture* misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees.
With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanting grove,
And in he leaps, and down he sinks."
SWIFT.

The Swiss are said to be particularly liable to this disease, and when taken into foreign service, frequently to desert from this cause, and especially after hearing or singing a particular tune, which was used in their village dances, in their native country, on which account the playing or singing this tune was forbidden by the punishment of death.

"Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill, which lifts him to the storms."
GOLDSMITH.

Rousseau says, "The celebrated Swiss tune, called the *Rans des Vaches*, is an air, so dear to the Swiss, that it was forbidden under the pain of death to play it to the troops, as it immediately drew tears from them, and made those who heard it desert, or die of what is called *la maladie de pays*, so ardent a desire did it excite to return to their native country. It is in vain to seek in this air for energetic accents capable of producing such astonishing effects, for which strangers are unable to account from the music, which is in itself uncouth and wild. But it is from habit, recollections, and a thousand circumstances retraced in this tune by those natives who hear it, and reminding them of their country, former pleasures of their youth, and all those ways of living, which occasion a bitter reflection at having lost them. Music, then, does not affect them

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as music, but as a reminiscence. This air, though always the same, no longer produces the same effects at present as it did upon the Swiss formerly; for having lost their taste for their first simplicity, they no longer regret its loss when reminded of it. So true it is, that we must not seek in physical causes the great effects of sound upon the human heart."

This disease (says Dr. Winterbottom) affects the natives of Africa as strongly as it does those of Switzerland; it is even more violent in its effects on the Africans, and often impels them to dreadful acts of suicide. Sometimes it plunges them into a deep melancholy, which induces the unhappy sufferers to end a miserable existence by a more tedious, though equally certain method, that of dirt eating.

Such is the powerful influence of the love of one's native country. P.T.W.

SINGULAR CUSTOM OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

(For the Mirror.)

AFTER the opening of the Bairam,* a ceremony among the Turks, attended with more than ordinary magnificence; the Sultan, accompanied by the Grand Signior and all the principal officers of state, goes to exhibit himself to the people in a kiosk, or tent near the seraglio point, seated on a sofa of silver, brought out for the occasion. It is a very large, wooden couch covered with thick plates of massive silver, highly burnished, and there is little doubt from the form of it, and the style in which it is ornamented that it constituted part of the treasury of the Greek emperors when Constantinople was taken by the Turks. INA.

* The Bairam of the Turks answers to our Easter, as their Ramadan does to our Lent.

The Sketch-Book.

EL BORRACHO.†

NOT long since, a couple resided in the suburbs of Madrid, named Perez and Juana Donilla; and a happy couple they might have been, had not Perez contracted a sad habit of drinking, which became more and more confirmed after every draught of good wine; and such draughts were certainly more frequent than his finances were in a state to allow. Night after night was spent at the tavern; fairly might he be said to *swallow* all that he earned by his daily labour; and Juana and himself (fortunately they had no children to maintain) must have been reduced to absolute mendicity, but for the exemplary conduct of the former, who contrived to support her spouse and herself upon the scanty produce of her unwearied industry. If ever a sentiment of gratitude for undeserved favours animated the bosom of Perez Donilla, he took, it must be confessed, a strange method of declaring it; not only would he, upon his return from his lawless carousals, grumble over that humble fare, the possession of which at all he ought to have considered as scarce less than a miracle, but, in his madness, unmerciful strappings were sure to be the portion of his miserable wife. Poor Juana bore these cruelties with a patience that ought to have canonized her under the title of St. Grizzle: she could not, indeed, forbear crying out, under these frequent and severe castigations; nor could she refrain from soliciting the aid of three or four favourite gentlemen saints, who, little to the credit of their gallantry and good-nature, always turned a deaf ear upon her plaints and entreaties; not a word, however, of the inhuman conduct of her *worser* half did she breathe to *mortal* ear. Neighbours, however, have auricular organs like walls and little pitchers, tongues like bells, and a spice of meddling and mischief in them like asses; so that no wise person will suppose the conduct of Perez Donilla to his wife was long a secret in Madrid. Juana had two brothers and a cousin resident in the city —Gomez Arias, chief cook to his reverence the Canon Fernando; Hernan Arias, head groom to Don Miguel de Corcoba, a knight of Calatrava; and Pedro Pedrillo, a young barber-surgeon, in business for himself. Gomez and Hernan, hearing of Juana's misfortunes, said, like affectionate brothers, "God help our poor sister, and may her own relations help her also; for if *they* do not, nobody else will, and she certainly can't help herself." The like words they repeated to Pedro Pedrillo, until he, being a sharp, handsome young fellow, and particularly fond of showing forth his fine person and finer wit, agreed to visit his cousin, and contrive some plan to extricate her from the cruelty of Perez. Making himself, therefore, as fascinating as possible, he marched directly to the house, or rather cabin, of Juana Donilla, and stood before her, smiling and watching her small, thin fingers plaitting straw for hats, some minutes ere she was aware of his presence. "Pedro!" exclaimed she, with a countenance and voice of pleasure, as she recognised the intruder.— "Ay, *Pedro* it is, indeed, Juana; but, improved as *I* am. O, mercy upon me, how black *you* are looking!"—"*Black*, cousin? Nay, then, I'm sure 'tis not for

† The Drunkard; the Spanish origin of this story is thus endeavoured to be recognised in its title.

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want of washing. Come, come, Pedro, no jokes, if you please."—"By St. Jago, fair cousin, I'm as far from a joke as I am from a diploma; and my business in this house, as in most houses, is no *jest*, I assure you. In a word, the cries which you utter when suffering from the insane fury of your sottish husband have reached even me, and I'm come to offer you a little advice and assistance. No denial of the fact, Juana; those black bruises avouch it without a tongue."—Juana held down her head, colour mounted into her cheeks, tears suffused her eyes, her bosom heaved convulsively, and for some moments she was silent from confusion, shame, grief, and gratitude. At length, withdrawing her hand from the affectionate grasp of Pedro, and dashing it athwart her eyes, she looked up and said mildly, "Thanks, many thanks, dear cousin, for your kindness. I cannot dissemble with you; what would you have me do? I could not *beat* him in return; and, oh! save him from the arm of my brothers!"—"What have you always done?"—"Borne his stripes, and called for help upon St. Jago, St. Francis Xavier, St. Benedict, and St. Nicholas!"—"And did you never invoke the three holy Maries?"—"Never."—Then that's what you ought to have done," returned Senor Pedrillo, with the utmost gravity. "Now mind me,—call upon *them* for aid next time your husband maltreats you."—"Alas!" sighed the afflicted wife, "*that* will most surely be to-night. I've not much faith in your remedy, Pedro; but may be there's no harm in trying it."—"Farewell, then, my poor, pretty, patient, black-bruised cousin," cried Pedrillo; "next time you see the *doctor*, let him know how his remedy has sped;" and with a comical expression of countenance, half melancholy, half mirthful, the "trusty and well-beloved cousin" departed.

Late that night, Perez Donilla entered his own habitation as intoxicated and belligerent as ever. "Where's my supper?"—"Here," said his wife, trembling, as she placed before him a few heads of garlic, a piece of salted trout, a little oil, and a crust of barley bread. "What's all this, woman?" exclaimed Perez, in a voice of thunder; and with glaring eyes and demoniacal fury he dashed the fish at her head, and the rest of his supper upon the floor. "Wretch! how durst *you* fatten upon olios and ragouts, and set trash like *this* before your *husband*?"—"My dear," replied Juana, meekly, "I am starving; nothing have I tasted since breakfast."—"Don't lie, you jade! Where's the wild-fowl and the Bologna sausage sent you by that rogue, Gomez? Stolen were they from the canon's kitchen, and you know it! And where's the skin of excellent Calcavella, from the Caballero's overflowing vaults? Give it to me this *instant*, you hussy, you vixen, you ——."—"Indeed, *indeed*," cried the unfortunate wife in deep anguish, "I take all the saints in heaven to witness—."—"That, and that, and *that*," interrupted the furious tyrant, lashing her severely, according to custom, with a thick thong of leather, and now and then adding a blow with his fist; "let's see if *that* will bring me a supper fit for a Christian, and a draught of Don Miguel's Calcavella!" Juana remembered Pedrillo's advice, and after roaring out more loudly than usual for aid from St. Jago, St. Francis, St. Benedict, and St. Nicholas, shrieked at the highest pitch of her voice, "May the three blessed Maries help me!" No sooner were the words uttered, than in rushed three apparitions, arrayed in white, but so enfolded in lined, that it was impossible to determine whether they represented men or women; of their visages, only their eyes were visible, peering frightfully from the white covering of their heads; each brandished a good stout cudgel, and each, without uttering a word, falling quick as thought upon Perez Donilla, repaid him the blows he had lavished on his unhappy wife with such interest, as would have sealed his fate indubitably, had not she interposed; but upon the entreaties of that exemplary wife, the three holy Maries remitted the remainder of their flagellation, and retired, leaving Perez senseless on the floor. Poor Juana was agonized at beholding the state to which her graceless partner was reduced, and hauling him, as well as her own exhausted strength would permit, upon his miserable pallet, washed the blood and dust from his wounds, and watched his return to consciousness with unexampled tenderness and dutiful fidelity. Perez at length opened his eyes, and said, in the mild voice which was natural to him when sober, "My poor Juana, I wish you could fetch your cousin Pedro to see me; I think I shall die." Juana was half distracted at this speech; and running to the next house, bribed a neighbour's child by the promise of a broad-brimmed straw hat, to shade his complexion from the sun, to run for Doctor Pedrillo. Pedro soon arrived, and was evidently more puzzled respecting his deportment than the case of his patient. Sundry "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," and sundry eloquent glances of his bright black eyes, were covertly bestowed upon his *fair cousin*; anon, with ludicrous solemnity, he felt the pulse of Perez, shook his head,

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and, in short, imitated with inimitable exactness all the technical airs and graces of a regular graduate of Salamanca.—"Cousin," cried he at length, with a sly look at Juana, "I pity your plight—from my soul I do; but your case is, I am grieved to say, desperate, unless I am informed of the *cause* of these monstrous weals, bruises, slashes, and chafings, in order that my prescription may ——" —"The *cause* of them," said Perez, almost frightened to death, "is, having to my cost a *saint* of a wife."—"How! that a *misfortune*? explain yourself, my poor fellow."—"Readily," replied Donilla, "if that will help to heal me."—He then explained minutely the circumstances of the case, concluding thus:—"Not but what I am, after all, remarkably indebted to Juana, for had she only called the eleven thousand Virgins to her assistance, their zeal would undoubtedly have divided my body amongst them; since, then, my wife has such friends in heaven, I shall henceforth be careful how I enrage them again."—Perez Donilla kept to his resolution, and the *Three Maries*, whom, without doubt, the intelligent reader has recognised through their disguise, lived for many years to rejoice in the blessed effects of a severe, but merited infliction. M. I. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THEATRICAL BILL.

At a play acted in 1511, on the Feast of St. Margaret, the following disbursements were made as the charges of the exhibition:—

	£.	s.	d.
To musicians, for which, however, they were bound to perform three nights	0	5	6
For players, in bread and ale...	0	3	1
For decorations, dresses, and play-books	1	0	0
To John Hobbard, priest, and author of the piece.....	0	2	8
For the place in which the representation was held.....	0	1	0
For furniture	0	1	4
For fish and bread	0	0	4
For painting three phantoms and devils	0	0	6
And for four chickens for the hero.....	0	0	4

H. B. A.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

The United States ship, Vincennes, visited the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chili, a few months since, and remained there three days. There were two Yankees and six Otaheitans on the island. The former had formed a settlement for the purpose of supplying whaleships with water, poultry, and vegetables. The soil is said to be astonishingly fertile. —*New York Shipping List*, 1366.

THE LETTER H.

From an old History of England.

"Not superstitiously I speak, but H his letter still
Hath been observed ominous to England's good or ill."

Humber the Hun, with foreign arms, did first the brutes invade;
Helen to Rome's imperial throne the British crown convey'd;
Hengist and Horsus first did plant the Saxons in this isle;
Hungar and Hubba first brought Danes, that sway'd here a long while;
At Harold had the Saxon end at Hardy Knute the Dane;
Henries the First and Second did restore the English reign;
Fourth Henry first for Lancaster did England's crown obtain;
Seventh Henry jarring Lancaster and York unites in peace;
Henry the Eighth did happily Rome's irreligion cease.

CHURCH OF AUSTIN FRIARS.

The church of Austin Friars is one of the most ancient Gothic remains in the City of London. It belonged to a priory dedicated to St. Augustine, and was founded for the friars Eremites of the order of Hippo, in Africa, by Humphry Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, 1253. A part of this once spacious building was granted by Edward VI. to a congregation of Germans and other strangers, who fled hither from religious persecutions. Several successive princes have confirmed it to the Dutch, by whom it has been used as a place of worship. J. M. C.

DAUPHIN OF FRANCE

The heir apparent of the crown of France derives his title of Dauphin from the following very singular circumstance. In 1349, Hubert, second Count of Dauphiny, being inconsolable for the loss of his heir and only child, who had leaped from his arms through a window of his palace at Grenoble into the river Isere, entered into a convent of jacobins, and ceded Dauphiny to Philip, a younger son of Philip of Valois (for 120,000 florins of gold each of the value of twenty sols or ten pence English,) on condition that the eldest son of the king of France should be always after styled "the Dauphin," from the name of the province thus ceded. Charles V., grandson to Philip of Valois, was the first who bore the title in 1530.

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THE OLD ELEPHANT, FENCHURCH-STREET.

EVERYTHING connected with the name of HOGARTH is interesting to the English reader. He was apprenticed to a silversmith, and from cutting cyphers on silver spoons, he rose to be sergeant painter to the king—and from engraving arms and shop-bills, to painting kings and queens—the very top of the artist's ladder. The soul-breathing impulses of genius enabled him to effect all this, and his example, (in support of the maxim, that "every man is the architect of his own fortune,") will be respected and cherished, at home and abroad, as long as self-advancement continues to be the great stimulus to aspiring industry.

The old Elephant public-house therefore merits the attention of all lovers of painting and genius; for in it, previous to his celebrity, lodged WILLIAM HOGARTH. It was built before the fire of London, and although so near, escaped its ravages; but the house was pulled down a short time since, and another of more commodious construction erected on its site. On the wall of the tap-room, in the old house, were four paintings by Hogarth: one representing the Hudson's Bay Company's Porters; another, his first idea for the Modern Midnight Conversation, (differing from the print in a circumstance too broad in its humour for the graver,) and another of Harlequin and Pierot seeming to be laughing at the figure in the last picture. On the first floor was a picture of Harlow Bush Fair, covered over with paint. This information is copied from an old print picked up in our "collecting" rambles, at the foot of which it is stated to have been obtained from "Mrs. Hibbert, who has kept the house between thirty and forty years, and received her information relating to Mr. Hogarth from persons at that time well acquainted with him." The paintings were, we believe, removed previous to the destruction of the old house.

To the searchers into life and manners, Hogarth's moral paintings, to which branch of art the above belong, are treasures of great prize; and whether ov[illegible] his originals at the gallery in Pall Ma[illegible] or their copies at the printsellers—[illegible] Elephant in Fenchurch-street, or [illegible] "painting moralist's" tomb in Chi[illegible] churchyard—Englishmen have jus[illegible] to be proud of his name.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

DAYS DEPARTED; OR, BANWELL HILL:

A Lay of the Severn Sea, by the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

THIS is a delightful volume—full of nature and truth—and in every respect worthy of "one of the most elegant, pathetic, and original living poets of England." Moreover, it is just such a book as we expected from the worthy vicar of Bremhill; dedicated to the Bishop of Bath and Wells; and dated from Bremhill Parsonage, of which interesting abode we inserted an unique description in our last volume.

As our principal object is to give a few of the *poetical pictures*, we shall be very brief with the prose, and merely quote an outline of the poem. Mr. Bowles, it appears, is a native of the district in which he resides, and this circumstance introduces some beautiful retrospective feelings:—

But awhile,
Here let me stand, and gaze upon the scene,
Array'd in living light around, and mark
The morning sunshine,—on that very shore
Where once a child I wander'd:—Oh! return
(I sigh.) "return a moment, days of youth,
Of childhood,—oh, return!" How vain the thought,
Vain as unmanly! yet the pensive Muse,
Unblam'd, may daily with imaginings:
For this wide view is like the scene of life,
Once travers'd o'er with carelessness and glee,
And we look back upon the vale of years,
And hear remembered voices, and behold,
In blended colours, images and shades
Long pass'd, now rising, as at Memory's call,
Again in softer light.

The poem then proceeds with a description of an antediluvian cave at Banwell, and a brief sketch of events since the deposit; but, as Mr. Bowles observes, poetry and geological inquiry do not very amicably travel together; we must, therefore, soon get out of the cave:—

But issuing from the Cave—look round—behold
How proudly the majestic Severn rides
On the sea,—how gloriously in light
It rides! Along this solitary ridge,
Where smiles, but rare, the blue Campanula,
Among the thistles, and grey stones, that peep
Through the thin herbage—to the highest point
Of elevation, o'er the vale below,
Slow let us climb. First, look upon that flow'r
The lowly heath-bell, smiling at our feet.
How beautiful it smiles alone! The Pow'r,
That bade the great sea roar—that spread the Heav'ns—
That call'd the sun from darkness—deck'd that flow'r,
And bade it grace this bleak and barren hill
Imagination, in her playful mood,
Might liken it to a poor village maid,
Lowly, but smiling in her lowliness,
And dress'd so neatly, as if ev'ry day
Were Sunday. And some melancholy Bard
Might, idly musing, thus discourse to it:—
"Daughter of Summer, who dost linger here,
Decking the thistly turf, and arid hill,
Unseen—let the majestic Dahlia
Glitter, an Empress, in her bluxury
Of beauty; let the stately Lily shine,
As snow-white as the breast of the proud Swan,
Sailing upon the blue lake silently,
That lifts her tall neck higher, as she views
The shadow in the stream! Such ladies bright
May reign unrivall'd, in their proud parterres!
Thou would'st not live with them but if a voice
Fancy, in shaping mood, might give to thee,
To the forsaken Primrose, thou would'st say,
'Come, live with me, and we two will rejoice:—
Nor want I company; for when the sea
Shines in the silent moonlight, elves and fays,
Gentle and delicate as Ariel,
That do their spiritings on these wild helts—
Circle me in their dance, and sing such songs
As human ear ne'er heard!'"——But cease the strain,
Lest Wisdom, and severer Truth, should chide.

Next is a sketch of Steep Holms, introducing the following exquisite episode:

Dreary; but on its steep
There is one native flower—the Piony.
She sits companionless, but yet not sad:
She has no sister of the summer-field,
That may rejoice with her when spring returns.
None, that in sympathy, may bend its head,
When the bleak winds blow hollow o'er the rock,
In autumn's gloom!—So Virtue, a fair flow'r,
Blooms on the rock of care, and though unseen,
It smiles in cold seclusion, and remote
From the world's flaunting fellowship, it wears
Like hermit Piety, that smile of peace,
In sickness, or in health, in joy or tears,
In summer-days, or cold adversity;
And still it feels Heav'n's breath, reviving, steal
On its lone breast—feels the warm blessedness
Of Heaven's own light about it, though its leaves
Are wet with ev'ning tears!
So smiles this flow'r
And if, perchance, my lay has dwelt too long,
Upon one flower which blooms in privacy,
I may a pardon find from human hearts,
For such was my poor Mother! *

We pass over some marine sketches, which are worthy of the *Vernet* of poets, a touching description of the sinking of a packet-boat, and the first sound and sight of the sea—the author's childhood at Uphill Parsonage—his reminiscences of the clock of Wells Cathedral—and some real villatic sketches—a portrait of a *Workhouse Girl*—some caustic remarks on prosing and prig parsons, commentators, and puritanical excrescences of sects—to some unaffected lines on the village school children of Castle-Combe, and their annual festival. This is so charming a picture of rural joy, that we must copy it:—

If we would see the fruits of charity,
Look at that village group, and paint the scene.
Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,
Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray,
A rural mansion, on the level lawn,
Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch,
Whilst all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees

* Daughter of Dr. Grey, author of *Memoria Technica*, &c. rector of Hinton, Northamptonshire, and prebendary of St. Paul's.

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In front, the village-church, with pinnacles,
And light grey tow'r, appears; while to the right
An amphitheatre of oaks extends
Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,
Where once a castle frown'd, closes the scene.
And see, an infant troop, with flags and drum,
Are marching o'er that bridge, beneath the woods,
On—to the table spread upon the lawn,
Raising their little hands when grace is said:
Whilst she, who taught them to lift up their hearts
In pray'r, and to "remember, in their youth,"
God, "their Creator,"—mistress of the scene,
(Whom I remember once, as young,) looks on,
Blessing them in the silence of her heart.

And, children, now rejoice,—
Now—for the holidays of life are few;
Nor let the rustic minstrel tune, in vain,
The crack'd church-viol, resonant to-day,
Of mirth, though humble! Let the fiddle scrape
Its merriment, and let the joyous group
Dance, in a round, for soon the ills of life
Will come! Enough, if one day in the year,
If one brief day, of this brief life, be given
To mirth as innocent as yours!

Then we have an "aged widow" reading "GOD'S own Word" at her cottage-door, with her daughter kneeling beside her—a sketch from those halcyon days, when, in the beautiful allegory of Scripture, "every man sat under his own fig-tree." This is followed by the "Elysian Tempe of Stourhead," the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, to whose talents and benevolence Mr. Bowles pays a merited tribute. Longleat, the residence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, succeeds; and Marston, the abode of the Rev. Mr. Skurray, a friend of the author from his "youthful days," introduces the following beautiful descriptive snatch:—

And witness thou,
Marston, the seat of my kind, honour'd friend—
My kind and honour'd friend, from youthful days.
Then wand'ring on the banks of Rhine, we saw
Cities and spires, beneath the mountains blue,
Gleaming; or vineyards creep from rock to rock;
Or unknown castles hang, as if in clouds;
Or heard the roaring of the cataract,
Far off,* beneath the dark defile or gloom
Of ancient forests—till behold, in light,
Foaming and flashing, with enormous sweep,
Through the rent rocks—where, o'er the mist of spray,
The rainbow, like a fairy in her bow'r,
Is sleeping while it roars—that volume vast,
White, and with thunder's deaf'ning roar, comes down.

Part III. opens with the following metaphorical gem:—

The show'r is past—the heath-bell, at our feet,
Looks up, as with a smile, though the cold dew
Hangs yet within its cup, like Pity's tear
Upon the eye-lids of a village-child!

This is succeeded by a poetic panorama of views from the Severn to Bristol, introducing a solitary ship at sea—and the "solitary sand:"—

No sound was heard,
Save of the sea-gull warping on the wind,
Or of the surge that broke along the shore,
And as the seas.

* At Shaffhausen.

A picture of Bristol is succeeded by some scenes of great picturesque beauty—as Wrington, the birth-place of the immortal Locke; Blagdon, the rural rectory of

Langhorne, a pastor and a poet too;

and Barley-Wood, the seat of Mrs. Hannah More. Mr. Bowles also tells us that the music of "Auld Robin Gray" was composed by Mr. Leaver, rector of Wrington; and then adds a complimentary ballad to Miss Stephens on the above air—

Sung by a maiden of the South, whose look—
(Although her song be sweet)—whose look, whose life,
Is sweeter than her song.

The last Part (IV.) contains some exquisite Sonnets, and the poem concludes with a "Vision of the Deluge," and the ascent of the Dove of the ark—in which are many sublime touches of the mastery of poetry. There are nearly forty pages of Notes, for whose "lightness" and garrulity Mr. Bowles apologizes.

Altogether, we have been much gratified with the present work. It contains poetry after our own heart—the poetry of nature and of truth—abounding with tasteful and fervid imagery, but never drawing too freely on the stores of fancy for embellishment. We could detach many passages that have charmed and fascinated us in our reading; but one must suffice for an epigrammatic exit:—

—Hope's still light beyond the storms of Time.

SCENERY OF THE OHIO.

THE heart must indeed be cold that would not glow among scenes like these. Rightly did the French call this stream *La Belle Rivière*, (the beautiful river.) The sprightly Canadian, plying his oar in cadence with the wild notes of the boat-song, could not fail to find his heart enlivened by the beautiful symmetry of the Ohio. Its current is always graceful, and its shores every where romantic. Every thing here is on a large scale. The eye of the traveller is continually regaled with magnificent scenes. Here are no pigmy mounds dignified with the name of mountains, no rivulets swelled into rivers. Nature has worked with a rapid but masterly hand; every touch is bold, and the whole is grand as well as beautiful; while room is left for art to embellish and fertilize that which nature has created with a thousand capabilities. There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is in itself delightful, as it consists in the recurrence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference; like the regular features which we sometimes find in the face of a

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lovely woman, their charm consists in their own intrinsic gracefulness, rather than in the variety of their expressions. The Ohio has not the sprightly, fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, swept onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and avoiding those acute angles, which are observable in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Throughout this scene there is a pleasing solitariness, that speaks peace to the mind, and invites the fancy to soar abroad, among the tranquil haunts of meditation. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasingly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation.—*Hon. Judge Hall's Letters from the West.*

SNOW-WOMAN'S STORY.

By Miss Edgeworth.

"YES, madam, I bees an Englishwoman, though so low now and untidy like—it's a shame to think of it—a Manchester woman, ma'am—and my people was once in a bettermost sort of way—but sore pinched latterly." She sighed, and paused.

"I married an Irishman, madam," continued she, and sighed again.

"I hope he gave you no reason to sigh," said Gerald's father.

"Ah, no, sir, never!" answered the Englishwoman, with a faint sweet smile. "Brian Dermody is a good man, and was always a koind husband to me, as far and as long as ever he could, I will say that—but my friends misliked him—no help for it. He is a soldier, sir,—of the forty-fifth. So I followed my husband's forties, as nat'ral, through the world, till he was ordered to Ireland. Then he brought the children over, and settled us down there at Bogafin in a little shop with his mother—a widow. She was very koind too. But no need to tire you with telling all. She married again, ma'am, a man young enough to be her son—a nice man he was to look at too—a gentleman's servant he had been. Then they set up in a public-house. Then the whiskey, ma'am, that they bees all so fond of—he took to drinking it in the morning even, ma'am—and that was bad, to my thinking."

"Ay, indeed!" said Molly, with a groan of sympathy; "oh the whiskey! if men could keep from it!"

"And if women could!" said Mr. Crofton in a low voice.

The Englishwoman looked up at him, and then looked down, refraining from assent to his smile.

"My mother-in-law," continued she, "was very koind to me all along, as far as she could. But one thing she could not do; that was, to pay me back the money of husband's and mine that I lent her. I thought this odd of her—and hard. But then I did not know the ways of the country in regard to never paying debts."

"Sure it's not the ways of all Ireland, my dear," said Molly; "and it's only them that has not that can't pay—how can they?"

"I don't know—it's not for me to say," said the Englishwoman, reservedly; "I am a stranger. But I thought if they could not pay me, they need not have kept a jaunting-car."

"Is it a jaunting-car?" cried Molly. She pushed from her the chair on which she was leaning—"Jaunting-car bodies! and not to pay you!—I give them up intirely. Ill-used you were, my poor Mrs. Dermody—and a shame! and you a stranger! But them were Connaught people. I ask your pardon—finish your story."

"It is finished, ma'am. They were ruined, and all sold; and I could not stay with my children to be a burthen. I wrote to husband, and he wrote me word to make my way to Dublin, if I could, to a cousin of his in Pill-lane—here's the direction—and that if he can get leave from his colonel, who is a good gentleman, he will be over to settle me somewhere, to get my bread honest in a little shop, or some way. I am used to work and hardship; so I don't mind. Brian was very koind in his letter, and sent me all he had—a pound, ma'am—and I set out on my journey on foot, with the three

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children. The people on the road were very koind and hospitable indeed; I have nothing to say against the Irish for that; they are more hospitabler a deal than in England, though not always so honest. Stranger as I was, I got on very well till I came to the little village here hard by, where my poor boy that is gone first fell sick of the measles. His sickness, and the 'pot'ecary' stuff and all, and the lodging and living ran me very low. But I paid all, every farthing; and let none know how poor I was, for I was ashamed, you know, ma'am, or I am sure they would have helped me, for they are a koind people, I will say that for them, and ought so to do, I am sure. Well, I pawned some of my things, my cloak even, and my silk bonnet, to pay honest; and as I could not do no otherwise, I left them in pawn, and, with the little money I raised, I set out forwards on my road to Dublin again, so soon as I thought my boy was able to travel. I reckoned too much upon his strength. We had got but a few miles from the village when he dropped, and could not get on; and I was unwilling and ashamed to turn back, having so little to pay for lodgings. I saw a kind of hut, or shed, by the side of a hill. There was nobody in it. It was empty of every thing but some straw, and a few turf, the remains of a fire. I thought there would be no harm in taking shelter in it for my children and myself for the night. The people never came back to whom it belonged, and the next day my poor boy was worse; he had a fever this time. Then the snow came on. We had some little store of provisions that had been made up for us for the journey to Dublin, else we must have perished when we were snowed up. I am sure the people in the village never know'd that we were in that hut, or they would have come to help us, for they bees very koind people. There must have been a day and a night that passed, I think, of which I know nothing. It was all a dream. When I got up from my illness, I found my boy dead—and the others with famished looks. Then I had to see them faint with hunger."

The poor woman had told her story without any attempt to make it pathetic, and thus far without apparent emotion or change of voice; but when she came to this part, and spoke of her children, her voice changed and failed—she could only add, looking at Gerald, "You know the rest, master; Heaven bless you!"

The Christmas Box.

The Cosmopolite.

ENGLISH GARDENS.

We are veritable sticklers for old customs; and accordingly at this season of the year, have our room decorated with holly and other characteristic evergreens. For the last hour we have been seated before a fine bundle of these festive trophies; and, strange as it may seem, this circumstance gave rise to the following paper. The holly reminded us of the Czar Peter spoiling the garden-hedge at Sayes Court; this led us to John Evelyn, the father of English gardening: and the laurels drove us into shrubbery nooks, and all the retrospections of our early days, and above all to our early love of gardens. Our enthusiasm was then unaffected and uninfluenced by great examples; we had neither heard nor read of Lord Bacon nor Sir William Temple, nor any other illustrious writer on gardening; but this love was the pure offspring of our own mind and heart. Planting and transplanting were our delight; the seed which our tiny hands let fall into the bosom of the earth, we almost watched peeping through little clods, after the kind and quickening showers of spring; and we regarded the germinating of an upturned bean with all the surprise and curiosity of our nature. As we grew in mind and stature, we learned the loftier lessons of philosophy, and threw aside the "Pocket Gardener," for the sublime chapters of Bacon and Temple; and as the stream of life carried us into its vortex, we learned to contemplate their pages as the living parterres of a garden, and their bright imageries as fascinating flowers. As we journeyed onward through the busy herds of crowded cities, we learned the holier influences of gardens in reflecting that a garden has been the scene of man's birth—his fall—and proffered redemption.

It would be difficult to find a subject which has been more fervently treated by poets and philosophers, than the *love of gardens*. In old Rome, poets sung of their gardens. Ovid is so fond of flowers, that in his account of the Rape of Proserpine, in his Fasti, he devotes several lines to the enumeration of flowers gathered by her attendants. But the passion for gardening, which evidently came from the East, never prevailed much in Europe till the times of the religious orders, who greatly improved it.

Our anecdotical recollections of the taste for gardens must be but few, or they will carry us beyond our limits. Lord Bacon appears to have done more

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towards their encouragement than any other writer, and his essay on gardens is too well known to admit of quotation. Sir William Temple has, however, many eloquent passages in his writings, in one of which he calls *gardening* the "inclination of kings, the choice of philosophers, and the common favourite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high or too low." Perhaps John Evelyn did more than either of these philosophers. Temple's garden at Moor Park was one of the most beautiful of its kind; but at the time when Evelyn introduced ornamental gardening into England, there were no examples for imitation. All was devised by his own active mind; and in the political storms of his time, his garden and plantations became subjects of popular conversation; while the intervals of his secession from public life were filled up in writing several practical treatises on his favourite science. At Wotton, in Surrey, may be seen the large, enclosed flower-garden, which was to have formed one of the principal objects in his "Elysium Britannicum;" and this idea has been partly realized by one of his successors.

Andrew Marvell has, however, anathematized gardens with much severity, in some lines entitled "The Mower against Gardens;" and commencing thus:—

Luxurious man, to bring his vice in use,
Did after him the world seduce;
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
Where nature was most plain and pure.
He first enclos'd within the garden's square
A dead and standing pool of air;
And a more luscious earth from them did knead,
Which stupify'd them while it fed, &c.

On the other side, old Gerarde asks his courteous and well-willing readers—"Whither do all men walk for their honest recreation, but where the earth has most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colours? and what season of the year more longed for than the spring, whose gentle breath entices forth the kindly sweets, and makes them yield their fragrant smells." Lord Bacon, too, thus fondly dwells on part of its allurements:—"That flower, which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet. Next to that is the musk-rose, then the strawberry leaves, dying with a most excellent cordial smell. Then sweet briars, then wall flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour, or lower chamber window. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is burnet, wild thyme, and water mints. Therefore, you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure where you walk or tread." Sir William Temple says Epicurus studied, exercised, and taught his philosophy in his garden. Milton, we know, passed many hours together in his garden at Chalfont; Cowley poured forth the greatness of his soul in his rural retreat at Chertsey; and Lord Shaftesbury wrote his "Characteristics," at a delightful spot near Reigate. Pope, in one of his letters, says, "I am in my garden, amused and easy; this is a scene where one finds no disappointment;"—and within the same neighbourhood, Thomson

"Sung the Seasons and their change."

England can likewise boast of very great names who have been attached to this art, though they have not written on the subject. Lord Burleigh, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Capell, William III.—for Switzer tells us, that "in the least interval of ease, gardening took up a great part of his time, in which he was not only a delighter, but likewise a great judge,"—the Earl of Essex, whom Lord William Russell said "was the worthiest, the justest, the sincerest, and the most concerned for the public, of any man he ever knew;" Lord William Russell too, who, as Switzer tells us, "made Stratton, about seven miles from Winchester, his seat, and his gardens there were some of the best that were made in those early days, such indeed as have mocked some that have been done since, and the gardens at Southampton House, in Bloomsbury Square, were also of his making." Henry, Earl of Danby, the Earl of Gainsborough, "the *Mæcenas* of his age," the Earl of Halifax, the friend of Addison, Swift, Pope, and Steele; Lord Weymouth, of Longleate; Dr. Sherard, of Eltham; the Earl of Scarborough, an accomplished nobleman, immortalized by Pope, and by the fine pen of Chesterfield; and the Duke of Argyle, with numerous other men of rank and science, have highly assisted in elevating gardening to the station it has long since held.*

Beauty and health are the attributes of gardening. In illustration of the former, we remember a passage from Gervase Markham, thus: "As in the composition of a delicate woman the grace of her cheeke is the mixture of red and white, the wonder of her eye blacke and white, and the beauty of her hand blew and white, any of which is not said to be beautifull if it consist of single or simple

* "Portraits of English Authors on Gardening."

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colours; and so in walkes or alleyes, the all greene, nor the all yellow, cannot be said to be most beautifull; but the greene and yellow, (that is to say the untroade grasse, and the well-knit gravelle) being equally mixt, give the eye both lustre and delight beyond comparison." Abercrombie lived to the age of *eighty*, when he died by a fall down stairs in the dark. He was present at the battle of Preston Pans, which was fought close to his father's garden walls. For the last twenty years he lived chiefly on tea, using it three times a-day; his pipe was his first companion in the morning, and last at night. He never remembered to have taken a dose of physic in his life; prior to his last fatal accident, nor of having a day's illness but once."

The association of gardening with pastoral poetry, was exemplified in Shenstone's design of the Leasowes—as Mr. Whately observes—a perfect picture of his mind, simple, elegant, and amiable, and which will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verses, or whether in the scenes which he formed, he only realized the pastoral images which abound in his songs. That elegant trifler, Horace Walpole, was enthusiastically fond of gardening. One day telling his nurseryman that he would have his trees planted irregularly, he replied, "Yes, sir, I understand; you would have them hung down—somewhat *poetical*." PHILO.

Notes of a Reader.

PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

APPENDED to a fine portrait of Sir Walter Scott, in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1829, is the following—by *Barry Cornwall*:—

We can scarcely imagine a thing much more pleasant indeed, to an artist, than to be brought face to face with some famous person, and permitted to examine and scrutinise his features, with that careful and intense curiosity, that seems necessary to the perfecting a likeness. It must have been to Raffaelle, at once a relaxation from his ordinary study, and a circumstance interesting in itself, thus to look into faces so full of meaning as those of Julius and Leo—and to say, "That look—that glance, which seems so transient, will I fix for ever. Thus shall he be seen, with that exact expression (although it lasted but for an instant) five hundred years after he shall be dust and ashes!"

This was probably the feeling of Raffaelle; and it must have been with a somewhat similar pride that our excellent artist, Mr. Leslie, accomplished his portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which the reader will have already admired in this volume. It is surely a perfect work. No one, who has once seen the great author, can forget that strange and peculiar look (so full of meaning, and shrewd and cautious observation—so entirely characteristic, in short, of the mind within) which Mr. Leslie has succeeded in catching. One may gaze on it for ever, and contemplate an exhaustless subject—all that the capacious imagination has produced and is producing, — the populous, endless world of fancy.

Let the reader look, and be assured that *there* is the strange spirit that has discovered and wrought all the fine shapes that he has been accustomed to look upon with wonder—Claverhouse, and Burley, and Bothwell,—Meg Merrilies and Elspeth—the high and the low—the fierce and the fair—Cavaliers and Covenanters, and the rest—presenting an assemblage of character that is absolutely unequalled, except in the pages of Shakspeare alone. There is no other writer, be he Greek, or Goth, or Roman, who has ever astonished the world by creations so infinitely diversified. The mind of the author appears so free from egotism, so large and serene, so clear of all images of self, that it receives, as in a lucid mirror, all the varieties of nature.

ON A GIRL SLEEPING.

THOU liv'st! yet how profoundly deep
The silence of thy tranquil sleep!
Like death it almost seems:
So all unbroke the sighs which flow
From thy calm breast of spotless snow,
Like music heard in dreams.

Thy soul is filled with gentle thought,
Unto its shrine by angels brought
From Heaven's supreme abode;
Thy dreams are not of earthly things,
But, borne upon Religion's wings,
They lift thee up to God.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A SPECIES of *fames canina* is to be met with amongst schoolboys, which affects the *juveniles* most when most in health. We remember a gentleman offering a wager, that a boy taken promiscuously from any of the public charity-schools, should, five minutes after his dinner, eat a pound of beef-steaks.—*Brande's Jour.*

THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

SUCK, baby, suck, mother's love grows by giving,
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;
Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.

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Kiss, baby, kiss, mother's lips shine by kisses,
Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings:
Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tender thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.
Hang, baby, hang, mother's love loves such forces,
Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging:
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
Leave thee a spectacle in rude airswinging.—

So sang a wither'd Sibyl energetical,
And hann'd the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

C. LAMB. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

EPICURES.

As a mere untravelled practical Englishman, and, moreover, of the old school, Quin, no doubt, ranks high in the lists of gastronomy: but he is completely distanced by many moderns, both in love for and knowledge of the science. Among the most noted of the moderns we beg to introduce our readers to Mr. Rogerson, an enthusiast and a martyr. He, as may be presumed, was educated at that University where the rudiments of palatic science are the most thoroughly impressed on the ductile organs of youth. His father, a gentleman of Gloucestershire, sent him abroad to make the grand tour, upon which journey, says our informant, young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, and he entered into the possession of a very large monied fortune, and a small landed estate. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes were to be had, and the best cooks procured. He had no other servants in his house than men cooks; his butler, footman, housekeeper, coachman, and grooms, were all cooks. He had three Italian cooks, one from Florence, another from Sienna, and a third from Viterbo, for dressing one dish, the *dolce piccante* of Florence. He had a messenger constantly on the road between Brittany and London, to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover, found near St. Maloes. He has eaten a single dinner at the expense of fifty-eight pounds, though himself only sat down to it, and there were but two dishes. He counted the minutes between meals, and seemed totally absorbed in the idea, or in the action of eating, yet his stomach was very small; it was the exquisite flavour alone, that he sought. In nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune; and himself hastening to poverty. This made him melancholy, and brought on disease. When totally ruined, having spent near 150,000*l.*, a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; and he was found in a garret soon after roasting an ortolan with his own hands. We regret to add, that a few days afterwards, this extraordinary youth shot himself. We hope that his notes are not lost to the dining world.

COLLEGE DREAMS.

How often in senior common-rooms may be marked the gradual dropping asleep of the learned and venerable members! First, after a few rounds of the bottle, the tongues, which are tired of eulogizing or vituperating the various dishes which had smoked upon the board, gradually begin to be still, — soon conversation comes absolutely to a stand,—the candles grow alarmingly long in the wick,—comparative darkness involves the sage assembly,—and first one, then another, drops off into a placid and harmonious repose. Then what dreams float before the eyes of their imagination! Blue silk pelisses jostling shovel hats, church spires dancing in most admired disorder, fat incumbents falling down in a fit, neat clerical-looking gigs standing at vicarage doors, and these all incongruously commingled with white veils, lawn sleeves, roast beef, pulpit cushions, bright eyes, and small black sarsnet shoes. Suddenly the chapel bell dissolves the fleeting fabric of the vision; and, behold! the white veil is a poet's imagination, the church spire is still at a miserable distance, the vicarage is a Utopian nonentity, and the fat incumbent, in a state of the ruddiest health, is the only reality of the dream.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WOMAN.

Nothing sets so wide a mark "between the vulgar and the noble seed" as the respect and reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate, or a coarse bigot, no matter which.

ANGLING.

We have often thought that angling alone offers to man the degree of half-business, half-idleness, which the fair sex find in their needle-work or knitting, which, employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacuity, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.—*Quarterly Rev.*

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The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

LAUGHTER.

"LAUGH and grow fat," is an old adage; and Sterne tells us, that every time a man laughs, he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher, of the last century, used to say, that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter, and hear laughter. "Laughter, Sir, laughter is good for health; it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr. Sydenham, Sir, said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine." Mr. Pott used to say that he never saw the "Tailor riding to Brentford," without feeling better for a week afterwards.

LEGAL PEARL-DIVERS.

EVERY barrister can "shake his head," and too often, like Sheridan's Lord Burleigh, it is the only proof he vouchsafes of his wisdom. Curran used to call these fellows "legal pearl-divers."—"You may observe them," he would say, "their heads barely under water—their eyes shut, and an index floating behind them, displaying the precise degree of their purity and their depth."

GRAMMATICAL LEARNING.

AN author left a comedy with Foote for perusal; and on the next visit asked for his judgment on it, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better."—"To the grammar of it, Sir! What! would you send me to school again?"—"And pray, Sir," replied Foote, very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

SWEARING BY PROXY.

CARDINAL DUBOIS used frequently, in searching after any thing he wanted, to swear excessively. One of his clerks told him, "Your eminence had better hire a man to swear for you, and then you will gain so much time."

THE MUNIFICENT SAINT.

A DEVOUT lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died; "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the consolable widow, "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for!"

PRODIGALITY.

A PETTY journalist was boasting in company, that he was a dispenser of fame to those on whom he wrote. "Yes, Sir," replied an individual present, "you dispense it so liberally, that you leave none for yourself."

DRAMATIC POACHER.

A POOR strolling player was once caught performing the part of a poacher, and being taken before the magistrates, assembled at a quarter sessions for examination, one of them asked him what right he had to kill a hare, when he replied in the following parody on Brutus' speech to the Romans in defence of killing Cæsar:—

"Britons, hungry-men, and epicures, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear, believe me for my honour, and have respect for mine honour that you may believe, censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may be the better judges. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say, that a poacher's love for hare, was no less than his, if then that friend demand why a poacher rose against a hare, this is my answer, not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more; had you rather than this hare were living, that I died quite starving; than that this hare were dead that I lived a jolly fellow. As this hare was pretty, I weep for him; as he was plump, I rejoice at it; as he was nimble, I honour him; but as he was eatable, I slew him; there are tears for his beauty, joy for his condition, honour for his speed, and death for his edibleness. Who is here so cruel as to see me a starved man? if any, speak, for him have I offended? who is here so sick that does not love his belly? if any, speak, for him have I offended? who is here so silly that does not love a tit bit? if any, speak, for him have I offended?" "You've offended justice, sirrah," cried one of the magistrates, out of all patience at this long and strange harangue, which began to invade the time that his own belly told him had arrived, "then," replied the culprit, guessing at the hungry feelings of the bench, "since justice is dissatisfied it must needs have something to devour, so if you please, I'll wish your worships a good day, and a good appetite." The magistrates eager to retire, and somewhat pleased with the fellow's last wish, gave him a reprimand for the hare, and let him go. W. C. R.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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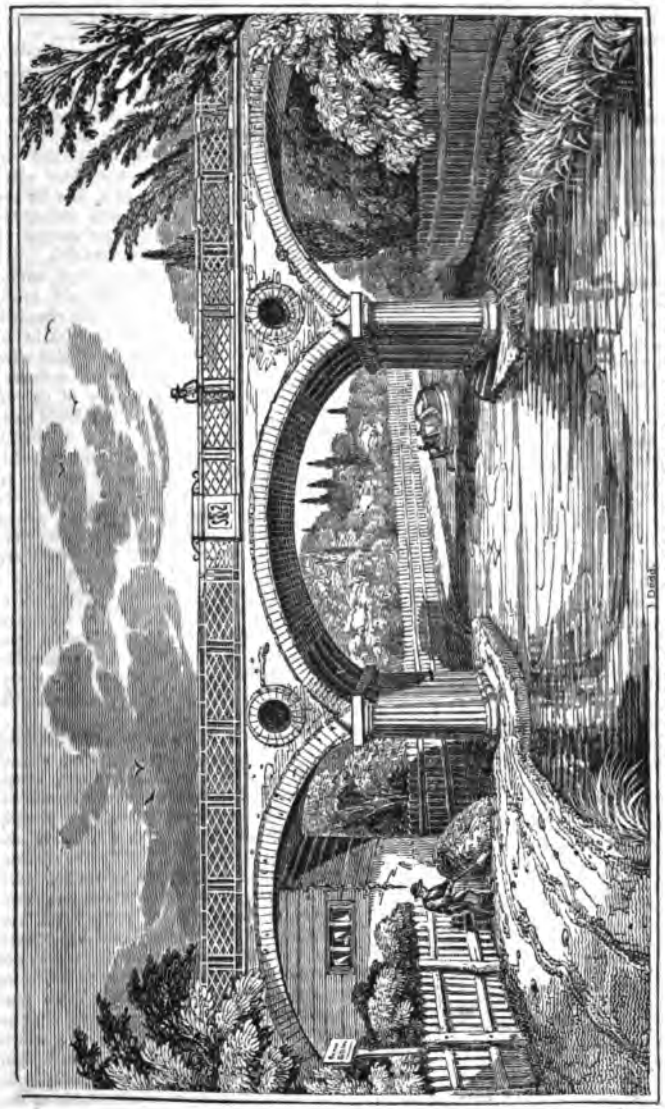

MACCLESFIELD BRIDGE, REGENT'S PARK.

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MACCLESFIELD BRIDGE.

THIS picturesque structure crosses the Canal towards the Northern verge of the Regent's Park; and nearly opposite to it is a road leading to Primrose Hill, as celebrated in the annals of Cockayne as was the Palatino among the ancient Romans.

The bridge was built from the designs of Mr. Morgan, and its construction is considered to be "appropriate and architectural." Its piers are formed by cast-iron columns, of the Grecian Doric order, from which spring the arches, covering the towing-path, the canal itself, and the southern bank. The *abacus*, or top of the columns, the mouldings or ornaments on the capitals, and the frieze, are in exceeding good taste, as are the ample shafts. The supporters of the roadway, likewise, correspond with the order; although, says Mr. Elmes, the architect, "fastidious critics may object to the dignity of the pure ancient Doric being violated by degrading it into supporters of modern arches." The centre arch is appropriated to the canal and the towing-path, and the two external arches to foot-passengers, and as communications to the road above them. Mr. Elmes* sums up the merits of the bridge as follows:—"It has a beautiful and light appearance, and is an improvement in execution upon a design of Perronet's for an *architectural* bridge, that is, a bridge of *orders*. The columns are well proportioned, and suitably robust, carrying solidity, grace, and beauty in every part; from the massy grandeur of the abacus, to the graceful revolving or the beautiful echinus, and to the majestic simplicity of the slightly indented flutings." He then suggests certain improvements in the design, which would have made the bridge "unexceptionably the most novel and the most tasteful in the metropolis. Even as it is, it is scarcely surpassed for lightness, elegance, and originality by any in Europe. It is of the same family with the beautiful little bridge in Hyde Park, between the new entrance and the barracks."

We are happy to quote the above praise on the construction of *Macclesfield Bridge*, inasmuch as a critical notice of many of the structures in the Regent's Park would subject them to much severe and merited censure. The forms of bridges admit, perhaps, of more display of taste than any other species of ornamental architecture, and of a greater means of contributing to the picturesque beauty of the surrounding scenery.

* Letter-press to Jones's "Metropolitan Improvements."

TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

"When our friends we lose,
Our alter'd feelings alter too our views;
What in their tempers, teazed or distress'd,
Is with our anger, and the dead at rest;
And must we grieve, no longer trial made,
For that impatience which we then display'd?
Now to their love and worth of every kind,
A soft compunction turns the afflicted mind;
Virtues neglected then, adored become,
And graces slighted, blossom on the tomb."

CRABBE.

"IT was the early wish of Pope," says Dr. Knox, "that when he died, not a stone might tell where he lay. It is a wish that will commonly be granted with reluctance. The affection of those whom we leave behind us is at a loss for methods to display its wonted solicitude, and seeks consolation under sorrow, in doing honour to all that remains. It is natural that filial piety, parental tenderness, and conjugal love, should mark, with some fond memorial, the clay-cold spot where the form, still fostered in the bosom, moulders away. And did affection go no farther, who could censure? But, in recording the virtues of the departed, either zeal or vanity leads to an excess perfectly ludicrous. A marble monument, with an inscription palpably false and ridiculously pompous, is far more offensive to true taste, than the wooden memorial of the rustic, sculptured with painted bones, and decked out with death's head in all the colours of the rainbow. There is an elegance and a classical simplicity in the turf-clad heap of mould which covers the poor man's grave, though it has nothing to defend it from the insults of the proud but a bramble. The primrose that grows upon it is a better ornament than the gilded lies on the oppressor's tombstone."

The Greeks had a custom of bedecking tombs with herbs and flowers, among which parsley was chiefly in use, as appears from Plutarch's story of Timoleon, who, marching up an ascent, from the top of which he might take a view of the army and strength of the Carthaginians, was met by a company of mules laden with parsley, which his soldiers conceived to be a very ill boding and fatal occurrence, that being the very herb wherewith they adorned the sepulchres of the dead. This custom gave birth to that despairing proverb, when we pronounce of one dangerously sick, that he has need of nothing but parsley; which is in effect to say, he's a dead man, and ready for the grave. All sorts of purple and white flowers were acceptable to the dead; as the amaranthus, which was first

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used by the Thessalians to adorn Achilles's grave. The rose, too, was very grateful; nor was the use of myrtle less common. In short, graves were bedecked with garlands of all sorts of flowers, as appears from Agamemnon's daughter in Sophocles:—

"No sooner came I to my father's tomb,
But milk fresh pour'd in copious streams did flow,
And *flowers* of ev'ry sort around were strow'd."

Several other tributes were frequently laid upon graves, as ribands; whence it is said that Epaminondas's soldiers being disanimated at seeing the riband that hung upon his spear carried by the wind to a certain Lacedæmonian sepulchre, he bid them take courage, for that it portended destruction to the Lacedæmons, it being customary to deck the sepulchres of their dead with ribands. Another thing dedicated to the dead was their hair. Electra, in Sophocles, says, that Agamemnon had commanded her and Chrysosthemis to pay this honour:—

"With chink-off'rings and *locks of hair* we must,
According to his will, his *tomb* adorn."

It was likewise customary to perfume the grave-stones with sweet ointments, &c. P. T. W.

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

I've roam'd the thorny path of life,
And search'd abroad to find,
Amid the blooming flowers so rife,
That germ called peace of mind.
At length a lovely lily caught
My anxious, longing view,
With all the sweets of "Heartsease" fraught
That fragrant flower was YOU.

Thy smile to me is Heaven divine,
Thy voice the soul of Love—
In pity, then, sweet maid, be mine,
My "heartsease" flow'ret prove.
Nor wealth nor power would I attain,
Though uncontroll'd and free—
All other joys to me are pain,
When sever'd, love, from THEE.

ELFORD.

CHARLES BRANDON, AFTERWARDS DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

(For the Mirror.)

An event in the life of this nobleman gave Otway the plot for his celebrated tragedy of "The Orphan," though he laid the scene of his play in Bohemia. It is recorded in the "English Adventures," a very scarce pamphlet, published in 1667, only two or three copies of which are extant. The father of Charles Brandon retired, on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons, and a young lady, the daughter of a friend, lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child.

This lady being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the affections of both the brothers. The elder, however, was the favourite, and he privately married her; which the younger not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bed-chamber, he contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself, (thinking it a mere intrigue.) Unfortunately he succeeded.

On discovery, the lady lost her reason, and soon after died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. The father broke his heart a few months afterwards. The younger brother, Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all this family misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning.

Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his estates; when, roused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young king, (Henry VIII.), who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers, where he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honour of a young lady. The king instantly drew on them; and a scuffle ensued, which roused the *reverie* of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning walk in an adjoining thicket. He immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know; and by his dexterity, soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled.

The king, charmed with this act of gallantry, so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger; and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister, Margaret, queen-dowager of France; which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favour towards him to the last hour of the duke's life.

He died before Henry; and the latter showed, in his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits of ca-

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priciousness and cruelty, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him; and he publicly took that occasion, both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared, that during the whole course of their acquaintance, his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any one; "and are there *any of you*, my lords, who can say as much?" When the king subjoined these words, (says the historian,) he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

Otway took his plot from the fact related in this pamphlet; but to avoid, perhaps, interfering in a circumstance which might affect many noble families at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia.

There is a large painting of the above incident now at Woburn, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford; and the old duchess-dowager, in showing this picture a few years before her death to a nobleman, related the particulars of the story.

A CORRESPONDENT.

The Topographer.

CARMARTHEN

(For the Mirror)

THE best or north-east view of Carmarthen comprises the bridge, part of the quay, with the granaries and shipping, and in the middle is seen part of the castle. Few towns can, perhaps, boast of greater antiquity, or of so many antiquarian remains as Carmarthen, South Wales; although, I am sorry to say, that their origin and history have not been, I believe, clearly explained or understood by the literary world. One would conclude, that as a Welshman is almost proverbially distinguished for deeming himself illustriously descended, and relating his long pedigree, he would naturally boast of, and exhibit to the public, some account of these vestiges of his ancestors; but such is not the case, and to their shame be it spoken, these ruins are scarcely noticed with any degree of interest by the inhabitants of Carmarthen. But to my subject. The name is derived from *caera*, wall, and *marthen*, a corruption of Merlyn, the name of its founder, who was a great necromancer and prophet, and held in high respect by the Welsh. There is a seat hewn out of a rock in a grove near this town, called Merlyn's Grove, where it is said he studied. He prophesied the fate of Wales, and said that Carmarthen would some day sink and be covered with water. I would concur with the author of a "Family Tour through the British Empire," by attributing his influence, not to any powers in magic, but to a superior understanding; although some of his predictions have been verified. The town of Carmarthen is pleasantly situated in a valley surrounded by hills; it has been fortified with walls and a castle, part of which remain; so that it appears to have been the residence of many princes of Wales. It has also been a Roman station, and has the remains of a Roman prætorium. Amongst its other antiquities are the Grey Friars, (a monastery,) the Bulwark, (a trench on the side of the town that fronts the river,) and the Priory. Its modern buildings are, the monument erected to Sir Thomas Picton, the Guildhall, the two gaols, a fish and butter market-place, over which is the town fire-bell; the slaughter-house, similar to the abattoir at Paris, and excellent shambles, with poultry and potato market-places annexed. The church, which is an ancient one, has an unattractive exterior; but when you enter it, I think you will say it can compete with any church for ancient beauty and ornament. Amongst the tombs in the chancel are those of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, with the effigies of him and his lady, affording a specimen of the costume of the reign of Henry VII.; and Sir Richard Steele, whose remains are discovered by a small, simple tablet. There is a promenade here, called the Parade, which commands a fine and extensive view of the surrounding picturesque scenery and of the Towy, where the coracles may be seen plying about. The town consists of ten principal streets, noted for being kept clean, and lighted with gas. It is governed by a mayor, two sheriffs, and twenty councilmen; sends a member to Parliament, and gives title of marquess to the family of Osborne. It carries on a great trade in butter and oats; and traffics much with Bristol by the river Towy, which runs into the sea; whence ships of two hundred tons burden come up to the town. The bay is very dangerous, owing to the bar and the quicksands. Its chief manufacture is tin, which is esteemed the best in the kingdom. It has a small theatre, in appearance a stable; but it is in contemplation to build a new one, as also a church; so that you will perceive the march of improvement is rapidly spreading into Wales, as well as other places.

W. H.

P.S. Since I sent you an account of Picton's Monument at Carmarthen, it has

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been altered. The statue, bas-reliefs, and ornaments of the Picton Monument, have been bronzed by the direction of Mr. Nash, on his late visit to this town. Elegant as this column was before, the effect of the bronze, and a few other alterations, have so improved its appearance, as to make it seem a different structure. Nothing now remains to complete the outside but the names of the different actions in which Sir T. Picton was engaged during his honourable career. These are to be placed in bronzed letters on the base. A Latin inscription, already prepared, together with the arms and a bust of Picton, will ornament the inside of the building. It certainly is a monument worthy of the hero to whose memory it has been erected, and of the country by which it has been raised.

The Sketch Book.

WATERLOO, THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

By an eye witness.

[For the following very interesting Narrative, our acknowledgments are due to the *United Service Journal*,—a work which has just started with the year, and to which, in the "customary" phrase, we wish "many happy returns."]

THE summer of 1815 found me at Brussels. The town was then crowded to excess—it seemed a city of splendour; the bright and varied uniforms of so many different nations, mingled with the gay dresses of female beauty in the Park, and the *Allée Verte* was thronged with superb horses and brilliant equipages. The *tables d'hôte* resounded with a confusion of tongues which might have rivalled the Tower of Babel, and the shops actually glittered with showy toys hung out to tempt money from the pockets of the English, whom the Flemings seemed to consider as walking bags of gold. Balls and plays, routs and dinners were the only topics of conversation; and though some occasional rumours were spread that the French had made an incursion within the lines, and carried off a few head of cattle, the tales were too vague to excite the least alarm. I was then lodging with a Madame Tissand, on the Place du Sablon, and I occasionally chatted with my hostess on the critical posture of affairs. Every Frenchwoman loves politics, and Madame Tissand, who was deeply interested in the subject, continually assured me of her complete devotion to the English.—"Ces maudits François!" cried she one day, with almost terrific energy, when speaking of Napoleon's army. "If they should dare come to Brussels, I will tear their eyes out!"—"Oh, aunt!" sighed her pretty niece; "remember that Louis is a conscript!"—Silence, Annette. I hate even my son, since he is fighting against the brave English!"—This was accompanied with a bow to me; but I own that I thought Annette's love far more interesting than Madame's Anglicism.

On the 3rd of June, I went to see ten thousand troops reviewed by the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick. Imagination cannot picture any thing finer than the *ensemble* of this scene. The splendid uniforms of the English, Scotch, and Hanoverians, contrasted strongly with the gloomy black of the Brunswick Hussars, whose veneration for the memory of their old Duke, could be only be equalled by their devotion to his son. The firm step of the Highlanders seemed irresistible; and as they moved in solid masses, they appeared prepared to sweep away every thing that opposed them. In short, I was delighted with the cleanliness, military order, and excellent appointments of the men generally, and I was particularly struck with the handsome features of the Duke of Brunswick, whose fine, manly figure, as he galloped across the field, quite realised my *beau ideal* of a warrior. The next time I saw the Duke of Brunswick was at the dress ball, given at the Assembly-rooms in the Rue Ducale, on the night of the 15th of June. I stood near him when he received the information that a powerful French force was advancing in the direction of Charleroy. "Then it is high time for me to be off," said the Duke, and I never saw him alive again. The assembly broke up abruptly, and in half an hour drums were beating and bugles sounding. The good burghers of the city, who were almost all enjoying their first sleep, started from their beds at the alarm, and hastened to the streets, wrapped in the first things they could find. The most ridiculous and absurd rumours were rapidly circulated and believed. The most general impression seemed to be that the town was on fire; the next that the Duke of Wellington had been assassinated; but when it was discovered that the French were advancing, the consternation became general, and every one hurried to the Place Royale, where the Hanoverians and Brunswickers were already mustering.

About one o'clock in the morning of the 16th, the whole population of Brussels seemed in motion. The streets were crowded as in full day; lights flashed to and fro; artillery and baggage-wagons were creaking in every direction; the

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drums beat to arms, and the bugles sounded loudly "the dreadful note of preparation." The noise and bustle surpassed all description; here were horses plunging and kicking amidst a crowd of terrified burghers; there lovers parting from their weeping mistresses. Now the attention was attracted by a park of artillery thundering through the streets; and now, by a group of officers disputing loudly the demands of their imperturbable Flemish landlords; for not even the panic which prevailed could frighten the Flemings out of a single stiver; screams and yells occasionally rose above the busy hum that murmured through the crowd, but the general sound resembled the roar of the distant ocean. Between two and three o'clock the Brunswickers marched from the town, still clad in the mourning which they wore for their old duke, and burning to avenge his death. Alas! they had a still more fatal loss to lament ere they returned. At four, the whole disposable force under the Duke of Wellington was collected together, but in such haste, that many of the officers had not time to change their silk stockings and dancing shoes; and some, quite overcome by drowsiness, were seen lying asleep about the ramparts, still holding, however, with a firm hand, the reins of their horses which were grazing by their sides. About five o'clock, the word "march" was heard in all directions, and instantly the whole mass appeared to move simultaneously. I conversed with several of the officers previous to their departure, and not one appeared to have the slightest idea of an approaching engagement. The Duke of Wellington and his staff did not quit Brussels till past eleven o'clock; and it was not till some time after they were gone, that it was generally known the whole French army, including a strong corps of cavalry, was within a few miles of Quatre Bras, where the brave Duke of Brunswick first met the enemy;

"And foremost fighting—fell."

Dismay seized us all, when we found that a powerful French army was really within twenty-eight miles of us; and we shuddered at the thought of the awful contest which was taking place. For my own part, I had never been so near a field of battle before, and I cannot describe my sensations. We knew that our army had no alternative but to fly, or fight with a force four times stronger than its own: and though we could not doubt British bravery, we trembled at the fearful odds to which our men must be exposed. Cannon, lances, and swords, were opposed to the English bayonet alone. Cavalry we had none on the first day, for the horses had been sent to grass, and the men were scattered too widely over the country, to be collected at such short notice. Under these circumstances, victory was impossible; indeed, nothing but the stanch bravery, and exact discipline of the men, prevented the foremost of our infantry from being annihilated; and though the English maintained their ground during the day, at night a retreat became necessary. The agony of the British, resident at Brussels, during the whole of this eventful day, sets all language at defiance. No one thought of rest or food; but every one who could get a telescope, flew to the ramparts to strain his eyes, in vain attempts to discover what was passing. At length, some soldiers in French uniforms were seen in the distance; and as the news flew from mouth to mouth, it was soon magnified into a rumour that the French were coming. Horror seized the English and their adherents, and the hitherto concealed partizans of the French began openly to avow themselves; tri-coloured ribbons grew suddenly into great request, and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded through the air. These exclamations, however, were changed to "Vive le Lord Vellington!" when it was discovered that the approaching French came as captives, not conquerors.

Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, I walked up to the *Porte de Namur*, where the wounded were just beginning to arrive. Fortunately some commodious caravans had arrived from England, only a few days before, and these were now entering the gate. They were filled principally with Brunswickers and Highlanders; and it was an appalling spectacle to behold the very soldiers, whose fine martial appearance and excellent appointments I had so much admired at the review, now lying helpless and mutilated—their uniforms soiled with blood and dirt—their mouths blackened with biting their cartridges, and all the splendour of their equipments entirely destroyed. When the caravans stopped, I approached them, and addressed a Scotch officer who was only slightly wounded in the knee.—"Are the French coming, sir?" asked I.—"Egad I can't tell," returned he. "We know nothing about it. We had enough to do to take care of ourselves. They are fighting like devils; and I'm off again as soon as my wound's dressed.—An English lady, elegantly attired, now rushed forwards—"Is my husband safe?" asked she eagerly.—"Good God! Madam," replied one of the men, "how can we possibly

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tell! I don't know the fate of those who were fighting by my side; and I could not see a yard round me." She scarcely heeded what he said; and rushed out of the gate, wildly repeating her question to every one she met. Some French prisoners now arrived. I noticed one, a fine fellow, who had had one arm shot off; and though the bloody and mangled tendons were still undressed, and had actually dried and blackened in the sun, he marched along with apparent indifference, carrying a loaf of bread under his remaining arm, and shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" I asked him if the French were coming.—"Je le crois bien," returned he, "prepares un souper, mes bourgeois —il soupera à Bruxelles ce soir."—Pretty information for me, thought I. "Don't believe him, sir," said a Scotchman, who lay close beside me, struggling to speak, though apparently in the last agony. "It's all right—I—assure-you—.'

The whole of Friday night was passed in the greatest anxiety; the wounded arrived every hour, and the accounts they brought of the carnage which was taking place were absolutely terrific. Saturday morning was still worse; an immense number of supernumeraries and runaways from the army came rushing in at the *Porte de Namur*, and these fugitives increased the public panic to the utmost. *Sauve qui peut!* now became the universal feeling; all ties of friendship or kindred were forgotten, and an earnest desire to quit Brussels seemed to absorb every faculty. To effect this object, the greatest sacrifices were made. Every beast of burthen, and every species of vehicle were put into requisition to convey persons and property to Antwerp. Even the dogs and fish-carts did not escape—enormous sums were given for the humblest modes of conveyance, and when all failed, numbers set off on foot. The road soon became choked up—cars, wagons, and carriages of every description were joined together in an immovable mass; and property to an immense amount was abandoned by its owners, who were too much terrified even to think of the loss they were sustaining. A scene of frightful riot and devastation ensued. Trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus were broken open and pillaged without mercy; and every one who pleased, helped himself to what he liked with impunity. The disorder was increased by a rumour, that the Duke of Wellington was retreating towards Brussels, in a sort of running fight, closely pursued by the enemy; the terror of the fugitives now almost amounted to frenzy, and they flew like maniacs escaping from a madhouse. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more distressing scene. A great deal of rain had fallen during the night, and the unhappy fugitives were obliged literally to wade through mud. I had, from the first, determined to await my fate in Brussels; but on this eventful morning, I walked a few miles on the road to Antwerp, to endeavour to assist my flying countrymen. I was soon disgusted with the scene, and finding all my efforts to be useful, unavailing, I returned to the town, which now seemed like a city of the dead; for a gloomy silence reigned through the streets, like that fearful calm which precedes a storm; the shops were all closed, and all business was suspended. During the panic of Friday and Saturday, the sacrifice of property made by the British residents was enormous. A chest of drawers sold for five francs, a bed for ten, and a horse for fifty. In one instance, which fell immediately under my own observation, some household furniture was sold for one thousand francs, (about 40*l.*) for which the owner had given seven thousand francs, (280*l.*) only three weeks before. This was by no means a solitary instance; indeed in most cases, the loss was much greater, and in many, houses full of furniture were entirely deserted, and abandoned to pillage

Sunday morning was ushered in by one of the most dreadful tempests I ever remember. The crashing of thunder was followed by the roar of cannon, which was now distinctly heard from the ramparts, and it is not possible to describe the fearful effect of this apparent mockery of heaven. I never before felt so forcibly the feebleness of man. The rain was tremendous—the sky looked like that in Poussin's picture of the Deluge, and a heavy black cloud spread, like the wings of a monstrous vulture, over Brussels The wounded continued to arrive the whole of Saturday night and Sunday morning, in a condition which defies description. They appeared to have been dragged for miles through oceans of mud; their clothes were torn, their caps and feathers cut to pieces, and their shoes and boots trodden off. The accounts they brought were vague and disheartening—in fact, we could only ascertain that the Duke of Wellington had late on Saturday taken up his position at Waterloo, and that there he meant to wait the attack of the French. That this attack had commenced we needed not to be informed, as the roar of the cannon became every instant more distinct, till we even fancied that it shook the town. The wounded represented the field of battle as a perfect quagmire, and their appearance

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testified the truth of their assertions. About two o'clock a fresh alarm was excited by the horses, which had been put in requisition to draw the baggage-wagons, being suddenly galloped through the town. We fancied this a proof of defeat, but the fact was simply thus: the peasants, from whom the horses had been taken, finding the drivers of the wagons absent from their posts, seized the opportunity to cut the traces, and gallop off with their cattle. As this explanation, however, was not given till the following day, we thought that all was over; the few British adherents who had remained were in despair, and tri-coloured cockades were suspended from every house. Even I, for the first time, lost all courage, and my only consolation was the joy of Annette. "England cannot be much injured by the loss of a single battle," thought I; "and as for me, it is of little consequence whether I am a prisoner on parole, or a mere wanderer at pleasure. I may easily resign myself to my fate; but this poor girl would break her heart if she lost her lover, for he is every thing to her." In this manner I reasoned, but in spite of my affected philosophy, I could not divest myself of all natural feeling; and when about six o'clock we heard that the French had given way, and that the Prussians had eluded Grouchè, and were rapidly advancing to the field, I quite forgot poor Annette, and thanked God with all my heart. At eight o'clock there was no longer any doubt of our success, for a battalion of troops marched into the town, and brought intelligence that the Duke of Wellington had gained a complete victory, and that the French were flying, closely pursued by the Prussians. Sunday night was employed in enthusiastic rejoicing. The tri-coloured cockades had all disappeared, and the British colours were hoisted from every window. The great bell of St. Gudule tolled, to announce the event to the surrounding neighbourhood; and some of the English, who had only hidden themselves, ventured to re-appear. The only alloy to the universal rapture which prevailed, was the number of the wounded; the houses were insufficient to contain half; and the churches and public buildings were littered down with straw for their reception. The body of the Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Quatre Bras, was brought in on Saturday, and taken to the quarters he had occupied near the Chateau de Lacken. I was powerfully affected when I saw the corpse of one, whom I had so lately marked as blooming with youth and health; but my eyes soon became accustomed to horrors. On Monday morning, June 19th, I hastened to the field of battle: I was compelled to go through the forest de Soignès, for the road was so completely choked up as to be impassable.—The dead required no help; but thousands of wounded, who could not help themselves, were in want of every thing; their features, swollen by the sun and rain, looked livid and bloated. One poor fellow had a ghastly wound across his lower lip, which gaped wide, and showed his teeth and gums, as though a second and unnatural mouth had opened below his first. Another, quite blind from a gash across his eyes, sat upright, gasping for breath, and murmuring, "De l'eau! de l'eau!" The anxiety for water, was indeed most distressing. The German "Vaser! vaser!" and the French "De l'eau! de l'eau!" still seem sounding in my ears. I am convinced that hundreds must have perished from thirst alone, and they had no hope of assistance, for even humane persons were afraid of approaching the scene of blood, lest they should be taken in requisition to bury the dead; almost every person who came near, being pressed into that most disgusting and painful service. This general burying was truly horrible: large square holes were dug about six feet deep, and thirty or forty fine young fellows stripped to their skins were thrown into each, pell mell, and then covered over in so slovenly a manner, that sometimes a hand or foot peeped through the earth. One of these holes was preparing as I passed, and the followers of the army were stripping the bodies before throwing them into it, whilst some Russian Jews were assisting in the spoilation of the dead, by chiseling out their teeth! an operation which they performed with the most brutal indifference. The clinking hammers of these wretches jarred horribly upon my ears, and mingled strangely with the occasional report of pistols, which seemed echoing each other at stated intervals, from different corners of the field. I could not divine the meaning of these shots, till I was informed, that they proceeded from the Belgians, who were killing the wounded horses. Hundreds of these fine creatures were, indeed, galloping over the plain, kicking and plunging, apparently mad with pain, whilst the poor wounded wretches who saw them coming, and could not get out of their way, shrieked in agony, and tried to shrink back to escape from them, but in vain. Soon after, I saw an immense horse (one of the Scotch Greys) dash towards a colonel of the Imperial Guard, who had had his leg shattered; the horse was frightfully wounded, and part of a

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broken lance still rankled in one of its wounds. It rushed snorting and plunging past the Frenchman, and I shall never forget his piercing cry as it approached. I flew instantly to the spot, but ere I reached it the man was dead; for, though I do not think the horse had touched him, the terror he felt had been too much for his exhausted frame. Sickened with the immense heaps of slain, which spread in all directions as far as the eye could reach, I was preparing to return, when as I was striding over the dead and dying, and meditating on the horrors of war, my attention was attracted by a young Frenchman, who was lying on his back, apparently at the last gasp. There was something in his countenance which interested me, and I fancied, though I knew not when, or where, that I had seen him before. Some open letters were lying around, and one was yet grasped in his hand as though he had been reading it to the last moment. My eye fell upon the words "Mon cher fils," in a female hand, and I felt interested for the fate of so affectionate a son. When I left home in the morning, I had put a flask of brandy and some biscuit into my pocket, in the hope that I might be useful to the wounded, but when I gazed on the countless multitude which strewed the field, I felt discouraged from attempting to relieve them. Chance had now directed my attention to one individual, and I was resolved to try to save his life. His thigh was broken, and he was badly wounded on the left wrist, but the vital parts were untouched, and his exhaustion seemed to arise principally from the loss of blood. I poured a few drops of brandy into his mouth, and crumbling my biscuit contrived to make him swallow a small particle. The effects of the dose were soon visible; his eyes half opened, and a faint tinge of colour spread over his cheek. I administered a little more, and it revived him so much that he tried to sit upright. I raised him, and contriving to place him in such a manner, as to support him against the dead body of a horse, I put the flask and biscuit by his side, and departed in order to procure assistance to remove him. I recollected that a short time before, I had seen a smoke issuing from a deep ditch, and that my olfactory nerves had been saluted by a savoury smell as I passed. Guided by these indications, I retraced my steps to the spot, and found some Scotch soldiers sheltered by a hedge, very agreeably employed in cooking a quantity of beefsteaks over a wood fire, in a French cuirass!! I was exceedingly diverted at this novel kind of frying-pan, which served also as a dish; and after begging permission to dip a biscuit in their gravy for the benefit of my patient, I told my tale, and was gratified by the eagerness which they manifested to assist me; one ran to catch a horse with a soft Hussar saddle, (there were hundreds galloping over the field,) and the rest went with me to the youth, whom we found surprisingly recovered, though he was still unable to speak. The horse was brought, and as we raised the young Frenchman to put him upon it, his vest opened, and his "*livret*" fell out. This is a little book which every French soldier is obliged to carry, and which contains an account of his name, age, pay, accoutrements, and services. I picked it up, and offered it to my patient—but the young man murmured the name of "Annette," and fainted. "Annette!" the name thrilled through every nerve. I hastily opened the *livret*, and found that it was indeed Louis Tissand whom I had saved! The rest is soon told. Louis reached Brussels in safety, and even Madame's selfishness gave way to rapture on recovering her son. As to Annette—but why perplex myself to describe her feelings? If my readers have ever loved, they may conceive them. Louis soon recovered; indeed with such a nurse he could not fail to get well. When I next visited Brussels, I found Annette surrounded by three or four smiling cherubs, to whom I was presented as *le bon Anglais*, who preserved the life of their papa.

Notes of a Reader.

GERMAN SCHOOLS.

A LAW respecting schools has existed, more or less, in the states of the south of Germany, for above a century, but which has been greatly improved within the last thirty years. By this law, parents are compelled to send their children to school, from the age of six to fourteen years, where they must be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, but where they may acquire as much additional instruction in other branches as their parents choose to pay for. To many of the schools of Bavaria large gardens are attached, in which the boys are taught the principal operations of agriculture and gardening in their hours of play; and, in all the schools of the three states, the girls, in addition to the same instruction as the boys, are taught knitting, sewing, embroidery, &c. It is the duty of the police and priest (which may be considered equivalent to our parish vestries) of each commune or parish, to see that the law is duly ex-

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ecuted, the children sent regularly, and instructed duly. If the parents are partially or wholly unable to pay for their children, the commune makes up the deficiency. Religion is taught by the priest of the village or hamlet; and where, as is frequently the case in Wurtemberg there are two or three religions in one parish, each child is taught by the priest of its parents; all of which priests are, from their office, members of the committee or vestry of the commune. The priest or priests of the parish have the regular inspection of the school-master, and are required by the government to see that he does his duty, while each priest, at the same time, sees that the children of his flock attend regularly. After the child has been the appointed number of years at school, it receives from the schoolmaster, and the priest of the religion to which it belongs, a certificate, without which it cannot procure employment. To employ any person under twenty-one, without such a certificate, is illegal, and punished by a fixed fine, as is almost every other offence in this part of Germany; and the fines are never remitted, which makes punishment always certain. The schoolmaster is paid much in the same way as in Scotland; by a house, a garden, and sometimes a field, and by a small salary from the parish, and by fixed rates for the children.

A second law, which is coeval with the school law, renders it illegal for any young man to marry before he is twenty-five, or any young woman before she is eighteen; and a young man, at whatever age he wishes to marry, must show, to the police and the priest of the commune where he resides, that he is able, and has the prospect, to provide for a wife and family.—*London's Mag. Nat. Hist.*

EATING AND WRITING.

OVID, Horace, and Virgil all frequented the tables of the great; Cato warmed his virtue with wine; Shakspeare kept up his *vervs* with stolen venison; Steele and Addison wrote their best papers over a bottle; Sir Walter Scott is famed for good housekeeping; and I know authors who love to dine like lords. Even booksellers do their spiriting more gently for good fare, and bid for an author the most spiritedly after dinner.

There is not a more vulgar mistake than that of confounding good eating with gluttony and excess. It is not because a man gets twenty or five-and-twenty guineas per sheet for a dashing article, and has taste to expend his well-earned cash upon a cook who knows how to dress a dinner, that he is necessarily to gorge himself like a mastiff with sheep's paunch. On the contrary, if he means to preserve the powers of his palate intact, he must "live cleanly as a nobleman should do." The fat-witted people in the City are not nice in their eating, quantity being more closely considered by them than quality. There is, I admit, something in the good man's concluding conjecture, that "the sort of diet men observe influences their style." I should know an "heavy-wet" man at the third line; and I can tell to a nicety when Theodore Hook writes upon claret, and when he is inspired by the over-heating and acrimonious stimulus of Max. Hayley obviously composed upon tea and bread and butter. Dr. Philpots may be nosed a mile off for priestly port and the fat bulls of Basan; and Southey's Quarterly articles are written on an empty stomach, and before his crudities, like the breath of Sir Roger de Coverley's barber, have been "mollified by a breakfast."—*New Monthly Mag.*

SACRED POETRY.

SONGS and hymns, in honour of their Gods, are found among all people who have either religion or verse. There is scarcely any pagan poetry, ancient or modern, in which allusions to the national mythology are not so frequent as to constitute the most copious materials, as well as the most brilliant embellishments. The poets of Persia and Arabia, in like manner, have adorned their gorgeous strains with the fables and morals of the Koran. The relics of Jewish song which we possess, with few exceptions, are consecrated immediately to the glory of God, by whom, indeed, they were inspired. The first Christians were wont to edify themselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; and though we have no specimens of these left, except the occasional doxologies ascribed to the redeemed in the Book of Revelation, it cannot be doubted that they used not only the psalms of the Old Testament, literally, or accommodated to the circumstances of a new and rising Church, but that they had original lays of their own, in which they celebrated the praises of Christ, as the Saviour of the world. In the middle ages, the Roman Catholic and Greek churches statedly adopted singing as an essential part of public worship; but this, like the reading of the Scriptures, was too frequently in an unknown tongue, by an affectation of wisdom, to excite the veneration of ignorance, when the learned, in their craftiness, taught that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion;" and Ignorance was very willing to believe it. At the era of the Reformation,

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psalms and hymns, in the vernacular tongue, were revived in Germany, England, and elsewhere, among the other means of grace, of which Christendom had been for centuries defrauded.—*Montgomery.*

SUPERSTITION.

GRIEVOUSLY are they mistaken who think that the revival of literature was the death of superstition—that ghosts, demons, and exorcists retreated before the march of intellect, and fled the British shore along with monks, saints, and masses. Superstition, deadly superstition, may co-exist with much learning, with high civilization, with any religion, or with utter irreligion. Canidia wrought her spells in the Augustan age, and Chaldean fortune-tellers haunted Rome in the sceptical days of Juvenal. Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder, and Lilly, the astrologer, were contemporaries of Selden, Harrington, and Milton. Perhaps there never was a more superstitious period than that which produced Erasmus and Bacon. —*Blackwood's Mag.*

"FELLOW" FEELING

A "CERTAIN exalted personage," as the newspapers would say, commanded the attendance of a physician, who was only a Licentiate, and, thereby, struck consternation throughout the whole body of "Fellows." The great men already in attendance were dreadfully alarmed and confounded by this terrible subversion of established College etiquette. "Sire!" said one of them, "we humbly acquaint your Majesty, with all dutiful submission that as Dr. —— is not a Fellow, it is contrary to rule and custom to meet him in attendance here." — "A Fellow?" asked his Majesty; "what mean ye?" The learned physician explained. "Well, make him a Fellow, then," was his Majesty's quick reply; and he was accordingly made one!

CULTIVATION OF WASTE LANDS.

No man at all acquainted with the principles of fertility and the present state of British tillage, can for a moment doubt that a very large quantity of waste land is scattered over the different districts of this country, which is not only susceptible of improvement, but which would yield an ample return for any amount of labour which could, for centuries to come, be spared from the cultivation of our own land. To be fully convinced of this fact, no man need do more than ride twenty miles in any direction from the metropolis. Let him select whatever road he may choose for his excursion, and he will find tracts of land, forming in the aggregate a very considerable quantity, which at this moment remain in the hands of nature—which man has never made the slightest effort to reclaim. Even the hebdomadal excursions of the citizen will conduct him over or near many such scenes. What Gilpin, living within the sound of Bow-bells, does not know Epping and Hainault Forests, Hounslow, Putney, and Black Heaths, Brook Green, Turnham Green, Wandsworth, Esher, Sydenham, Hays, and various other Commons? Within a circle of twenty miles around the largest and most opulent city in the world, we thus discover a large quantity of land, which cultivation would render highly productive, but which, in its present state of waste, is of little or no value to the public. And this land, situated in the very outskirts of the metropolis, continues to be utterly neglected, if not entirely overlooked, at a moment when the whole kingdom resounds with the groans of those who argue that the population of this country has outrun the means of subsisting them. As the traveller advances in his journey from the metropolis, the waste becomes more extensive, if not more numerous. The English wastes, which amount to about five millions of acres, are more valuable than those of Ireland; and these again are more improvable than the Scotish wastes.—*Quarterly Rev.*

CHINESE NOVELS.

THE character of the Chinese novels is the same with that of the better parts of *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, *Tom Jones*, and *Cecilia*. Their authors address themselves to the reason rather than the imagination of their readers. The other Asiatic nations, led away by a passion for the marvellous, have often disfigured the most respectable traditions, and converted history itself into romance. The Chinese, on the other hand, may be said to have given their romances the truth of history.—*N. American Review.*

THE Canadian Indian females are described as passionately fond of their children, as submissive slaves, and at the same time affectionately attached to their husbands. This they evince by *self-immolation*, after the manner of eastern wives. Among the few poisonous plants of Canada, is a shrub, which yields a wholesome fruit, but contains in its roots a deadly juice, which the widow, who wishes not to survive her husband, drinks. An eye-witness describes its effects; the woman having resolved to die, chanted her death song and funeral ervice; she then drank off the poisonous uice, was seized with shivering and con

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vulsions, and expired in a few minutes on the body of her husband.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

"Rien n'est changé, mes amis!"*
CHARLES DIX.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter;
The old Year went with mourning by,
The new came dancing after:
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle:
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle:
Mutes to wait on the funeral state!
Pages to pour the wine!
And a requiem for Twenty-eight,—
And a health to Twenty-nine.

Alas! for human happiness,
Alas! for human sorrow;
Our Yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our Morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still Cooks must live by making tarts,
And Wits by making verses;
While Sages prate and Courts debate,
The same Stars set and shine;
And the World, as it roll'd through Twenty-eight,
Must roll through Twenty-nine.

Some King will come, in Heaven's good time
To the tomb his Father came to:
Some Thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to:
Some Suffering Land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her:
The grand and great will love, and hate,
And combat, and combine;
And much where we were in Twenty-eight,
We shall be in Twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation:
And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association:
And the thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-Chancellors merry—
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the County Kerry:
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design—
And just what it did in Twenty-eight,
It will do in Twenty-nine.

Mathews will be extremely gay,
And Hook extremely dirty;
And brick and mortar still will say
"Try Warren, No. 30:"
And "General Sauce" will have its puff,
And so will General Jackson—
And peasants will drink up heavy stuff,
Which they pay a heavy tax on:

And long and late, at many a fête,
Gooseberry champagne will shine—
And as old as it was in Twenty-eight,
It will be in Twenty-nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the God of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's:
And Mendicants will sup like Kings,
And Lords will swear like Lacqueys—
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes:
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine—
Alas! they married in Twenty-eight,—
They will part in Twenty-nine!

John Thomas Mugg, on a lonely hill,
Will do a deed of mystery—
The Morning Chronicle will fill
Five columns with the history;
The Jury will be all surprise,
The Prisoner quite collected—
And Justice Park will wipe his eyes,
And be very much affected:
And folks will relate poor Corder's fate,
As they hurry home to dine,
Comparing the hangings of Twenty-eight
With the hangings of Twenty-nine

A Curate will go from the house of prayer
To wrong his worthy neighbour,
By dint of quoting the texts of Blair,
And singing the songs of Weber:
Sir Harry will leave the Craven hounds,
To trace the guilty parties—
And ask of the Court five thousand pounds,
To prove how rack'd his heart is:
An Advocate will execrate
The spoiler of Hymen's shrine—
And the speech that did for Twenty-eight
Will do for Twenty-nine.

My Uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
And tell of his oils and blubbers;
My Aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns
And rather longer rubbers:
My Cousin in Parliament will prove
How utterly ruin'd trade is—
My Brother at Eton will fall in love
With half a hundred ladies:
My Patron will sate his pride from plate,
And his thirst from Bordeaux vine—
His nose was red in Twenty-eight,—
'Twill be redder in Twenty-nine!

And oh! I shall find, how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older—
How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of Friendship colder;
But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason:
I shall buckle my skait, and leap my gate,
And throw, and write, my line—
And the woman I worshipped in Twenty-eight,
I shall worship in Twenty-nine!

New Monthly Magazine.

* I have taken these words for my motto, because they enable me to tell a story. When the present King of France received his first address on the return from the emigration, his answer was, "Rien n'est changé, mes amis; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus." When the Giraffe arrived in the Jardin des Plantes, the Parisians had a caricature, in which the ass, and the hog, and the monkey were presenting an address to the stranger, while the elephant and the lion stalked angrily away. Of course, the portraits were recognisable—and the animal was responding graciously, "Rien n'est changé, mes amis: n'y a qu'un bête de plus!"

MORAL EFFECT OF ROME UPON THE TRAVELLER.

THOSE only who have lived in Rome can duly estimate the potent and lasting impression produced upon the mind of a thinking man, by a residence in this capital of the ancient world. The daily contemplation of so many classical and noble objects elevates and purifies the soul, and has a powerful tendency to allay the inconsiderate fervours and impetuosities of youth, to mature, and consolidate the character. I am already so altered, and,

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I have the vanity to think, so improved a man since my arrival here, that there are times when I almost doubt my own identity, and imagine that, by some preternatural agency, I have been born over again, and have had new blood and new vitality infused into my frame.

The gratifications of a residence in Rome are inexhaustible. At every turn I discover some new evidence of the power and magnificence of her ancient inhabitants, and vivid sensations of delight and awe rapidly succeed each other. This venerable metropolis is the tomb and monument, not of princes, but of nations; it illustrates the progressive stages of human society, and all other cities appear modern and unfinished in comparison.

Exploring this forenoon the vicinity of Monte Palatino, I discovered in an obscure corner, near the temple of Romulus, the time-hallowed spring of Juturna, rising with crystal clearness near the Cloaca maxima, into which it flows unvalued and forgotten. I refreshed myself in the mid-day heat by drinking its pure lymph from the hollow of my hand, and gazed with long and insatiable delight upon the memorable fountain. This sacred spot is surrounded and obscured by contiguous buildings, and the walls are luxuriantly fringed and mantled with mosses, lichens, and broad leaved ivy. The proud aqueducts of the expanding city diminish the value and importance of this spring, but it was unquestionably the ruling motive which determined Romulus, or possibly an earlier colony of Greeks, to take root here, as within the wide compass of the Roman walls there is no other source of pure water.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SONG, BY T. CAMPBELL.

When Love came first to Earth, the Spring
Spread rose-buds to receive him.
And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring departing, saw his faith
Pledg'd to the next new comer—
He revell'd in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights
An Archer for her lover,
And even in Winter's dark, cold nights
A charm he could discover

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, Young Love's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

New Monthly Magazine.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

College! how different from school! Never believe a great, broad-faced, beetle-browed Spoon, when he tells you, with a sigh that would upset a schooner, that the happiest days of a man's life are those he spends at school. Does he forget the small bed-room occupied by eighteen boys, the pump you had to run to on Sunday mornings, when decency and the usher commanded you to wash? Is he oblivious of the blue chalk and water they flooded your bowels with at breakfast, and called it milk? Has he lost the remembrance of the Yorkshire pudding, vulgarly called choke-dog, of which you were obliged to eat a pound before you were allowed a slice of beef, and of which, if you swallowed half that quantity, you thought cooks and oxen mere works of supererogation, and totally useless on the face of the earth? Has the fool lost all recollection of the prayers in you cold, wet, clay-floored cellar, proudly denominated the chapel? has he forgot the cuffs from the senior boys, the pinches from the second master? and, *in fine*, has he forgot the press at the end of the school-room, where a cart-load of birch was deposited at the beginning of every half year, and not a twig left to tickle a mouse with, long before the end of it? He talks of freedom from care—what a negative kind of happiness! Let him cut off his hand, he will never hurt his nails. Let him enclose an order for all his money even unto us, and no more will he be troubled with cares about the Stocks—no more will he be teased with calculations on the price of grain. All that raving about school-boys is perfect nonsense—it is the most miserable period of a human being's life. Poor, shivering, trembling, kicked, buffetted, thumped, and starved little mortals! We never see a large school but we feel inclined to shoot them all, masters, ushers, and door-keepers included, merely to put them out of pain.

But at College, how different!—*There*, a man begins to feel that it is a matter of total indifference to him whether he sit on a hard wooden bench, or a soft stuffed chair; *there*, the short coat is discarded, and he stalks about with the air of a three-tailed bashaw, as his own two, generally, at first, are prolonged a little below the knee; *there*, his penny tart, which he bought on Saturdays at the door of the school, is exchanged for a dessert from Golding's; his beer, which he occasionally imbibed at the little pot-house, two miles beyond the school bounds, is exchanged for his wine from Butler's.—Books from Talboy's, the most enterprising of bibliopoles, supply the place of the tattered Dictionary he brought to the University, which, after being stolen when new, and passing, by the same process, through twenty hands, is at last, when fluttering in its last leaves, restolen by the original proprietor, who fancies he has made a very profitable "nibble."

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The trot he used to enjoy by stealth on the butcher's broken-kneed pony, is succeeded now by a gallop on a steed of Quartermain's; and he is delighted to find that horse and owner strive which shall be the softest-mouthed and gentlest charger. The dandy mare, we suppose, has many long years ago made fat the great-grandfathers of the present race of dogs; and old Scroggins, we imagine, has been trod to pieces in boots and shoes, the very memory of which departed long, long before they were paid for. Of old Scroggins—as Dr. Johnson says—and of his virtues, let us indulge ourself in the recollection. Though not formed in the finest mould, or endowed with the extremity of swiftness, his pace was sure and steady—equal to Hannibal in endurance of fatigue; and, like that celebrated commander, his aspect was rendered peculiarly fierce and striking by a blemish in his eye; not ignorant of the way to Woodstock was the wall-eyed veteran; not unacquainted with the covers at Ditchley; not unaccustomed to the walls at Hethrop: but Dandy and Scroggins have padded the hoof from this terrestrial and unstable world—peace to their manes!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Spirit of Discovery.

Friction of Screws and Screw-presses.

An examination of the friction in screws having their threads of various forms, has led M. Poncelet to this very important conclusion, namely, that the friction in screws with square threads is to that of equal screws with triangular threads, as 2.90 to 4.78, proving a very important advantage of the former over the latter, relative to the loss of power incurred in both by friction.—*Brande's Journal.*

Fulminating Powder.

According to M. Landgerbe, a mixture of two parts nitre, two parts neutral carbonate of potash, one part of sulphur, and six parts of common salt, all finely pulverized, makes a very powerful fulminating powder. M. Landgerbe adopts the extraordinary error of supposing that these preparations act with more force downwards than in any other direction.—*Bull. Univ.*

Aurora Borealis.

An aurora borealis was seen from North End, Hampstead, near London, from about seven o'clock until eleven, on the evening of Dec. 1. It generally appeared as a light resembling twilight, but shifting about both to the east and the west of north, and occasionally forming streams which continued for several minutes, and extended from 30 to 40 degrees high. The light on the horizon was not more than 12 or 15 degrees in height.—*Brande's Journal.*

Paper Linen.

According to the Paris papers, a new invention, called *papier linge*, has lately attracted much attention. It consists of a paper made closely to resemble damask and other linen, not only to the eye, but even to the touch. The articles are used for every purpose to which linen is applicable, except those requiring much strength and durability. The price is low, a napkin costs only five or six centimes (about a halfpenny), and when dirty, they are taken back at half-price. A good sized table-cloth sells for a franc, and a roll of paper with one or two colours for papering rooms or for bed curtains, may be had for the same price.

Maturation of Wine.

M. de St. Vincent, of Havre, states, from his own experience of long continuance, that when bottles containing wine are closed by tying a piece of parchment or bladder over their mouths, instead of using corks in the ordinary manner, the wine acquires, in a few weeks only, those qualities which is only given by age in the ordinary way after many years.—*Nouveau Jour. de Paris.*

Indications of Wholesomeness in Mushrooms.

Whenever a fungus is pleasant in flavour and odour, it may be considered wholesome; if, on the contrary, it have an offensive smell, a bitter, astringent, or styptic taste, or even if it leave an unpleasant flavour in the mouth, it should not be considered fit for food. The colour, figure, and texture of these vegetables do not afford any characters on which we can safely rely; yet it may be remarked, that in colour, the pure yellow, gold colour, bluish pale, dark or lustre brown, wine red, or the violet, belong to many that are esculent; whilst the pale or sulphur yellow, bright or blood red, and the greenish, belong to few but the poisonous. The safe kinds have most frequently a compact, brittle texture; the flesh is white; they grow more readily in open places, such as dry pastures and waste lands, than in places humid or shaded by wood. In general, those should be suspected which grow in caverns and subterranean passages, on animal matter undergoing putrefaction, as well as those whose flesh is soft or watery.—*Brande's Journal.*

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Zoological Society.

Dr. Brookes, in his address to the recent anniversary meeting of the Zoological Society, stated that the *Museum* already contains 600 species of mammalia, 4,000 birds, 1,000 reptiles and fishes, 1,000 testacea and crustacea, and 30,000 insects. During the last seven months, the *Gardens* and Museum have been visited by upwards of 30,000 persons. The vivarium contains upwards of 430 living quadrupeds and birds. The expenses of the past year have been 10,000*l*., partly contributed by the admission of the public, and still more largely by the members of the Society, who already exceed 1,200 in number. These are gratifying facts to every lover of natural history, as they serve to indicate the progress of *zoology* in this country—a study which it has ever been our aim to identify with the pages of the MIRROR.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ENGLISH ROADS.

THE roads of England are the marvel of the world. The improvements which have been effected during a century would be almost miraculous, did we not consider that they had been produced by the spirit and intelligence of the people, and were in no degree dependant upon the apathy or caprice of the ruling power. The first turnpike-road was established by an act of the 3rd Charles II. The mob pulled down the gates; and the new principle was supported at the point of the bayonet. But long after that period travelling was difficult and dangerous. In December, 1703, Charles III. king of Spain, slept at Petworth on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there by desire of the queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the prince's attendants, he states, "We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating any thing, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once indeed in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his highness's body coach, would have suffered very much, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached the duke's house, the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time to conquer them; and, indeed, we had never done it, if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says, "I saw him (the prince) no more, till I found him at supper at Windsor; for there we were overturned, (as we had been once before the same morning,) and broke our coach; my Lord Delaware had the same fate, and so had several others."—Vide Annals of Queen Anne, vol. ii. Appendix, No. 3.

In the time of Charles, (surnamed the Proud,) Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state, that, in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, travellers were obliged to make from the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty, as to occupy the whole day; and the duke had a house at Guildford which was regularly used as a resting-place for the night by any of his family travelling to London. A manuscript letter from a servant of the duke, dated from London, and addressed to another at Petworth, acquaints the latter that his grace intended to go from London thither on a certain day, and directs that "the keepers and persons who knew the holes and the sloughs must come to meet his grace with lanterns and long poles to help him on his way."

The late Marquess of Buckingham built an inn at Missenden, about forty miles from London, as the state of the roads compelled him to sleep there on the way to Stow—a journey which is at present performed between breakfast and dinner.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS used to tell a story of his being at Otaheite with Capt. Cook, when it was accidentally discovered to be the king's birth-day, on which it was suddenly agreed to have a jollification; every soul on board got fuddled, except three men who were on duty. The next day they came on deck, and begged to speak to the captain. "Well," said the captain, "what have you got to say?"—"Please your honour, you were all drunk yesterday, all except we three; will your honour be pleased to allow us to get drunk to-day?" Sir Joseph, who was standing

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by, was so tickled with the oddity of the request, that he begged they might be indulged, and that he would subscribe two bottles of rum and two bottles of brandy. The boon was granted, and in less than three hours, these messmates balanced accounts, being as drunk as their hearts could wish.—*Mr. Wadd.*

MADEMOISELLE MARS.

SOME time after Napoleon's return to Paris, in 1815, as he was passing the troops in review at the Place Carousel, he happened to see the celebrated Mademoiselle Mars, stationed among the troops, in order to view the imposing military spectacle. The emperor, approaching the spot, and addressing her, said, "What do you do here, Mademoiselle? this is no place for you."—"Sire," answered the witty and animated daughter of Thalia, "I come to behold a real hero; I am tired of seeing mock ones upon the stage."

INA.

SOME years ago the following inscription, engraved on the fragment of a stone, was discovered amongst the relics of an antiquarian, and was considered by him as a great curiosity, and enhanced in value by its translation having puzzled the best scholars of the age:—

BENE.
A.T.H. T.H. I.S.S.T.
ONERE. POS. ET
H. CLAUD. COSTER. TRIP
E. SELLERO
F. IMP
IN. GT. ONAS. DO
TH. HI
S. C.
ON. SOR.
T. I. A. N. E.

Some supposed it to refer to the Emperor Claudian, till a lad one day spelt it out: "Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller, of Impington, as doth his consort Jane."

R. B.

DRINKING.

CAPTAIN JOHN GRAUNT, in his Observations on the Bills of Mortality, says, that of 229,250 persons, who died in twenty years, only *two* are put to the account of *excessive drinking*. But, perhaps, if the matter were truly stated, a great many of the dropsies, apoplexies, and palsies ought to have been placed under that head. It is not impossible that those who had the charge of rendering these accounts, might have entertained the opinion of old Dick Baldwyn, who stoutly maintained that no man ever died of drinking. "Some puny things," said he, "have died learning to drink, but no man ever died of drinking!" Now, this was no mean authority; for he spoke from great practical experience, and was moreover many years treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. — *Mr. Wadd — in Brande's Journal.*

THE "Sunday Times" of the 28th ult. has the following paragraph inserted:—

Typographical Errors.

The *New Times* speaks (some time ago) of a "Party given by the Duke of *Pork!*" Another paper, of "Proceedings in the Court of Common *Fleas!*" and the *Morning Chronicle* of Tuesday last speaks of "an atrocious *Bobbery!*" The cream of this criticism on others is, that the very same paper has the following paragraph:—"*Fleet Prison, Dec.* 26th. Died last night, about 12 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Chaundy, in the meridian of life. This makes the ninth death which has happened in the Fleet since the 29th of April last. The free use of spirituous liquors is the cause of so much MORALITY in the prison.

BONAS.

A "MELTING SUBJECT."

M. TISSOT, a celebrated French physician, who was the intimate friend of Zimmerman, relates the case of a literary gentleman, who would never venture near a fire, from imagining himself to be made of butter, and being fearful he should melt.

"THERE are whom heaven has bless'd
with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it."

IMPUDENCE.

MR. GARROW examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a case of assault, asked her, if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language, and utter other words so bad that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat them; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?"—"Why, Sir," replied she, "if *you* have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

WHY is cent per cent like Ireland?
Because it's doubling it. (Dublin in it.)

WHEN is a door more than a door?
When it is to.

W. F.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 352.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1829. [Price 2d.

Prince Rupert's Palace, Barbican.

Prince Rupert, who will be remembered in the annals of the useful and fine arts when his military fame shall be forgotten, resided at a house in Beech-lane, Barbican, of the remains of which the above is a representation. His residence here was in the time of Charles II.; for it is said that Charles paid him a visit, when the ringers of Cripplegate had a guinea for complimenting the royal guest with a "merry peal." As the abode of a man of science, (for the prince was one of the most ingenious men of his time,) this engraving will doubtless be acceptable to the readers of the Mirror. It, moreover, shows that even at that period, a residence in the City and its neighbourhood, was not thought derogatory to a man of rank or fortune.*

With the historical character of Prince Rupert, most of our readers are probably familiar. Many useful inventions resulted from his studies, among which are the invention of "Prince's Metal," locks for fire-arms, improvements in gunpowder, &c. After the restoration, he was admitted into the Privy Council. He likewise became a fellow of the newly-founded Royal Society, and a member of the Board of Trade; and to his influence is ascribed the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which he was the first governor. Orford, Evelyn, and Vertue attribute to him the invention of mezzotinto engraving; but this has been disputed, and, we believe, disproved.

* He likewise held the villa of Brandenburgh House, at Hammersmith, since known as the residence of Queen Caroline.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE COLOSSEUM,

IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

By the courtesy of Mr. Hornor, the proprietor, we have been favoured with a private view of the *interior* of this stupendous building; and, as it is our intention to illustrate the ensuing Number of the MIRROR with a view of the exterior, we shall for the present confine ourselves to such descriptive details as we have been enabled to collect in our recent visit. The interior is, however, in an unfinished state; the works are in actual progress, and the operations of the several artists continue uninterrupted by the access of visiters.

On entering the edifice by the large door in front, a staircase on the right leads to a passage, which communicates with a circular saloon hung with coloured drapery. This room, which, when finished, will be the largest of the kind in London, occupies the whole internal space, or the basement of the building, with the exception of the staircase leading to the summit, which rises like a large column from the centre. This circular saloon is intended for the exhibition of paintings and other productions of the fine arts; and it redounds highly to the credit of Mr. Hornor, that this exhibition is to be entirely free of charge to the artists. Such an introduction of their works to public notice cannot fail to prove mutually advantageous.

It may be here necessary to state that the wall of the building represents a panoramic *View of London*, as seen from the several galleries of St. Paul's Cathedral—and that the view of the picture is obtained from three galleries—the *first* of which corresponds, in relation to the view, with the first gallery at the summit of the dome of St. Paul's; the *second* is like that of the upper gallery on the same edifice; and the *third*, from its great elevation, commands a view of the remote distance which describes the horizon in the painting. Above the last-mentioned gallery is placed the identical copper ball which for so many years occupied the summit of St. Paul's; and above it is a fac-simile of the cross by which it was surmounted. Over these is hung the small wooden cabin in which Mr. Hornor made his drawings for the picture, in the same perilous situation it occupied during the period of the repairs which some years ago were done to the cathedral. A small flight of stairs leads from this spot to the open gallery which surrounds the top of the Colosseum, commanding a view of the Regent's Park and the subjacent country

The communication with the galleries is by staircases of curious construction, built on the outer side of the central column already mentioned. This column is hollow, and within it a small circular chamber is to be caused to ascend when freighted with company, by means of machinery, with an imperceptible motion to the first gallery. The doors of the chamber will then open, and by this novel means of being elevated, visiters may avoid the fatigue of ascending by the stairs, and then walk out into the gallery to enjoy the picture.

In extent and accuracy, the Panorama is one of the most surprising achievements of art in this or any other country. The picture covers upwards of 40,000 square feet, or nearly an acre of canvass; the dome of the building on which the sky is painted, is thirty feet more in diameter than the cupola of St. Paul's; and the circumference of the horizon from the point of view, is nearly 130 miles. The painting is almost completed; indeed, sufficiently so, for the general effect; although this will be considerably increased by the insertion of the remaining details, and the last or finishing touches. Much as the spectator will be struck by the fidelity of the representation, there is one claim it has to his admiration, which has only to be explained to be universally acknowledged. It is simply this. Only let such of our readers as have ascended the galleries of St. Paul's, think of the fatigue they experienced in the toil, and comparatively speaking, the little gratification they experienced on their arrival at the summit. In short, what had they for their pains but the distinct roofs of the houses in the immediate vicinity, while the rest of the city was half lost in fog and the smoke of "groves of chimneys." The only period at which London *can be seen*, is at sun-rise on a fine summer morning—such a morning, for instance, as that of the last Coronation. This too must be before the many thousand fires are lighted—exactly the period at which it is impossible to gain admittance to the cathedral. In the Panorama of the Colosseum, therefore, alone it is that we can see the "mighty heart," the town we inhabit; and for this grand scene we are indebted to the indefatigable genius of Mr. Hornor.*

* It may be a test of the length of the reader's acquaintance with the MIRROR—but at page 450, vol. i. he will find a brief account of the means by which Mr. Hornor completed his sketches for the Panorama—his erection of an observatory—and a faint idea of the extreme perils, all which did not daunt the fearless mind of this aspiring artist. Mr. Britton says the sketches made for the projected picture, occupied 2,000 sheets of paper!

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The magnificent effect of the Panorama, however, baffles all description of our pen. Indeed, the scene gives rise to so many inspiring associations in an enthusiastic mind, that few Englishmen, and still fewer Londoners, are equal to the detail of its description. Every inch of the vast circumference abounds with subject for reflection. The streets filled with passengers and vehicles—the grandeur of the public buildings, churches, and palatial structures—the majestic river winding grandly along, with the shipping, vessels, and gay trim of civic barges gliding on its surface, its banks studded with splendid hospitals, docks, and antique towers—and its stream crossed with magnificent bridges—till it stretches away beyond the busy haunts of industry, to the rural beauties of Richmond, and the castellated splendour of Windsor. Of course, the river is the most attractive object in the painting; but overlooking the merits of the town itself, and the world of streets and buildings—the representation of the environs is delightfully picturesque, and the distances are admirably executed; while the whole forms an assemblage of grandeur, unparalleled in art, as the reality is in the history of mankind.

The grand and distinguishing merit of the Panorama at the Colosseum is, however, of a higher order than we have yet pointed out to the reader. It has the *unusual* interest of picturesque effect with the most scrupulous accuracy; and, in illustration of the latter excellence, so plain are the principal streets in the view, that thousands of visiters will be able to identify their own dwellings. We have termed this an unusual effect, because we are accustomed to view panoramas as fine productions of art, with fascinating and novel contrasts, and altogether as beautiful pictures; but pleasing as may be their effect on the spectator, it must fall very short of the intense interest created by the topographical or map-like accuracy of Mr. Hornor's picture, which is correct even to the most minute point of detail. Thousands of spectators will therefore become rivetted by some particular objects, for every Londoner can name a score of sites which are endeared to him by some grateful recollections and associations of his life; whilst our country friends will be lost in admiration at the immense knot of dwellings, till they contrive to pick their road back to their inn or temporary abode in this queen of cities. In order to court the rigorous inspection of the most critical visiters, engraved sections of the various parts of the picture, numbered and described, will be placed in the compartments to which the panorama corresponds; and for still further gratification, glasses will be placed in the gallery, by which houses at the distance of ten or twelve miles from the city may easily be discerned. All this amounts to microscopic painting, or the most elaborate mosaic-work of art.

The effect of the near houses, or those in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul's, is very striking; and the perspective and effect of light and shade of the campanile towers in front of the cathedral are admirably managed. In short, nothing can exceed the fine contrast of the bold and broad buildings in the fore-ground with the work of the middle, and the minuteness of the back-ground:—

> Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain,
> To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
> Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow,
> In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
> Calmly magnificent.
> * * * *
> Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
> Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> ——till all
> The stretching landscape into mist decays.

It seems scarcely possible for painting to achieve anything nearer to reality than has been effected in the union of the projecting portions and the flat surface of the picture—an effect which will be hailed with enthusiasm by the spectator. This part is the work of Mr. Paris, "of whose talents and valuable assistance in the execution of the painting," says a writer in the *Times*, "the proprietor speaks in terms of generous enthusiasm, which are well deserved, and equally honourable to both parties." Another critical writer, in the *Weekly Review*, likewise, pays a deserved tribute to the genius of Mr. Paris, in his share of the painting. He says, "The spectator who shall view this magnificent Panorama, without being previously informed of the difficulties with which the able and indefatigable artist, Mr. E. T. Paris, had to contend, however he may be struck with the *tout ensemble*, will hardly be able to appreciate the merit of the work. In the first place, as no one individual could accomplish such an undertaking in a sufficiently short period, many artists were necessarily employed; each of these had his own peculiar style, and taste, and notions, which of course he would not depart from; when each of the assistant artists, therefore, had finished his part, it was necessary for Mr. Paris to go himself over the whole, retouch everything, and reduce the various parts into harmony with each other. This he has effected in the most admirable manner, so

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hat, at present the productions of numerous dissimilar pencils appear like the creation of one man. Another, and perhaps still greater difficulty, was to preserve the true perspective from so elevated and novel a point of view, and on curved canvass; for, by the closing of the dome, that part of the picture upon which the greatest distance was to be represented, is in reality placed nearest to the spectator. We must observe, however, that these difficulties have all been surmounted, and that the illusion is most complete."

Our limits advise us to quit the principal building, or that appropriated to the panoramic view, especially as we cannot convey to the reader an indistinct notion of the curious stair-work, machinery, and carpentry of the ascents, &c. We were induced to ascend to the exterior, but the mid-day smoke of the town, and the heavy fog of the day, spoiled our view. Had it not been so, the numerous buildings below, with the gardens, &c. would have reminded us that much yet remained to be seen. We hastened down the staircase, as quickly as the loop-hole light would allow, (for this part is to be lit with gas,) and returned to the front court by the large door at which we entered. In the entrance-hall are two aloes in tubs, one of them of noble size, and we could not help contrasting this single triumph of Nature with the little world of art we had just been exploring; and our train of reflection was unbroken on our entering by the left-hand lodge-door, a range of arched conservatories, in the centre of one of which is a *Camellia Japonica*, which produces thirty varieties of flower, and is, perhaps, the most magnificent specimen in England. Already here are several rare and beautiful plants—a large proportion of exotics, and some of the most curious plants of this country's growth. In the centre of one of the chambers is a circular tank of water, surrounded by small *jets*, which are to raise their streams so as to form a round case of water, within which are to be aquatic plants, &c. At the end of this room aviaries are in preparation.

Hence we ascended into a beautiful reading-room, with French windows and rusticated Gothic verandas. The *artistes* were here busy in hanging the walls, &c. with green damask moreen. The next room in the suite will be a library of beautiful proportions; and beyond this will be another room equally splendid, besides numerous other smaller apartments, in all numbering thirty. The object of this part of the building is to afford to subscribers all the advantages of a club and a reading-room, combined with the novel and luxurious conveniences of the establishment.

We now come to what appears to us the *bijou* of the whole. A passage leads from the saloon to a suite of small chambers, representing a Swiss cottage. One of these rooms is finished. It is wainscotted with coloured (knotted) wood, and carved in imitation of the fanciful interior of the dwellings of the Swiss mountaineers. The immense projecting chimney, its capacious corners, and the stupendous firedogs, are truly characteristic charms of cottage life; and the illusion is not a little enhanced by the prospect from the windows, consisting of terrific rocks and caverns,* among which a cascade is to fall from an immense height into a lake, which is to spread immediately beneath the windows. The water is not yet admitted here; but from some successful specimens of this branch of art, which we have seen, we are induced to think the Swiss cottage and its scenery will be very attractive. The exterior of the dwelling, with its broad eaves, &c. is beautifully picturesque; and the interior, supplied with a *suite* of rustic furniture, is even sufficiently unique for the *recherché* taste of Mr. Hope.

This is but an imperfect outline of the ingenious works which are now just finishing at the Colosseum. The undertaking, as the name imports, is one of the most gigantic enterprises for public gratification which it has ever been our lot to witness; but great as may be the capital already expended here, and indefatigable as have been the exertions of the proprietor during the last seven years, it is almost impossible that such genius should not be amply remunerated. As a concentration of every refined amusement and luxurious comfort which the taste of the times can dictate, the Colosseum will doubtless be without a rival in Europe. The charms of useful and elegant literature will here alternate with the exquisite masterpieces of modern art—and to aid these attractions, the pure pleasures of the garden and green-house, and studies from the wild and wonderful of sublime nature—will be superadded. The extent occupied by the requisite buildings, &c. is, as we were informed, little short of five acres.

To conclude, the Colosseum will very shortly be opened to the public. In the meantime, such persons as wish, may be gratified with a private view of the works in their present state, on terms which

* Mimic rocks and stones may be wrought into sublime effect; and have often been introduced into landscape-gardening with striking success.

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have already been announced by the proprietor.

TO ——

(For the Mirror.)

Yes! 'tis to thee love
I waken the string:
Yes! 'tis to thee love
I only would sing:
And in thine eyes love,
I ask but to shine;
With softest affection,
As thou dost in mine.

Dearest and kindest,
I ask but to be
Cherished by thee love,
As thou art by me;
Then shall our moments
Glide sunnily o'er,
And blest with each other
We sigh for no more.

Wife of thy bosom,
By thee loved alone,
No dearer blessing
This proud world can own:
All its attractions
Delighted I'll fly,
For thee love, to live,
And with thee love to die! H

HIEROGLYPHICAL CHARACTERS.

(For the Mirror.)

HIEROGLYPHICS consist in certain symbols which are made to stand for invisible objects, on account of some analogy which such symbols were supposed to bear to the objects. Egypt was the country where this sort of writing was most studied, and brought into a regular science. In hieroglyphics was conveyed all the boasted knowledge of their priests. According to the properties which they ascribed to animals, they chose them to be the emblems of moral objects. Thus ingratitude was expressed by a viper; imprudence, by a fly; wisdom, by an ant; knowledge, by an eye; eternity, by a circle which has neither beginning nor end; a man universally shunned, by an eel, which they supposed to be found with no other fish. Sometimes they joined two or more of these characters together, as a serpent with a hawk's head, denoted nature, with God presiding over it.

INA.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

BULL-FIGHTS AT LIMA.

From General Miller's Memoirs. Second edition.

THE taste for bull-fights, introduced by the early Spaniards, is retained by their American descendants with undiminished ardour. The announcement of an exhibition of this kind produces a state of universal excitement. The streets are thronged, and the population of the surrounding country, dressed in their gayest attire, add to the multitudes of the city. The sport is conducted with an éclat that exceeds the bull-fights in every other part of South America, and perhaps even surpasses those of Madrid. The death of the bull, when properly managed, creates as much interest in the ladies of Lima, as the death of the hare to the English huntress, or the winning horse to the titled dames at Newmarket or Doncaster. Nor can the pugilistic *fancy* of England take a deeper interest in the event of a prize-fight, than the gentlemen of Lima in the scientific worrying of a bull. It is curious to observe how various are ideas of cruelty in different countries. The English, for instance, exclaim against the barbarity of the bull-fight, as compared with the noble sport of cock-fighting, badger-baiting, &c. But their enlightened horror could not exceed the disgust shown by a young South American, who witnessed a casual boxing-match between two boys in Hyde Park, surrounded and encouraged, as he expressed himself, by well-dressed barbarians. It is amusing to witness the complacency with which one nation accuses another of cruelty, without taking a glance at customs at home. The bulls destined for the ring are obtained principally from the woods in the valleys of Chincha, where they are bred in a wild state. To catch and drive them to Lima, a distance of sixty leagues, is a matter of no inconsiderable expense. A bull is given by each *gremio*, or incorporated trading company of the city. The gremios vie in decorating their donation, which is bedizened with ribbons and flowers; across its shoulders are suspended mantles richly embroidered with the arms of the gremio to which it belongs, all of which become the perquisite of the *Toreador* or *Mutador* who slays the bull. The price of admission is four reals, or two shillings; but an additional charge is made for seats in the boxes; and the managers pay a considerable tax to government on every performance. Early in the afternoon of the day fixed upon for a bull-fight, every street leading to the amphitheatre is crowded with carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. All are in the highest state of excitement, the highest glee, and in full dress. The business of the ring commences about 2 p. m. by a curious sort of prelude. A company of soldiers perform a *despejo*, or a military pantomime. The men having

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been previously drilled for that purpose, go through a variety of fanciful evolutions, forming the Roman and Greek crosses, stars, and figures, so describing a sentence, such as *viva la patria, viva San Martin*, or the name of any other person who happens to be at the head of the government. As a *finale*, the soldiers form a circle, face outwards, then advance towards the boxes, preserving their circular order, which they extend, until they approach close enough to climb up to the benches. Every movement is made to the sound of the drum; the effect is exceedingly good. A band of music is likewise in attendance, and plays at intervals. The prelude being over, six or seven toreador enter the arena on foot, dressed in silk jackets of different colours, richly spangled or bordered with gold or silver lace. One or two of these men, and who are called *matadores*, are pardoned criminals, and they receive a considerable sum for every bull they kill. About the same time various amateurs, well mounted on steeds gaily caparisoned, fancifully and tastefully attired, present themselves. When all is prepared, a door is opened under the box occupied by the municipality, and a bull rushes from a pen. At first he gazes about as if in surprise, but is soon put upon his mettle, by the waving of flags and the throwing of darts, crackers, and other annoyances. The amateur cavaliers display their horsemanship and skill in provoking and in eluding his vengeance, in order to catch the eye of some favourite fair one, and to gain the applause of their friends and the audience. They infuriate the animal by waving a mantle over his head, and when pursued they do not allow their horses to advance more than a few inches from the horns of the angry bull. When at full speed, they make their horse revolve upon his hind legs, and remain in readiness to make a second turn upon the animal. This operation is several times repeated with equal agility and boldness, and is called *capear*. The amateurs then promenade around to acknowledge the plaudits bestowed. This species of sparring on horseback with the bull, is practised only in South America. Indeed in no other part of the world is the training of the horses, or the dexterity of the horseman, equal to the performance of such exploits. Effigies made of skin and filled with wind, and others made of straw, in which are live birds, are placed in the arena. The bull tosses them in the air, but being made heavy at the base, they come to the ground always retaining an upright posture. The straw figures are furnished with fire-works, which are made to take fire when the birds escape from within, and it sometimes happens that the bull has the flaming and cracking figure upon his horns. Sometimes the bull is maddened by fire-works being fastened on him, which go off in succession. The crackers being expended, the animal usually stands gazing around with rolling tongue, panting sides, and eyes sparkling with rage. He is then faced by the principal matador, who holds a straight sword in one hand and a flag in the other; as the bull runs at him with full speed, the matador coolly, but with great celerity, takes one step to the left, holding the flag just over the spot he occupied when the bull took aim. Being foiled, the bull wheels round, and charges his tormentor a second time, who again skilfully eludes being caught on the horns: this is repeated about three times, to the great delight of the audience. At length the matador assumes a sort of fencing attitude, and at the critical moment, plunges his sword into the bull's neck, near to its shoulders, when it falls dead at his feet. Handkerchiefs are waved, and applauding shouts resound from every side. Four horses richly harnessed then appear. The dead bull is quickly fixed to traces, and dragged out at a gallop, cheered by continued acclamations.

"Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by."
BYRON.

Other bulls are killed in the same way by successive matadores. One is generally despatched by means of a long knife grasped by the matador, so that when his arm is extended, the blade is perpendicular to the wrist. The bull being worried for a time, the matador, instead of receiving him on the point of a sword as before, steps one pace aside as the bull runs at him, and adroitly plunges the knife into the spinal marrow behind the horns, and the animal drops dead instantaneously. Another bull is next attacked by mounted picadores, armed with lances. Their legs are protected by padding. Their horses are of little value, and cannot easily get out of the way of the bull. Neither do the riders often attempt it; to do so being considered cowardly. The consequence is, the horses generally receive a mortal gore; part of their entrails are frequently torn out, and exhibit a most disgusting spectacle. The riders run considerable risk, for their lances are inadequate to killing the bull, which after being gored and mangled, is finally despatched by a matador.

The next bull, as he sallies from the

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pen, is encountered by six or eight Indians with short lances, who kneel down like the front rank of a battalion to receive a cavalry charge. One or two Indians are usually tossed; the others follow up the bull, and when he turns upon them, they drop on one knee and receive him as before. They are seldom able to despatch him, and a matador steps forward to end his sufferings. Some of the Indians are often much hurt: they invariably make themselves half drunk before they enter the circus, alleging that they can fight the bull better when they see double. Again, another bull is let into the ring for the lanzada, or trial of the lance, the handle of which is very long and strong, fixed into a wooden socket secured to the ground, and supported by an Indian torrero. The head of the lance is a long blade of highly tempered steel; and made sharp as a razor. Before the bull is permitted to leave the pen, he is rendered furious by a variety of torments. When he has been sufficiently maddened, the doors are thrown open, and the animal makes a rush at the Indian, who is dressed in scarlet, and directs the lance as he kneels on the ground. The raging bull runs at him; but he steadily points the lance, so as to receive the bull on its point. Such is the force with which he plunges at his opponent, that the lance generally enters at the head, and breaking through skull and bones, comes out at the sides or back. Finally, a bull with tail erect, comes bellowing and bounding in, with a man strapped on his back. The animal jumps and capers about, making every effort to rid himself of his burthen, to the no small amusement of the spectators. The rider at length loosens the straps, and the bull is attacked on all sides by amateurs and matadores on foot and on horseback. When a matador has killed a bull, he bows to the government box, then to the municipality, and then all around, receiving plaudits in proportion to the skill he has shown, and the sport he has afforded. Advancing then to the box of the municipality, he receives his reward from one of the members, who is appointed as judge on the occasion, which consists of a few dollars thrown into the arena. When the spectators are particularly gratified by the performance, they also throw money into the ring.

The Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS, FRENCH AND ITALIAN.

CREBILLON'S manner of life was extremely singular He slept little, and lay very hard; he was always surrounded with about thirty cats and dogs; and used to smoke tobacco, to keep his room sweet against their exhalations. Being one day asked, in a large company, which of his works he thought the best? "I don't know," answered he, "which is my best production; but this (pointing to his son, who was present) is certainly my worst." "It is," replied the son, with vivacity, "because no Carthusian had a hand in it," alluding to the report that the best passages in his father's tragedies had been written by a Carthusian friar, who was his friend.

MOLIERE, the celebrated French priest and mathematician, was a very irritable man, which led him frequently into passions, of which one was the cause of his death in 1742. In other respects he was reckoned a very amiable character; but was apt to be so absent, or absorbed in his studies, as to appear almost wholly insensible to surrounding objects. His infirmity in this respect became known, and he was accordingly made the subject of depredations. A shoe-black once finding him profoundly absorbed in a reverie, contrived to steal the silver buckles from his shoes, replacing them with iron ones. At another time, while at his studies, a villain broke into the room in which he was sitting, and demanded his money; Molieres, without rising from his studies, or giving any alarm, coolly showed him where it was, requesting him, as a great favour, that he would not derange his papers.

ARIOSTO, the celebrated Italian poet, being asked why he had not built his house in a more magnificent manner, and more suitable to the noble descriptions which he had given of sumptuous palaces, beautiful porticoes, and pleasant fountains, in his *Orlando Furioso*, he replied, "that words were combined together with less expense than stones." To such a degree was he charmed with his own verse, and so much did he also excel in his manner of reading, that he was always disgusted if he heard his own writings repeated with an ill grace and accent. Accordingly, it is said, that, when he accidentally heard a potter singing a stanza of his *Orlando* in an incorrect and ungraceful manner, he was so incensed, that he rushed into his shop and broke several of the pots which were exposed to sale; when the potter expostulated with him for this unprovoked injury, Ariosto replied, "I indeed have broken half a dozen of your pots, which are not worth so many halfpence, and you have spoiled a stanza of mine, which is worth a considerable sum of gold." He

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was so attached to a plain and frugal mode of life, that he says of himself in one of his poems, "that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of mankind." His constitution was delicate and infirm; and, notwithstanding his temperance and general abstemiousness, his health was often interrupted. He bore his last sickness with uncommon resolution and serenity; affirming, "that he was willing to die on many accounts, and particularly because he found that the greatest divines were of opinion that we shall know one another in the other world;" and he observed to those who were with him, "that many of his friends were departed, whom he desired to visit, and that he thought every moment tedious till he gained that happiness."

DANTE, the celebrated Italian poet, has been described by Boccacio, as of a middle stature, of a pensive and melancholy expression in his countenance. He was courteous and civil, and his way of living extremely temperate. He is said to have been a very absent man, of which instances have been recorded; once meeting with a book in an apothecary's, which he had been long looking for, he opened it, and read from morning till night without being roused from his pursuit by the distraction and tumult occasioned by a great wedding passing through the street. For some time he roved about Italy in an indigent and distressed condition, till he was hospitably received by the Lord of Ravenna, his patron and friend.

PAUL SCARRON, whose life abounds with curious features, married Mademoiselle d'Aubignè, afterwards the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, who was at that time only sixteen years of age. On his marriage, the notary asked him what dowry he would settle upon his wife? he replied, "Immortality: the names of the wives of kings die with them, but the name of Scarron's wife shall live for ever." He was accustomed to talk to his superiors with great freedom, and in a very jocular style. In a dedication to the king, he thus addressed his majesty: "I shall endeavour to persuade your majesty, that you would do yourself no injury, were you to do me a small favour; for in that case I should become gay. If I should become more gay, I should write sprightly comedies; and if I should write sprightly comedies, your majesty would be amused, and thus your money would not be lost. All this appears so evident that I should certainly be convinced of it, if I were as great a king as I am now a poor unfortunate man." Scarron took pleasure in reading his works to his friends, as he composed them; he used to call it trying them. Segrais and another person coming to him one day, "Take a chair," he said, "and sit down, that I may examine my Comic Romance." When he saw them laugh very heartily, he said he was satisfied, "my book will be well received since it makes persons of such delicate taste laugh." He was not disappointed in his expectations, for the Romance had a great run. In the year 1638, he was attending the Carnival at Mons, of which he was a canon. Having put on the dress of a savage, he was followed by a troop of boys into a morass, where he was kept so long, that the cold penetrated his debilitated limbs, which became contracted in such a manner, that he used to compare his body to the shape of a Z. He died in 1660, at the age of fifty; he said to his friends who surrounded his dying bed, "I shall never make you weep so much as I have made you laugh." In his epitaph, made by himself, he desires, in a mixture of the comic and the pathetic, that the passengers would not awaken, by their noise, poor Scarron from the first good sleep he had ever enjoyed. P. T. W.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LEGENDS OF THE LAKES; OR, SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT KILLARNEY.

By T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

TWO volumes of "tickling" legendary tales are almost too much for our laughter-holding sides, but more especially at this merry season—fraught with humour—and when reminiscences of the past make up for lack of realities of the present. To "notice" such a work is ten times more (we had almost said) trouble than to despatch half a dozen dull books, or a dozen harmless, well-meaning satires on human nature. But we will do our best to detach some of the good things from Mr. Croker's volumes, although the humour of the *sketches* which adorn them, is of too subtle a quality for our pen or sheet to hold.

Mr. Croker takes for granted that when people go to see the Lakes of Killarney, they do not intend making a very serious business of the excursion; but rather desire, while their eyes are pleased with romantic scenery, that their ears should be tickled by legendary tales; and accordingly he thinks it extraordinary that no guide-book should exist for the local traditions of Killarney. This accounts for

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our finding Mr. Croker on the box of the Killarney mail coach, beside Mat. Crowley, the driver, at page 2, of his first volume. Here is no preamble about "friends pressing the author to print—not intended for the public eye—a mere note-book," &c.—but he begins his journey with the first crack of the whip, and a "righte merrie" journey it is.

Our facetious friend soon reaches Killarney, and is introduced to the lord high-admiral of the lakes, and then, as the newspapers say of a pantomime, the "fun begins." Our first extract is

O'SULLIVAN'S PUNCH BOWL.

"WHAT are we to land here for?" said I to the coxswain

"Only just to show your honour O'Sullivan's cascade," was the reply. "Here, Doolan, show the gentleman the way." Ascending a rugged path through the wood, we soon reached the foot of the fall.

"Isn't that as fine a sight as you'd meet with in a month of Sundays," said Doolan. "Only see how the white water comes *biling* like a pot of *praties* over the big, black rocks, down it comes, one tumble over the other, the green trees all the while stretching out their arms as if they wanted to stop it. And then it makes such a *dickins* of a *noise* as it pounces into that black pool at the bottom, that it's enough to bother the brains of a man entirely. Why, then, isn't it a wonder how all that water sprung up out of the mountain? for sure, isn't there a bit of a lake above there, in the hollow of the hill that the waterfall comes out of,—they calls it O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl?"

"And, pray, who was this O'Sullivan that had such a capacious Punch Bowl?"

"Och, then, 'tis he's the fine, portly looking *jantleman*, and has a *vice* (voice) as big as twenty; 'twould do your heart good to hear the cry of him on a stag hunt day, making the mountain ring again."

"Well, Doolan, you haven't told me all this time who O'Sullivan is."

"Why, then, that's the *quare* question for your honour to be after *axing* me. Sure all the country knows O'Sullivan of Toomies, for didn't him, and his father before him, live at the butt end of the mountain, near the neck of the Lawn; and wasn't they great chieftains in the *ould* times; and hadn't they a great sketch of country to themselves: they haven't so much now, for their hearts were too big for their *manes* (means;) and that's the *rason* O'Sullivan was obligated to sell this part of the mountain to Mr. Herbert of Mucruss."

"A sad story this, Doolan; but it seems to me these O'Sullivans must have been very fond of a bowl of punch, or why is the lake you mentioned called O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl?"

"Oh, then, your honour's as sharp as a needle entirely; but about that same lake it's a *quare* story sure enough. A long time before there was a waterfall here at all, one of the *rale ould* O'Sullivans was out all day hunting the red deer among the mountains. Well, sir, just as he was getting quite weary, and was wishing for a drop of the *cratur* to put him in spirits—"

"Or spirits into him," said I

"Oh, sure, 'tis all the same thing," returned Doolan with a grin, intended for a smile. "'Tis all one surely, if a man can only have the drop when he wants it. Well, what should O'Sullivan see but the most beautiful stag that ever was seen before or since in this world; for he was as big as a colt, and had horns upon him like a weaver's beam, and a collar of real gold round his neck. Away went the stag, and away went the dogs after him full cry, and O'Sullivan after the dogs, for he was determined to have that beautiful fine stag; and though, as I said, he was tired and weary enough, you'd think the sight of that stag put fresh life into him. A pretty bit of a dance he led him, for he was an enchanted stag. Away he went entirely off by Macgillicuddy's Reeks, round by the mountains of the Upper Lake, crossed the river by the Eagle's Nest, and never stopped nor staid till he came to where the Punch Bowl is now. When O'Sullivan came to the same place he was fairly ready to drop, and for certain that was no wonder; but what vexed him more than all was to find his dogs at fault, and the never a bit of a stag to be seen high nor low. Well, my dear *sowl*, he didn't know what to make of it, and seeing there was no use in staying there, and it so late, he whistled his dogs to him, and was just going to go home. The moon was just setting over to the top of the mountain shedding her light, broad and bright, over the edge of the wood and down on the lake, which was like a sheet of silver, except where the islands threw their black shadows over the water. O'Sullivan looked about him, and began to grow quite dismal in himself, for sure it was a lonesome sight, and besides he had a sort of dread upon him, though he couldn't tell the reason why. So not liking to stay there, as I said before, he was just going to make the best of his way home, when, who should he see, but Fuan Mac Cool (Fingal,) standing like a big *joint* (giant) on the top of a rock. 'Hallo, O'Sulli-

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van,' says he, 'where are you going so fast?' says he, 'come back with me,' says he, 'I want to have some talk with you.' You may be sure it was O'Sullivan was amased and a little bit frightened too, though he wouldn't *persind* to it; and it would be no wonder if he was; for if O'Sullivan had a big *vice*, (voice) Fuan Mac Cool had a bigger ten times, and it made the mountains shake again like thunder, and all the eagles fly up to the moon. 'What do you want with me?' says O'Sullivan, at the same time putting on as *bould* a face as he could. 'I want to know what business you had hunting my stag?' says Fuan, 'by the vestment,' says he, 'if 'twas any one else but yourself, O'Sullivan, I'd play the red vengeance with him. But, as you're one of the right sort, I'll pass it over this time; and, as my stag has led you a pretty dance over the mountains, I'll give you a drop of good drink, O'Sullivan; only take my advice, and never hunt my stag again.' Then Fuan Mac Cool stamped with his foot, and all of a sudden, just in the hollow which his foot made in the mountain, there came up a little lake, which tumbled down the rocks, and made the waterfall. When O'Sullivan went to take a drink of it, what should it be but *rale* whiskey punch, and it staid the same way, running with whiskey punch, morning, noon, and night, until the *Sassenaghs** came into the country, when all at once it was turned to water, though it goes still by the name of O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl.'"

In the island, the guide importunes Mr. Croker to visit the shelf of a rock overshadowed by yew, and called the Bed of Honour, "because 'twas there a lord-lieutenant of Ireland would go to sleep to cool himself after drinking plenty of whiskey punch." He is cautioned against venturing too near the ledge of a rock, "the very spot the poor author gentleman fell from; they called him Hell—Hell—no, 'twasn't Hell, either, but Hal; oh, then, what a head I have upon me—oh, I have it now.—Hallam's the name, your honour."

"What the author of the Middle Ages?"

"True for you, sir, he was a middle aged man;" "and then there was another great writing gentleman, one Sir Walter Scott," &c.

Mr. Croker chances to be confined to his hotel by the rainy weather, and this circumstance introduces the following legend, narrated by one of his old friends:—

"Well, well," said Lynch, smiling,

* Saxons—The English.

"I'll give you the legend of Saint Swithin exactly as it was told to me about a month since.—I have occasionally employed an industrious, poor man, named Tom Deody, to work in my garden. 'Well, Tom,' said I to him, 'this is Swithin's day, and not a drop of rain—you see the old saying of "forty days' rain" goes for nothing.'—'O, but the day isn't over yet,' said Tom, 'so you'd better not halloo, sir, till you're out of the wood. I'll go bail we'll have rain some time of the day, and then you may be sure of it for the forty days.'—'If that's the way, Tom,' said I, 'this same Swithin must have been the thirstiest saint in the calendar; and it's quite certain he must be a real Irish saint, since he's so fond of the drop.'—'You may laugh if you please,' said Tom, resting on his spade, 'you may laugh if you please, but it's a bad thing any how to *spake* that way of the saints; and, sure, Saint Swithin was a blessed priest, and the rain was a miracle sent on his account; but may be you never heard how it came to pass.'—'No, Tom, I did not,' said I.—'Well, then, I'll tell you,' said he, 'how it was. Saint Swithin was a priest, and a very holy man, so holy that he went by no other name but that of the blessed priest. He wasn't like the priests now-a-days, who ride about on fine horses, with spectacles stuck upon their noses, and horsewhips in their hands, and polished boots on their legs, that fit them as *nate* as a Limerick glove (God forgive me for *spaking* ill of the *clargy*, but some of them have no more conscience than a pig in a *pratie* garden;') I give you Doody's own words," said Mr. Lynch.

"That's exactly what I wish."

And he continued—'Saint Swithin was not that kind of priest, no such thing; for he did nothing but pray from morning to night, so that he brought a blessing on the whole country round; and could cure all sorts of diseases, and was so charitable that he'd give away the shirt off his back. Then, whenever he went out, it was quite plain and sober, on a rough little *mountainy garran;* and he thought himself grand entirely if his big *ould* fashioned boots got a rub of the *grase*. It was no wonder he should be called the blessed priest, and that the people far and near should flock to him to mass and confession; or that they thought it a blessed thing to have him lay his hands on their heads. It's a pity the likes of him should ever die, but there's no help for death; and sure if he wasn't so good entirely he'd have been left, and not be taken away as he was; for 'tis them that are most wanting

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the first to go. The news of his death flew about like lightning; and there was nothing but *ullagoning* through all the country, and they had no less than right, for they lost a good friend the day he died. However, from *ullagoning*, they soon came to fighting about where he was to be buried. His own parish wouldn't part with him if they got half Ireland, and sure they had the best right to him; but the next parish wanted to get him by the *lauve laider* (strong hand,) for they thought it would bring a blessing on them to have his bones among them; so his own parishioners at last took and buried him by night, without the others knowing any thing about it. When the others heard it they were tearing mad, and raised a large faction, thinking to take him up and carry him away in spite of his parishioners; so they had a great battle upon it; but those who had the best right to him were beat out and out, and the others were just going to take him up, when there came all at once such rain as was never seen before or since; it was so heavy that they were obliged to run away half *drownded*, and give it up as a bad job. They thought, however, that it wouldn't last long, and that they could come again; but they were out in that, for it never stopped raining in that manner for forty days, so they were obliged to give it up entirely; and ever since that time there's always more or less rain on Saint Swithin's day, and for forty days after.'

Just as Tom Doody had finished his story there came a tremendous shower. 'There now, why,' said Tom, with a look of triumph, as we ran for shelter, 'there now, why, isn't it a true bill? well, I knew Saint Swithin wouldn't fail us.' And I, as the very elements seemed to be in his favour, was obliged to leave him the victory."

We pass over Mr. Croker's account of Mucruss Abbey and all its legendary lore, to "Tim Marcks's adventures with a walking skull," at Aghadoe.

"A fine extensive prospect this," said I to General Picket, so was my guide called.

"That's the good truth for your honour," he replied, "only it's a mighty lonesome place, and they say it's haunted by spirits, though Tim Mareks says there's no such thing. May be your honour wouldn't know *Thicus Mordhus;* he's a long *stooah* of a fellow, with a big nose, wears knee breeches, corderoy leggings, and takes a power of snuff. And, if your honour would like to see him, he lives at Corrignalvin, at the top of High Street, in the town of Killarney. To be sure, some people say, all that comes from Tim isn't gospel, but that's neither here nor there; so, as I was saying, 'I don't believe in spirits,' says he to me, of a day he was mending the road here, and I along with him.—'The dickins you don't,' says I, 'and what's your *rason* for that same?'—'I'll tell you that,' says he; 'it was a *could* frosty night in the month of December, the doors were shut, and we were all sitting by the side of a blazing turf fire. My father was smoking his *doodeen* in the chimney corner, my mother was overseeing the girls that were tonging the flax, and I and the other *gossoons* were doing nothing at all, only roasting *praties* in the ashes. 'Was the colt brought in?' says my father. 'Wisha, fakes then! I believes not, says I. 'Why, then, Tim,' says he, 'you must run and drive him in directly, for it's a mortal *could* night.' 'And where is he, father?' says I. 'In the far field, at the other side of the *ould* church,' says he. 'Murder!' says I, for I didn't like the thoughts of going near the *ould* church at all, at all. But there was no use in saying *agen* it, for my father (God be merciful to him!) had us under as much command as a regiment of soldiers. So away I went, with a light foot and a heavy heart. Well, I soon came to the bounds' ditch between the farm and the *berrin* ground of the *ould* church. Then I slackened my pace a little, and kept looking hither and over, for fear of being taken by surprise. The moon was shining clear as day, so that I could see the gray tombstones and the white skulls; when, all at once, I thought one of them began to move. I could hardly believe my two eyes; but, fakes, it was true enough; for presently it came walking down the hill, quite leisurely at first, then a little faster, till at last it came rolling at the rate of a fox hunt. 'Twill be stopped at the bounds' ditch,' thinks I; but I was never more out in my reckoning, for it bowled fair through the gap, and made directly up to me. 'By the mertal frost,' says I, 'I'm done for;' and away I scampered as fast as my legs could carry me; but the skull came faster after me, for I could hear every lump it gave against the stones. It's a long stretch of a hill from the *berrin* ground down to the road; but you'd think I wasn't longer getting down than whilst you'd be saying "Jack Robinson." Sure enough I did make great haste; but if I did, "the more haste the worse speed," they say, and so by me any how, for I went souse up to my neck in a dirty *Lochaune* by the side of the road. Well, when I recovered a little, what

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would I see but the skull at the edge of the *Lochaune*, stuck fast in a furze bush, and grinning down at me. Oh, you're there,' says I; 'I'll have one rap at you any how, for worse than die I can't;' so I up with a lump of a blackthorn, I had in my fist, and gives it a rap, when what should it be after all, but a huge rat, which had got into the skull, and, trying to get out again, it made it to roll down the hill in that frightful way. To be sure,' said Tim, 'to be sure it was mighty frightful, but it wasn't a ghost after all; and, indeed, (barring that) I never saw any thing worse than myself, though we lived for a long time near the *ould* church of Aghadoe.'"

This is all we can spare room for at present. The second volume is untouched, and will afford us a few extractable pieces—but they must be short. We have heard of all stages of laughter—as being convulsed—ready to burst—splitting sides—and if our readers promise not to *die*, in due order, with laughter—we may probably recur to Mr. Croker's very tickling volumes.

Spirit of Discovery.

Analagous Growth of Trees and Animals. TREES placed in an exposed situation have their resources;—the object being to protect the sap-vessels, which transmit nutriment, and which lie betwixt the wood and the bark, the tree never fails to throw out, and especially on the side most exposed to the blast, a thick coating of bark, designed to protect, and which effectually does protect, the sap-vessels and the process of circulation to which they are adapted, from the injury which necessarily must otherwise ensue. Now, if an animal is in danger of suffocation from want of vital air, instead of starving by being exposed to its unqualified rigour, instinct or reason directs the sufferer to approach those apertures through which any supply of that necessary of human life can be attained, and induces man, at the same time, to free himself from any coverings which may be rendered oppressive by the state in which he finds himself. Now it may be easily proved, that a similar instinct to that which induced the unfortunate sufferers in the black-hole of Calcutta to struggle with the last efforts to approach the solitary aperture which admitted air to their dungeon, and to throw from them their garments, in order to encourage the exertions which nature made to relieve herself by perspiration, is proper. also, to the noblest of the vegetable tribe. Look at a wood or plantation which has not been duly thinned:—the trees which exist will be seen drawn up to poles, with narrow and scanty tops, endeavouring to make their way towards such openings to the sky as might permit the access of light and air. If entirely precluded by the boughs which have closed over them, the weaker plants will be found strangely-distorted by attempts to get out at a side of the plantation; and finally, if overpowered in these attempts by the obstacles opposed to them, they inevitably perish. As men throw aside their garments, influenced by a close situation, trees placed in similar circumstances, exhibit a bark thin and beautifully green and succulent, entirely divested of that thick, coarse, protecting substance which covers the sap-vessels in an exposed position.

There is a singular and beautiful process of action and re-action which takes place betwixt the progress of the roots and of the branches. The latter must, by their vigour and numbers, stretch out under ground before the branches can develope themselves in the air; and, on the other hand, it is necessary that the branches so develope themselves, to give employment to the roots in collecting food. There is a system of close commerce between them; if either fail in discharging their part, the other must suffer in proportion. The increase of the branches, therefore, in exposed trees is and must be in proportion with that of the roots, and *vice versâ*; and as the exposed tree spreads its branches on every side to balance itself against the wind, as it shortens its stem or trunk, to afford the mechanical force of the tempest a shorter lever to act upon, so numerous and strong roots spread themselves under ground, by way of anchorage, to an extent and in a manner unknown to sheltered trees.—*Quarterly Review.*

Preservation of Eggs.

Relative to the preservation of eggs by immersion in lime-water, M. Peschier has given most satisfactory evidence of the efficacy of the process. Eggs which he had preserved for six years in this way, being boiled and tried, were found perfectly fresh and good; and a confectioner of Geneva has used a whole cask of eggs preserved by the same means. In the small way eggs may be thus preserved in bottles or other vessels. They are to be introduced when quite fresh, the bottle then filled with lime-water, a little powdered lime sprinkled in at last, and then the bottle closed. To prepare the lime-water, twenty or thirty pints of water are to be mixed up with five or six pounds of

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slaked quick-lime put into a covered vessel allowed to clear by standing, and the lime-water immediately used.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ARRIVALS AT A WATERING PLACE.

SCENE—A conversazione at Lady Crumpton's—Whist and weariness, caricatures and Chinese Puzzle.—Young ladies making tea, and young gentlemen making the agreeable.—The stable-boy handing rout-cakes.—Music expressive of there being nothing to do.

I PLAY a spade:—such strange new faces
Are flocking in from near and far:
Such frights—Miss Dobbs holds all the aces,—
One can't imagine who they are!
The lodgings at enormous prices,
New donkeys, and another fly—
And Madame Bonbon out of ices,
Although we're scarcely in July—
We're quite as sociable as any,
But our old horse can hardly crawl—
And really where there are so many,
We can't tell where we ought to call.

Pray who has seen the odd old fellow
Who took the Doctor's house last week?—
A pretty chariot,—livery yellow,
Almost as yellow as his cheek—
A widower, sixty-five, and surly,
And stiffer than a poplar-tree—
Drinks rum and water, gets up early
To dip his carcass in the sea—
He's always in a monstrous hurry,
And always talking of Bengal;
They say his cook makes noble curry—
I think, Louisa, we should call.

And so Miss Jones, the mantua-maker,
Has let her cottage on the hill?—
The drollest man, a sugar-baker,
Last year imported from the till—
Prates of his *orses* and his *oney*,
Is quite in love with fields and farms—
A horrid Vandal,—but his money
Will buy a glorious coat of arms;
Old Clyster makes him take the waters;
Some say he means to give a ball—
And after all, with thirteen daughters,
I think, Sir Thomas, you might call.

That poor young man!—I'm sure and certain
Despair is making up his shroud:
He walks all night beneath the curtain
Of the dim sky and mirky cloud—
Draws landscapes,—throws such mourn ful glances!—
Writes verses,—has such splendid eyes—
An ugly name,—but Laura fancies
He's some great person in disguise!
And since his dress is all the fashion,
And since he's very dark and tall,
I think that, out of pure compassion,
I'll get papa to go and call.

So Lord St. Ives is occupying
The whole of Mr. Ford's Hotel
Last Saturday his man was trying
A little nag I want to sell.
He brought a lady in the carriage—
Blue eyes,—eighteen, or thereabouts—
Of course, you know, we *hope* it's marriage!
But yet the *femme de chambre* doubts.
She look'd so pensive when we met her—
Poor thing! and such a charming shawl!
Well! till we understand it better,
It's quite impossible to call.

Old Mr. Fund, the London banker,
Arrived to-day at Premium Court—
I would not, for the world, cast ancho
In such a horrid dangerous port—
Such dust and rubbish, lath and plaster,
(Contractors play the meanest tricks)
The roof's as crazy as its master,
And he was born in fifty-six—
Stairs creaking—cracks in every landing
The colonnade is sure to fall—
We shan't find post or pillar standing,
Unless we make great haste to call.

Who was that sweetest of sweet creatures,
Last Sunday, in the Rector's seat?
The finest shape,—the loveliest features,
I never saw such tiny feet.
My brother,—(this is quite between us)
Poor Arthur,—'twas a sad affair!
Love at first sight,—She's quite a Venus,
But then she's poorer far than fair—
And so my father and my mother
Agreed it would not do at all—
And so,—I'm sorry for my brother!
It's settled that we're not to call.

And there's an author, full of knowledge—
And there's a captain on half-pay—
And there's a baronet from college,
Who keeps a boy, and rides a bay—
And sweet Sir Marcus from the Shannon,
Fine specimen of brogue and bone—
And Doctor Calipee, the canon,
Who weighs, I fancy, twenty stone—
A maiden lady is adorning
The faded front of Lily Hall—
Upon my word, the first fine morning,
We'll make a round, my dear, and call.

Alas! disturb not, maid and matron,
The swallow in my humble thatch—
Your son may find a better patron,
Your niece may meet a richer match—
I can't afford to give a dinner,
I never was on Almack's list—
And since I seldom rise a winner,
I never like to play at whist—
Unknown to me the stocks are falling—
Unwatch'd by me the glass may fall—
Let all the world pursue its calling,
I'm not at home if people call.

London Magazine.

WINE DRINKING.

Use a little wine, for thy stomach's sake.
1 Tim. v. 23.

So says St. Paul—and this seems to have been the opinion of the most ancient philosophers and physicians. A moderate use of it has been sanctioned by the wise and good in all ages. Those who have denied its virtues are those who have not been able to drink it. Asclepiades wrote upon wine, the use of which he introduced with almost every remedy, observing, that the gods had bestowed no more valuable gift on man: even the surly Diogenes drank it; for it is said of him, that he liked that wine best, which he drank at other people's cost—a notion adopted by the oinopholous Mosely, who, when asked, "What wine do you drink, doctor?" answered, "Port at home—claret abroad!"

Hippocrates, the father of physic, recommends a cheerful glass; and Rhases, an ancient Arabian physician, says, no liquor is equal to good wine. Reineck wrote a dissertation "De Potu Vinoso;" and the learned Dr. Shaw lauded the "juice of the grape." But the stoutest of its medical advocates was Tobias Whi-

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taker, physician to Charles II., who undertook to prove the possibility of maintaining life, from infancy to old age, without sickness, by the use of wine!

It must, however, be remembered, that Whitaker was cordially attached to wine, and a greater friend to the vintner than to the apothecary, having as utter a dislike to unpalatable medicines, as the most squeamish of his patients; therefore, Dr. Toby's evidence must be taken with caution, independently of the courtly spirit that might have led him to adapt his theories to the times.

It has been questioned whether the use of wine was known to the antediluvian world; but there can be do doubt, in the corrupt state of man, that wine would have its share in his debasement, and it may be very strongly inferred, from the circumstance that Noah planted a vineyard, and, moreover, "that he drank of the wine, and was drunken," (Gen. ix. 20.)—a sad stain in the character of a man who was "perfect in his generation;" and which also proves that, in the earliest period of the world, the very best of men were liable to fall into error and excess.

But the antiquity and propriety of wine-drinking is not matter of question. The archbishop of Seville, Antonio de Solis, who lived to be 110 years old, drank wine; and even that wonderful pattern of propriety, Cornaro, did the same: but the question is about quantity. Sir William Temple was pleased to lay down a rule, and limit propriety to three glasses. "I drink one glass," says he, "for health, a second for refreshment, a third for a friend; but he that offers a fourth is an enemy."

As in eating, so in drinking, in the question of quantity—much depends on the capacity of the stomach. A very abstemious friend of mine, not long since, dined tete-a-tete with a gentleman well known for his kindness and hospitality, and not less so for his powers of bibulation. After dinner, at which a fair share of many excellent wines was taken, Port and Madeira were put on the table, and before the host, a *magnum* of Claret. My friend drank his usual quantum, three glasses of Madeira, during which time a great portion of the magnum had disappeared; and soon afterwards, being emptied, the host said, "I think we can just manage a bottle between us." The bottle was brought, and very shortly disappeared, without the aid of the visiter.

The same gentleman and Lord ——, at the Angel at Bury, fell in with some excellent Claret. They had disposed of six bottles, when the landlord, who did not guess or *gauge* the *quality* of his customers (the bell being rung for a fresh supply,) begged very gently to hint that it was expensive stuff, being fifteen shillings a bottle! "Oh! is it so? then bring up two bottles directly!"

We have nothing, however, in modern times, at all equal to the account given of some of the ancients. The elder Cato, we are told, warmed good principles with a considerable quantity of good wine.* But Cicero's son exceeds all others; so much so, that he got the name of *Bicongius*, because he was accustomed to drink two congii† at a sitting. Pliny, and others, abound in grand examples, that prove we have degenerated at any rate in this respect, for these convivials were neither sick nor sorry. Even that eminent debauchee, Nero, was only three times sick in fourteen years. "Nam qui luxuriæ immoderatissimæ esset, ter omnino per xiv. annos languit; atque ita, ut neque *vino*, neque consuetudine *reliqua* abstineret."

The Abbé de Voisenon, a very diminutive man, said to his physician, who ordered him a quart of ptisan per hour, "Ah! my friend, how can you desire me to swallow a quart an hour? I hold only a pint."

Wine has not only been considered good for the body, but has, from the earliest period, been thought invigorating to the mind. Thus we find it a constant theme of praise with poets. Martial says—

Regnat nocte calix, volvuntur biblia mane,
Cum Phœbo Bacchus dividit imperium.

All night I drink, and study hard all day;
Bacchus and Phœbus hold divided sway.

Horace has done ample justice to it; and even Homer says—

The weary find new strength in generous wine.

Upon the principle, no doubt, of expanding the imagination, we find, so early as 1374, old Geoffrey Chaucer had a pitcher of wine a day allowed him. Ben Jonson, in after times, had the third of a pipe annually; and a certain share of this invigorating aliment has been the portion of Laureates down to the present day.

Nor are the poets the only eulogists of wine. Some of the greatest names in history are to be found in the list. We find Mr. Burke furnishing reasons why the rich and the great should have their share of wine. He says, they are among *the unhappy*—they feel personal pain and domestic sorrow—they pay their full con-

* Cato allowed his slaves, during the Saturnalia, four bottles of wine per diem.

† Two congii are seven quarts, or eight bottles!

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tingent to the contributions levied on mortality in these matters;—therefore they require this sovereign balm. "Some charitable dole," says he, "is wanting to those, our often *very unhappy brethren*, to fill the gloomy void that reigns in minds which have nothing on earth to hope or fear; something to relieve the killing languor and over-laboured lassitude of those who have nothing to do."

This observation of Mr. Burke's introduces it to our notice as a remedy—as a medicine, in the hands of a physician. Thus we find particular wines recommended by particular doctors, having a fashionable run as specifics:—at one time all the gouty people were drinking Madeira; and many a man persuaded himself he had a fit of *flying* gout, for the sake of the remedy.* Somebody, however, found out that Madeira contained acid, and straight the cellars were rummaged for old Sherry. This change was attributed to Dr. Baillie, who had no more to do with it than Boerhaave, as he has been known to declare. Sherry, and nothing but Sherry, however, could or would the *Podagres* drink.

Dr. Reynolds, who lived and practised very much with the higher orders, had a predilection for that noble and expensive comforter, Hoc! which short word, from his lips, has often made the doctor's physic as costly as the doctor's fee.

Wine has also been recommended, by the highest medical authorities, as alleviating the infirmities of old age.

A Greek physician recommended it to Alexander as the pure blood of the earth.

Though an excess in wine is highly blamable, yet it is more pardonable than most other excesses. The progressive steps to it are cheerful, animating, and seducing; the melancholy are relieved, the grave enlivened, the witty and gay inspired—which is the very reverse of excess in eating: for, Nature satisfied, every additional morsel carries dulness and stupidity with it. "Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil," says Shakspeare.

"King Edgar, like a king of good fellows," adds Selden, "or master of the revels, made a law for Drinking. He gave orders that studs, or knobs of silver or gold (so Malmesbury tells us,) should be fastened to the sides of their cups, or drinking vessels, that when every one knew his mark or boundary, he should, out of modesty, not either himself covet, or force another to desire, more than his stint." This is the only law, before the first parliament under king James, that has been made against those swill-bowls,

> Swabbers of drunken feasts, and lusty rowers,
> In full-brimmed rummers that do ply their oars,

"who, by their carouses (tippling up Nestor's years as if they were celebrating the goddess *Anna Perenna*,) do, at the same time, drink others' health, and mischief and spoil their own and the public."

An argument very much after this fashion was held by the learned Sir Thomas More. Sir Thomas was sent ambassador to the Emperor by king Henry the Eighth. The morning he was to have his audience, *knowing the virtue of wine*, he ordered his servant to bring him a good large glass of Sack; and, having drunk that, called for another. The servant, with officious ignorance, would have dissuaded him from it, but in vain; the ambassador drank off a second, and demanded a third, which he likewise drank off; insisting on a fourth, he was over-persuaded by his servant to let it alone; so he went to his audience. But when he returned home, he called for his servant, and threatened him with his cane. "You rogue," said he, "what mischief have you done me! I spoke so to the emperor, on the inspiration of those three glasses that I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world. Now, you dog! if I had drunk the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern all the world."

The French, a very sober people, have a proverb—

> Qu'il faut, à chaque mois,
> S'enivrer au moins une fois.

Which has been improved by some, on this side the water, into an excuse for getting drunk every day in the week, for fear that the *specific day* should be missed. It would, however, startle some of our sober readers, to find this made a question of grave argument—yet, "whether it is not healthful to be drunk once a month," is treated on by Dr. Carr in his letters to Dr. Quincy.—*Brande's Jour.*

It is somewhat curious that two illustrious members of the Royal Society should have distinguished themselves on *Angling*. Nearly 200 years ago, Prince Rupert studied the art of tempering *fish-hooks*; and the other day Sir Humphry Davy published a volume on *Fly-fishing*.

* An eminent house-painter in the city, a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, got receipt for the Painter's Cholic (cholica pictonum,) which contained all sorts of comfortable things—the chief ingredients being Cogniac brandy and spices. It did wonders with the first two or three cases; but he found the success of the remedy so increased the frequency of the complaint, that he was compelled to give up his medical treatment; for as long as he had the *Specific*, his men were constantly making wry faces at him.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PUNS.

IT was a good defence of baskets of game and periodical remittances of Norfolk turkeys, that "*Presents* endear *absents*."

BANNISTER being impudently asked, "If he was not a relation of Lord STAIR?" good-humouredly answered, "It must then be by collateral descent."

A GENTLEMAN having received a shot in *the Temple*, Mr. Theodore Hook remarked that it was a *legal wound*; an inveterate punster who overheard this never forgave himself for not replying on the spot, "As it was not fatal, it could only have been a *Gray's Inn* (grazing) wound."

TOASTS.

AFTER the battle of Assaye, at a *fête*, I recollect, on one of these occasions, a rather illiterate character, who used to say that "Father and he fit, caise he sold the beastesses for too little money; so he coummed out a cadet," sat as vice-president; the toast of "General Wellesley, and the heroes of Assaye," was, as usual, given from the chair; when Mr. Vice, rising majestically, and holding aloft his brimming glass, with a sonorous voice, and north-country accent, echoed the toast in the words, "General Wellesley, and here he is I say!"—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures, &c.*

THE MUG-HOUSE CLUB.
From "A Journey through England," 1722.)

IN the City of London, almost every parish hath its separate club, where the citizens, after the fatigue of the day is over in their shops, and on the Exchange, unbend their thoughts before they go to bed.

But the most diverting, or amusing of all, is the Mug-House-Club in Long-Acre, where, every Wednesday and Saturday, a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen, meet in a great room, and are seldom under a hundred.

They have a grave old gentleman in his own gray hairs, now within a few months of ninety years old, who is their president; and sits in an armed-chair, some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the whole room in order. A harp plays all the time at the lower end of the room; and every now and then one or other of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song, and (by the by) some are good masters. Here is nothing drank but ale, and every gentleman hath his separate mug, which he chalks on the table where he sits as it is brought in; and every one retires when he pleases, as from a coffee-house.

The room is always so diverted with songs, and drinking from one table to another to one another's healths, that there is no room for politics, or any thing that can sour conversation.

One must be there by seven to get room, and after ten the company are for the most part gone.

This is a winter's amusement, that is agreeable enough to a stranger for once or twice, and he is well diverted with the different humours, when the Mugs overflow.

EPITAPH,

TAKEN from a fair inscription on a large stone, within a niche in the wall of the mausoleum in Lord Cobham's gardens at Stowe:—

To the memory of
Signor Fido,
an Italian of good extraction,
who came to England,
not to bite us, like most of his countrymen,
but to gain an honest livelihood.
He hunted not after fame,
yet acquired it.
Regardless of the praise of his friends,
but most sensible of their love;
though he lived among the great,
he neither learnt nor flattered any vice.
He was no bigot,
though he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles;
and if to follow nature,
and to respect the laws of society,
be philosophy,
he was a perfect philosopher,
a faithful friend,
an agreeable companion,
a loving husband,
and though an Italian,
was distinguished by a numerous offspring,
all of which he lived to see take good courses.
In his old age he retired
to the house of a clergyman in the country,
where he finished his earthly race,
and died an honour and example to the whole species.
Reader,
this stone is guiltless of flattery
for he to whom it was inscribed
was not a man,
But a Greyhound.

G. K.

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The Mirror

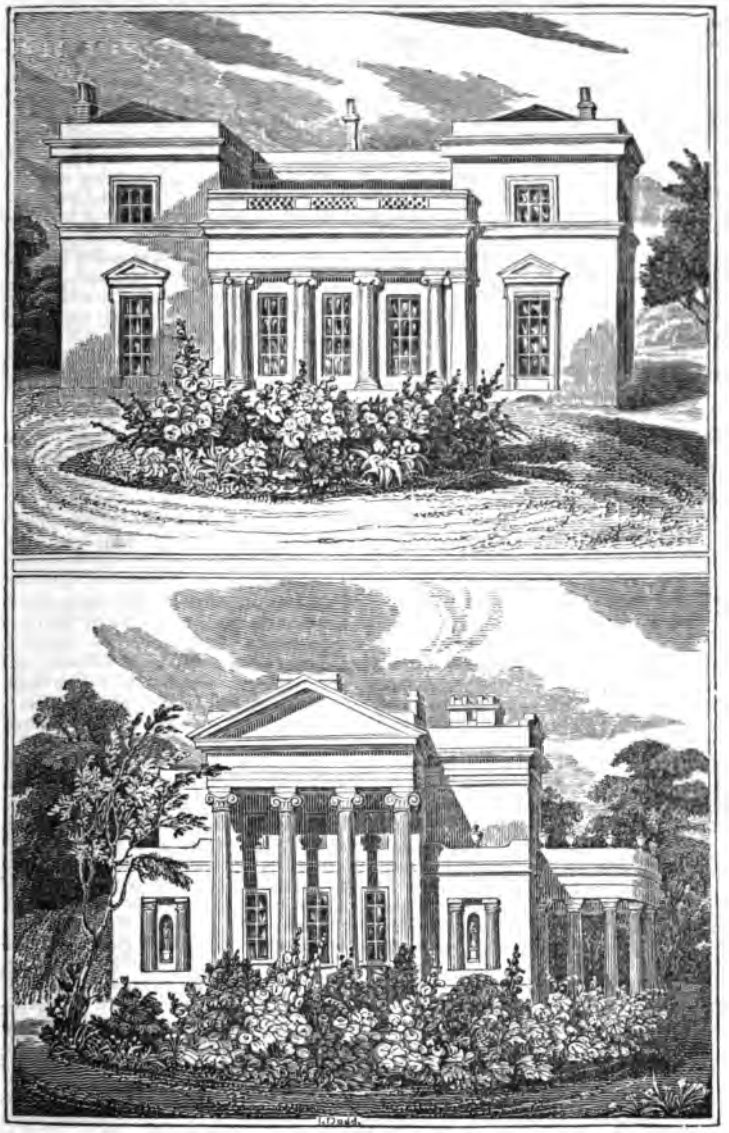
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 353.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1829. [Price 2d.

Villas in the Regent's Park.

HANOVER LODGE.



GROVE HOUSE.

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VILLAS IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

THE villas of this district are among the most pleasing of all the architectural creations that serve to increase its picturesque beauty. Their structure is light and elegant, and very different from the brick and mortar monstrosities that line the southern outlets of London.

The engravings on the annexed page represent two of a group seen to advantage from Macclesfield Bridge, pictured in our 351st Number. The first

HANOVER LODGE,

the residence of Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K.C.B. The architectural simplicity and beauty of this mansion can scarcely fail to excite the admiration of the beholder. The entrance is by a handsome portico; and the internal accommodations combine all the luxuries of a well-proportioned dining-room, and a splendid suite of drawing-rooms, extending above sixty feet in length, by eighteen feet in breadth. The upper story comprises nine chambers, bathing-room, dressing-rooms, &c.; and the domestic offices are in the first style of completeness.

The grounds are unusually picturesque, for they have none of the geometrical formalities of the exploded school of landscape-gardening, or of Nature trimmed and tortured into artificial embellishment. We have often wondered where the old gardeners acquired their mathematical education; they must have gone about with the square and compasses in their pockets—for knowledge was then clasped up in ponderous folios.

The second engraving is

GROVE HOUSE,

the elegant residence of George Bellas Greenough, Esq., built from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton. This is a happy specimen of the villa style of architecture. The garden-front, represented in the print, is divided into three portions. The centre is a tetrastyle portico of the Ionic order, raised on a terrace. Between the columns are three handsome windows. The two wings have recesses, "the soffites of which are supported by three-quarter columns of the Doric order. Between these columns are niches, each of which contains a statue. The absence of other windows and doors from the front, (observes Mr. Elmes,) "gives a remarkable and pleasing *casino* or pleasure-house character to the house."

The portico is purely Grecian, and the proportion of the pediment very beautiful. The entrance front also consists of a centre and two wings; but the former has no pediment. The door is beneath a spacious semicircular portico of the true Doric order, which alternates with the Ionic in the other parts of the building with an effect truly harmonious.

Of the internal arrangements of Grove House we will vouch; but our artist has endeavoured to convey some idea of the natural beauties with which this little temple of art is environed; and the engraver has added to the distinctness of the floral embellishments in the foreground. Altogether, the effect breathes the freshness and quiet of a rural retreat, although the wealth and fashion of a metropolis herd in the same parish, and their gay equipages are probably whirling along the adjacent road.

The exterior of the "COLOSSEUM" (of the interior of which building our last Number contained a description) was intended for the embellishment of the present Number. Our engraver promised—but, as Tillotson quotes in one of his sermons, "promises and pie-crusts," &c. The engraving is, however, intended for our next MIRROR, with some additional particulars of the interior, &c.

SEVERE FROST.

(For the Mirror.)

ON the 25th of December, 1749, a most severe frost commenced; it continued without intermission for several weeks, during which time the people, especially the working classes, experienced dreadful hardships. Many travellers were frozen to death in coaches, and even foot passengers, in the streets of London, shared the same fate. Numerous ships, barges, and boats, were sunk by the furious driving of the ice in the Thames. Great were the distresses of the poor, and even those who possessed all the comforts of life, confined themselves within doors, for fear of being frozen if they ventured abroad.

The watermen of the river received great assistance from merchants, and other gentlemen of the Royal Exchange; but the fishermen, gardeners, bricklayers, and others, were reduced to a miserable extremity. These poor men, presenting a sad aspect, assembled to the number of several hundreds, and marched through the principal streets of the metropolis, begging for bread and clothing. The fishermen carried a boat in mourning, and the unfortunate mechanics exhibited their implements and utensils. The citizens of London contributed largely to their relief, as did most of the inhabitants of the main streets through which the melancholy procession passed.

G. W. N.

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OTWAY, THE POET.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

ANY anecdote relating to, or illustrative of, the works of this great man is a public benefaction; and I, in common with all your readers, (no doubt,) feel obliged to your correspondent for his history of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; at least, so much of it as, it would seem, was connected with the tragedy of the Orphan. Charles Brandon was, as history informs us, a gay, young, rattling fellow, a constant exhibitant at all tilts and tournaments at Whitehall and elsewhere; courageous, "wittie and of goodlie persone," in fact, a regular dandy of bygone days, a fine gallant, and of course a great favourite of his royal master; but, notwithstanding all this, it is not clear to me that Charles Brandon and his brother were the romantic originals of Polydore and Castalio. I rather think, if Otway *did* form his characters on any real occurrence of the sort, the distressing event must be laid to the noble family now proprietors of Woburn.

Perhaps the *old nobleman* misunderstood the duchess-dowager when she explained the picture to him; or perhaps her grace did not choose to be *quite* so communicate as she could have been, and, therefore, fixed the sad event upon the gay Charley Brandon, in whose constellation of gay doings it would, indeed, be a romantic diamond of the first water.

Every body who knows the gallery at Woburn, must remember the remarkable picture alluded to. There is in the same apartment a very fine whole-length of Charles Brandon; but in no way can I see is it connected with the work which has furnished this tragic anecdote. At some distance from Brandon's portrait appears the first Francis, *Earl of Bedford*, with a long white beard, and furred robe, and George, pendant,—an illustrious personage of this house, who discharged several great offices in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. Such was his hospitality, that Elizabeth used good-humouredly to say, "Go to, Frank, go to; it is you make all the beggars." He died, aged 58, on the 28th of July, 1585, the day after his third son, *Francis*, was slain, happily unapprized of the misfortune.

Now comes the interesting picture in connexion with Otway and his play. This youth, *Francis*, and his elder brother, the Lord Edward Russell, are represented in *small* full-lengths, in two paintings; and so alike, as scarcely to be distinguished one from the other; both dressed in white, close jackets, and black and gold cloaks, and black bonnets. The date by Lord Edward is æt. 22, 1573. He is represented grasping in one hand some snakes with this motto, *Fides homini, serpentibus fraus*; and in the back ground he is placed standing in a labyrinth, above which is inscribed, *Fata viam invenient.* This young nobleman died before his father. His brother *Francis* has his accompaniments not less singular. A lady, seemingly in distress, is represented sitting in the back ground, surrounded with snakes, a dragon, crocodile, and cock. At a distance are the sea and a ship under full sail. He, by the attendants, was, perhaps, the Polydore of the history. Edward seems by his motto, *Fides homini, serpentibus fraus*, to have been the Castalio, conscious of his own integrity, and indignant at his brother's perfidy. The ship probably alludes to the desertion of the lady. If it conveyed Francis to Scotland, it was to his punishment, for he fell on July 27, 1585, in a border affray, the day before his father's death.

There, make what you like of this. This is how matters stand at the Abbey; but I cannot see how this remarkable picture connects itself with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. I pause for elucidation. BEPPO.

ON THE CONSTANCY OF WOMAN.

(For the Mirror.)

True love has no reserves.—LANSDOWNE.

THERE is not an accomplishment in the mind of a female more enchanting, nor one which adds more dignity and grace to her person, than constancy. Whatever share of beauty she may be possessed of, whether she may have the tinge of Hebe on her cheeks, vying in colour with the damask rose, and breath as fragrant—and the graceful and elegant gait of an Ariel—still, unless she is endowed with this characteristic of a virtuous and ingenuous mind, all her personal charms will fade away, through neglect, like decaying fruit in autumn. The whole list of female virtues are in their kind essential to the felicity of man; but there is such beauty and grandeur of sentiment displayed in the exercise of constancy, that it has been justly esteemed by the dramatic poets as the chief excellence of their heroines. It nerves the arm of the warrior when absent from the dear object of his devoted attachment, when he reflects, that his confidence in her regard was never misplaced; but yet, amidst the dangers of his profession, he sighs for his abode of domestic happiness, where the breath of calumny never entered, and

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where the wily and lustful seducer, if he dared to put his foot, shrunk back aghast with shame and confusion, like Satan when he first beheld the primitive innocence and concord between Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. It adds a zest to the toils of the peasant, and his heart expands with joy and gratitude when he returns in the evening to his ivy-mantled cottage, and finds his wife assiduously engaged in the household duties of his family. And it soothes the mind of the lunatic during the lucid intervals of the aberration of his intellects, and tends more than anything else to restore him to reason. In fact, there is no calamity that is incident to man, but that female constancy will assuage. Whether in sickness or health, in prosperity or poverty, in mirth or sadness, (vicissitudes which form the common lot of mankind in their pilgrimage through this life;) the loveliness of this inestimable blessing will shine forth, like the sun on a misty morning, and preserve the even temperature of the mind. To the youthful lover it is the polar star that guides him from the shoals and quicksands of vice, among which his wayward fancy and inexperience are too apt to lead him. But in the matrimonial state, the pleasures arising from the exercies of this virtue are manifold, as it sheds a galaxy of splendour around the social hemisphere; for it is such a divine perfection, that Solomon has wisely observed, that

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

A husband so blessed in marriage, might exclaim with the lover in one of Terence's comedies, "I protest solemnly that I will never forsake her; no, not if I was sure to contract the enmity of mankind by this resolution. Her I made the object of my wishes, and have obtained her; our dispositions suit; and I will shake hands with them that would sow dissension betwixt us; for death, and only death, shall take her from me."

The eulogies of the poets in regard to this amiable trait in the female character, are sublime and beautiful; but none, I think, have surpassed in vivid fancy and depth of feeling, that of Lord Byron, in his elegant poem of the *Corsair*. The following passage describing the grief of Medora on the departure of Conrad, the pirate, is sketched with the pencil of a poet who was transcendently gifted with a knowledge of the inmost recesses of the human heart:—

"And is he gone,"—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
"'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood!
And now"—without the portal's porch she rush'd,
And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd;
Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell,
But still her lips refus'd to send—"Farewell!"
"He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is driven,
Convuls'd and quick—then gently rais'd to heav'n;
She look'd and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look again;
But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—
"It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

CANTO I.

The description of Conrad's return from his piratical cruise, the agony of his mind when he finds that his lovely Medora had fallen a sacrifice to her affectionate regard for him, and his sudden departure in a boat, through despair, is equally grand and powerful, and exhibits a fine specimen of the influence of female constancy even on the mind of a man like Conrad, who, from the nature of his pursuits, was inured to the infliction of wrongs on his fellow-creatures.

The anecdote of the behaviour of Arria towards her husband, Pætus, related by Pliny, is one of the greatest instances of constancy and magnanimity of mind to be met with in history. Pætus was imprisoned, and condemned to die, for joining in a conspiracy against the Emperor, Claudius. Arria, having provided herself with a dagger, one day observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, when judging that death by the executioner might be more terrible to him than the field of glory, and perhaps, too, sensible that it was for her sake he wished to live, she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, "My Pætus, it is not painful!" Read this, ye votaries of voluptuousness. Reflect upon the fine moral lesson of conjugal virtue that is conveyed in this domestic tragedy, ye brutal contemners of female chastity, and of every virtue that emits a ray of glory around the social circle of matrimonial happiness! Take into your serious consideration this direful but noble proof of constancy, ye giddy and thoughtless worshippers at the shrine of beauty, and know, that a virtuous disposition is the brightest ornament of the female sex.

There is another instance of constancy of mind, under oppression, in Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, in a dialogue between Jaffier and Belvidera, where the former questions her with great tenderness of feeling in regard to her future line of conduct in the gloomy prospect of his adverse fortune. She replies to him with great animation and pathos:

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"Oh, I will love thee, ev'n in madness love thee,
Tho' my distracted senses should forsake me!
Tho' the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head,
And as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest."

This is a true and beautiful picture of constancy of mind, under those rude blasts of adversity, which too frequently nip the growth of affection. The only alternative against a decay of passion on such occasions, is a sufficient portion of virtue, strong and well-grounded love, and constancy of mind as firm as the rock. In short, without constancy, there can be neither love, friendship, nor virtue, in the world.

J. P.

CAVE AT BLACKHEATH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

ALLOW me to hand you an account of a very curious cavern at Blackheath, fortuitously discovered in the year 1780, and which will form, I have no doubt, a pleasing addition to the valued communication of your correspondent *Halbert H.*, in the 348th Number of the MIRROR, and prove interesting to the greater portion of your numerous readers. It is situated on the hill, (on the left hand side from London,) and is a very spacious vaulted cavern, hewn through a solid chalk-stone rock, one hundred feet below the surface. The Saxons, on their entrance into Kent, upwards of 1,300 years ago, excavated several of these retreats; and during the discord, horrid murders, and sanguinary conflicts with the native Britons, for nearly five hundred years, used these underground recesses, not only as safe receptacles for their persons, but also secure depositaries for their wealth and plunder. After these times, history informs us the caves were frequently resorted to, and occupied by the disloyal and unprincipled rebels, headed by Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry VI., about A.D. 1400, who infested Blackheath and its neighbourhood, (as also mentioned by your correspondent;) since then by several banditti, called Levellers, in the rebellious times of Oliver Cromwell. The cave consists of three rooms, which are dry, and illuminated; in one of which, at the end of the principal entrance, is a well of soft, pure, and clear water, which, according to the opinion of several eminent men, is seldom to be met with. The internal structure is similar to the cave under the ruins of Reigate Castle, built by the Saxons; where the barons of England, in the year 1212, with their followers, (frequently amounting to five hundred persons,) held their private meetings, and took up arms, previous to their obtaining Magna Charta at Runny Mead, near Egham, in Surrey.

C. J. T.

STANGING.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS odd custom is now *vice versâ*. The stang is of Saxon origin, and is practised in Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, for the purpose of exposing a kind of gyneocracy, or, the wife wearing the galligaskins. When it is known (which it generally is) that a wife falls out with her spouse, and beats him right well, the people of the town or village procure a ladder, and instantly repair to his house, where one of the party is powdered with flour—face blacked—cocked hat placed upon his cranium—white sheet thrown over his shoulders—is seated astride the ladder, with his back where his face should be—they hoist him upon men's shoulders—and in his hands he carries a long brush, tongs, and poker. A sort of mock proclamation is then made in doggerel verse at the door of all the alehouses in the parish, or wapentake, as follows:—

"It is neither for your sake nor my sake
That I ride stang;
But it is for Nancy Thomson,
Who did her husband bang.
But if I hear tell that she doth rebel,
Or him to complain, with fife and drum
Then we will come,
And ride the stang again.
With a ran tan tang,
And a ran tan tan tang," &c.

The conclusion of this local custom is generally ended at the market cross, (if any,) or in the middle of the hamlet; after which, one of the posse goes round with a hat, begging the contributions of those present; they then regale themselves at some of the village ale-shops, out of the proceeds of the day's merriment.—Brand and Strutt mention this custom; as does Brigg, in his "Westmoreland as it was."

J. W.

Preston, Lancashire.

The Sketch-Book.

[THE following characteristic sketch having been presented to me by a friend as, to the best of his knowledge, an unpublished *morceau* by the celebrated Ettrick Shepherd, I have by his permission the pleasure of adding it, to

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the many interesting *cabinet pictures*, already preserved in this department of the MIRROR.—M. L. B.]

ROVER.

ROVER is now about six years old. He was born half a year before our eldest girl; and is accordingly looked upon as a kind of elder brother by the children. He is a small, beautiful liver-coloured spaniel, but not one of your goggle-eyed Blenheim breed. He is none of your lap dogs. No, Rover has a soul above that. You may make him your friend, but he scorns to be a pet. No one can see him without admiring him, and no one can know him without loving him. He is as regularly inquired after as any other member of the family; for who that has ever known Rover can forget him? He has an instinctive perception of his master's friends, to whom he metes out his caresses in the proportion of their attachment to the chief object of his affections. When I return from an absence, or when he meets an old friend of mine, or of his own (which is the same thing to him) his ecstacy is unbounded: he tears and curvets about the room as if mad; and if out of doors, he makes the welkin ring with his clear and joyous note. When he sees a young person in company he immediately selects him for a play fellow. He fetches a stick, coaxes him out of the house, drops it at his feet; then retiring backwards, barking, plainly indicates his desire to have it thrown for him. He is never tired of his work. Indeed, I fear poor fellow, that his teeth, which already show signs of premature decay, have suffered from the diversion. But though Rover has a soul for fun, yet he is a game dog too. There is not a better cocker in England. In fact he delights in sport of every kind, and if he cannot have it with me, he will have it on his own account. He frequently decoys the greyhounds out and finds hares for them. Indeed he has done me some injury in this way, for if he can find a pointer loose, he will, if possible, seduce him from his duty, and take him off upon some lawless excursion; and it is not till after an hour's whistling and hallooing that I see the truants sneaking round to the back door, panting and smoking, with their tails knitted up between their legs, and their long dripping tongues depending from their watery mouths—*he* the most bare-faced caitiff of the whole. In general, however, he will have nothing to say to the canine species, for notwithstanding the classification of Buffon, he considers he has a prescriptive right to associate with man. He is, in fact, rather cross with other dogs; but with children he is quite at home, doubtless reckoning himself about on a level with them in the scale of rational beings. Every boy in the village knows his name, and I often catch him in the street with a posse of little, dirty urchins playing around him. But he is not quite satisfied with this kind of company; for, if taking a walk with any of the family, he will only just acknowledge his plebeian play-fellow with a simple shake of the tail, equivalent to the distant nod which a patrician school-boy bestows on the town-boy school-fellow whom he chances to meet when in company with his aristocratical relations. The only approach to bad feeling that I ever discovered in Rover is a slight disposition to jealousy; but this in him is more a virtue than a vice; for it springs entirely from affection, and has nothing mean or malicious in it, one instance will suffice to show how he expresses this feeling. One day a little stray dog attached himself to me and followed me home; I took him into the house and had him fed, intending to keep him until I could discover the owner. For this act of kindness the dog expressed thanks in the usual way. Rover, although used to play the truant, from the moment the little stranger entered the premises, never quitted us till he saw him fairly off. His manner towards us became more ingratiating than usual, and he seemed desirous, by his assiduities and attentions, to show us, that we stood in need of no other favourite or companion. But at the same time he showed no animosity whatever towards his supposed rival. Here was reason and refinement too. Besides the friends whom he meets in my house, Rover also forms attachments of his own, in which he shows a great discrimination. It is not every one who offers him a bone that he will trust as a friend. He has one or two intimate acquaintances in the village whom he regularly visits, and where in case of any remissness on the part of the cook, he is sure to find a plate of meat. Rover is a most feeling, sweet dispositioned dog—one instance of his affection and kindheartedness I cannot omit. He had formed an attachment to a labourer, who worked about my garden, and would frequently follow him to his home, where he was caressed by the wife and children. It happened that the poor wife was taken ill and died. The husband was seriously afflicted, and showed a feeling above the common. At this time I observed that Rover had quite lost his spirits, and appeared to pine. Seeing him in this state one day, when in company with the widowed labourer, and thinking in some measure to

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divert the poor fellow's thoughts from his own sorrows, I remarked to him the state that Rover was in, and asked him if he could guess the cause. "He is fretting after poor Peggy," was his reply, giving vent at the same time to a flood of tears.

JAMES HOGG.

Notes of a Reader.

OLD DANCING.

AN "Old Subscriber," who loves a friend and a jest's prosperity, has sent us a few leaves of "The Dancing Master," printed in 1728, which form a curious contrast with Mr. Lindsay's elegant treatise, printed at Mr. Clowes's *musical* office. What will some of the quadrillers say to the following exquisite morsel of dancing, entitled, "The Old Maid in Tears?"—"Longways for as many as will"—(then the notes, and the following instructions:)—"Note: Each strain is to be play'd twice over.—The first wo. holds her handkerchief on her face, and goes on the outside, below the 3d wo. and comes up the middle to her place; first man follows her (at the same time pointing and smiling at her) up to his place. First man do the same, only he beckons his wo. to him. First woman makes a motion of drying first one eye, then the other, and claps her hands one after another on her sides, (the first man looks surprizingly at her at the same time,) and turn her partner. First cu. move with two slow steps down the middle and back again. The first cu. sett and cast off."

As we love to keep up the dance, if we are not leading the reader a dance, we give *A Dance in Hoops*, as described in a fashionable novel, just published:—

When the whole party was put in motion, but little trace of a regular dance remained; all was a perfect maze, and the *cutting* in and out (as the fraternity of the whip would phrase it) of these cumbrous machines presented to the mind only the figure of a most formidable affray

The nearest assimilation to this strange exhibition of the dance in full career, at all familiar to our minds, is the prancing of the basket-horses in Mr. Peake's humorous farce of *Quadrupeds*.

An entertaining variety of appearance arose also from the conformity of the steps to the diversified measure of the tune. The jig measure, which corresponds to the *canter* in a horse's paces, produced a strong bounding up and down of the hoop—and the gavotte measure, which corresponds to the short trot, produced a tremulous and agitated motion. The numerous ornaments, also, with which the hoops were bespread and decorated—the festoons—the tassels—the rich embroidery—all of a most *catching* and *taking* nature, every now and then affectionately hitched together in unpremeditated and close embrace. To the parties in action, it is not difficult to suppose these combinations might prove something short of perfectly agreeable, more especially, as on such occasions as these, some of the fair daughters of our courtly belles were undergoing the awful ordeal of a first ball-room appearance, on whom these contingencies would inflict ten-fold embarrassment.—*The Ball, or a Glance at Almack's in* 1829.

FRENCH PAINTINGS.

GENERAL LE JEUNE has added a new picture to his collection of battle paintings, exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It represents one of the general's perilous adventures in the Peninsular War, and is a vigorous addition to these admirable productions of the French school. The whole series will be found noticed at page 212 of our vol. xi.

FLOWERS ON THE ALPS.

THE flowers of the mountains—they must not be forgotten. It is worth a botanist's while to traverse all these high passes; nay, it is worth the while of a painter, or any one who delights to look upon graceful flowers, or lovely hues, to pay a visit to these little wild nymphs of Flora, at their homes in the mountains of St. Bernard. We are speaking now, generally, of what may be seen throughout the whole of the route, from Moutier, by the Little St. Bernard, to Aosta,—and thence again to Martigny. There is no flower so small, so beautiful, so splendid in colour, but its equal may be met with in these sequestered places. The tenaciousness of flowers is not known; their hardihood is not sufficiently admired. Wherever there is a handful of earth, there also is a patch of wild-flowers. If there be a crevice in the rock, sufficient to thrust in the edge of a knife, there will the winds carry a few grains of dust, and there straight upsprings a flower. In the lower parts of the Alps, they cover the earth with beauty. Thousands, and tens of thousands, blue, and yellow, and pink, and violet, and white, of every shadow and every form, are to be seen, vying with each other, and eclipsing every thing besides. Midway they meet you again, sometimes fragrant, and always lovely; and in the topmost places, where the larch, and the pine, and the rhododendron (the last living shrub) are no longer to be seen, where you are just about to tread upon the limit of perpetual snow, there still peep up and

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blossom the "Forget me not," the Alpine ranunculus, and the white and blue gentian, the last of which displays, even in this frore air, a blue of such intense and splendid colour, as can scarcely be surpassed by the heavens themselves. It is impossible not to be affected at thus meeting with these little unsheltered things, at the edge of eternal barrenness. They are the last gifts of beneficent, abundant Nature. Thus far she has struggled and striven, vanquishing rocks and opposing elements, and sowing here a forest of larches, and there a wood of pines, a clump of rhododendrons, a patch of withered herbage, and, lastly, a bright blue flower. Like some mild conqueror, who carries gifts and civilization into a savage country, but is compelled to stop somewhere at last, she seems determined that her parting present shall also be the most beautiful. This is the limit of her sway. Here, where she has cast down these lovely landmarks, her empire ceases. Beyond, rule the ice and the storm!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC. THIS is the age of utility, and the little volume published under the above title is altogether characteristic of the age. Its contents are calculated to feed and foster the spirit of inquiry which is abroad. People are beginning to find they are not so wise as they had hitherto conceived themselves to be, or rather, that their knowledge on every-day subjects is very scanty. We are therefore pleased to see in the present "Companion" a popular paper on Comets; a series of attractive Observations of a Naturalist; papers on the Management of Children, Clothing, Economy in the Use of Bread and Flour, and a concise account of Public Improvements during the year. All these are matters of interest to every house and family in the empire. There is, besides, an abundance of Parliamentary papers, judiciously abridged, from which the reader may obtain more information than by passing six months in "both your Houses," or reading a session of debates. The Table of Discoveries is likewise a valuable feature; and the Chronological Table of European Monarchs is almost a counterpart of a "Regal Tablet" sent to us, some weeks since, for the MIRROR, and promised for insertion. There is, however, one feature missing, which we noticed in the "Companion" of last year, and we cannot but think that, to make room for its introduction, some of the parliamentary matter in the present volume might have been spared. The editor will be aware of our disinterestedness in making this suggestion, and we hope will give us credit accordingly.

FLUTE PLAYING.

"WILL you play upon this pipe?" "My Lord, I cannot." So say we; but some novel instruction on the subject may not be unacceptable to our piping friends. We recommend to them "The Elements of Flute-playing, according to the most approved principles of Fingering," by Thomas Lindsay, as containing more practical and preceptive information than is usually to be met with in such works. The advantage in the present treatise arises out of one of the many recent improvements in the art of printing, viz., the adoption of movable types for printing music, instead of by engraved pewter plates; which method enables the instructor to amplify his precepts, or didactic portion of his work, and thus simplify them to the pupil. According, in Mr. Lindsay's treatise, we have upwards of forty pages of elementary instructions, definitions, and concise treatises, copiously interspersed with musical illustrations; whereas the engraved treatises are generally meagre in their instructions, from the difficulty of punching text illustrations. The article on *accentuation* is, we are told, the first successful attempt in any elementary work on the Flute, to define this important subject. It is written in a lucid and popular style, and is so attractive, that did our room allow, we might be induced to insert part of it. Appended to the treatise are thirty pages of Duettinos and Exercises, and altogether the work, (of which the present is Part I.,) is well worth the attention of such as study Flute-playing, which, as Mr. L. observes, is "one of those elegant and delightful recreations, which constitutes, at once, the grace and the solace of domestic life."

THE sweetest flowers their odours shed
In silence and alone;
And Wisdom's hidden fount is fed
By minds to fame unknown.
Bernard Barton.

CHANGES OF INSECTS.

INSECTS are strikingly distinguished from other animals, by a succession of changes in their organization and forms, and by their incapacity of propagating before their last metamorphosis, which, in most of them, takes place shortly before their death. Each of these transformations is designated by so many terms, that it may not be useless to observe to the reader, who has not previously paid attention to the subject, that *larva*,

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caterpillar, *grub*, *maggot*, or *worm*, is the first state of the insect on issuing from the egg; that *pupa*, *aurelia*, *chrysalis*, or *nympha* are the names by which the second metamorphosis is designated, and that the last stage, when the insect assumes the appearance of a butterfly, is called the *perfect state*.—*North American Review*.

"LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS."

THE little folks will soon have a microcosm—a world of their own. The other day we noticed the "Boy's *Own* Book," and the girls are promised a match volume: children, too, have their own *cameræ obscuræ*; there are the Cosmoramas at the Bazaar, as great in their way as Mr. Hornor's Panorama at the Colosseum; besides half a dozen Juvenile Annuals, in which all the literary children of larger growth write. At our theatres, operas are sung by children, and the pantomimes are full of juvenile fun. In short, every thing can be had adapted to all ages; till we begin to think it is once a world and twice a little world. But we have omitted the pretty little productions named at the head of this article. They consist of seven little songs for little people, set to music on small-sized paper, so that the little singer may hold the song after the orchestra fashion, without hiding her smiles. 1. The Little Fish, harmonized from *Nursery Rhymes*; 2. The Little Robin; 3. The Little Spider and his Wife, from *Original Poems*; 4. The Little Star, from *Nursery Rhymes*; 5. A Summer Evening, from the *Infant Minstrel*; 6. Come Away, Come Away, to the air of the Swiss Boy, by Mr. Green, the publisher; and, 7. The Little Lady Bird:—

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home,
The field-mouse is gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.
Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home,
The glow-worm is lighting his lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will be wet with the close-clinging damp.
Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home,
The fairy bells tinkle afar;
Make haste, or they'll catch ye, and harness ye fast,
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.
Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away now
To your home in the old willow-tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant,
And a few cosy neighbours to tea.

There is some novelty and ingenuity in adapting the words and music of songs for young singers. Love, war, and drinking songs are very well for adults, but are out of time in the nursery or schoolroom; for these predilections spring up quite early enough in the bosoms of mankind. We should not forget the vignette lithographs to the little songs, which are beautifully executed by Hullmandel. All beginners will do well to see these songs, for we know many of the "larger growth" who are *little* singers.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

WITCHCRAFT, &c.

MACB. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags? What is't you do?
WITCHES. A deed without a name.
MACB. I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches—though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up—
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down—
Though castles topple on their warder's heads—
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations—though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you. SHAKSPEARE.

IN our two preceding papers,* we have briefly brought before the attention of the reader, a few of the most prominent and striking features connected with the history of the first (as the honourable house hath it in 1602) "of those detestable slaves of the devil, witches, sorcerers, enchanters and conjurors." And now we proceed to offer a few concluding illustrations of the subject.

In the early ages, to be possessed of greater degree of learning and science than the mass of mankind (at a time when even kings could not read or write) was to be invested with a more than earthly share of power; and the philosopher was in consequence subjected in many cases to a suspicion at once dangerous and dishonourable: to use the language of Coleridge, the real teachers and discoverers of truth were exposed to the hazard of fire and faggot; a dungeon being the best shrine that was vouchsafed to a Roger Bacon or a Galileo!

A few years since, a place was pointed out to the writer, on the borders of Scotland, which had been even within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant," used for the "trial" of witches; and a pool of water in an adjacent stream is still to be seen, where the poor old creatures were dragged to sink or swim; and our informant added, that a very great number had perished on that spot. Indeed, in Scotland, a refinement of cruelty was practised in the persecution of witches; the innocent relations of a suspected criminal were tortured in her presence, in the hope of extorting confession from

* See vol. xi. p. 391—vol. xii. p. 70.

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her, in order to put an end to their sufferings, after similar means had been used without effect on herself. Even children of seven years of age were sometimes tortured in the presence of their mothers for this design. In 1751, at Trigg, in Hertfordshire, two harmless old people above seventy years of age, being suspected of bewitching a publican, named Butterfield, a vast concourse of people assembled for the purpose of ducking them, and the poor wretches were seized, and "stripped naked by the mob, their thumbs tied to their toes, and then dragged two miles and thrown into a muddy stream;" the woman expired under the hands of her persecutors, but her husband, though seriously injured, escaped with his life. One of the ringleaders of this atrocious outrage, was tried and hung for the offence.

The delusion respecting witches was greatly increased in the first instance by a Bull issued by Pope Innocent III. in 1484, to the inquisitors at Almaine, "exhorting them to discover, and empowering them to destroy, all such as were guilty of witchcraft." The fraternity of *Witchfinders* arose in consequence, and they seem to have been imbued with the genuine spirit of inquisitors, delighting in hunting out and dragging to the torture the innocent and harmless. They had the most unlimited authority granted them, and the whole thunders of the Vatican were directed to the destruction of witches and wizards. The bloody scenes which followed, exceed description. In 1485, Cumanus (an inquisitor) burnt forty-one poor women for witches, in the country of Burlia, in one year. One inquisitor in Piedmont burnt a hundred in a very short time; and in 1524, a thousand were burnt in one year in the diocese of Como, and a hundred annually for a considerable period; on all of whom the greatest cruelties were practised. The fraternity of witchfinders soon found their way to this country, under the fostering protection of the government; and it was of course their interest to keep up the delusion by every means in their power. We have already alluded to the cruelties exercised in Great Britain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and add an account of one of the cruel ceremonies used to detect witches:—"Having taken the suspected witch," says Gaule, "she is placed in the middle of a room upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture, to which if she submits not, she is then bound with cords. There she is watched and kept without meat or sleep for the space of four-and-twenty hours; for (they say) that within that time they shall see her imp come and suck. A little hole is likewise made in the door for the imp to come in at; and lest it should come in some less discernible shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see any spiders or flies, to kill them. And if they cannot kill them, they may be sure they are her imps!" Towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century, the delusion and jugglery of witchcraft was in a great measure overthrown by the firmness of the English judges; amongst the most prominent of whom stands Chief Justice Holt. Indeed a statute was shortly after passed, which made it *wilful murder*, should any of the objects of persecution lose their lives. The popular belief, however, in witchcraft still continued, and it was not till the ninth year of George II., that the statutes against it were repealed. We believe there is still an Irish statute unrepealed, which inflicts capital punishment on witches.

All is now of the *past*. The "schoolmaster is abroad," and not only is the belief in witches, but all the tribe of ghosts and spirits is fast melting away. The latter have also added in no inconsiderable degree to the sum of human suffering. The number of the good was small compared to the evil, and though it was in their power to come in what shape or guise they chose, "dilated or condensed, bright or obscure," yet it must be confessed they generally chose to assume "forms forbidden," and their visitations were much oftener accompanied with "blasts from hell" than "airs from heaven." It has been justly remarked that "they were potent agents in the hands of the priest and the tyrant to delude and to enslave; for this business they were most admirably fitted, and most faithfully did they perform it." Those inevitable evils which man is destined to endure in this present state, are enough without the addition of the almost unmingled bitterness of the infusion, which superstition would pour into his cup.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LONDON LYRICS.—THE IMAGE BOY.

WHOE'ER has trudged, on frequent feet,
From Charing Cross to Ludgate-street,
That haunt of noise and wrangle,
Has seen, on journeying through the Strand,
A foreign image-vender stand
Near Somerset's quadrangle.

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His coal-black eye, his balanced walk,
His sable apron, white with chalk,
His listless meditation,
His curly locks, his sallow cheeks,
His board of celebrated Greeks,
Proclaim his trade and nation.

Not on that board, as erst, are seen
A tawdry troop; our gracious Queen
With tresses like a carrot,
A milk-maid with a pea-green pail,
A poodle with a golden tail,
John Wesley, and a parrot:—

No; far more classic is his stock;
With ducal Arthur, Milton, Locke,
He bears, unconscious roamer,
Alcmena's Jove-begotten Son,
Cold Abelard's too tepid Nun,
And pass-supported Homer.

See yonder bust adorned with curls;
'Tis her's, the Queen who melted pearls
Marc Antony to wheedle.
Her bark, her banquets, all are fled;
And Time, who cut her vital thread,
Has only spared her Needle.

Stern Neptune, with his triple prong,
Childe Harold, peer of peerless song,
So frolic Fortune wills it,
Stand next the Son of crazy Paul,
Who hugg'd the intrusive King of Gaul
Upon a raft at Tilsit.

"Poor vagrant child of want and toil!
The sun that warms thy native soil
Has ripen'd not thy knowledge;
'Tis obvious, from that vacant air,
Though Padua gave thee birth, thou ne'er
Didst graduate in her College.

"'Tis true thou nam'st thy motley freight:
But from what source their birth they date,
Mythology or history,
Old records, or the dreams of youth,
Dark fable, or transparent truth,
Is all to thee a mystery.

"Come tell me, Vagrant, in a breath,
Alcides' birth, his life, his death,
Recount his dozen labours:
Homer thou know'st—but of the woes
Of Troy, thou'rt ignorant as those
Dark Orange-boys, thy neighbours."

'Twas thus, erect, I deign'd to pour
My shower of lordly pity o'er
The poor Italian wittol,
As men are apt to do, to show
Their vantage-ground o'er those who know
Just less than their own little.

When lo, methought Prometheus' flame
Waved o'er a bust of deathless fame,
And woke to life Childe Harold:
The Bard aroused me from my dream
Of pity, alias self-esteem,
And thus indignant caroll'd:—

"O thou, who thus in numbers pert
And petulant, presum'st to flirt
With Memory's Nine Daughters:
Whose verse the next trade-winds that blow
Down narrow Paternoster-row
Shall whelm in Lethe's waters:

"Slight is the difference I see
Between yon Paduan youth and thee:
He moulds, of Paris plaster,
An urn by classic Chantrey's laws,—
And thou a literary vase
Of would-be alabaster.

"Were I to arbitrate betwixt
His terra cotta, plain or mix'd,
And thy earth-gender'd sonnet;
Small cause has he th' award to dread:—
Thy Images are in the head,
And his, poor boy, are on it!"

New Monthly Magazine.

PUNCH.

PUNCH was first made by the English at Nemle, near Goa, where they have the *Nepa die Goa*, commonly called arrack. This fascinating liquor got the name of *punch*, from its being composed of *five* articles—that word, in the Hindostanee language, signifying five. The legitimate punch-makers, however, consider it a compound of *four* articles only; and some learned physicians have, therefore, named it *Diapente* (from Diatesseron,) and have given it according to the following prescription—

Rum, miscetur aqua—dulci miscetur acetum,
fiet et ex tali fœdere—nobile Punch.

and our worthy grand-fathers used to take a dose of it every night in their lives, before going to bed, till doctor Cheyne alarmed them by the information, that they were pouring liquid fire down their throats. "Punch," said he, "is like opium, both in its nature and manner of operation, and nearest arsenic in its deleterious and poisonous qualities; and, so," added he, "I leave it to them, who, knowing this, will yet drink on and die."

Who, that has drunk this agreeable accompaniment to calapash, at the City of London Tavern, ever found themselves the worse for it? They may have felt their genius inspired, or their nobler passions animated—but *fire* and *inflammation* there was none. The old song says—

It is the very best of physic.

and there have been very excellent physicians, who have confirmed the opinion by their practice. What did the learned Dr. Sherard, the grave Mr. Petiver, and the apothecary Mr. Tydall, drink in their herborizing tour through Kent? Why—punch! and so much were they delighted with it, at Winchelsea, that they made a special note in their journal, in honour of the *Mayoress*, who made it, that the punch was not only excellent, but that "each succeeding bowl was better than the former!"—*Brande's Journal.*

CHOICE OF A RESIDENCE.—ADVICE TO BACHELORS.

THERE is a sort of half-way between town and the country, which some assert combines the advantages, others the defects, of each; and this is a country-town. Here, indeed, a little money, a little learning, and a little fashion, will go ten times as far as they will in London. Here, a man who takes in the Quarterly or Edinburgh, is a literary character; the lady who has one head-dress in the year from a Bond-street milliner, becomes the oracle of fashion, "the observed of all observers;" here dinners are

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talked of as excellent, at which neither French dishes nor French wines were given, and a little raspberry ice would confer wide celebrity on an evening party, and excite much animadversion and surprise. Here, notwithstanding a pretty strong line of demarcation between the different sets of society, every one appears to know every body; the countenances and names of each are familiar; we want no slave, who calls out the names; but are ready with a proper supply of condescending nods, friendly greetings, and kind inquiries, to dispense to each passenger according to his claims. Indeed, in calculating the length of time requisite for arriving at a certain point, the inhabitant of a country town should make due allowance for the necessary gossip which must take place on the road, and for the frequent interchange of bulletins of health, which is sure to occur; and after a residence of any length in these sociable places, a sensation of solitude and desertion is felt in those crowded streets of our metropolis, where the full tide of population may roll past us for hours without bringing with it a single glance of recognition or kindness. Here round games and Casino still find refuge and support amidst a steady band of faithful partizans; here old maids escape ridicule from being numerous, and old bachelors acquire importance from being scarce. It is, indeed, to this latter description of persons that I would especially recommend a residence in a country town; and, as Dr. Johnson said, that "wherever he might dine, he would wish to breakfast in Scotland;" so, wherever I may pass my youth, let my days of old bachelorship, if to such I am doomed, be spent in a country town. There the genteel male population forsake their birthplace at an early age; and since war no longer exists to supply their place with the irresistible military, the importance of a single man, however small his attractions, however advanced his age, is considerable; while a tolerably agreeable bachelor under sixty is the object of universal attention, the cynosure of every lady's eye. In the cathedral city, where I visited a friend some years since, there were forty-five single women, from sixteen to fifty, and only three marriageable men. Let any one imagine the delight of receiving the most flattering attentions from fifteen women at once, some of them extremely pretty and agreeable; or, I should rather say, from forty-five, since the three bachelors, politically avoiding all appearance of preference, were courted equally by nearly the whole phalanx of the sisterhood. One of the enviable men, being only just of age, was indeed too young to excite hopes in the more elderly ladies, but another more fortunate, if he knew his happiness, ("*sua si bona norit*,") was exposed to the attacks, more or less open, of every unmarried woman. Alas! he was insensible to his privileges; a steady man of fifty-five, a dignitary of the church, devoted to study, and shy in his habits, he seemed to shrink from the kind attentions he received, and to wish for a less favoured, a less glorious state of existence. His desires seemed limited to reading the Fathers, writing sermons, and doing his duty as a divine; and he appeared of opinion that no helpmate was required to fulfil them. But still the indefatigable phalanx of forty-five, with three or four widows as auxiliaries, continued their attacks, and his age, as I before observed, was fatally encouraging to the hopes of each. The youngest looked in their glasses and remembered the power of youth and beauty; the middle-aged calculated on the good sense and propriety of character of their object, and were "sure he would never marry a girl;" and the most elderly exaggerated his gravity, thought of his shovel hat, and seemed to suppose that every woman under fifty must be too giddy for its wearer. Meanwhile, what a life he led!—his opinions law; his wishes gospel; the cathedral crowded when he preached; churches attended; schools visited; waltzing calumniated; novels concealed; shoulders covered; petticoats lengthened—all to gain his approving eye. The fact is, his sphere of useful influence was much enlarged by his single state; as a married man, he could only have reformed his wife; as a bachelor, he exercised undisputed power over every spinster in his neighbourhood. He was, indeed, unconscious of, or ungratified by the deference and incense he received; but the generality of men are less insensible, and half the homage he so carefully rejected would have been sufficient to intoxicate with delight and self-complacency the greater part of his fraternity. What object in nature is more pitiable than a London old bachelor, of moderate fortune and moderate parts? whose conversational powers do not secure him invitations to dinners, when stiffness of limb and a growing formality have obliged him to retreat from quadrilles. The rich, we know, thrive everywhere, and at all seasons, safe from neglect, secure from ridicule. I speak of those less strongly fortified against the effects of time; those who, scarcely considered good speculations in their best days, are now utterly insignificant, concealed and jostled by a crowd of younger

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aspirants, overlooked by mammas, except when needed to execute some troublesome commission; and without a chance of receiving a single word or glance from their daughters unmarked by that provoking ease and compassionate familiarity, which tell them, better than words, that their day of influence has closed for ever. Let such unhappy men fly from the scenes of former pleasure and power, of former flirtation and gaiety, to the quieter and surer triumphs of a country town. Here crowds of young women, as certainly devoted to celibacy as the inmates of a nunnery, accustomed from necessity to make beaux out of the most unprecedented materials, and concoct flirtations in the most discouraging circumstances, will welcome him with open arms, underrate his age, overrate his merits, doubt if his hair is gray, deny that he wears false teeth, accept his proffered arm with an air of triumph, and even hint a wonder that he has given up dancing. To their innocent cheeks his glance will have the long-lost power of calling up a blush; eyes as bright as those which beamed upon his youth will sparkle at his approach; and tender hearts, excluded by fate from palpitations for a more suitable object, must per force beat quicker at his address. Here let him revel in the enjoyment of unbounded influence, preserve it by careful management to the latest possible moment, and at length gradually slide from the agreeable old beau into the interesting invalid, and secure for his days of gout, infirmity, and sickness, a host of attentive nurses, of that amiable sex which delights and excels in offices of pity and kindness; who will read him news, recount him gossip, play backgammon or cribbage, knit him comfortables, make him jellies, and repay by affectionate solicitude and unselfish attentions the unmeaning, heartless, worthless admiration which he bestowed upon them in his better days.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Anecdote Gallery.

OTHELLO.

On the crew of the Flora being treated to see *Othello* at the Portsmouth Theatre, Cassio's silly speech proved an exquisite relish to the audience, where he apostrophizes heaven, "Forgive us our sins," and endeavours to persuade his companion that he is sober. "Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk? this is my Ancient: this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunk now." "No, not *you*," roared a *Jack*, who no doubt would have been a willing witness in Cassio's defence, had he been brought to the gangway for inebriety. "I can stand well enough," continued the representative of Cassio. "Then, hang it! why don't you walk the *plank* at once, and prove yourself sober?" vociferated a long-tailed wag, determined not to slip this opportunity of having a shot on the sly at his first lieutenant, who had only a night or two before put his perpendicularity to a similar test.

At the last scene the shouts became alarming; volleys of imprecations were hurled at his head—his limbs—his life. "What!" said one of the rudest of the crew, "can the black brute cut her lifelines? She's a reg'lar-built angel, and as like my Bet as two peas."—"Ay," said a messmate, "it all comes of being jealous, and that's all as one as mad; but you know, if he's as good as his word, he's sure to be hanged,—that's one comfort!" When the Moor seized her in bed by the throat, Desdemona shrieking for permission to repeat but one short prayer, and he rancorously exclaims, in attempting to strangle her, "It is too late!" the house, as it is said a French audience had done ere now, could endure no more; and the sailors rose in their places, giving the most alarming indications of angry excitement, and of a determination to mingle in the murderous scene below. "I'm ——, Dick, if I can stand it any longer," said the spokesman of the gallery. "You're no man, if you can sit and look on quietly; hands off, you blood-thirsty niggar," he vociferated, and threw himself over the side of the gallery in a twinkling; clambering down by a pillar into the boxes, and scrambled across the pit, over every person in his way, till he reached the noisy boatswain's mate. Him he "challenged to the rescue," and exclaimed, "Now's your time, Ned,—Pipe the boarders away—all hands,——! if you're a man as *loves* a woman. *Now*, go it," said he, and dashed furiously over all obstacles,—fiddles, flutes, and fiddlers. Smash went the foot-lights—Cæsar had passed the Rubicon. The contagion of feeling became general; and his trusty legions, fired with the ambition that inspired their leader, followed, sweeping all before them, till the whole male population of the theatre crowded the stage *en masse*, amid shouts of encouragement, or shrieks of terror; outraging, by their mistaken humanity, all the propriety of this touching drama; and, for once, rescuing the gentle Desdemona from the deadly grasp of the murderous Moor, who fled in full costume, dagger in hand, from the house, and through the dark streets of Dock, until he reached his home in a

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state of inconceivable affright. The scene of confusion which followed, it would be fruitless to attempt to describe. All was riot and uproar.—*Sailors and Saints.*

DEATH OF DAUBENTON.

We have had countless instances of "the ruling passion strong in death;" but perhaps we can adduce nothing more illustrative of that feeling than the following fact, which may vie with the sublimity of Rousseau's death, when he desired to look on the sun ere his eyes were closed in the rayless tomb:—M. Daubenton, the scientific colleague of Buffon, and the anatomical illustrator of his "Histoire Naturelle," on being chosen a member of the Conservative Senate, was seized with apoplexy the first time he assisted at the sessions of that body, and fell senseless into the arms of his astonished colleagues. The most prompt assistance could only restore him to feeling for a few moments, during which he showed himself, what he had always been—a tranquil observer of nature. *He felt with his fingers, which still retained sensation, the various parts of his body, and pointed out to the assistants the progress of the disease!* He died on the 31st of December, 1799. The *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* states, "it may be said of him, that he attained happiness the most perfect, and the least mixed, that any man could hope to attain. His life was marked by an undeviating pursuit of science; and to him was Buffon indebted for instruction and example. Naturally of a mild and conciliatory disposition, and gifted with cool and dispassionate consideration, he was just such a preceptor as was calculated to curb the imagination of Buffon, whose fiery and ardent genius was apt to substitute theory for proof, and fancy for fact; and often did the 'biting smile' of M. Daubenton check the ardency of Buffon, and his well-weighed words arrest him in his headlong progress." What more noble picture of scientific devotion can we imagine than the feeble and aged Daubenton, shut up for whole days in his cabinet of natural history, ardently exerting himself in the complex and weary task of arranging the objects according to their several relations? But Buffon, with the wayward negligence which clings to genius, did wrong to his friend in publishing an edition of his "Histoire Naturelle" without the dissections. Yet such a step, discountenanced by all the liberal body of science, was forgiven by the philosophic and gentle Daubenton; and Buffon made atonement for his aberration, by re-uniting himself to the companion of his childhood, the participator in his studies, and the preceptor of his genius. **H.

STORY ON A MARCH.

An officer in India, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during the campaign,—either by wear or tear or accident,—had a few friends to dine with him. The dinner being announced to the party, seated in the *al fresco* drawing-room of a camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master, who, perhaps, gave himself but little trouble about these matters, or who probably relied upon his servant's capacity in the art of borrowing, or, at all events, on his ingenuity on framing an excuse, inquired, with an angry voice, why there was no table-cloth. The answer was, "Massa not got;" with which reply, after apologizing to his guests, he was compelled, for the present, to put up. The next morning he called his servant, and rated him soundly, and perhaps beat him, (for I lament to say that this was too much the practice with European masters in India,) for exposing his poverty to the company; desiring him, another time, if similarly circumstanced, to say that all the table-cloths were gone to the wash. Another day, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazar, perhaps to provide the very articles of which the feast was composed, were absent, whether with or without leave is immaterial. "Where are all the spoons?" cried the apparently enraged master. "Gone washerman, sar!" was the answer. Roars of laughter succeeded, and a teacup did duty for the soup-ladle. The probable consequence of this unlucky exposure of the domestic economy of the host, namely, a sound drubbing to the poor maty-boy, brings to my mind an anecdote which, being in a story-telling vein, I cannot resist the temptation of introducing. It was related to me, with great humour, by one of the principals in the transaction, whose candour exceeded his fear of shame. He had been in the habit of beating his servants, till one in particular complained that he would have him before Sir Henry Gwillam, then chief justice at Madras, who had done all in his power to suppress the disgraceful practice. Having a considerable balance to settle with his maty-boy on the score of punishment, but fearing the presence of witnesses, the master called him one day into a bungalow at the bottom of his garden, at some distance from the house. "Now," said he

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as he shut the door and put the key into his pocket, "you'll complain to Sir Henry Gwillam, will you? There is nobody near to bear witness to what you may say, and, with the blessing of God, I'll give it you well."—"Massa sure nobody near?" asked the Indian.—"Yes, yes, I've taken good care of that."—"Then I give massa one good beating." And forthwith the maty-boy proceeded to put his threat into execution, till the master, being the weaker of the two, was compelled to cry mercy; which being at length granted, and the door opened with at least as much alacrity as it was closed, Maotoo decamped without beat of drum, never to appear again.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures, &c.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

MEMENTO MORI.

Inscribed on a Tombstone.

WHEN you look on my grave.
And behold how they wave,
The cypress, the yew, and the willow,
You think 'tis the breeze
That gives motion to these—
'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow.

I must laugh when I see
A poor insect like thee
Dare to pity the fate thou must own;
Let a few moments slide,
We shall lie side by side,
And crumble to dust, bone for bone.

Go, weep thine own doom,
Thou wert born for the tomb—
Thou hast lived, like myself, but to die;
Whilst thou pity'st my lot,
Secure fool, thou'st forgot
Thou art no more immortal than I!

H. B. A.

TEA-DRINKING.

WHILE the late Mr. Gifford was at Ashburton, he contracted an acquaintance with a family of that place, consisting of females somewhat advanced in age. On one occasion he ventured on the perilous exploit of drinking tea with these elderly ladies. After having swallowed his usual allowance of tea, he found, in spite of his remonstrances to the contrary, that his hostess would by no means suffer him to give up, but persisted in making him drink a most incredible quantity. "At last," said Gifford in telling the story, "being really overflooded with tea, I put down my fourteenth cup, and exclaimed, with an air of resolution, 'I neither can nor will drink any more.' The hostess then seeing she had forced more down my throat than I liked, began to apologize, and added, 'but, dear Mr. Gifford, as you didn't put your spoon across your cup, I supposed your refusals were nothing but good manners.'"

PRECEDENCE.

AN anecdote is told of a captain in the service, since dead, that whilst carrying out a British ambassador to his station abroad, a quarrel arose on the subject of precedency. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter-deck, when, at length, the ambassador, thinking to silence the captain, exclaimed, "Recollect, sir, *I* am the representative of his majesty!" "Then, sir," retorted the captain, "recollect that *here I* am *more* than majesty itself. Can the king *seize a fellow up and give him three dozen?*" Further argument was useless—the diplomatist struck."

MARCEL.

A LADY who had been a pupil of this distinguished professor of dancing, and remained subsequently his steady and zealous friend, succeeded in obtaining for him from the government a pension for life. In her great joy at having such a boon to put into his possession, she advanced to him—the certificate in her hand—with a hurried and anxious step; when M. Marcel, shocked at the style of presentation, struck the paper out of her hand, demanding if she had forgotten his instructions? The lady immediately picked it up, and presented it with due form and grace; on which the accomplished Marcel, the enthusiastic professor of his art, respectfully kissed her hand, and with a profound bow exclaimed, "Now I know my own pupil!"

ACROSTIC.

C OULD angel's voice, or poet's lays,
A ttune my votive song to praise
R esistless then I'd touch the lyre,
O r chant her praise, whom all admire.
L et candour, dearest maid, excuse;
I claim no kindred to the muse,
N or can a lowly song of mine
E xpress the worth of Caroline. A. C.

"JACK OF BOTH SIDES."

THIS proverb is derived from the Greek, and applied to Theramenes, who was at first a mighty stickler for the thirty tyrants' authority: but when they began to abuse it by defending such outrageous practices, no man more violently opposed it than he; and this (says Potter) got him the nick-name of "*Jack of both sides,*" from *Cothurnus*, which was a kind of shoe that fitted both feet. P. T. W.

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THE COLOSSEUM,

IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

In a recent Number of the MIRROR we offered ourselves as the reader's *cicerone* throughout the interior of this stupendous building, the exterior of which is represented in the annexed engraving; and the architectural pretensions of which will, we trust, be found of equal interest to the interior.

The Colosseum is what is termed a polygon of sixteen sides, 130 feet in diameter. Each angle is strengthened by a double square pilaster of the Doric order, which supports an entablature, continued round the whole edifice. Above the cornice is a blocking course, surmounted by an attic, with an appropriate cornice and sub-blocking, to add to the height of the building. The whole is crowned with a majestic cupola, supported by three receding *scamilli*, or steps, and finished with an immense open circle. The upper part of the cupola is glazed, and protected with fine wire-work, and the lower part is covered with sheet copper; which distinctions are shown in the engraving.

When the spectator's surprise and admiration at the vastness of the building have somewhat subsided, his attention will be drawn to the fine and harmonious proportions of the portico, considered by architects as one of the best specimens of Græco-Doric in the metropolis. This portion of the building is copied from the portico of the Pantheon at Rome, "which, in the harmony of its proportions, and the exquisite beauty of its columns, surpasses every temple on the earth." Altogether, the grandeur and effect of this vast structure should be seen to be duly appreciated.

The adjoining lodges are in exceedingly good taste; and the plantations laid out by Mr. Hornor, are equally pleasing, whilst their verdure relieves the massiveness of the building; and in the engraving, the artist has caught a glimpse of the lattice-work which encloses the gardens and conservatories attached to the splendid suite of rooms. The front is enclosed by handsome iron rails, tastefully painted in imitation of bronze. We ought also to mention, that the means by which the portico is made to resemble immense blocks of stone, is peculiarly successful.

The architect of this extraordinary building is Mr. Decimus Burton, aided by his ingenious employer, Mr. Hornor, of whose taste and talents we have already spoken in terms of high commendation. Its original name, or, we should say, its popular name, was the *Coliseum*, evidently a misnomer, from its distant resemblance to that gigantic work of antiquity. The present and more appropriate name is the COLOSSEUM, in allusion to its colossal dimensions; for it would not show much discernment to erect a building like the Pantheon, and call it the Coliseum. The term *Diorama* has, likewise, been strangely corrupted since its successful adoption in the Regent's Park—it being now almost indefinitely applied to any number or description of paintings.

SNEEZING AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

(For the Mirror.)

Among the Greeks, sneezing was reckoned a good omen. The practice of saluting the person who sneezed, existed in Africa, among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," says, "We read in Godignus, that, upon a sneeze of the emperor of Monumotata, there passed acclamations successively through the city." The author of the "Conquest of Peru" assures us, that the cacique of Guachoia having sneezed in the presence of the Spaniards, the Indians of his train fell prostrate before him, stretched forth their hands, and displayed to him the accustomed marks of respect, while they invoked the sun to enlighten him, to defend him, and to be his constant guard. The Romans saluted each other on sneezing. Plutarch tells us, the genius of Socrates informed him by sneezing, when it was necessary to perform any action. The young Parthenis, hurried on by her passions, resolved to write to Sarpedon an avowal of her love: she sneezes in the most tender and impassioned part of her letter. This is sufficient for her; this incident supplies the place of an answer, and persuades her that Sarpedon is her lover. In the Odyssey, we are informed that Penelope, harassed by the vexatious courtship of her suitors, begins to curse them all, and to pour forth vows for the return of Ulysses. Her son Telemachus interrupts her by a loud sneeze. She instantly exults with joy, and regards this sign as an assurance of the approaching return of her husband. Xenophon was haranguing his troops; when a soldier sneezed in the moment he was exhorting them to embrace a dangerous but necessary resolution. The whole army, moved by this presage, determined to pursue the project of their general; and Xenophon orders sacrifices to Jupiter, the preserver. This religious reverence for sneezing, so ancient and so universal even in the time of Homer, always excited the curiosity of the Greek philosophers and the rabbins. These last spread a tradition, that, after

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the creation of the world, God made a law to this purport, that every man should sneeze but once in his life, and that at the same instant he should render up his soul into the hands of his Creator, without any preceding indisposition. Jacob obtained an exemption from the common law, and the favour of being informed of his last hour. He sneezed, and did not die; and this sign of death was changed into a sign of life. Notice of this was sent to all the princes of the earth; and they ordained, that in future sneezing should be accompanied with *forms of blessings*, and vows for the persons who sneezed. Thus the custom of *blessing persons who sneeze* is of higher antiquity than some authors suppose, for several writers affirm that it commenced in the year 750, under Pope Gregory the Great, when a pestilence occurred in which those who sneezed died; whence the pontiff appointed a form of prayer, and a wish to be said to persons sneezing, for averting this fatality from them. Some say Prometheus was the first that wished well to sneezers. For further information on this *ticklish* subject, I refer the reader to Brand's "Observations on Popular Antiquities." P. T. W.

STANZAS.

(Written on a stone, part of the ruins of Chertsey Abbey, Surrey.)

(For the Mirror.)

From gayer scenes, where pleasure's mad career
Infects the milder avenues of thought,
Where secret Envy swells the note of Fear,
And Hope is in its own illusion caught,

Where, in Ambition's thorny path of power,
Contending votaries bow to toils of state,
I turn, regardless of the passing hour,
To trace the havoc of avenging fate.

Ne'er may the wanton love of active life
Control the sage's precepts of repose,
Ne'er may the murmurs of tumultuous strife
Wreck the tranquillity of private woes.

Here, on the crumbling relics of a stone,
O'er which the pride of masonry has smiled,
Here am I wont to ruminate alone,
And pause, in Fancy's airy robe beguil'd,

Disparting time the towers of ages bends,
Forms and indignant sinks the proudest plan,
O'er the neglected path the weed extends,
Nor heeds the wandering steps of thoughtful man.

Here expiation, murder has appeased,
Treason and homicide have been forgiven,
Pious credulity her votaries eased,
Nor blamed th' indulgent majesty of heaven.

Some erring matron has her crimes disclosed,
Some father conscious of awak'ning fate,
Safe from revenge, hath innocence reposed,
Unseen and undisturbed at others' hate.

Some sorrowing virgin her complainings poured
With pious hope has many a pang relieved;
Here the faint pilgrim to his rest restored,
The scanty boon of luxury has received.

Sated with conquest from the noise of arms,
The aged warrior with his fame retired,
Careless of thirsty spoil,—of war's alarms—
Nor with imperial emulation fired.

Where once her orisons devotion paid
By fear, or hope, or reverence inspired,
The sad solicitude of youth allay'd,
And age in resignation calm attired.

The houseless cottager from wind severe,
His humble habitation oft has made;
Once gloomy penitence sat silent there,
And midnight tapers gleam'd along the shade.

The lonely shepherd here has oft retired,
To count his flock and tune his rustic lay,
Where loud Hosannas distant ears inspired,
And saintly vespers closed the solejan day.

HUGH DELMORE.

BOOK-MACHINERY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The world being supplied with books by *machinery* is almost, literally, a fact. Type-founding and stereotyping are, of course, mechanical processes; and lately, Dr. Church, of Boston, invented a plan for *composing* (setting the types) by machinery; the sheets are printed by steam; the paper *is* made by machinery; and pressed and beaten for binding by a machine of very recent date. Little more remains to be done than to write by machinery; and, to judge by many recent productions, a *spinning-jenny* would be the best engine for this purpose.

PHILO.

GRAVITATION

(For the Mirror.)

In a matter-of-fact age like the present, methinks it behoves every man to apply the improvements of scientific research as much as possible to the ordinary concerns of life. Science and society may thus be called *at par*, and philosophical theory will hence enlighten the practical tradesman.

To demonstrate the truth of the above remarks, I mean, with the editor's leave, to prove the necessity of keeping a friend in one's pocket, upon the principles of gravitation, according to Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia."

The learned doctor has mathematically proved that all bodies gravitate or incline to the centre. It is on this principle only that we can account for our being fixed to the earth; that we are surrounded by the atmosphere; and that we are constantly attended by, and seem constantly to attend, the planets around us.

Should any farther demonstration be necessary than the incomparable Sir Isaac has himself furnished us with, let any

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sceptic who doubts that the earth attracts all smaller bodies towards its centre, only take a hop from the Monument or St. Paul's, and he will soon find the power of gravitation, and die by the truth of the experiment.

But what, methinks, exclaims the reader, has all this to do with the proposition in hand, viz. the necessity of keeping a friend in one's pocket? Why, I'll tell you—from a due consideration of this very principle, you will soon see the use of a man's keeping his *money* in his pocket. It is this alone (the pocket) which nowadays constitutes the centre of friendship; there alone, therefore, must this most valuable, most faithful of all friends (*money*) be deposited. Now if this friend be of magnitude, he will soon collect many more around you, who, true as the needle to the pole, will point to you from every quarter—friends who will smile in your prosperity, bask in the sunshine of your glory, dance while you pay the piper, and to the very ground will be "votre très humble serviteur, monsieur." But if by sickness, misfortune, generosity, or the like, this friend be removed from your pocket, the centre is destroyed, the equilibrium is lost, away fly your friends, and, like pelicans, turn their beaks at your breast whenever you approach. "'Tis your own fault, fellow; you might have done well if you would; but you are an ass, and could not keep a friend when you had him; and so you may die in a ditch, and go to the devil, my dear."

The man of affluence, who lavishes away his substance, may aptly enough be likened to a porpoise sporting in the ocean—the smaller fry play around him, admire his dexterity, fan his follies, glory in his gambols; but let him once be enmeshed in the net of misfortune, and they who foremost fawned under his fins, will first fall foul of him.

Now, to illustrate the subject further, let us consider the advantages arising from this practical use of gravitation, and the losses attendant upon the neglect thereof. First, then, he who *has* secured this friend in his pocket, may go *when* he pleases, and *where* he pleases, and *how* he pleases, either on foot or on horseback, by barouche or by boat, and he shall be respected and esteemed, and called *sir*, and made welcome in every season and in every place, and no one shall presume to say unto him, Why doest thou these things?

But a man that hath not this friend in his pocket, may not go when, where, and how he pleases, but when, where, and how he is directed by others. Moreover he shall travel on foot, and perchance without shoes, and not have the benefit of a horse, barouche, or boat; and moreover he shall be called *sirrah*, and not *sir*; neither shall he be esteemed nor respected, nor made welcome; and they shall say unto him, "Don't be troublesome, fellow; get out of the way, for thou hast no business here!"

The rich man shall be clothed in scarlet, and get whatsoever his heart desires; and the people shall give him the wall, and bow before him to the ground. But the poor man shall be clad in rags, and walk in the dirt, regarded by no man; nor shall he even purchase to himself a name, though the composition thereof consist only of air!

This is the state of modern times—such our modern friendship; and since, gentle reader, it is so, who, possessing one grain of common sense, would not duly attend to the theory of gravitation, by taking care of a friend while he has him, especially if he be so portable as to be placed in one's pocket. JACOBUS.

THE DREAM OF POESY.—A FRAGMENT.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE,

Author of "Parga," "Knights of Ritzbe-y," &c.

(For the Mirror.)

I HAD a vision fair and bright,
And when I waken'd I was griev'd
To own 'twas but a dream of night,
And sigh'd to find my hopes deceiv'd.
But then o'er my fancy crept,
Those who hail'd me while I slept.
There were those of olden time,
Milton, wond'rous, wild, sublime—
Chaucer, of the many tales;
Spenser, soft as summer gales,
With a mild and gracious mien
Leading on his "Faery Queene."
Shakspeare, child of fancy, stood
Smiling in a mirthful mood,
As tho' he that moment spied
The fairy folk by Bottom's side,
Or beheld by Herne's old oak,
Falstaff with his antler yoke.
Dryden, laurel-crown'd and hoary,
Proudly stood in all his glory;
Pope, as if his claims to speak
Rested on the ancient Greek;
And that prince of merry-men,
Laughing, quaffing, "rare old Ben,"
Whose quaint conceits, so gay, so wild,
Have oft my heart from woe beguil'd,
Shone like a meteor 'midst the throng,
The envy of each son of song.
There too were those of later years,
Who've mov'd the mind to mirth or tears:
Byron, with his radiant ray—
Scott, with many a magic lay—
The gay and gorgeous minstrel, Moore,
Rich in the charms of Eastern lore—
Campbell, like a brilliant star,
Shed the beams of "Hope" afar—

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Rogers, with a smiling eye
Told the joys of "Memory,"
Southey, with his language quaint;
Describing demon, sinner, saint—
Wordsworth, of the simpler strain,
Clare, the young unletter'd swain—
Wiffen, who in fairy bowers,
Culls blossoms in "Aonian hours,"
Shone like a star in dusky skies,
When first the evening shades arise.
Barton, the gentle bard, was there,
And Hemans, tender as she's fair—
And Croly, whose bright genius beams
Ever on virtue's fairest themes;
With Burns, the muse's darling child—
And Luttrell, laughing, sportive, wild,
As when he pean'd for Julia's eye,
His sweet "Advice" for what? for why?
And Crabbe, who misery portrays,
With crowds of others, crown'd with bays,
Who shed around their bright'ning beams,
And cheer'd a humbler poet's dreams.
* * * *

ANCIENT SITE OF THE EXETER 'CHANGE, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

HERE was formerly the parsonage-house for the parish of St. Clement Danes, with a garden and close for the parson's horse, till Sir Thomas Palmer, knight, in the reign of Edward VI., came into the possession of the living, and began to build a house; but upon his attainder for high treason, in the first year of Queen Mary, it reverted to the crown. This house remained in the crown till Queen Elizabeth granted it to Sir William Cecil, lord treasurer, who augmented and rebuilt it, when it was called Cecil House, and Burleigh House. It was said to have been a noble pile, and adorned with four square turrets. It was afterwards called Exeter House, from the title of his son and successor. Lord Burleigh died here in 1598. It fronted the Strand, and its gardens extended from the west side of the garden-wall of Wimbledon House to the Green-lane, which is now Southampton-street. Lord Burleigh was in this house honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth, who, knowing him to be subject to the gout, would always make him to sit in her presence, which, it is probable, (says Nightingale,) the lord treasurer considered a great indulgence from so haughty a lady, inasmuch as he one day apologized for the badness of his legs. To which the queen replied, "My lord, we make use of you not for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head." When she came to Burleigh House, it is probable she had that kind of pyramidial head-dress then in fashion, built of wire, lace, ribands, and jewels, which shot up to a great height; for when the principal domestic ushered her in, as she passed the threshold he desired her majesty to stoop. To which she replied, "For your master's sake I will stoop, but not for the king of Spain." After the fire of London, this house was occupied by the doctors of civil law, &c. till 1672; and here the various courts of arches, admiralty, &c. were kept. Being deserted by the family, the lower part was converted into shops of various descriptions; the upper part, like Babylon of old, is a nest of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles. The present "march of intellect" will *march away* these bipeds and quadrupeds, and no doubt the noble Marquess of Exeter "would much rather have their *room* than their *company*." P. T. W.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

A DAY AT FONTAINBLEAU.—THE ROYAL HUNT.

HAVING learned that the King and the Dauphin, with the *Duc de Grammont*, and the rest of the royal suite, were about to proceed to Fontainbleau, in order to enjoy the diversion of hunting, I resolved to be there to meet them, to see with my own eyes a royal personage of whom I had heard so much. Accordingly I ordered post horses, and arrived in the town about six hours after his Most Christian Majesty.

After breaktasting on a cold partridge and some excellent coffee, I set out at eight o'clock for the forest. Even at that hour—a late one in France, when compared with England—the roads were by no means thronged, and I could very plainly perceive that the major part of the equestrians were attached to the court, and that the pedestrians were either such as had been in the enjoyment of some of the good things of this life under the present family, or such as were in expectancy of them. There was a third class, altogether composed of the mob, who, partly incited by the desire of plunder, the love of idleness, or an indistinct hope of obtaining the entrails of the deer, flocked in great numbers to witness the feats of the royal party. Among this latter class, old men, old women, and very young boys predominated.

The forest of Fontainbleau is in itself beautiful in the extreme. The various alleys formed by the manner in which the oak trees are planted, create an imposing and majestic *coup d'œil*, which is only bounded almost by the horizon. At the bottom and in the middle of these alleys were placed mounted *gendarmes*, to restrain the intrusion of the populace, and

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to prevent them from coming—such is French curiosity—within shot of the hunters. At the end of one of these alleys, to my left, the great body of the crowd was stationed, and at the top of it was an enclosed space, somewhat like a stand on a race course, on which the royal party took their station, while the carriages and servants remained quietly behind. Across this stand, and within the enclosed space, were the roe-buck, fawns, and young wild boar goaded, while the King, the Dauphin, the Duc de Grammont, and the rest of the royal party, had their shots in succession, or, as it is technically termed, their "*coup.*" Ten men were busy charging for the King, while as many were engaged for the Dauphin. Ammunition and cartridges were borne by four attendants, who, as well as the chargers, were all in the livery of the King's huntsmen. As shot after shot passed in quick succession, the sounds fell chiefly on the ears of those among the crowd—and they were the fewer number—who had hearts within them, and to British feeling each reverberation brought a mingled sensation. In England, and in most other nations, whether civilized or savage, when an animal is hunted, some chance at least of escape is given. The reader will bear in mind that the enclosed space around the stand was surrounded by a kind of *chevaux de frise*, six feet in height, so that the animal had not the least chance of escape, and the work of destruction of course went rapidly on.

Within 300 yards of the stand were placed a number of light carts, whose drivers vociferated loudly at the sound of each shot. These carts were placed for the purpose of carrying away the dead carcasses, as they accumulated in quick succession within the enclosure. In the short interval of four hours I saw twenty-three of these carts filled with the produce of the slaughter, which, amidst deafening yells, was conveyed to the end of one of the alleys, where the bodies were deposited in order as they had been killed. In the first row those killed by the king himself were ranged; and he numbered forty-six roe-bucks, and one *mercassin* (young wild boar); the spoil of the dauphin was thirty-eight roe-bucks, being eight less than his royal father, while the rest of the company destroyed among them fifty-four, making a grand total of 138 roes, and one wild boar.

While the carcasses thus remained strewn on the ground, the work of disembowelling quickly proceeded. It was the business of one man to range the game in the order I have mentioned—another ripped open the body with a sharp knife, while a third party, to the amount of a dozen, were engaged in the disembowelling.

The day, which hitherto was bright and glorious, now began to close into evening. The air became keener, and I felt a disposition to leave the forest and return to Fontainbleau. But, though I had heard the king, I had not yet seen him, and my party being anxious to come in contact with royalty, I consented to remain. Presently the crowd began to rush towards the enclosed space, but the gendarmes, ever active, kept them at bay. The multitude, however, despite opposition, ranged themselves into two lines; and, in a few minutes, the signal ran that the king was coming.

His majesty was on foot—he was surrounded by the officers of his household, dressed in a plain, dark-green frock, with a star on his breast. On his head was a small, round, gray hat, full of days, or mayhap years, and of services. His breeches were of the homeliest thickset; and he also wore a pair of large leather gaiters—such as are very common among farmers and peasants in Kent and Sussex. Though the conformation of his figure was not powerful, yet it was muscular and wiry, and he appeared in perfect health.

It was now past five o'clock, and the umbrage of the forest added a deeper tint to the shadows of evening. The air was piercingly cold, and his majesty had been engaged in the sport from six in the morning, without intermission. Untired, however, in the work, the king determined to continue the sport, and accordingly, with his suite, he returned to the enclosed space. In the enclosure his majesty did not long remain. Three separate bevies of deer were let loose—again I heard the fearful shots, and the number was soon filled up. The king again came among the crowd; and, after having given directions about the game, entered his carriage with a hasty step, and at a rapid pace drove off for Fontainbleau.

Monthly Magazine.

The Contemporary Traveller.

LAKE ERIE.

Lake Erie has few of the fascinations of scenery to boast of, apart from the large mass of waters it exhibits—in tranquillity, or in motion, sometimes most vehement. It is only at its west end that it is adorned by islands. The Morasses, earthy scaurs, or gentle uplands of its coasts, are only remarkable for their large walnut and buttonwood trees, which, in a

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dense umbrageous belt, shut out all view of the interior from the traveller on the lake, except at the partial clearances. Neither is the vicinity of this lake agreeable as a residence, in the western half, at least in the summer. The heat then, although not thermometrically extreme, is peculiarly oppressive, relaxing, and long continued. The steaming swamps, which are almost universal, are full of putrifying substances, occasioning the bilious remittents there so prevalent. The water in common use is heated, and ill-tasted. Moskitoes, sand, and black flies abound, and, extending their attacks to the domestic animals, aided by a fly nearly an inch long, almost drive them distracted. There are circumstances also, in social life, which render this region a disagreeable residence, but which are gradually disappearing. Its extreme fertility, the moderate sum of its annual heat, and its facilities of communication with other countries, will, in progress of time, render it the seat of a dense population, and a principal granary of the western continent. Wheat, maize, and tobacco, are cultivated with equal success. The returns of the agriculturist are large, secure, and of excellent quality. The last-named article has been grown in considerable quantity about the river Detroit, near the head of the lake, and favoured, in a small remission of duty, by the British government, is sent to England, after having undergone an inland carriage, to Quebec, of 814 miles. Salt springs exist in almost every township, accompanied, in one or two cases, by large beds of gypsum. Bog iron ore is common on the north-east side of the lake, and is worked. The water communications of these countries are astonishingly easy. Canoes can go from Quebec to Rocky Mountains, to the Arctic Circle, or to the Mexican Gulf, without a portage longer than four miles; and the traveller shall arrive at his journey's end as fresh and as safely as from an English tour of pleasure. It is common for the Erie steamboat to take goods and passengers from Buffaloe, to Green Bay and Chicago, in Lake Michigan, a distance of nearly 900 miles, touching, at the same time, at many intermediate ports. In about three years, in addition to the canal connecting Lake Erie with tide-water in the Hudson, another will be excavated across the southern dividing ridge, to communicate with the Ohio. Near its place of junction with this river, a canal from the Atlantic, across the Alleghanies, will enter the Ohio. Lake Erie will then also have a steady line of water transport to Baltimore, on the Chesapeake, and New Orleans, on the Mississippi. The surveys, preparatory to these projects, have been in execution for two years; there is no doubt of their practicability.

We cannot even hazard a conjecture as to the number of inhabitants around Lake Erie. They are numerous, and daily augmenting; but with incomparably greater rapidity on the south side of the lake, distributed between the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Ohio, which occupies the largest portion, in 1800, had 45,000 inhabitants; in 1810, 250,760, and, in 1820, 581,434. At present, it cannot have less than 750,000 inhabitants, and there is ample room for more. There are few or no Indians on the north borders of the lake. The Mohawks are placed high up the river Ouse, and the Hurons, from four to ten miles up the river Detroit

The winds are generally either up or down the lake, and in summer they are in the former direction for two-thirds of the time. In the middle of this season they are commonly mild, but occasionally in perfect tornadoes, accompanied with tremendous lightning and heavy rain. The gales begin in October, and are both violent and dangerous. Many lives are lost annually. The winters are mild and short. The inhabitants do not reckon on the ground being covered by snow more than three or four months. They turn their cattle into the woods in March and April, but the lake remains full of floating ice until May. On the 12th of May, 1821, the steam-boat could not proceed on account of the ice. From an adjacent eminence, the lake was seen to be covered with it in one compact mass, as far as the eye could range. As might be expected, remittent and intermittent fevers are very prevalent in the autumn. The febrile action rises high, and there is usually a topical affection conjoined; to this the stimulating diet and frequent use of spirituous liquors, and exposure to heat, mainly conduce.

Brande's Quarterly Journal.

Spirit of Discovery.

Hydrophobia in Foxes.

Foxes become mad occasionally, and there have been examples of dogs, which having been bitten by mad foxes, have not caught the disease. In these cases it has been proved that the stomachs of the foxes were filled with wood, earth, stones, leaves, hair, and other substances improper for nourishment. On the contrary, when the madness has been communicat-

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ed, the stomach and intestines have been found completely empty. From this difference, it is concluded that hunger is the cause of madness in foxes; and this agrees with the results which occurred during and after the rigorous winter of 1826–7, when these animals, with many others, suffered from want of nourishment.—*From the French.*

Ripening Fruit.

Slates have recently been employed in France for hastening the ripening of fruits. The effect was first observed on a slate roof; since which the slates have been placed beneath the fruit on walls.

Hatching Eggs by Hot Mineral Waters.

This curious process has lately been practised with great success in the south of France. It consists in putting the eggs into a small basket, suspending the latter in a stove heated by the hot mineral water, and turning the eggs every day. The first trial was attended with success, and no failure was experienced in four repetitions of it.

Lake Erie.

The height of Lake Erie above the Atlantic Ocean, has been ascertained to be 565 feet. The barrier which contains it is so low, that, were it only to rise six feet, it would inundate, on its northern and western borders, seven millions of acres, now partly occupied by towns, villages, and farms; and it is estimated that a further rise of six or eight feet would precipitate a vast flood of waters over the state of Illinois, from the south end of Michigan; the great Canadian Lakes then discharging also into the Mexican Gulf.—*Brande's Journal.*

The Cuckoo

Has done more for our music than musicians may be willing to allow; but it is no more than justice to a despised bird to say, that from it we have derived the *minor scale*, whose origin has puzzled so many; the cuckoo's couplet being the *minor third* sung downwards.

Mag. Nat. Hist.

Immense Fir-tree.

In the Museum of Natural History at Strasburg, is shown the trunk of a silver fir-tree, from the forest of Hochwald, at Barr, in Alsatia. The tree was 150 feet high, with a trunk perfectly straight and free from branches to the height of 50 feet, after which it was forked with the one shoot 100 feet long, and the other somewhat shorter. The diameter of the trunk at the surface of the ground was 8 feet; estimated age 350 years.—*Ibid.*

The Weather by Frogs.

The editor of the *Magasine of Natural History*, in his Notes during a recent tour on the continent, says, "at Schwetzingen, in the post-house, we witnessed, for the first time, what we have since seen frequently, an amusing application of zoological knowledge, for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs, of the species *Rana arbórea*, are kept in a crystal jar, about 18 inches high, and 6 inches in diameter, with a depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather, the frogs mount the ladder; but, when moisture is expected, they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state here, climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly; one of which, we were assured, would serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day if it can get them. In catching the flies put alive into the jar the frogs display great adroitness."

Human Remains.

The remarkable fact, that no vestiges of human remains have been discovered with those of the more ancient inhabitants of the globe, is at present fully confirmed; nor have any fossil bones of monkeys hitherto been found. Mr. Bakewell, however, observes, that the vast diluvial beds of gravel and clay, and the upper strata in Asia, have not yet been scientifically explored; and both sacred and profane writers agree in regarding the temperate regions of that continent as the cradle of the human race.—*Bakewell's Geology.*

Food of Bees.

The American black willow and the red maple, are the first trees that are visited by bees. They are fond of the crocus, which is the earliest of our bulbous roots. The stercorary and piggery are next resorted to by these insects, and the extract absorbed from them must be used as a tonic. Blossoms of all kinds, excepting those of the red clover and of the honeysuckle, are excellent food; and the bees especially profit by the increased attention bestowed at present on the cultivation of the peach-tree in some parts of America. They not only drink the nectar and abstract the pollen of the flower, but they appropriate the peach itself. We have seen twenty or thirty bees devour a peach in half an hour; that is, they carried the juices of it to their cells. The humming-bird alone can reach the bot-

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tom of the nectary of the honeysuckle; but even here the instinct of the bee is seen. The small birds, such as the wren, make an incision on the outside, near the bottom of the flower, and extract a part of the juices. The bee takes advantage of this opening, and avails itself of what is left. The scent of bees is so acute, that every flower which has a powerful odour can be discovered by them at a great distance. Strawberry blossoms, mignonette, wild and garden thyme, herbs of all kinds, apple, plum, cherry, and above all, raspberry blossoms and white clover, are delicious food for them, and a thriving orchard and apiary fitly go together.

North American Review.

Singing Birds.

Those who have paid attention to the singing of birds, know well that their voice, energy, and expression differ as widely as in man; and agreeably to this remark, Mr. Wilson (the celebrated ornithologist) says he was so familiar with the notes of an individual wood thrush, that he could recognise him from all his fellows the moment he entered the woods.

Mag. Nat. Hist.

Gigantic Fossils.

Some gigantic bones have been exhibited at New Orleans, but the place where they were found is not mentioned in the communication. They consist of one of the bones of the cranium, fifteen or twenty vertebræ, two entire ribs, and part of a third, one thigh bone, two bones of the leg, &c. The cranial bone was upwards of twenty feet in its greatest length, about four in extreme width, and it weighed 1,200 lbs. The ribs measured nine feet along the curve, and about three inches in thickness. It had been conjectured that the animal to which these bones belonged was amphibious, and perhaps of the crocodile family. It was also supposed that the animal when alive, must have measured twenty-five feet round the body, and about 130 feet in length.

Trans. Geolog. Soc.

The Cochineal Insect.

Our readers are doubtless aware that cochineal, so extensively used in this country for dying,* is a beautiful insect abundantly found in various parts of Mexico and Peru. Some of these insects have lately been sent over to Old Spain, and are doing remarkably well on the prickly pear of that country; indeed, they are said to rival even those of Mexico in the quality and brilliancy of their dye. Their naturalisation may doubtless be extended along the shores of the Mediterranean, Sicily, and the different states of Greece. The prickly pear is indigenous in those places, and by little cultivation will afford sufficient nourishment for the cochineal insects. We are also assured, (says an intelligent correspondent of *The Times*,) that these precious insects were introduced last year on the island of Malta, by Dr. Gorman, on account of the government, and that they are likely to do well on that island.

Dr. Gorman discovered a few weeks since, in the botanic garden at Cambridge, the *grona sylvestris*, or wild species of cochineal, living among the leaves of the coffee-plants, the acacia, &c. This is the kermes, or gronilla of Spain, about which so much has been said in endeavouring to identify it with the grona fina. At all events, this is the same species as the gronilla found on the hairs of the green oaks in Andalusia; and in some years large and valuable crops of the gronilla are gathered in that part of Spain by the peasantry, and sold to the Moors to dye their scarlet.

The gardener at Cambridge could not inform Dr. Gorman how long the insects had been there, or from whence they came, but they went there by the appellation of "amelca bug." The gardener found these insects very destructive to plants upon which they fostered, and although he tried every means short of injuring the plants to remove them, he found it impossible, as they adhere to the leaves and parts of the stem with such tenacity, and are so prolific, that the young ones are often found spreading themselves over the neighbouring plants. On this account, it would be worth while to attempt the cultivation of the prickly pear in the open air in this country, and place the insects upon them, for in all probability the insects would, by good management, do well.

Fossil Turtle.

The remains of a sea turtle have lately been discovered, and are now in the possession of Mr. Deck, of Cambridge. It is imbedded in a mass of septaria, weighing upwards of 150 pounds, with two fine specimens of fossil wood; and was obtained in digging for cement stone, about five miles from Harwich, in three fathoms water, where, as a mass of stone, it had been used for some time as a stepping block.—*Bakewell's Geology.*

Geological Changes

The following are the writers whose opinions have obtained the greatest celebrity, as advocates for particular systems

* It is computed that there have been imported into Europe no less a quantity than 880,000 lbs. weight of cochineal in one year!

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accounting for the formation and subsequent alteration of the earth:—

Mr. Whitehurst taught that the *concentric arrangement* of the crust of the globe was destroyed by the expansive force of subterranean fire.

Burnet's theory supposes this crust to have been broken for the production of the deluge.

Leibnitz and Buffon believed the earth to have been liquefied by fire; in fact, that it is an extinguished sun or vitrified globe, whose surface has been operated upon by a deluge. The latter assumes that the earth was 75,000 years in cooling to its present temperature, and that, in 90,000 years more, productive nature must be finally extinguished.

Woodward considered there was a temporary dissolution of the elements of the globe, during which period the extraneous fossils became incorporated with the general mass.

De Luc, Dolomieu, and, finally Baron Cuvier, unite in the opinion, that the phenomena exhibited by the earth, particularly the alternate deposits of terrestrial and marine productions, can only be satisfactorily accounted for by a series of revolutions similar to the deluge.

Among the singular views entertained by men of genius, in the infancy of the science, are those of Whiston, "who fancied that the earth was created from the atmosphere of one comet, and deluged by the tail of another;" and that, for their sins, the antediluvian population were drowned; "except the fishes, whose passions were less violent."

A French geologist conceived that the sea covered the earth for a vast period; that all animals were originally inhabitants of the water; that their habits gradually changed on the retiring of the waves, and "that man himself began his career as a fish!"—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE CLIFFORDS OF CRAVEN.

THERE is no district in England which abounds in more beautiful and romantic scenery than the remote and rarely visited district of Craven, in Yorkshire. Its long ridge of low and irregular hills, terminating at last in the enormous masses of Pennygent and Ingleborough,—its deep and secluded valleys, containing within their hoary ramparts of gray limestone fertile fields and pleasant pasturages,—its wide-spreading moors, covered with the different species of moss and ling, and fern and bent-grass, which variegate the brown livery of the heath, and break its sombre uniformity,—its crystal streams of unwearied rapidity, now winding a silent course "in infant pride" through the willows and sedges which fringe their banks, and now bounding with impetuous rage over the broken ledges of rock, which seek in vain to impede their progress from the mountains,—its indigenous woods of yew, and beech, and ash, and alder, which have waved in the winds of centuries, and which still flourish in green old age on the sides and summits of the smaller declivities,—its projecting crags, which fling additional gloom over the melancholy tarns that repose in dismal grandeur at their feet,—its hamlets, and towns, and ivy-mantled churches, which remind the visiter of their antiquity by the rudeness, and convince him of their durability by the massiveness of their construction,—these are all features in the landscape which require to be seen only once, to be impressed upon the recollection for ever. But it is not merely for the lovers of the wild, and beautiful, and picturesque, that the localities of Craven possess a powerful charm. The antiquarian, the novelist, and the poet, may all find rich store of employment in the traditions which are handed down from father to son respecting the ancient lords and inhabitants of the district. It is indeed the region of romance, and I have often felt surprise, that the interesting materials with which it abounds have so seldom been incorporated into the works of fiction which are now issuing with such thoughtless haste from the press of the metropolis. In Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven—which in spite of his extravagant prejudices in favour of gentle blood, and in derogation of commercial opulence, is still an excellent model for all future writers of local history—there is a ground-work laid for at least a dozen ordinary novels. To say nothing of the legendary tales, which the peasantry relate of the minor families of the district, of the Bracewells, the Tempests, the Lysters, the Romillies, and the Nortons,—whose White Doe, however, has been immortalized by the poetry of Wordsworth,—can any thing be more pregnant with romantic adventure than the fortunes of the successive chieftains of the lordly line of Clifford? Their first introduction to the North, owing to a love-match made by a poor knight of Herefordshire with the wealthy heiress of the Viponts and the Veeys! Their rising greatness, to the merited disgrace and death of Piers de Gavestone and his profligate minions! and their final exalta-

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tion to the highest honours of the British peerage, which they have now enjoyed for five hundred years, to the strong hand and unblenching heart with which they have always welcomed the assaults of their most powerful enemies! Of the first ten lords of Skipton castle, four died in the field and one upon the scaffold! The "black-faced Clifford," who sullied the glory which he acquired by his gallantry at the battle of Sandal, by murdering his youthful prisoner the Earl of Rutland, in cold blood, at the termination of it, has gained a passport to an odious immortality from the soaring genius of the bard of Avon. But his real fate is far more striking, both in a moral and in a poetical point of view, than that assigned to him by our great dramatist. On the evening before the battle of Towton Field, and after the termination of the skirmish which preceded it, an unknown archer shot him in the throat, as he was putting off his gorget, and so avenged the wretched victims, whose blood he had shed like water upon Wakefield Bridge. The vengeance of the Yorkists was not, however, satiated by the death of the Butcher, as Leland informs us that they called him:—for they attainted him, in the first year of the reign of Edward the Fourth, and granted his estates, a few years afterwards, to the Duke of Gloucester, who retained them in his iron grasp till he lost them with his crown and life at the battle of Bosworth. The history of his son is a romance ready made. His relations, fearing lest the partisans of the house of York should avenge the death of the young Earl of Rutland on the young Lord Clifford, then a mere infant, concealed him for the next twenty-five years of his life in the Fells of Cumberland, where he grew up as hardy as the heath on which he vegetated, and as ignorant as the rude herds which bounded over it. One of the first acts of Henry the Seventh, after his accession to the throne, was to reverse the attainder which had been passed against his father; and immediately afterwards the young lord emerged from the hiding place, where he had been brought up in ignorance of his rank, and with the manners and education of a mere shepherd. Finding himself more illiterate than was usual even in an illiterate age, he retired to a tower, which he built in the beautiful forest of Barden, and there, under the direction of the monks of Bolton Abbey, gave himself up to the forbidden studies of alchemy and astrology. His son, who was the first Earl of Cumberland, embittered the conclusion of his life, by embarking in a series of adventures, which, in spite of their profligacy, or rather in consequence of it, possess a very strong romantic interest. Finding that his father was either unwilling or unable to furnish him with funds to maintain his inordinate riot and luxury, he became the leader of a band of outlaws, and, by their agency, levied aids and benevolences upon the different travellers on the king's highway. A letter of the old lord, his father, which, by the by, is not the letter of an illiterate man, is still extant, in which he complains in very moving terms of his son's degeneracy and misconduct. The young scapegrace, wishing to make his father know from experience the inconvenience of being scantily supplied with money, enjoined his tenantry in Craven not to pay their rents, and beat one of them, Henry Popely, who ventured to disobey him, so severely with his own hand, that he lay for a long time in peril of death. He spoiled his father's houses, &c. "felonliously took away his proper goods;" as the old lord quaintly observes, "apparelling himself and his horse, all the time, in cloth of gold and goldsmith's work, more like a duke than a poor baron's son." He likewise took a particular aversion to the religious orders, "shamefully beating their tenants and servants, in such wise as some whole towns were fain to keep the churches both night and day, and durst not come at their own houses." —Whilst engaged in these ignoble practices, less dissonant, however, to the manners of his age than to those of our's, he wooed, and won, and married, a daughter of the Percy of Northumberland; and it is conjectured, upon very plausible grounds, that his courtship and marriage with a lady of the highest rank under such disadvantages on his part, gave rise to the beautiful old ballad of the Nut-brown Maid. The lady, becoming very unexpectedly the heiress of her family, added to the inheritance of the Cliffords the extensive fee which the Percies held in Yorkshire; and by that transfer of property, and by the grant of Bolton Abbey, which he obtained from Henry the Eighth, on the dissolution of the monasteries, her husband became possessor of nearly all the district which stretches between the castles of Skipton on the south, and of Brougham, or as the Cliffords, to whom it belonged, always wrote it, Bromeham, on the north. The second Earl of Cumberland, who was as fond of alchemy and astrology as his grandfather, was succeeded by his son George, who distinguished himself abroad by the daring intrepidity with which he conducted several buccaneering expeditions in the

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West Indies against the Spaniards, and at home, by the very extensive scale on which he propagated his own and his Maker's image in the dales of Craven. Among the numerous children of whom he was the father, the most celebrated was the Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, whose long life of virtuous exertion renders her well qualified to figure as the heroine of a tale of chivalry. The anecdotes which are told of this high-spirited lady in the three counties of York, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, are almost innumerable, and relate to circumstances in her life, which, though some are impossible, and others improbable, are still all full of heroic interest and adventure. Her defence of Brougham Castle against the intrusion of her uncle of Cumberland,—her riding cross-legged to meet the judges of assize, when she acted in person at Appleby as High Sheriff by inheritance of the county of Westmoreland,—her hairbreadth escapes and dangers during the great rebellion, are characteristics of the woman, so striking in themselves, that they would require little adventitious ornament from the writer, who should take them as incidents for poem or romance. Her courage and liberality in public life were only to be equalled by her order, economy, and devotion in private. "She was," says Dr. Whitaker, "the oldest and most independent courtier in the kingdom," at the time of her death.—"She had known and admired queen Elizabeth;—she had refused what she deemed an iniquitous award of king James," though urged to submit to it by her first husband, the Earl of Dorset;—"She rebuilt her dismantled castles in defiance of Cromwell, and repelled with disdain the interposition of a profligate minister under Charles the Second." A woman of such dauntless spirit and conduct would be a fitting subject, even for the pencil of the mighty magician of Abbotsford. A journal of her life in her own hand-writing is still in existence at Appleby Castle. I have heard, that it descends to the minutest details about her habits and feelings, and that it is that cause alone, which prevents its publication.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A VILLAGE FUNERAL IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE sun was careering brightly in the heavens, and all nature was rejoicing in its unclouded glory, as the funeral procession of Helen Hartlington, and Antony Clifford, wound its toilsome and melancholy way to Bolton Abbey. The sportive deer were bounding lightly over the hills, and the glad birds were warbling melodiously in the thickets, as if none but the living were moving amongst them; and but for the wild dirge, which mingled with the whispers of the wind, and but for the deep-toned knell which ever and anon rose slowly and mournfully above it, the lone traveller would never have conjectured that Death was conveying its victims through those smiling scenes. As the procession approached the portals of the Abbey, it was met, as was then customary, by the young men and maidens of the surrounding villages, in their best array, who hung upon the hearse chaplets of fragrant flowers, and strewed its path with rosemary, pansies, and rue. At the same moment the solemn chant of the Miserere thrilled upon the soul, and was succeeded, as it gradually melted into silence, by the still more affecting strains of the parting requiem for the dead.—*Ibid.*

NOTES FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—(JUST PUBLISHED.)

AN old acquaintance of ours, as remarkable for the grotesque queerness of his physiognomy, as for the kindness and gentleness of his disposition, was asked by a friend, where he had been? He replied, he had been seeing the lion, which was at that time an object of curiosity—(we are not sure whether it was *Nero* or *Cato*.) "And what," rejoined the querist, "did the lion think of you?" The jest passed as a good one; and yet under it lies something that is serious and true.

THE possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by the tale which Lockman tells of a vizier who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black-beetle, together with a little *ghee*, (or buffalo's butter,) three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, and another of whipcord; finally, a stout coil of rope."—When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the

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top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, who drew up the packthread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the packthread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his duresse.

ANOTHER UNIVERSITY.

A MUNIFICENT lady in Yorkshire has recently offered to subscribe 50,000*l.* towards the endowment of an university *in that county*, and a noble earl has professed his willingness to give a similar benefaction. These princely examples will no doubt be followed ere long, and the scheme completed—though we have some doubts whether the site of the new university for the north would be best selected in Yorkshire.

GREATER changes have taken place in no single age than are at this time in progress; and the revolutions in which empires, kingdoms, or republics are made and unmade, and political constitutions rise and burst like bubbles upon a standing pool, when its stagnant waters are disturbed by a thunder-shower, are not the most momentous of those changes, neither are they those which most nearly concern us. The effects of the discovery of printing could never be felt in their full extent by any nation, till education, and the diffusion also of a certain kind of knowledge, had become so general, that newspapers should be accessible to every body, and the very lowest of the people should have opportunity to read them, or to hear them read. The maxim that it is politic to keep the people in ignorance, will not be maintained in any country where the rulers are conscious of upright intentions, and confident likewise in the intrinsic worth of the institutions which it is their duty to uphold, knowing those institutions to be founded on the rock of righteous principles. They know, also, that the best means of preserving them from danger is so to promote the increase of general information, as to make the people perceive how intimately their own well-being depends upon the stability of the state, thus making them wise to obedience.

THE heart and mind can as little lie barren as the earth whereon we move and have our being, and which, if it produce not herbs and fruit meet for the use of man, will be overrun with weeds and thorns. Muley Ismael, a personage of tyrannical celebrity in his day, always employed his troops in some active and useful work, when they were not engaged in war, "to keep them," he said, "from being devoured by the worm of indolence." In the same spirit one of our Elizabethan poets delivered his wholesome advice:—

"Eschew the id'e vein
Flee, flee from doing nought!
For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought"

FLOGGING.

LITTLE did king Solomon apprehend, when his unfortunate saying concerning the rod fell from his lips, that it would occasion more havoc among birch-trees than was made among the cedars for the building of his temple, and his house of the forest of Lebanon! Many is the phlebotomist who, with this text in his mouth, has taken the rod in hand, when he himself, for ill teaching, or ill temper, or both, has deserved it far more than the poor boy who, whether slow of comprehension, or stupified by terror, has stood untrussed and trembling before him.

The Sketch Book.

THE VISION OF VALDEMARO.

Translated from the Spanish.

IT was night; and by degrees, that sweet forgetfulness which suspends our faculties insensibly began to steal over me, and I fell asleep. In an instant my soul was transported to an unknown region. I found myself in the centre of a spacious plain, surrounded by groves of mournful cypresses. The whole enclosure was full of superb mausoleums, some assuming the shape of pyramids, whose lofty summits almost touched the clouds; and others the forms of altars, whose magnificence presented the most imposing spectacle. On all were engraved the epitaphs and sculptured insignia of the heroes who had been interred there. In various places I discovered coffins lying on the ground covered with sable palls, and bodies extended on the bare earth, meanly enveloped in miserable garbs.

I wandered, filled with terror, through this dismal region. By the light of the moon, which shone in the midst of an unclouded sky, I attentively regarded these proud monuments, and curiosity impelled me to read the pompous epitaphs inscribed on them. "How remarkable a difference!" I observed to myself; "when ordinary men, incapable of eclipsing their fellow-mortals, lie forgotten in dust and corruption, those great men who have excited astonishment and admiration throughout the world, even after the lapse

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of many ages, still breathe in splendid marble! Happy are they who have had the glory of performing brilliant achievements! Even though inexorable fate refuse to spare them, their ashes afterwards revive, and under the very stroke of death, they rise triumphantly to a glorious immortality!"

I was indulging in these reflections, when, on a sudden, a hoarse and fearful blast of wind affrighted me. The earth rocked under my feet, the mausoleum waved to and fro with violence, the cypresses were torn up with tremendous fury, and, from time to time, I heard a sound as of fleshless bones clashing together. In a moment, the heavens were covered with black clouds, and the moon withdrew her splendour. The horror inspired by the darkness of the night, and the dead silence which reigned amidst the tombs, caused my hair to stand on end, and stiffened my limbs until I had scarcely power to move them.

In this dreadful situation, I saw an old man approaching me. His head was bald—his beard white—in his right hand he carried a crooked scythe, and in his left an hour-glass—whilst two immense flapping wings nearly concealed his body. "Thou," said he to me in a terrible voice, "who art still dazzled by the dignities and honours which mankind pursue with such reckless eagerness, see whether you perceive any difference between the dust of the monarch and that of the most wretched slave!" He spoke, and striking the ground a tremendous blow with his scythe, all these proud monuments fell headlong to the earth, and in an instant were reduced to dust. My terror was then redoubled, and my strength almost failed me. I could only perceive that there was no distinction. All was dust, corruption, and ashes. "Go," said he, "seek another road to the temple of immortality! Behold the termination of those titles of grandeur which men so ardently desire! They vainly imagine that, after death, they shall survive in history, or in marbles, which shall leap emulously from their quarries to form such monuments of pride as you have just beheld; but they are miserably deceived; their existence ends at the instant they expire, and their fame, however deeply engraven on brass and marble, cannot have a longer duration than that of a brief moment when compared with eternity! I myself, TIME, consume and utterly annihilate all those structures which have vanity for their base; the works which are founded on virtue are not subject to my jurisdiction. They pass to the boundless regions of another world, and receive the reward of immortality!" With these words he disappeared.

I awoke with a deadly chillness, and found that my sleep had been productive of instruction. Thenceforth I regarded, in a very different point of view, the pompous titles which before had dazzled me, and, by the aid of a little reflection, I soon became thoroughly sensible of their vanity. K.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ORIGIN OF ISABELLA COLOUR.

THE Archduke Albert married the infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip II. king of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry. In the year 1602, he laid siege to Ostend, then in possession of the heretics; and his pious princess, who attended him on the expedition, made a vow, that, till the city was taken, she would not change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, it was three years before the place was reduced; in which time her highness' linen had acquired a hue, which, from the superstition of the princess and the times, was much admired, and adopted by the court fashionables under the name of "Isabella colour." It is a yellow or soiled buff, better imagined than described. HALBERT H.

FAMINE IN ENGLAND.

A SEVERE dearth began in May, 1315, and proceeded to the utmost extremity, until after the harvest of 1316. In July, 1316, the quarter of wheat rose to 30s., (equal to 22*l.* 10*s.*;) and in August reached to the enormous price of 40*s.* or 30*l.* the quarter. A loaf of coarse bread, which was scarcely able to support a man for a single day, sold for 4*d.*, equal in value to 5*s.* now. Wheat rose in Scotland at one time to the enormous sum of 100*s.* the quarter, equal to 75*l.* of the present currency. This dearth continued, but with mitigated severity, until after the harvest of 1317; but great abundance returned in 1318. This famine occasioned a prodigious mortality among the people, owing to the want of proper food, and employment of unwholesome substitutes. The rains set in so early in 1315, and continued so violently, that most of the seed of that year perished in the ground; the meadows were so inundated, that the hay crop of that year was utterly destroyed. H. B. A.

OLD ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUFFING is by no means a modern art, although so extravagantly practised in the

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present day. Of its success two hundred years since, *E. S. N.* of Rochester, has sent us the following specimens:—

At the end of an old medical book which I have in my possession, are the following, among other advertisements:—

"*The new Plannet no Plannet*, or the Earth no *Wandring* Star. Here, out of the principles of divinity, philosophy, &c. the earth's immobility is asserted, and *Copernicus*, his opinion, as erroneous, &c. fully refuted, *by Alexander Ross*, in quarto."

"*A Recantation of an Ill-led Life*, or a discovery of the highway law, as also many *cautelous* admonitions, and ful instructions how to know, shun, and apprehende a *thiefe*, most necessary for all honest travellers to peruse, observe, and practice; written by *John Clavel*, gent."

ENGLISH FASHIONS.

Our constant changes of habit were the subject of ridicule at home and abroad, even at an early period. Witness the ancient limner's jest in 1570, who, being employed to decorate the gallery of the Lord Admiral Lincoln with representations of the costumes of the different nations of Europe, when he came to the English, drew a naked man, with cloth of various colours lying by him, and a pair of shears held in his hand, as in rueful suspense and hesitation; or the earlier conceit, to the same effect, of "Andrew Borde of Physicke Doctor," alias "Andreas Perforatus," who, to the first chapter of his "Boke of the Instruction of Knowledge," (1542,) prefixed a naked figure, with these lines:—

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stande here,
Musing in minde what rayment I shal weare:
For nowe I wil weare this, and now I will weare that—
And now I will weare I cannot telle whatt."

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

CONNING *(quasi Cunning.)*

A convict, during the voyage to New South Wales, slipped overboard, and was drowned—What was his crime?—*Felo de se* (fell o'er the sea.)

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

I dreamt, in Fancy's joyous day,
That every passing month was May;
But Reason told me to remember,
And now, alas! they're all December!

The only memorial of the death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, remaining at Kirkby Moorside (where he died in obscurity and distress,) is an entry in an old register of burials, which runs thus; "1687, April 17th, Georges Villus, Lord dook of bookingham."—*Ellis Correspondence.*

Had we not lov'd so dearly,
Had we not lov'd sincerely,
Had vows been never plighted,
Our hopes had ne'er been blighted,
Dearest.

Had we met in younger days,
Had we fled each other's gaze,
Oh had we never spoken,
Our hearts had ne'er been broken,
Dearest.

Had you not look'd so kindly,
Had I not lov'd so blindly,
No pain 'twould be to sever,
As now we may for ever
Dearest.

If yet you love sincerely,
The one who loves you dearly,
Then let the sigh betoken,
Love for a heart you've broken,
Dearest.

Z.

THE TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

It may not be generally known, that the first rehearsal of this tragedy took place in the lodgings in the Canongate, occupied by Mrs. Sarah Ward, one of Digges' company; and that it was rehearsed by, and in presence of, the most distinguished literary characters Scotland ever could boast of. The following was the cast of the piece on that occasion:—

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Randolph, Dr. Robertson, Principal, Edinburgh.
Glenalvon, David Hume, Historian.
Old Norval, Dr. Carlyle, Minister of Musselburgh.
Douglas, John Home, the Author.
Lady Randolph, Dr. Fergusson, Professor.
Anna (the maid) Dr. Blair, Minister, High Church.

The audience that day, besides Mr. Digges and Mrs. Sarah Ward, were the Right Hon. Pat. Lord Elibank, Lord Milton, Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo, (the two last were then only lawyers,) the Rev. John Steele, and William Home, ministers. The company (all but Mrs. Ward) dined afterwards at the Griskin Club, in the Abbey. The above is a signal proof of the strong passion for the drama which then obtained among the *literati* of this capital, since then, unfortunately, much abated. The rehearsal must have been conducted with very great secrecy; for what would the Kirk, which

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took such deep offence at the composition of the piece by one of its ministers, have said to the fact, of no less than four of these being engaged in rehearsing it, and two others attending the exhibition? The circumstance of the gentle *Anna* having been personated by "Dr. Blair, minister of the High Church," is a very droll one. —*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

THE CUMBERLAND LANDLORD.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

DURING a recent excursion in Cumberland, I copied the following epitaph from the *album* kept at the inn at Pooley Bridge, the landlord of which is well known, as being quite an original:—

W. W.

WILL RUSSELL was a landlord bold,
A noble wight was he,
Right fond of quips and merry cracks,
And ev'ry kind of glee.

Full five-and-twenty years agone
He came to Pooley Height,
And there he kept the Rising Sun,
And drunk was ev'ry night.

No lord, nor squire, nor serving man,
In all the country round,
But lov'd to call in at the Sun,
Wherever he was bound,

To hold a crack with noble Will,
And take a cheerful cup
Of brandy, or of Penrith ale,
Or pop, right bouncing up.

But now poor Will lies sleeping here,
Without his hat or stick,
Nor longer rules the Rising Sun,
As he did well when wick.*

Will's honest heart could ne'er refuse
To drink with ev'ry brother;
Then let us not his name abuse—
We'll ne'er see sic another.

But let us hope the gods above,
Right mindful of his merits,
Have given him a gentle shove
Into the land of spirits.

'Tis then his talents will expand,
And make a noble figure,
In tossing off a brimming glass,
To make his belly bigger.

Adieu, brave landlord, may thy portly ghost
Be ever ready at its heavenly post;
And may thy proud posterity e'er be
Landlords at Pooley to eternity.

* Wick in Cumberland is used for alive.

A WATCH.

BEFORE a watch is ready for the pocket, the component parts thereof must have passed through the hands of not less than *an hundred and fifty different workmen*. The fifteen principal branches are: 1. the movement maker; who divides it into various branches, viz. pillar maker, stop stud maker, frame mounter, screw maker, cock and potence maker, verge maker, pinion maker, balance wheel maker, wheel cutter, fusee maker, and other small branches; 2. dial maker, who employs a capper maker, an enameller, painter, &c. 3. case maker, who makes the case to the frame, employs box maker, and outside case maker, joint finisher. 4. pendant maker; (both case and pendant go to the Goldsmith's Hall to be marked.) 5. secret springer, and spring liner; the spring and liner are divided into other branches; viz. the spring maker, button maker, &c. 6. cap maker; who employs springer, &c. 7. jeweller, which comprises the diamond cutting, setting, making ruby holes, &c. 8. motion maker, and other branches, viz. slide maker, edge maker, and bolt maker. 9. spring maker, (*i. e.* main spring,) consisting of wire drawer, &c. hammerer, polisher, and temperer. 10. chain maker; this comprises several branches, wire drawer, link maker and rivetter, hook maker, &c. 11. engraver, who also employs a piercer and name cutter. 12. finisher, who employs a wheel and fusee cutter, and other workers in smaller branches. 13. gilder is divided into two, viz. gilder and brusher. 14. glass and hands, the glass employs two, viz. blower and maker; hand maker employs die sinker, finisher, &c. 15. fitter in, who overlooks the whole, fits hands on, &c. The above 15 branches are subdivided again and again.

NAUTICAL REASONING.

A SAILOR, being about to sail for India, a citizen asked him where his father died? "In shipwreck," was the answer. "And where did your grandfather die?"—"As he was fishing, a storm arose, and the bark foundering, all on board perished."—"And your great grandfather?"—"He also perished on board a ship which struck on a rock."—"Then," said the citizen, "if I were you I would never go to sea."—"And pray, Mr. Philosopher," inquired the seaman, "where did your father die?"—"In his bed."—"And your grandfather?"—"In his bed."—"And your great grandfather?"—"He, and all my ancestors died quietly in their beds."—"Then, if I were you, I would never go to bed."

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The Mirror

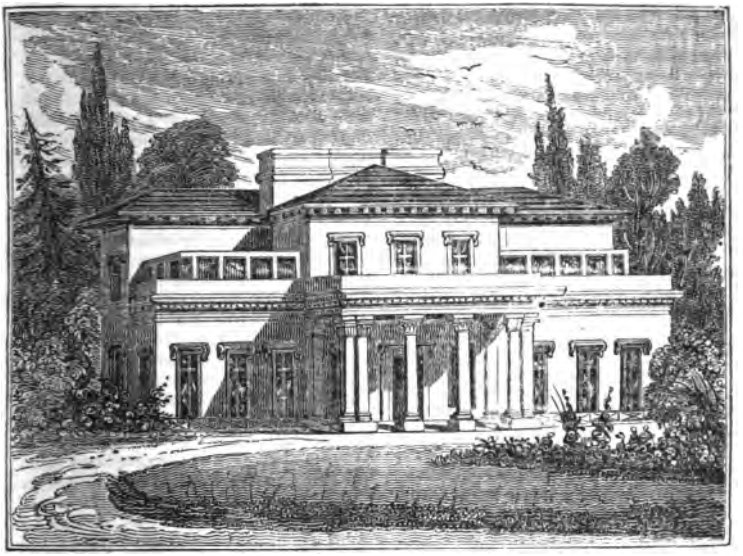
OF

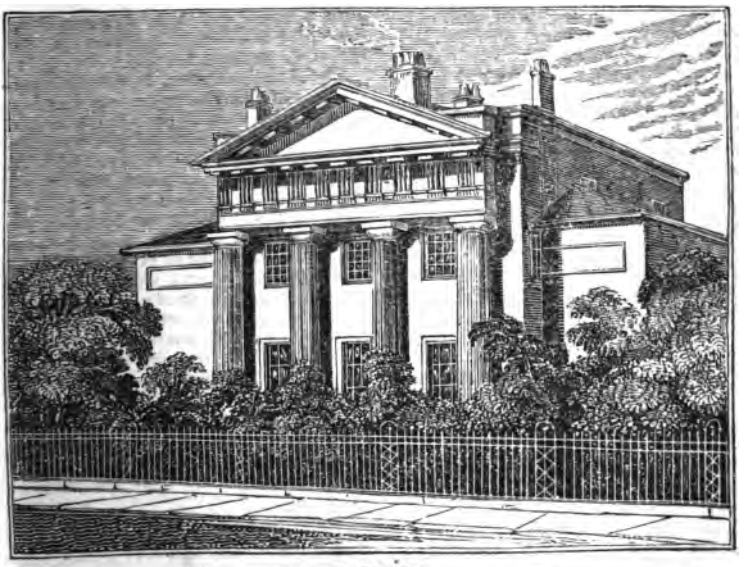
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 355.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1829. [Price 2d.

Villas in the Regent's Park.

MARQUESS OF HERTFORD'S VILLA.





DORIC VILLA.

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VILLAS IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

THE definition of the word *villa* is a country seat; but the reader will ask, how can a country seat be in the midst o. a metropolis, or in its brick and mortar confines? The term, however, admits of various modifications. The villas of the Romans resembled large city palaces removed into the country, and some of them were four times larger than Versailles with its three thousand apartments. The villas of modern Rome likewise more resemble palaces than abodes of domestic convenience; and one of them, the Villa Mondragone, has more windows than there are days in the year. Such are the Italian villas, of which the name conveys as accurate an idea as the English reader acquires from the French *chateau*, which, in reality, implies a comfortless factory-looking abode. with a blaze of fresco embellishments.

The first engraving in the annexed page is the villa, or, we should rather say, the suburban retreat, of the Marquess of Hertford, designed by Mr. Decimus Burton. The noble owner, who has enjoyed the peculiar advantages of travel, and is a man of *vertu* and fine taste, has selected a design of beautiful simplicity and chastity of style. The entrance-hall is protected by a hexastyle (six column) portico of that singular Athenian order, which embellishes the door of the Tower of the Winds. The roof is Venetian, with projecting eaves; and the wings are surmounted by spacious glass lanterns, which light the upper rooms. The buildings and offices are on a larger scale than any other in the park, and correspond in style with the opulence of the noble owner. The offices are spread out, like the villas of the ancients, upon the ground-floor. Adjoining the front of the villa is a tent-like canopy, surmounting a spacious apartment, set aside, we believe, for splendid *dejeuné* entertainments in the summer. This roof may be seen from several parts of the park. The entrance lodge is particularly chaste, the gates are in handsome park-like style; and the plantations and ornamental gardens in equally good taste. The establishment is, as we have said, the most extensive in the Regent's Park, and is in every respect in correspondent taste with the beautiful Italian fronted town residence of the noble marquess, opposite the Green Park, in Piccadilly; and its luxurious comforts well alternate with the fashionable hospitalities of Sudborne Hall, the veritable *country seat* of this distinguished nobleman.

The second engraving is another specimen of the Regent's Park villa style. The order is handsome Doric; but much cannot be said in praise of its adaptation to a suburban residence. It nevertheless adds the charm of variety to the buildings that stud and encircle the park, and intermingle with lawns and bowery walks with more prettiness than rural character.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INTERIOR OF YORK MINSTER.*

ON Monday morning last, this magnificent structure was discovered to be on fire. Soon after the alarm was given, the bells of twenty-three churches announced the dismal tidings; but for some time the people looked upon the report as a hoax, and it was not until after the lapse of an hour that the city was fairly roused to a sense of the impending calamity.

On the Sunday evening previous, there was service in the Minster, as usual, and all appeared to be left safe. A light was, however, observed in the building, by a man passing through the Minster-yard, about four o'clock on Monday morning; but he supposed some workmen were employed there, and passed on without inquiry. Between six and seven o'clock, the discovery was made in an extraordinary manner. One of the choristers passing through the Minster-yard, accidentally stepping on a piece of ice, was thrown on his back, in which position he saw a quantity of smoke issuing from the roof.

In a letter dated York, February 2nd, the writer thus hastily describes the extent of the conflagration:—

The first appearance I observed was the issue of an immense volume of smoke from the junction of the western towers with the nave, a smaller column from the great tower, and a third column from the roof of the choir, thus presenting the appearance of the building being on fire in all parts, whilst a dense smoke filled the interior to such a degree as to preclude the immediate entrance of the firemen. At length, the engines were rolled into the august edifice, when a scene beyond all description presented itself; the interior of the choir enveloped in flames, reflected upon the beautiful stained glass. The flames soon burst through the roof of the choir, and in less than an hour the whole was in a blaze, and the melted lead poured down the spouting. The roof

* No. 162, vol. vi., of the MIRROR, contains a fine view of the Minster. The first religious foundation here by the Christians was about the year 672. The Minster was burnt down in 1137, and lay in ruins till the year 1171. The late cathedral was completed about the year 1370. Appended to our engraving is an accurate historical and architectural description of the whole fabric.

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soon fell in, in about five or six dreadful crashes. Every effort was made to prevent the flames spreading to the transept and nave, and I trust with success, for though the engines are now (midnight) still playing, I do not find that there is any other fire than the remains of the roof on the floor of the choir.

The damage may be summed up thus: The roof of the choir quite gone, the wood work on each side consumed, the matchless organ entirely destroyed, many monuments broken, and the communion plate melted. On the other hand, the east window is entire to the surprise of every one, the screen is uninjured, although immediately below the organ, the records in the vestry, the horn of Ulphus,* the coronation chair, and the brass eagle are saved, and the wills in the Prerogative office are all safely lodged in Belfrey's Church. For some time the city was in considerable danger; flakes of fire were carried as far as the Lord Mayor's Walk; providentially there was very little wind.

From another account we learn that communication with the roof was not at first apprehended, but the roof of the choir being very dry wood, soon joined in the conflagration. It is impossible to describe the awful picture of the flames rising above this majestic building. The effect produced by the glare of light upon the stained glass of the windows exceeds description. On the falling of the roof, the house of prayer, which but the evening before had resounded with the voices of worshippers, and where all was order and harmony, now resembled a fiery furnace. The pillars, which once served to divide the choir from the two side aisles, now stood alone, the whole being an open space, with the roof burning on the ground, and nothing above but the blue canopy of heaven.

Mr. Britton, in his valuable work on York Cathedral, gives a minute description of that part of the Minster which has been destroyed; from which the following is extracted:—

"After passing through the screen, the visiter is introduced to the choir, which is grand in scale and rich in adornment. On each side is a series of 20 stalls, with 12 at the west end, beneath the organ. These are of oak, and are peculiarly rich in their canopies and carved decorations. Each seat, or stall, has its movable miserecordia, with projecting rests for the elbows, from which rise two detached slender columns, supporting an elaborate canopy. At the eastern end of the choir is the altar-table, raised above the regular floor by a series of 15 steps.

"On the north side of the altar, over the grated window that lights the crypt, is an ancient pew, or gallery, to which there is an ascent by a flight of narrow stairs, of solid blocks of oak. The exterior of this gallery is very neat, and it is certainly older than the Reformation.

"Behind the stalls of the choir are closets, some of which are used as vestries by the singing-men: modern staircases have been constructed, leading to the galleries erected above, and which disfigure the view into the aisles. These closets are fronted, next the aisles, by open screens of oak, some of which are of excellent carving, and more elaborate than others. In the centre of the choir stands a desk for the vicars-choral to chant the litany in; it is enclosed in a pew of carved wood."

The Minster was lighted with gas, to which the conflagration was at first attributed; but the fire appears to have originated in one of the vestries. When we remember the beauty of the carved work which has thus been destroyed, and the elaborate skill which had been bestowed on its execution, our sympathies are deeply awakened for its fate. Indeed, the most listless admirer of art, as well as the antiquarian devotee, has just cause to lament this accident; especially as the taste and labours of our times fall far short of the olden glories of architecture. When we think of the "unsubstantial pageant" of

* The horn of Ulphus is one of the greatest curiosities in possession of the church of York. It appears like the hollowed tusk of an elephant, and the length of its curvature is from 18 to 24 inches. It is the title deed by which the church of St. Peter's holds lands to a considerable value, given to it before the Heptarchy by Ulphus, king of Deira and Northumbria. It is said, that when he presented it to the church, he filled it with wine, which he drank off to its future success. If the story be true, Ulphus must have been one of the most strong-headed, as well as one of the most pious kings of his day; for the draught which he is alleged to have swallowed would be sufficient to upset the sobriety of any two men, such as men now are. The horn was preserved by the successive possessors of St. Peter's with the most careful affection during all the commotions of the Danish and Norman invasions; but was stolen from them in the general confusion which pervaded the city of York after the battle of Marston-moor and it was delivered up to the Parliamentarian forces under the command of Lord Fairfax and Cromwell. By some of the accidents of war, it came into the possession of Lord Fairfax, who is reported to have purchased it of a common soldier. On the restoration of Charles II., when church-property was again secure, his lordship restored it to the cathedral; and there is now an inscription upon it, recording the gratitude of the Dean and Chapter for having so valuable a possession restored to them. It has now escaped singularly enough from the destruction which has fallen upon the other curiosities which were usually kept in the vestry-room; and remains, as it has done for years past, to be sounded by all those strong-winded visiters of the Minster who have strength enough to blow it.

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the recent "Festival," and associate its fleeting show with the desert remains of this venerable pile, our feelings deepen into melancholy, and the smoking fragments of art seem to breathe—

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

HARD FROSTS IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

In the year

220. Frost lasted 5 months.
250. The Thames frozen 9 weeks.
291. Most rivers frozen 6 weeks.
508. The rivers frozen 2 months.
695. The Thames frozen 6 weeks; booths built on it.
759. Frost from October the 1st, till February 26th, 760.
827. Frost for 9 weeks.
923. The Thames frozen 13 weeks.
987. Frost lasted 120 days.
998. The Thames frozen 5 weeks.
1035. Frost on Midsummer Day so vehement that the corn and fruits were destroyed.
1063. The Thames frozen for 14 weeks.
1076. Frost from November to April.
1114. Several wooden bridges carried away by the ice.
1407. Frost for 15 weeks.
1434. Thames frozen down to Gravesend; 12 weeks frost.
1683. Frost for 13 weeks.
1739. Frost for 9 weeks.
1788. Frost from November to January 1789, when the Thames was crossed opposite the Custom-house, the Tower, Execution Dock, Putney, Brentford, &c. It was general throughout Europe.
1796. Frost the most severe on Dec. 25th that had ever been felt in the memory of man.
1814. Severe frost, Thames frozen, and tremendous falls of snow.

A French writer who visited England during the severe frost in the year 1686, says, (in a small volume which he published in Paris,) "that besides hackney-coaches, a large sledge, or sledges, were then exhibited on the frozen Thames, and that King Charles passed a whole night upon the ice."

The following extract is also an account of this frost by an eye-witness; which may be seen in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. x. page 83: he says, "On the 20th of December, 1688, a very violent frost began, which lasted to the 6th of February, in so great extremity, that the pools were frozen 18 inches thick at least, and the Thames was so frozen that a great street from the Temple to Southwark was built with shops, and all manner of things sold. Hackney coaches plied there as in the streets. There were also bull-baiting, and a great many shows and tricks to be seen. This day the frost broke up. In the morning I saw a coach and six horses driven from Whitehall almost to the bridge (London Bridge) yet by three o'clock that day, February the 6th, next to Southwark the ice was gone, so as boats did row to and fro, and the next day all the frost was gone. On Candlemas Day I went to Croydon market, and led my horse over the ice to the Horseferry from Westminster to Lambeth; as I came back I led him from Lambeth upon the middle of the Thames to Whitefriars' stairs, and so led him up by them. And this day an ox was roasted whole, over against Whitehall. King Charles and the Queen ate part of it."

N. B. In 1740, a palace of ice was built by the Empress Anne of Russia, on the banks of the Neva, 52 feet long, which, when illuminated, had a surprising effect. P. T. W.

TURKISH PROPHECY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following is extracted from a book of Prophecies, called Muhamedys, which is held in veneration by the Turks:—"The Turkish emperor shall conquer Rome, and make the pope patriarch of Jerusalem; and he shall, some time after, profess the Mahomedan faith. Christ shall then come, and show the Christians their error in not having accepted the Alcoran; and instruct them that the dove which came down from heaven was not the Holy Ghost, but was Mahomet, who shall be again upon earth thirty years, and confirm the Alcoran by new miracles. After that time the power of the Turks shall decline, till they retire into Desert Arabia, and then there shall be an end of the world. Their overthrow shall be accomplished by a people from the north, called *caumico fer*, (yellow-haired sons.) The ruin of Constantinople shall happen in sultan Mahomet's time; and then the Turks shall be reduced to so few in number, that sixty Turkish women shall have but one husband among them." W. G. C.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS, &c.

(*Concluded from page* 58.)

WE have formerly alluded to the well-known feats of the weird sisterhood on the broomstick; but it is affirmed that on these occasions the spirit left its earthly abode, the body being previously anointed with the ointment we have described. We cannot better illustrate this

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question (the possibility of which has been the subject-matter of many grave dissertations amongst the literati of those times) than by giving the substance of the following singular "Confession," which with many others equally interesting, was made in 1664, (the later days of the profession) before Robert Hunt, Esq., a "justice with fat capon lined," in the county of Somerset, and in the presence of "several grave and orthodox divines."

Elizabeth Styles, of Stoke Triston, in that county, was accused by "divers persons of credit," of the crimes of witchcraft and sorcery. She was afterwards found guilty by a jury at Taunton, but died before the sentence could be carried into effect. She confessed "that the devil, about ten years since, appeared to her in the shape of a handsome man, and after of a black dog; that he promised her money, and that she should live gallantly, and have the pleasure of the world for twelve years, if she would, with her blood, sign his paper, which was to give her soul to him, and observe his laws, and that he might suck her blood. This, after four solicitations, the examinant promised to do; upon which he pricked the fourth finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper joints, (where the sign at the examination remained), and with a drop or two of her blood, she signed the paper with an O. Upon this the devil gave her sixpence, and vanished with the paper. That since he hath appeared to her in the shape of a man, and did so on Wednesday sevennight past, but more usually he appears in the likeness of a dog, and cat, and a fly like a miller, in which last he usually sucks in the poll, about four of the clock in the morning, and did so January 27, and that it usually is pain to her to be so suckt." When she desired to do harm, she called *Robin;* on his appearance she opened her wants, saying, *O Satan, give me my purpose.*

That a short time before, she and other witches had met a "gentleman in black" in a field, about nine o'clock at night, to devise torments for one Elizabeth Hill, who had come under their ban; they brought a waxen image of her, and the "man in black" took and anointed it, saying, *I baptise thee with this oyl;* and using other words. "He was godfather, and the examinant and Ann Bishop were godmothers." They called it Elizabeth; and the black man and weird sisters stuck thorns into various parts of the luckless image. "After which, they had wine, cakes, and roast meat, (provided by the gentleman in black,) which they did eat and drink; and they danced and were very merry," &c. Many of these unhallowed meetings took place afterwards, and their entertainer, the gentleman in black—man or devil—seems to have been a regular *gourmand;* "and never failed to bring with him abundance of excellent cheer. The customary bill of fare was "wine, good ale, cakes, meat, or the like." The spirit was, also, rather musical, for he "sometimes played sweetly on the pipe or cittern," the ladies keeping time with a dance, (we fear narrowly approaching the modern waltz.) On the whole they seem to have had joyous doings of it, and wonder ceases that the demon gained so many proselytes amongst the old women. These nocturnal meetings were generally held for a similar purpose with the foregoing; and it appears from the confession before us, that they were conveyed to them by supernatural means—by that simplest, though despised engine of loco—(or to coin a word) aëro-motion—a broomstick. They were obliged to anoint themselves on these occasions "with an oyl the spirit brought them;" and they were soon transported to the place of appointment, using these words in their transit, "*Thout, tout, a tout tout, throughout and about!*" and on their return they say "Rentum, tormentum!" Such is the information conveyed in the confession of Elizabeth Styles, before these "grave and orthodox divines!"

They were also gifted by the "gentleman in black" with various other wonderful powers and attributes. They could transform themselves into the likeness of any animal in the creation, and therefore the better execute their schemes of devilry; but, it appears, that they always wanted that essential part—the tail; and there was a trial gravely reported by a Lancashire jury, that a soldier having been set to watch a mill from the depredations of some cats, skilfully whipped off the leg of the largest, which lo! the next morning, was changed into the arm of an old witch (who had long been suspected) in the neighbourhood! This useful faculty of transformation also extended, in some measure, to the persons or others; for Dr. Bulwer gives the following *easy recipe* for "setting a horse or ass' head" on a man's neck and shoulders:*—"Cut off the head of a horse or an ass (*before they be dead, otherwise the virtue or strength thereof will be less effectual,*) and take an earthen vessel of a fit capacity to contain the same. Let it be filled with the oyl or fat thereof; co-

* Shakspeare must have derived from this hint, the similar transformation in "The Mid-summer Night's Dream."

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ver it close, and daub it over with loam. Let it boil over a soft fire for three dayes, that the flesh boiled may run into oyl, so as the bones may be seen. Beat the hair into powder, and mingle the same with the oyl, and *anoint the heads of the standers by, and they shall seem to have horses or asses' heads!* If beasts' heads be anointed with the like oyl made of a man's head, (we suppose cut off while the said man was 'alive!') they shall seem to have men's faces, as divers authors soberly affirm!"

After dwelling on the dark and malignant qualities of witches, it is but justice to give a few of the charms which, for a small remuneration, they would bestow for the benefit of those who sought their assistance in the hour of trouble. These charms were possessed of various degrees of virtue, *ex. gratiæ.*

Against the toothache.—Scarify the gums, in the grief, with the tooth of one that hath been slain. Otherwise, *galbe, gabat, galdes, galdat.* Otherwise say, "O horsecombs and sickles that have so many teeth, come heal me of my toothache!"

These very simple remedies, if popular, would soon send the concocters of nostrums for the teeth into the Gazette.

To release a woman in travail.—Throw over the top of the house where the woman lieth in travail, a stone, or any other thing that hath killed three living creatures: namely, a man, a wild boar, and a she-bear.

Against the headache.—Tie a halter round your head wherewith one hath been hanged.

Against the bite of a mad dog.—Put a silver ring on the finger, within which the following words are engraven: *holay, habas, heber;* and say to the person bitten by a mad dog, "I am thy saviour, lose not thy life;" and then prick him in the nose thrice, that at each time he bleed. Otherwise take pills made of the skull of one that is hanged, &c.

To find her that bewitched your kine.—Put a pair of breeches upon the cow's head, and beat her out of the pasture with a good cudgel, upon a Friday, and she will run right to the witch's door, and strike thereat with her horns.

We are exceeding our limits, else we should have added several other pithy receipts, almost worthy of her who made the noted one against the creaking of a door—"rub a bit of soft soap on the hinges." The most celebrated and precious charm, however, (for the above are mostly against every-day occurrences) was the *Agnus Dei*, which was a "preservative against all manner of evil, a perfect catholicon; and blessed indeed was the individual who possessed a treasure so valuable." It was "a little cake, having the picture of a lamb carrying a flag, on the one side, and Christ's head on the other side, and was hollow; so that the Gospel of St. John, written on fine paper, was placed in the concavity thereof;" and was a sovereign remedy against lightning, the effects of heat, drowning, &c. &c. In some of the above charms there is a little humour to be found; and as we have previously observed, such are the effects of faith, that like the amulets of the east (may not our own sprigs of witch-elm, &c. be so called?) they may have had in many cases the desired effects in averting disease.

Reginald Scot furnishes us with directions "how to prevent and cure all mischief wrought by charms or witchcraft." To prevent the entry of a witch into a house, nail a horse-shoe in the inside of the outermost threshold. We believe this rule is still in practice. Also it was a custom in some countries to nail a wolf's head, or a root of garlic, over the door, or on the roof of a house. And our Saviour's name, &c. with four crosses at the four corners of a house, was a protection. The Romish custom of driving out evil spirits by the smoke of sulphur, is well known. "Otherwise the perfume made of the gall of a black dog, and his bloode besmeared on the posts and walls of a house, driveth out of the doores, both devils and witches." A sprig of witch-elm sewn in the collar of the doublet, was celebrated amongst our great grandmothers as a specific against the malignant deeds of the weird sisterhood.

But we must draw this article to a close. We may well rejoice that we live in the nineteenth century; and that the disgusting infatuation and baleful doctrines of witchcraft are gone for ever.

VYVYAN.

Fine Arts.

DESCRIPTION OF THE KING'S PALACE,

By Mr. Nash, the Architect.

THE grand entrance in front, which is to be reserved for the especial use of his Majesty and the Royal Family, will be composed of white marble, and will be a faithful model of the arch of Constantine, at Rome, with the exception of the equestrian figure of his Majesty George IV. on the top. The workmanship of this arch is expected to rival any thing of the sort in the kingdom, and to equal the finest works of antiquity. From each

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side of the arch a semicircular railing will extend to the wings, executed in the most beautiful style, in cast-iron, and surmounted by tips or ornamental spears of mosaic gold. The area, within, will consist of a grass-plat, in the centre of which will be an ornamental fountain, and the whole will be bounded by a graveled road.

The wing on the left will comprise his Majesty's chapel, the kitchen, and other offices; and that on the right, his Majesty's private suite of apartments. The entrance to the former is from the back, near to where Buckingham-gate formerly stood, and it is by this door that the visiters to the palace on gala days will be admitted. Passing through the building, they will enter a spacious colonnade, which extends along the front of the body of the palace, and in front of each wing; above the colonnade is a magnificent balcony, supported by columns of the Doric order. At the end of each wing is a pediment, supported by Corinthian columns. The entablature of each pediment is tastefully filled up with groups of figures in white marble, exquisitely carved in *alto relievo*, illustrative of the arts and sciences. On the extreme points of the wing on the left, are fixed statues representing History, Geography, and Astronomy; and on those of the right wing, Painting, Music, and Architecture. On the entablature of the pediment, in front of the main body of the palace, it is intended to place the Arms of England; and on the top are placed Neptune, with Commerce on one side, and Navigation on the other. Around the entire building, and above the windows, is a delicately worked frieze, combining in a scroll the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle.

The entrance-hall is about thirty-three feet in height. The pavement is of white marble slightly veined with blue. The entire hall is bordered with a scroll of Sienna or yellow, centred with rosettes of puce-coloured marble, inlaid in the most masterly style of workmanship. The walls are of Scagliola, and the ceiling is supported by a succession of white marble pillars. From the hall are the avenues leading to the state apartments—drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, throne-room, statue-gallery, picture-gallery, &c.

The Anecdote Gallery.

WINDSOR AS IT WAS.

THE last Number of the *London Magazine* contains an article of considerable graphic interest, under the above title. It is written by one "born within a stone's throw of the castle," and, *ni fallor*, by the author of the picturesque description of Virginia Water, in the Magazine for September, last. As the whole article is much too long for our space, we have abridged it, taking care to retain the most characteristic portion of the writer's very pleasing reminiscences:—

My earliest recollections of Windsor are exceedingly delightful. I was born within a stone's throw of the Castle-gates; and my whole boyhood was passed in the most unrestrained enjoyment of the venerable and beautiful objects by which I was surrounded, as if they had been my own peculiar and proper inheritance. The king and his family lived in a plain, barrack-looking lodge at his castle foot, which, in its external appearance and its interior arrangements, exactly corresponded with the humble taste and the quiet, domestic habits of George III. The whole range of the castle, its terrace, and its park, were places dedicated to the especial pleasures of a school-boy.

The Park! what a glory was that for cricket and kite-flying. No one molested us. The beautiful plain immediately under the eastern terrace was called the Bowling Green;—and, truly, it was as level as the smoothest of those appendages to suburban inns. We took excellent care that the grass should not grow too fast beneath our feet. No one molested us. The king, indeed, would sometimes stand alone for half an hour to see the boys at cricket; and heartily would he laugh when the wicket of some confident urchin went down at the first ball. But we did not heed his majesty. He was a quiet, good-humoured gentleman, in a long blue coat, whose face was as familiar to us as that of our writing-master; and many a time had that gracious gentleman bidden us good morning, when we were hunting for mushrooms in the early dew, and had crossed his path as he was returning from his dairy, to his eight o'clock breakfast. Every one knew that most respectable and amiable of country squires, called His Majesty; and truly there was no inequality in the matter, for his majesty knew every one.

I have now no recollection of having, when a child, seen the king with any of the appendages of royalty, except when he went to town, once a week, to hold a levee; and then ten dragoons rode before, and ten after his carriage, and the tradesmen in the streets through which he passed duly stood at their doors, to make the most profound reverences, as in duty bound, when their monarch looked "every inch a king." But the bows were less profound, and the wonderment none at all, when twice a week, as was his wont

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during the summer months, his majesty, with all his family, and a considerable bevy of ancient maids of honour and half-pay generals, walked through the town, or rode at a slow pace in an open carriage, to the Windsor theatre, which was then in the High-street. Reader, it is impossible that you can form an idea of the smallness of that theatre; unless you have by chance lived in a country town, when the assembly-room of the head inn has been fitted up with the aid of brown paper and ochre, for the exhibition of some heroes of the sock and buskin, vulgarly called strollers. At the old Windsor Theatre, her majesty's apothecary in the lower boxes might have almost felt her pulse across the pit. My knowledge of the drama commenced at the early age of seven years, amidst this royal fellowship in fun; and most loyally did I laugh when his majesty, leaning back in his capacious arm-chair in the stage-box, shook the house with his genuine peals of hearty merriment. Well do I remember the whole course of these royal playgoings. The theatre was of an inconvenient form, with very sharp angles at the junctions of the centre with the sides. The stage-box, and the whole of the left or O. P. side of the lower tier, were appropriated to royalty. The house would fill at about half-past six. At seven, precisely, Mr. Thornton, the manager, made his entrance backwards, through a little door, into the stage-box, with a plated candlestick in each hand, bowing with all the grace that his gout would permit. The six fiddles struck up God save the King; the audience rose; the king nodded round and took his seat next the stage; the queen curtsied, and took her arm-chair also. The satin bills of their majesties and the princesses were then duly displayed—and the dingy green curtain drew up. The performances were invariably either a comedy and farce, or more frequently three farces, with a plentiful interlarding of comic songs. Quick, Suett, and Mrs. Mattocks were the reigning favourites; and, about 1800, Elliston and Fawcett became occasional stars. But Quick and Suett were the king's especial delight. When Lovegold, in the "Miser," drawled out "a pin a day's a groat a year," the laugh of the royal circle was somewhat loud; but when Dicky Gossip exhibited in his vocation, and accompanied the burden of his song, "Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man," with the blasts of his powder-puff, the cachinnation was loud and long, and the gods prolonged the chorus of laughter, till the echo died away in the royal box. At the end of the third act, coffee was handed round to the court circle: and precisely at eleven the performances finished,—and the flambeaux gleamed through the dimly-lighted streets of Windsor, as the happy family returned to their tranquil home.

There was occasionally a good deal of merriment going forward at Windsor in these olden days. I have a dim recollection of having danced in the little garden which was once the moat of the Round Tower, and which Washington Irving has been pleased to imagine existed in the time of James I. of Scotland. I have a perfect remembrance of a fête at Frogmore, about the beginning of the present century, where there was a Dutch fair,—and haymaking very agreeably performed in white kid gloves by the belles of the town,—and the buck-basket scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" represented by Fawcett and Mrs. Mattocks, and I think Mrs. Gibbs, under the colonnade of the house in the open day—and variegated lamps—and transparencies—and tea served out in tents, with a magnificent scramble for the bread and butter. There was great good humour and freedom on all these occasions; and if the grass was damp and the young ladies caught cold, and the sandwiches were scarce, and the gentlemen went home hungry—I am sure these little drawbacks were not to be imputed to the royal entertainers, who delighted to see their neighbours and dependants happy and joyous.

A few years passed over my head, and the scene was somewhat changed. The king and his family migrated from their little lodge into the old and spacious castle. This was about 1804. The lath and plaster of Sir William Chambers was abandoned to the equerries and chance visiters of the court; and the low rooms and dark passages that had scarcely been tenanted since the days of Anne, were made tolerably habitable by the aid of diligent upholstery. Upon the whole, the change was not one which conduced to comfort; and I have heard that the princesses wept when they quitted their snug boudoirs in the Queen's Lodge. Windsor Castle, as it was, was a sad patchwork affair.

The late king and his family had lived at Windsor nearly thirty years, before it occurred to him to inhabit his own castle. The period at which he took possession was one of extraordinary excitement. It was the period of the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon, when, as was the case with France, upon the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, "the land bristled."

The doings at Windsor were certainly

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more than commonly interesting at that period; and I was just of an age to understand something of their meaning, and partake the excitement. Sunday was especially a glorious day; and the description of one Sunday will furnish an adequate picture of those of two or three years.

At nine o'clock the sound of martial music was heard in the streets. The Blues and the Stafford Militia then did duty at Windsor; and though the one had seen no service since Minden, and most undeservedly bore the stigma of a past generation; and the other was composed of men who had never faced any danger but the ignition of a coal-pit;—they were each a remarkably fine body of soldiers, and the king did well to countenance them. Of the former regiment George III. had a troop of his own, and he delighted to wear the regimentals of a captain of the Blues; and well did his burly form become the cocked hat and heavy jack-boots which were the fashion of that fine corps in 1805. At nine o'clock, as I have said, of a Sunday morning, the noise of trumpet and of drum was heard in the streets of Windsor; for the regiments paraded in the castle quadrangle. The troops occupied the whole square. At about ten the king appeared with his family. He passed round the lines, while the salute was performed; and many a rapid word of inquiry had he to offer to the colonels who accompanied him. Not always did he wait for an answer—but that was after the fashion of royalty in general. He passed onwards towards St. George's Chapel. But the military pomp did not end in what is called the upper quadrangle. In the lower ward, at a very humble distance from the regular troops, were drawn up a splendid body of men, ycleped the Windsor Volunteers; and most gracious were the nods of royalty to the well-known drapers, and hatters, and booksellers, who had the honour to hold commissions in that distinguished regiment. The salutations, however, were short, and onwards went the cortège, for the chapel bell was tolling in, and the king was always punctual.

Great was the crowd to see the king and his family return from chapel; for by this time London had poured forth its chaises and one, and the astonished inmates of Cheapside and St. Mary Axe were elbowing each other to see how a monarch smiled. They saw him well; and often have I heard the disappointed exclamation, "Is *that* the king?" They saw a portly man, in a plain suit of regimentals, and no crown upon his head. What a fearful falling off from the king of the story-books!

The terrace, however, was the great Sunday attraction; and though Bishop Porteus remonstrated with his majesty for suffering people to crowd together, and bands to play on these occasions, I cannot think that the good-tempered monarch committed any mortal sin in walking amongst his people in their holiday attire. This terrace was a motley scene.

The peasant's toe did gall the courtier's gibe.

The barber from Eton and his seven daughters elbowed the dean who rented his back parlour, when he was in the sixth form,—and who now was crowding to the front rank for a smile of majesty, having heard that the Bishop of Chester was seriously indisposed. The prime minister waited quietly amidst the crush, till the royal party should descend from their dining-room,—smiling at, if not unheeding, the anxious inquiries of the stock-broker from Change Alley, who wondered if Mr. Pitt would carry a gold stick before the king. The only time I saw that minister was under these circumstances. It was the year before he died. He stood firmly and proudly amongst the crowd for some half-hour till the king should arrive. The monarch, of course, immediately recognised him; the contrast in the demeanour of the two personages made a remarkable impression upon me—and that of the minister first showed me an example of the perfect self-possession of men of great abilities.

After a year or two of this sort of excitement the king became blind; and painful was the exhibition of the led horse of the good old man, as he took his accustomed ride. In a few more years a still heavier calamity fell upon him—and from that time Windsor Castle became, comparatively, a mournful place. The terrace was shut up—the ancient pathway through the park, and under the castle walls, was diverted—and a somewhat Asiatic state and stillness seemed to usurp the reign of the old free and familiar intercourse of the sovereign with the people.

Notes of a Reader.

NAVARINO.

TOWARDS the close of the battle of Navarino, one of our midshipmen, a promising youth of about fourteen, was struck by a cannon-shot, which carried off both his legs, and his right-hand, with which the poor fellow had been grasping his

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cutlass at that moment. He lay in the gun-room, as nothing could be done for him; and I was informed by one of the men, that he repeatedly named his mother in a piteous tone, but soon after rallied a little, and began to inquire eagerly how the action was going on, and if any more Turkish ships had struck. He lingered in great agony for about twenty minutes. —From a spirited description in No. 2, *United Service Journal*, intended for abridgment probably in our next.

FRENCH THEATRES.

THE revenue of the thirteen theatres o. Paris during last year, amounted to the great sum of £233,561 sterling; that of the two establishments for the performance of the *regular drama* amounting only to £26,600, or not more than a tithe of the whole.

ROUSSEAU.

A MASK taken upon the face of Jean Jacques Rousseau after death, recently fetched, at the sale of the late M. Houdon, 500 francs. The purchaser has since refused an offer of 15,000 francs for it.

BRUSSELS

MAY be said to be next to Paris, the largest English colony on the continent; and that there are not fewer at this moment than six thousand English residents there. This is not at all surprising. Cheapness of living, of education, of amusements — a mild government and agreeable society—the abundance of all the necessaries of life, of fine fruits and vegetables in particular, are temptations; though we pity those who have not the virtue to resist them.

WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

Is it not extraordinary that the manager of a theatre is the only purveyor who does not know the value of his wares? A bookseller will, if he approves of a work, pay a certain sum for the copyright, and risk an additional sum in the publication, at the hazard of losing by the fiat of a very capricious public, the reading public. But the writer of a drama must make up his mind to stake the labour of months on the fortune of a single night. *New Monthly Mag.*

EXPEDITIONS OF DISCOVERY.

NARRATIVES of these important and interesting enterprizes multiply so fast, that we are happy to announce, as preparing for publication, a series of abstracts of the most recent *Voyages and Overland Journeys*. They will be printed in an economical volume adapted to all classes of purchasers, and will contain all the new facts in nautical and geographical science; details of the *Natural History* of the respective countries, the manners and customs of the natives, &c.—Fernando Po, Timbuctoo, Clapperton's African adventures, and Capt. Dillon's discoveries relative to the fate of La Perouse, will, of course, form prominent portions of this work, the popular title of which will be, "*The Cabinet of Recent Voyages and Travels.*"

BEEF-EATING.

A FACETIOUS gourmand used to say, that he had eaten so much beef for the last six months, that he was ashamed to look a bullock in the face. — *Twelve Years' Military Adventures.*

THE SABBATH.

IF we believe in the divine origin of the commandment, the Sabbath is instituted for the express purposes of religion. The time set apart is the "Sabbath of the Lord;" a day on which we are not to work our own works, or think our own thoughts. The precept is positive, and the purpose clear. He who has to accomplish his own salvation, must not carry to tennis courts and skittle grounds the train of reflections which ought necessarily to be excited by a serious discourse of religion. The religious part of the Sunday's exercise is not to be considered as a bitter medicine, the taste of which is as soon as possible to be removed by a bit of sugar. On the contrary, our demeanour through the rest of the day ought to be, not sullen certainly, or morose, but serious and tending to instruction. Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other. Pass the morning at church, and the evening, according to your taste or rank, in the cricket-field, or at the Opera, and you will soon find thoughts of the evening hazards and bets intrude themselves on the sermon, and that recollections of the popular melodies interfere with the psalms. Religion is thus treated like Lear, to whom his ungrateful daughters first denied one half of his stipulated attendance, and then made it a question whether they should grant him any share of what remained.—*Quart. Review.*

POCKET BOOKS.

AMONG the works under this denomination for 1829, we notice two, which from their almost indispensible utility, deserve the name of *Hardy Annuals*. The first is *Adcock's Engineers' Pocket Book*, and contains tables of British weights and measures, multiplication and division ob-

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tained by inspection, tables of squares and cubes and square and cube roots, and mensuration; tables of the areas and circumferences of circles, &c.; the mechanical powers, animal strength, mills and steam-engines, treatises on hydraulics, pneumatics, heat, &c., and on the strength and heat of materials. To these are superadded the usual contents of a pocket book, so as to render the present volume a desirable vade-mecum for the operative, the manufacturer, and engineer.

One of Mr. Adcock's most popular illustrations will not be uninteresting to the reader:—

"*Force of Gunpowder.*"—If we calculate the quantity of motion produced by gunpowder, we shall find that this agent, though extremely convenient, is far more expensive than human labour; but the advantage of gunpowder consists in the great rarity of the active substance; a spring or a bow can only act with a moderate velocity on account of its own weight; the air of the atmosphere, however compressed, could not flow into a vacuum with a velocity so great as 1,500 feet in a second; hydrogen gas might move more rapidly; but the elastic substance produced by gunpowder is capable of propelling a very heavy cannon ball with a much greater velocity."

Of an opposite character, but equally useful, and more attractive for the general reader, is the second,—*The Sportsman's Pocket Book*, by a brother of the author of the preceding. Here are the usual pocket-book contents, and the laws, &c. of British sports and pastimes—as shooting, angling, hunting, coursing, racing, cricket, and *skating*: from the latter we subjoin a hint for the benefit of the *Serpentine Mercuries*; which proves the adage *ex liquo non fit Mercurius*:—

"Care should be taken that the muscular movements of the whole body correspond with the movements of the skates, and that it be regulated so as to be almost imperceptible to the spectators; for nothing so much diminishes the grace and elegance of skating as sudden jerks and exertions. The attitude of drawing the bow and arrow, whilst the skater is forming a large circle on the outside, is very beautiful, and some persons, in skating, excel in manual exercises and military salutes."

The whole series of pocket books by the Messrs. Adcocks, extend, we believe, to eight, adapted for all descriptions of *industriels*, as well as for the less occupied, who are not "the architects of their own fortunes."

DR. PARR was the last learned schoolmaster who was professedly an amateur of the rod; and in that profession there was more of humour and affectation than of reality, for with all his habitual affectation and his occasional brutality, Parr was a good-natured, generous, warm-hearted man; there was a coarse husk and a hard shell, like the cocoa-nut, but the core was filled with the milk of human kindness.—*Quarterly Review.*

CRANIOLOGY.

ON a celebrated craniologist visiting the *studio* of a celebrated sculptor in London, his attention was drawn to a bust with a remarkable depth of skull from the forehead to the occiput. "What a noble head," he exclaimed, "is that! full seven inches! What superior powers of mind must he be endowed with, who possesses such a head as is here represented!" "Why, yes," says the blunt artist, "he certainly was a very extraordinary man—that is the bust of my early friend and first patron, John Horne Tooke." "Ay," answers the craniologist, "you see there is something after all in our science, notwithstanding the scoffs of many of your countrymen." "Certainly," says the sculptor; "but here is another bust, with a greater depth and a still more capacious forehead." "Bless me!" exclaims the craniologist, taking out his rule, "eight inches! who can this be? this is indeed a head—in this there can be no mistake; what depth of intellect, what profundity of thought, must reside in that skull! this I am sure must belong to some extraordinary and well-known character." "Why, yes," says the sculptor, "he is pretty well known—it is the head of Lord Pomfret."

PRYNNE.

ANTHONY A'WOOD has informed us that when Prynne studied, "his custom was to put on a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light, and seldom eating any dinner. He would be every three hours munching a roll of bread, and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale."

GERMAN STUDENTS.

THE German students are a set of young men who certainly pursue their studies with zeal, but who nevertheless are more brutal in conduct, more insolent in manner, more slovenly and ruffian-like in appearance, and more offensive from the fumes of tobacco and beer, onions and sourcrout, in which they are enveloped, than are to be met with in any other part

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of Europe. In a small town of a small state a German university is a horrible nuisance; and how the elegant court of Weimar, in particular, can tolerate the existence of one within an hour's ride of its palace, where we have seen ragamuffins fighting with broad-swords in the market-place, moves "our special wonder." To the university of Bonn is attached a rich collection of subjects in natural history, and a botanical garden; and such is its success, from the celebrity of its professors, among whom is numbered the illustrious William Schlegel, that, Dr. Granville states, "there are at this time about one thousand and twenty students who, for twenty pounds in university and professors' fees, and forty more for living, get a first-rate education." The climate and the situation on the banks of the Rhine are most inviting; and a beautiful avenue of chestnut trees, nearly a mile in length, joins the castle of Popplesdorf, which contains the cabinets of natural history, with the university.

GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

THE Great Seal itself, when not in the king's own custody, was entrusted to the "Chancellor," whose salary, as fixed by Henry I., amounted to five shillings per diem, besides a "livery" of provisions. And the allowance of one pint and a half, or perhaps a quart of claret, one "gross wax-light," and forty candle-ends, to enable the Chancellor to carry on his housekeeping, may be considered as a curious exemplification of primitive temperance and economy.—*Quarterly Rev.*

THE good people of Weimar appear to be most enthusiastic lovers of music, affording strong proofs of melomania. Every householder of any importance subscribes an annual sum to a band of musicians, who go round in long cloaks to each house, singing fugas and canons, unaccompanied by instruments, in "the most beautiful and correct style imaginable,"—something, we suppose, in the style of the Tyrolese minstrels.—*Ibid.*

TRAVELLING.

A FRIEND of ours recently went to Russia by steam, and actually breakfasted in Moscow the thirteenth morning after he left London. There is now, he says, a road as good as that to Brighton over three parts of the distance between St. Petersburg and Moscow — what a change from 1812!—*Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE MURDER HOLE.

An Ancient Legend.

"Ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly!
COLLINS.

In a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—nor a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One "lonesome desert" reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road, or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the deathlike stillness of the night was often interrupted by sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance; and a shepherd one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural energy, till at length one of them, with a frightful scream, suddenly sunk into the earth

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in

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distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar-boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage. "I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as an hiding-place in the storm." *Surely*, thought he, *though alone, I am not forsaken;* and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavoured to detain him when the other travellers were departing; and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching a window, where the light within showed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seising the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. "I am not what you take me for," said the boy, attempting to laugh, "but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year."—"Are you *alone?*" inquired the old woman, in a harsh, deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. "Yes," said the boy, "I am alone *here;* and alas!" he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, "I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night." "*Then* you are welcome!" said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but

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at length his senses began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it, they vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed,—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavoured to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest; when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad, red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a *goat* that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

"This is an easier job than you had yesterday," said the man who held the goat. "I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbour within a dozen of miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy."

"Don't speak of it," replied the other; "I was never fond of bloodshed."

"Ha, ha!" said the other with a sneer, "you say so, do you?"

"I do," answered the first, gloomily; "the Murder Hole is the thing for me—*that* tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow's dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief *there*."

"Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there! it sucks them in like a leech!"

"How do you mean to dispatch the lad in the next room?" asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broken the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling alound, "*The boy has fled—let loose the bloodhound!*" These words sunk like a death-knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the bloodhound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed,—panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper on his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible. The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable,—already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared

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to gleam before his eyes,—despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the Pedlar's wounds bled so profusely, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent,—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedlar boy in the meantime paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighbourhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence. Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was 300 years ago. The remains of the old cottage, with its blackened walls (haunted of course by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a more modern *inn* (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in every thing but the character of its inhabitants; the landlord is deformed, but possesses extraordinary genius; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill,—and if any *discord* be heard in the house, or any *murder* committed in it, *this* is his only instrument. His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and learnt all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulf to which our story relates,—when you stand on its slippery edge, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths,—when she describes, with all the animation of an *eye witness*, the struggles of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag in their assassin as an expiring effort of vengeance, —when you are told that for 300 years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the bloodhound,—it is *then only* that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER HOLE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

DANCING.

I NEVER to a ball will go,
That poor pretence for prancing,
Where Jenkins dislocates a toe,
And Tomkins *thinks* he's dancing:
And most I execrate that ball,
Of balls the most atrocious,
Held yearly in old Magog's hall,
The feasting and ferocious.

I execrate the mob, the squeeze,
The rough refreshment-scramble:
The dancers, keeping time with knees
That knock as down they amble:
Between two lines of bankers' clerks,
Stared at by two of loobies—
All mighty fine for city sparks,
But all and each one boobies:—

Boobies with heads like poodle-dogs,
With curls like clew-lines dangling
With limbs like galvanizing frogs,
And necks stiff-starched and strangling
With pigeon-breasts and pigeon-wings,
And waists like wasps and spiders;
With whiskers like Macready's kings'
Mustachios like El Hyder's.

Miss Jones, the Moorfields milliner,
With Toilinet, the draper,
May waltz—for none are *willinger*
To cut cloth or a caper.—
Miss Moses of the Minories,
With Mr. Wicks of Wapping,
May love such light tracasseries,
Such shuffle-shoe and hopping:

Miss Hicks, the belle of Holywell,
And pride of Norton Folgate,
In waltzing may the world excel,
Except Miss Hicks of Aldgate.
Well, let them—'tis their nature—twirl,
And Smiths adore their twirlings,
Which kill with envy every girl
That fingers lace at Uriing's,

I laugh while I lament to see
A fellow, made to measure
'Gainst grenadiers of six feet three,
"Die down the dance" with pleasure.
I laugh to see a man with thews
His way through Misses picking,
Like pig with tender pettitoes,
Or chicken-hearted chicken:

A tom-cat shod with walnut-shells,
A pony race in pattens,
A wagon-horse tricked out with bells,
A sow in silks and satins,

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A butcher's hair *en papillote*,
And lounging Piccadilly,
A clown in an embroidered coat,
Are not more *gauche* and silly.

Let atoms take their dusty dance,
But men are not corpuscles:
An Englishman's not made in France,
Nor wire and buckram muscles.
The manly leap, the breathing race,
The wrestle, or old cricket,
Give to the limbs a native grace—
So, here's for double-wicket.

Leave dancing to the women, Men—
In them it is becoming;—
I never tire to see them, when
Joe Hart his fiddle's strumming,
Or Colinet and mild Musard
Have set their hearts quadrilling —
Then be each nymph a gay Brocard,
And every woman killing.

I love to see the pretty dear
Go lightly caracolling,
And drinking love at eyes and ears,
With every look their soul in!
I like to watch the swan-like grace
They show in minuetting:
It hits one's bosom's tenderest place,
To see them pirouetting:

But when a measurer of tape
Turns butterfly and dandy,
Assumes their grace, their air, their shape,
I wish a pump were handy!
I never to such balls will go,
Those poor pretexts for prancing;
Where Jenkins dislocates his toe,
And Tomkins *thinks* he's dancing.

Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FAMILY RECKONING.

Two Irishmen lately met, who had not seen each other since their arrival from Dublin's fair city. Pat exclaimed, "How are you, my honey; how is Biddy Sulivan, Judy O'Connell, and Daniel O'Keefe?" "Oh! my jewel," answered the other, "Biddy has got so many children that she will soon be a grandfather; Judy has six, but they have no father at all, for she never was married. And, as for Daniel, he's grown so thin, that he is as thin as us both put together."

W. G. C.

VARY-WEEL WHILE IT LASTS.

Two old Scotch gentlemen, having left their better halves in the Land o' Cakes, on quitting Covent Garden theatre were discussing the merits of the play, the School for Scandal. "I was vary gled to see Sir Peter and my Leddy Tizzle sic gude frinds agin, Mr. M'Dougal, what think ye?" "Eh, mon, vary weel while it lasts, but it's just Mrs. M'Dougal's way. I'se warrant they're at it agin afore we are doon in our beds mon." Poor Sheridan should have heard this himself.

One of his majesty's frigates being at anchor on a winter's night, in a tremendous gale of wind, the ground broke, and she began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the captain and awoke him from his sleep, and told him the anchor had come home. "Well," said the captain, rubbing his eyes, "I think our anchor is perfectly right, for who the d— would stay out such a night as this?"

W. G. C.

In the museum of Stuttgard, is a portrait of the Countess of Salzburg, who, at the age of 50 years, had mustachios, whiskers, and a beard, as long and as black as those of any man.

TRIAL BY JURY.

The following anecdote is given in "*Lettres sur l'Angleterre par A. de Stael Holstein.*" "King George III. once gave directions for closing up a gate and a road in his own park at Richmond, which had been free to foot passengers for many years. A citizen of Richmond, who found the road convenient to the inhabitants of that village, took up the cause of his neighbours. He contended, that, although the thoroughfare might have been originally an encroachment, it had become public property by the lapse of time, and by prescriptive right, and that he should compel the king to re-open it. He brought his suit, without hesitating, into a court of justice, and gained his process."

AMERICAN ODDITIES.

Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their Travels to the Source of the Missouri, among other tribes of Indians, fell in with that of the Sioux, whose chiefs made a speech, but whose names being literally translated from their own dialect, were, Mahtoree, that is, *white crane*; Carkapaha, that is, *crow's-head*; Lenasawa, *id est*, *black cat*; Neswanja, that is, *big ox*; Sananona, *iron eyes*. There were other eminent men among them, with equally eminent names; as, *Big Horse*, *White Horse*, *Little Thief*, *Hospitality*, *Blackbird*, *Wolfman*, *Little Raven*, *Little Fox*, *Big White*, and *Big Thief*. These eccentricities are only equalled by the names of the American rivers and creeks, such as *Big Muddy River*, *Little Muddy River*, *Little Shallow River*, *Good Woman River*, *Little Good Woman Creek*, *Grindstone Creek*, *Cupboard Creek*, *Biscuit Creek*, *Blowing-fly Creek*.

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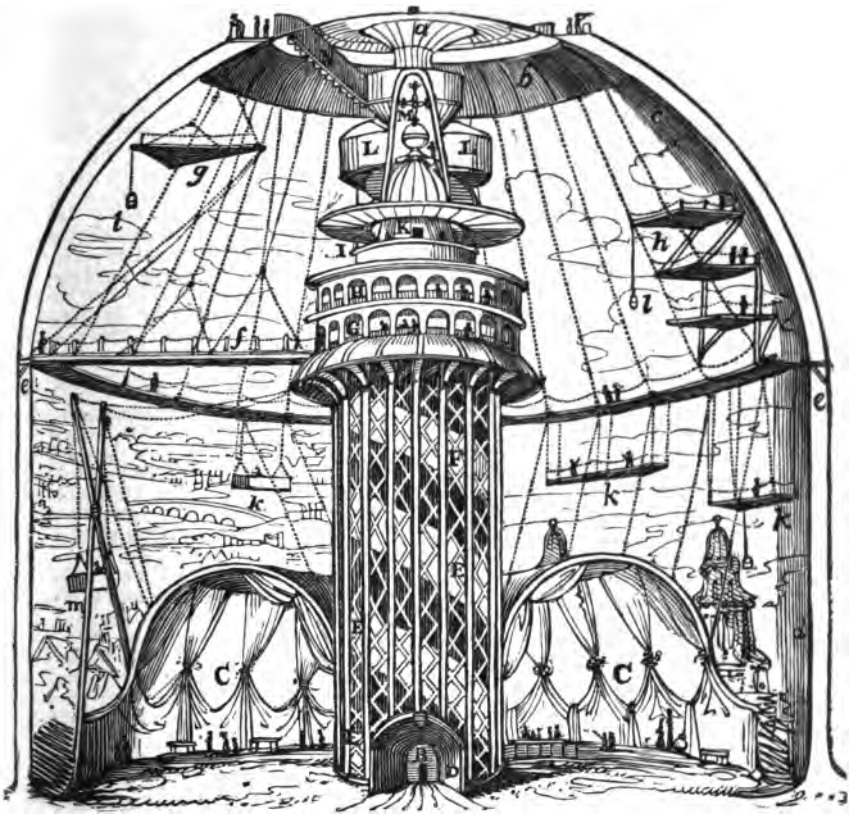
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 356.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1829. [Price 2d.

Interior of the Colosseum.



References to the Engraving.

A. Column or Tower in the centre of the building, for supporting the Ascending Room, &c.

B. Entrance to the Ascending-Room.

C. Saloon for the reception of works of art.

D. Passage leading to the Saloon, Galleries, and Ascending-Room.

E. F. Two separate Spiral Flights of Steps, leading to the Galleries, &c.

G. H. I. Galleries from which the Picture is to be viewed.

K. Refreshment-Room.

L. Rooms for Music or Bells.

M. The Old Ball from St. Paul's Cathedral.

N. Stairs leading to the outside of the Building.

a. b. Sky-lights. *c.* Plaster Dome, on which the sky is painted. *d.* Canvass on which the part of the picture up to the horizon is painted. *e.* Gallery, suspended by ropes, used for painting the distance, and uniting the plaster and the canvass. *f.* Temporary Bridge from the Gallery G to the Gallery *e*, from the end of which the echo of the building might be heard to the greatest advantage. *g.* One of Fifteen Triangular Platforms, used for painting the sky. *h.* Platforms fixed on the ropes of the Gallery *e*, used for finishing and clouding the sky. *k.* Different methods for getting at the lower parts of the canvass. *l.* Baskets for conveying colours, &c. to the artists. *m.* Cross or Shears, formed of two poles, from which a cradle or box is suspended, for finishing the picture after the removal of all the scaffolding and ropes.

Mr. Hornor, in his colossal undertaking, has "devised a mean" to draw us out of the way; and a successful one it has already proved. As a return for

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the interest which his enterprise has excited, we are, however, induced to present its details to our readers, as perfect as the limits of the MIRROR will allow; and for this purpose we have been favoured by Mr. Parris with the drawing for the annexed cut.

In No. 352, we gave a popular description of the interior of the Colosseum; but the reader's attention was therein directed to the splendid effect of the panorama or picture, whilst the means by which the painting was executed have been reserved for our present Number. This we have endeavoured to illustrate by the annexed engraving; and the explanation will be rendered still clearer by reference to No. 352, wherein we have given an outline of the difficulties with which the principal artist, Mr. Parris, had to contend in painting the panorama. We, however, omitted to state an obstacle equally formidable with the *reconciliation* of the styles of the several artists engaged to assist Mr. Parris. This additional source of perplexity was the great change, almost amounting to the vitrification or enamel colours, which occurred in the hues of the various pigments, according to the point of view, and the immense distance of the canvass from the spectator.

Besides furnishing the reader with the construction of the apartments, galleries, and ascents of the interior, the engraving presents some idea of the scaffoldings, bridges, platforms, and other mechanical contrivances requisite for the execution of the picture.

The spiral staircase, it will be seen, leads to the lower gallery for viewing the picture. Unconnected with the intermediate gallery, there is a communication from the lowest gallery to the highest, and thence to the refreshment-rooms and exterior of the dome. The ascent to the second price gallery is by a spiral staircase under those already mentioned. The column, or central erection, containing these staircases and the ascending-room, is of timber, with twelve principal uprights seventy-three feet high, one foot square, set upon a circular curb of brickwork, hooped with iron, and further secured by bracings, and by two other circular curbs, from the upper one of which rises a cone of timbers thirty-four feet high, supporting the refreshment-rooms, the identical ball, and model of the cross, of St. Paul's, Mr. Hornor's sketching cabin, staircase to the exterior, &c. Without the circle of timbers already described, is another of twenty-four upright timbers; and between these two circles the staircases wind. The architectural fronts of the galleries form frame-works, through which the spectator may enjoy various parts of the panorama, as in so many distinct pictures.

The cut and appended references will explain the devices for painting better than a more extended description; for mere words do not facilitate the understanding of inventions which in themselves are beautiful and simple. To heighten the effect, our artist has, however, introduced light sketchy outlines of the campanile towers of St. Paul's, the city, and the distant country. Mr. Parris's task must have been one of extreme peril, and notwithstanding his ingenious contrivances of galleries, bridges, platforms, &c. he fell twice from a considerable height; but in neither case was he seriously hurt. His progress reminds us of other grand flights to fame, but his success has been triumphant, and alike honourable to his genius and enterprise. In short, looking at the present advanced state of the Colosseum, Mr. Hornor and his indefatigable coadjutors may almost exclaim in the words of Dryden,

Our toils, my friend, are crown'd with sure success:
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.

DORCHESTER.

(For the Mirror.)

ST. PETER'S church, Dorchester, is a handsome structure. There is a traditional rhyme about it which imports the founder of this church to have been Geoffery Van.

"Geoffery Van
With his wife Anne
And his maid Nan
Built this church."

But there was long since dug up in a garden here a large seal, with indisputable marks of antiquity, and this inscription:—"Sigillum Galfridi de Ann." It is therefore supposed, with some reason, that the founder's name was Ann.

A great number and variety of Roman coins have been dug up in this town, some of silver, others of copper, called by the common people, King Dorn's Pence; for they have a notion that one king Dorn was the founder of Dorchester.

HALBERT H.

FIRE AT YORK CATHEDRAL.

(For the Mirror.)

Ut Rosa flos florum
Sic est domus ista domorum.

SUCH was the encomium bestowed on the venerable pile of York Minster by an

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old monkish writer; but, alas! what a change is there in the space of a few short hours; what a scene of desolation, what a lesson of the instability of sublunary things and the vanity of human grandeur! The glory of the city of York, of England, yea, almost of Europe, is now, through the fanaticism of a modern Erostratus, rendered comparatively a pile of ruin; but still

"Looks great in ruin, noble in decay."

This is the third time that this magnificent structure has been assailed by fire; twice it has been totally destroyed; but, like another phœnix, it has again risen from its ashes in a greater degree of splendour. A period of nearly seven hundred years has now elapsed since the last of these occurrences; and the present fabric has but now narrowly escaped sharing the fate of its predecessors.

The damage which the Minster has sustained is not, perhaps, of so great a magnitude as, from the first appearance of the fire, might have been anticipated. The destruction is principally confined to the *choir*, the roof of which is entirely consumed. The beautiful and elaborately carved *screen*,* which divides the choir from the nave, and forms a support for the organ-loft, has escaped in a most wonderful manner, a few of the more projecting ornaments being merely detached. The organ, an instrument scarcely equalled in tone by any other in Europe, is totally destroyed. The oaken stalls,† together with their richly carved canopies, have likewise perished. The altar table, which stood at the eastern end of the choir, on a raised pavement, ascended by a flight of fifteen steps, is likewise consumed, and the communion plate melted. The beautiful stone screen, which separated the Lady's Chapel from the altar, has not suffered so materially as was at first imagined. This elegant specimen of ancient sculpture is divided into eight pointed arches, and elaborately ornamented with tracery work: the lights were filled with plate glass, through which a fine view of the great eastern window was obtained; some pieces of which still remain uninjured.

Such are the principal parts of the cathedral which have suffered. The books, cushions, and other movable effects, from the northern side of the choir, were fortunately rescued, together with the brazen eagle, from which the prayers were read. The wills, and other valuable documents, were also preserved

The choir, the destruction of which we have just related, was built by John de Thoresby, a prelate, raised to the archiepiscopal chair in 1532. On this building he expended the then enormous sum of one thousand eight hundred and ten pounds out of his own private purse. The first stone was laid on the 29th of July, 1361; but the founder died before its completion, as is evident from the arms of several of his successors in various parts of the building, particularly those of Scrope and Bowet, the latter of whom was not created archbishop until the year 1405. It was constructed in a more florid style of architecture than the rest of the fabric. The roof, higher by some feet than that of the nave, was more richly ornamented, an elegant kind of festoon work descending from the capitals of the pillars, which separated the middle from the side aisles; from these columns sprung the vaulted roof, the ribs of which crossed each other in angular compartments. The magnificent window, the admiration of all beholders, occupies nearly the whole space of the eastern end of the choir; it is divided by two large mullions into three principal divisions, which are again subdivided into three lights; the upper part from the springing of the arches are also separated into various compartments. It contains nearly two hundred subjects, principally scriptural. The painting of this window was executed about the year 1405, at the expense of the dean and chapter, by John Thornton, a glazier, of Coventry, who, by his contract, was engaged to finish it within three years, and to receive four shillings per week for his work; he was also to have one hundred shillings besides; and also ten pounds more if he did his work well.‡ On the exterior of the choir, immediately over the window, is the effigy of John de Thoresby, mitred and robed, and sitting in his archiepiscopal chair, his right hand pointing to the window, and in his left holding the model of a church. At the base of the window are the heads of Christ and the Apostles, with that of some sovereign, supposed to be Edward III.

We will now bring this article to a

* This elegant and curious piece of workmanship, the history of which is involved in uncertainty, bears the marks of an age subsequent to that of the choir, and was probably erected in the reign of Henry VI. It is in the most finished style of the florid Gothic, containing niches, canopies, pediments, and pinnacles, and decorated with the statues of all the sovereigns of England, from the Norman Conquest to Henry V. The statue of James I. stands in the niche which tradition assigns as that formerly occupied by the one of Henry VI.

† These stalls or seats which were formed of oak, and of the most elaborate workmanship, occupied the side, and western end of the choir: they were surmounted by canopies, supported by slender pillars, rising from the arms, each being furnished with a movable misericordia.

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close, by quoting the words of Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., in praise of York Cathedral. He says, "It is famous all over the world for its magnificence and workmanship, but especially for a fine lightsome chapel, with shining walls, and small, thin-waisted pillars, quite round."* S. I. B.

THE VINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

(For the Mirror.)

On the day of their creation, the trees boasted one to another, of their excellence. "Me, the Lord planted!" said the lofty cedar;—"strength, fragrance, and longevity, he bestowed on me."

"Jehovah fashioned me to be a blessing," said the shadowy palm; "utility and beauty he united in my form." The apple-tree, said, "Like a bridegroom among youths, I glow in my beauty amidst the trees of the grove!" The myrtle, said, "Like the rose among briars, so am I amidst the other shrubs." Thus all boasted;—the olive and the fig-tree —and even the fir.

The vine, alone, drooped silent to the ground! "To me," thought he, "every thing seems to have been refused;—I have neither stem—nor branches—nor flowers,—but such as *I am*, I will hope and wait." The vine bent down its shoots, and wept!

Not long had the vine to wait; for, behold, the divinity of earth, man, drew nigh; he saw the feeble, helpless, plant trailing its honours along the soil:—in pity, he lifted up the recumbent shoots, and twined the feeble plant around his own bower.

Now the winds played with its leaves and tendrils; and the warmth of the sun began to empurple its hard green grapes, and to prepare within them a sweet and delicious juice.

Decked with its rich clusters, the vine leaned towards its master, who tasted its refreshing fruit and juicy beverage; and he named the vine, his friend and favourite.

Despair not, ye forsaken; bear — be patient,—and strive.

From the insignificant reed flows the sweetest of juices;—from the bending vine springs the most delightful drink of the earth.

* We thank our intelligent antiquarian correspondent for this article, which, he will perceive appears somewhat abridged, as we are unable to spare room for further details.

The Sketch-Book.

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.—BY AN OFFICER ENGAGED.

(Abridged from No. 2, of the United Service Journal.)

We had been cruizing off the coast of the Morea, for the protection of trading vessels, and to watch the motions of the numerous Greek pirates infesting the narrow seas and adjacent islands. For fourteen months we had been thus actively employed, when the arrival of the Albion and Genoa, from Lisbon, hinted to us, that some coercive measures were about to be used against the Turks, to cause them to discontinue the exterminating war they carried on against the Greeks, and to evacuate the country pursuant to the terms of the treaty of July, 1827. The prospect of a collision with the Turkish fleet appeared to be very agreeable to the ship's crew, as they had got a little tired of their long confinement on board, and anxiously looked for a speedy return to Malta to get ashore, which they had not been able to do for upwards of a year. We again proceeded on our protecting duty, and parted company with the admiral in the Asia. In about six weeks we returned, and found that many other British vessels had joined the Asia, whilst the squadrons of France and Russia added to the number of the fleet, which altogether presented an imposing attitude.

The Turkish and Egyptian fleets had arrived from the unsuccessful attempt in the Gulf of Patras some time before, and lay off the Bay of Navarino, before they finally entered and took up a position within the harbour. While the Ottoman fleet lay off the bay, the Turkish troops were said to have committed many unjustifiable outrages on the defenceless inhabitants of the country adjacent to Navarino; information of these oppressive acts was conveyed to the British admiral, and, it is believed, formed the grounds of a strong remonstrance on his part, addressed to the Turkish commanders, which hastened the collision between the two armaments. These facts were generally known throughout the fleet, and a "*row*" was eagerly expected.

About the beginning of October we had returned from our cruize; the men, ever since we had been in commission, had been daily exercised at the guns, and, by firing at marks, they had much improved in their practice.

Before entering the bay, the Ottoman fleet lay at the distance of ten or twelve miles from the Allies. They appeared numerous, with many small craft. Most

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of them bore the crimson flag flying at their peak, and on coming closer, a crescent and sword were visible on the flags. Their ships looked well, and in tolerable order: the Egyptians were evidently superior to the Turks.

Little communication took place between the Allied and Turkish fleets. The Dartmouth had gone into the bay twice, bearing the terms proposed by the allied commanders to Ibrahim Pacha. No satisfactory answer had been returned by the Ottoman admiral, whose conduct appeared evasive and trifling, implying a contempt for our prowess, and daring us to do our worst.

The Dartmouth having proceeded for the last time into the bay, with the final requisitions, and having brought back no satisfactory reply, on Saturday, the 20th of October, 1827, about noon, Admiral Codrington, favoured by a gentle seabreeze, bore up under all sail for the mouth of the Bay of Navarino. A buzz ran instantly through the ship at the welcome intelligence of the admiral's bearing up; and I could easily perceive the hilarity and exultation of the seamen, and their impatience for the contest.

Our ship's crew was chiefly composed of young men, who had never seen a shot fired; yet, to judge from their manner, one would have thought them familiar with the business of fighting. The decks were then cleared for action, and the ship was quite ready, as we neared the mouth of the bay.

The Asia led the fleet, and was the first to enter the bay, followed by the ships in two columns. This was about one o'clock, or rather later. Abreast of Sir Edward Codrington was the French admiral, distinguished by the large white flag at the mizen. Then came the Genoa and Albion, followed by the Dartmouth, Talbot, and brigs, along with the French and Russian squadrons, in more distant succession. Every sail was set, so that the vast crowd of canvass, that looked more bleached and glittering in the rays of the sun, and contrasted with the deep blue unclouded sky, presented a magnificent and spirit-stirring spectacle. The breeze was just powerful enough to carry the allied fleet forward at a gentle rate, and as the wind freshened a little at times, it had the effect of causing the ships to heel to one side in a graceful, undulating manner,—the various flags and pendants of the united nations puffing out occasionally from the mast-heads. The sea was smooth, the weather rather warm, and the air quite clear. As we neared the entrance of the bay, the land presented all around a rugged, steep appearance towards the sea. In the distance, the mountains were visible, of a light blue, with whitish clouds apparently resting on their summits. The town and castle of Navarino presented a bright, picturesque look, and some spots of cultivation were to be seen. In the interior there rose in the air what looked like the smoke of some conflagration, and such we all believed was the case, as the Turkish soldiery had been employed in ravaging the country, and carrying away the inhabitants. An encampment of tents lay near, close to the castle, and large bodies of soldiers were easily discernible crowding on the batteries as we approached. We were about five hundred yards distant from the castle. The breadth of the entrance was about a mile.

When the Asia had arrived abreast of this castle, a boat rowed from the shore, and came alongside of the Asia with a request from Ibraham Pacha, that the allied fleets would not enter the bay; and just about that time, an unshotted gun was fired from the castle, which we interpreted as a signal for the Ottoman fleet to prepare for action. Close to the mouth of the bay, the cluster of vessels was considerable, all bearing up under a press of sail, and in perfect order. Our ship was close on the Asia's quarter. No opposition was made to our progress by the batteries of Navarino, which was a matter of surprise to all, as the men were ready at their quarters in momentary expectation of being attacked. To the spectators on the battlements our fleet must have presented a beautiful, though a formidable, appearance.

As soon as we had cleared the mouth of the bay, the Turko-Egyptian fleet was seen ranged round from right to left, in the form of an extensive crescent, in two lines, each ship with springs on her cables.

Thus the combined fleets were in the centre of the lion's den, and the lists might be said to have been closed. The Asia, on passing the mouth of Navarino, sailed onwards to where the Turkish and Egyptian line-of-battle ships lay at anchor about three-quarters of a mile farther up the bay, and anchored close abreast one of their largest ships, bearing the flag of the Capitan Bey. The Genoa took her station near the Asia, whilst the Albion followed; but the Turks being so closely wedged together, she could not find space to pass between them to her appointed berth. The ship of the Egyptian Admiral lay as close to the Asia as that of the Capitan Bey: a large double-banked frigate was also near: all these three ships being moored in front of the crescent close upon the Asia and the

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Genoa. The wind by this time had almost died away, consequently the Albion had to anchor close alongside the double-banked frigate. This failing of the wind retarded considerably the progress of the ships, which had not yet entered the bay, particularly the Russian ships, and several of ours, which came later into action, and had to encounter the firing of the artillery of the castle.

The Egyptian fleet lay to the south-east; and, as it was well known that several French officers were serving on board, the French Admiral was appointed to place his squadron abreast of them. It appears, however, that, with one exception, all these Frenchmen quitted the Egyptian fleet, and went on board an Austrian transport which lay off the coast.

The post assigned to the Cambrian, Talbot, and Glasgow, along with the French frigate Armide, was alongside of the Turkish frigates at the left of the crescent on entering into the bay; whilst the Dartmouth, Musquito, the Rose, and Philomel, were ordered to keep a sharp look-out on the several fireships lurking suspiciously at the extremities of the crescent, and apparently ripe for mischief.

It was strictly enjoined in the orders, that no gun was to be fired, without a signal to that effect made by the Admiral, unless it should be in return for shots fired at us by the Turkish fleet. Each ship was to anchor with springs on her cables, if time allowed; and the orders concluded with the memorable words of Nelson,—

No captain can do very wrong who places his ship alongside of any enemy."

It was about two o'clock when we arrived at our station on the left ot the bay, and anchored. The men were immediately sent aloft to furl the sails, which operation lasted a few minutes. Whilst so employed, the Dartmouth, distant about half a mile from our ship, had sent a boat, commanded by Lieut. Fitzroy, to request the fireship to remove from her station; a fire of musketry ensued from the fireship into the boat, killing the officer and several men. This brought on a return of small-arms from the Dartmouth and Syrene. Capt. Davis, of the Rose, having witnessed the firing of the Turkish vessel, went in one of his boats to assist that of the Dartmouth; and the crew of these two boats were in the act of climbing up the sides of the fireship, when she instantly exploded with a tremendous concussion, blowing the men into the water, and killing and disabling several in the boats close alongside. Just about this time, and before the men had descended from the yards, an Egyptian double-banked frigate poured a broadside into our ship. The captain gave instant orders to fire away; and the broadside was returned with terrible effect, every shot striking the hull of the Egyptian frigate. The men were now hastily descending the shrouds, while the captain sung out, "Now, my lads! down to the main-deck, and fire away as fast as you can." The seamen cheered loudly as they fired the first broadside, and continued to do so at intervals during the action. The battle had actually commenced to windward before the Asia and the Ottoman admiral had exchanged a single shot; and the action in that part of the bay was brought on in nearly a similar manner as in ours, by the Turks firing into the boat dispatched by Sir E. Codrington to explain the mediatorial views of the Allies. The Greek pilot had been killed; and ere the Asia's boat had reached the ship, the firing was unremitting between the Asia, Genoa, and Albion, and the Turkish ships. About half-past two o'clock, the battle had become general throughout the whole lines, and the cannonade was one uninterrupted crash, louder than any thunder. Previous to the Egyptian frigate firing into us, the men, not engaged in furling the sails, had stripped themselves to their duck-frocks, and were binding their black-silk neckcloths round their heads and waists, and some upon their left knees.

The Egyptian frigate, which had fired into our ship was distant about half a cable's length. Near her was another of the same large class, together with a Turkish frigate and a corvette. These four ships poured their broadsides into us without intermission for nearly a quarter of an hour; but after a few rounds their firing became irregular and hasty, and many of their shots injured our rigging. At the first broadside we received, two men near me were instantly struck dead on the deck. There was no appearance of any wounds upon them, but they never stirred a limb; and their bodies, after lying a little beside the gun at which they had been working, were dragged amidships. Several of the men were now severely wounded.

We were near enough to distinguish the Turkish and Egyptian sailors in the enemy's ships. They seemed to be a motley group. Most of them wore turbans of white, with a red cap below, small brown jackets, and very wide trousers; their legs were bare. They were active, brawny fellows, of a dark-brown complexion, and they crowded the Turkish ships, which accounts for the very great slaughter we occasioned among them. Many dead bodies were tum-

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oled through their port-holes into the sea.

Capt. Hugon, commanding the French frigate L'Armide, about three o'clock, seeing the unequal, but unflinching combat we were maintaining, wormed his ship coolly and deliberately through the Turkish inner line, in such a gallant, masterly style, as never for one moment to obstruct the fire of our ship upon our opponents. He then anchored on our starboard-quarter, and fired a broadside into one of the Turkish frigates, thus relieving us of one of our foes, which, in about ten minutes, struck to the gallant Frenchman; who, on taking possession, in the most handsome manner, hoisted our flag along with his own, to show he had but completed the work we had begun. The skill, gallantry, and courtesy of the French captain, were the subject of much talk amongst us, and we were loud in his praise. We had still two of the frigates and the corvette to contend with, whilst the Armide was engaged, when a Russian line-of-battle-ship came up, and attracted the attention of another Egyptian frigate, and thus drew off her fire from us. Our men had now a breathing time, and they poured broadside upon broadside into the Egyptian frigate, which had been our first assailant. The rapidity and intensity of our concentrated fire soon told upon the vessel. Her guns were irregularly served, and many shots struck our rigging. Our round-shot, which were pointed to sink her, passed through her sides, and frequently tore up her decks in rebounding. In a short time she was compelled to haul down her colours, and ceased firing. We learned afterwards, that her decks were covered with nearly one hundred and fifty dead and wounded men, and the deck itself ripped up from the effects of our balls. In the interim, the corvette, which had annoyed us exceedingly during the action, came in for her share of our notice, and we managed to repay her in some style for the favours she had bestowed on us in the heat of the business. Orders were then issued for the men to cease firing for a few minutes, until the Rose had passed between our ship and the corvette, and had stationed herself in such a position as to annoy the latter in conjunction with us. Our firing was then renewed with redoubled fury. The men, during the pause, had leisure to quench their thirst from the tank which stood on the deck, and they appeared greatly refreshed—I may say, almost exhilarated, and to their work they merrily went again.

The double-banked Egyptian frigate, which had struck her colours to us, to our astonishment began, after having been silenced for some time, to open a smart fire on our ships, though she had no colours flying. The men were exceedingly exasperated at such treacherous conduct, and they poured into her two severe broadsides, which effectually silenced her, and at the moment we saw that a blue ensign was run up her mast, on which we ceased cannonading her, and she never fired another gun during the remainder of the action. It was a Greek pilot, pressed on board the Egyptian, who ran up the English ensign, to prevent our ship from firing again. He declared that our shot came into the frigate as thick and rapidly as a hail-storm, and so terrified the crew, that they all ran below. From the combined effects of our firing, and that of the Russian ship, the other Egyptian frigate hauled down her colours. The corvette, which was roughly handled by the Rose, was driven on shore, and there destroyed.

Before this, however, a Turkish fire-ship approached us, having seemingly no one on board. We fired into her, and in a few minutes she loudly exploded astern, without doing us any damage. The concussion was tremendous, shaking the ship through every beam. Another fireship came close to the Philomel which soon sunk her, and in the very act of going down she exploded.

A large ship near the Asia was now seen to be on fire; the blaze flamed up as high as the topmast, and soon became one vast sheet of fire; in that state she continued for a short time. The crew could be easily discerned gliding about across the light; and, after a horrible suspense, she blew up, with an explosion far louder and more stunning than the ships which had done so in our vicinity. The smoke and lurid flame ascended to a vast height in the air; beams, masts, and pieces of the hull, along with human figures in various distorted postures, were clearly distinguishable in the air

It was now almost dark, and the action had ceased to be general throughout the lines; but blaze rose upon blaze, and explosion thundered upon explosion, in various parts of the bay. A pretty sharp cannonading had been kept up between the guns of the castle and the ships entering the bay, and that firing still continued. The smaller Turkish vessels, forming the second line, were now nearly silenced, and several exhibited signs of being on fire, from the thick light-coloured smoke that rose from their decks.

The action had nearly terminated by six o'clock, after a duration of four hours. Daylight had disappeared unperceived, owing to the dense smoke of the cannon-

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ading, which, from the cessation of the firing, now began to clear away, and showed us a clouded sky. The bay was illuminated in various quarters by the numerous burning ships, which rendered the sight one of the most sublime and magnificent that could be imagined.

Memorable Days.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Seynte *Valentine*. Of custome, yeere by yeere
Men have an usaunce, in this regioun,
To loke and serche Cupide s kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affeccioun·
Such as hen *move* with Cupide's mocioun,
Taking theyr choyse as theyr sorte doth falle:
But I love oon whyche excellith alle.

LYDGATE'S *Poem of Queen Catherine, consort to Henry V.*, 1440.

In some villages in Kent there is a singular custom observed on St. Valentine's day. The young maidens, from five or six to eighteen years of age, assemble in a crowd, and burn an uncouth effigy, which they denominate a "*holly boy*," and which they obtain from the boys; while in another part of the village the boys burn an equally ridiculous effigy, which they call an "ivy girl," and which they steal from the girls. The oldest inhabitants can give you no reason or account of this curious practice, though it is always a sport at this season.

Numerous are the sports and superstitions concerning the day in different parts of England. In some parts of Dorsetshire the young folks purchase wax candles, and let them remain lighted all night in the bedroom. I learned this from some old Dorsetshire friends of mine, who, however, could throw no further *light* upon the subject. In the same county, I was also informed it was in many places customary for the maids to hang up in the kitchen a bunch of such flowers as were then in season, neatly suspended by a true lover's knot of blue riband. These innocent doings are prevalent in other parts of England, and elsewhere.

Misson, a learned traveller, relates an amusing practice which was kept up in his time:—"On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrated a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors assemble together; all write their true or some feigned name separately upon as many billets, which they rolled up, and drew by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls her's. By this means each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valentine that falls to him, than to the Valentine to whom he has fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their fair mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

In Poor Robin's Almanack, 1676, the *drawing* of Valentines is thus alluded to:

"Now Andrew, Antho-
Ny, and William,
For Valentines *draw*
True, Kate, Jilian."

Gay makes mention of a method of choosing Valentines in his time, viz. that the lad's Valentine was the first lass he spied in the morning, who was not an inmate of the house; and the lass's Valentine was the first young man she met.

Also, it is a belief among certain playful damsels, that if they pin four bay leaves to the corners of the pillow, and the fifth in the middle, they are certain of dreaming of their lover.

Shakspeare bears witness to the custom of looking out of window for a Valentine, or desiring to be one, by making Ophelia sing:—

Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine!

In London this day is ushered in by the thundering knock of the postman at the different doors, through whose hands some thousands of Valentines pass for many a fair maiden in the course of the day. Valentines are, however, getting very ridiculous, if we may go by the numerous doggrels that appear in the print-shops on this day. As an instance, I transmit the reader a copy of some lines appended to a Valentine sent me last year. Under the figure of a shoemaker, with a head thrice the size of his body, and his legs forming an oval, were the following rhymes:—

Do you think to be my Valentine?
Oh, no! you snob, you shan't be mine:
So big your ugly head has grown,
No wig will fit to seem your own.
Go, find your equal if you can,
For I will ne'er have such a man;
Your fine *bow* legs and turned-in feet,
Make you a *citizen* complete."

The *fair* writer had here evidently ventured upon a pun; how far it has succeeded I will leave others to say. The lovely creature was, however, entirely ignorant of my calling; and whatever impression such a description would leave on the reader's mind, it made none on mine. though in the second verse I was certainly much pleased with the fair punster. I wish you saw the engraving!

W. H. H.

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Kirkstall Abbey.

THE first page or frontispiece embellishment of the present Number of the MIRROR illustrates one of the most recent triumphs of art; and the above vignette is a fragment of the monastic splendour of the twelfth century. Truly this is the *bathos* of art. The plaster and paint of the *Colosseum* are scarcely dry, and half the work is in embryo; whilst *Kirkstall* is crumbling to dust, and reading us "sermons in stones:" we may well say,

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."

Kirkstall Abbey is situated a short distance from Leeds, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Its situation is one of the most picturesque that the children of romance can wish for, being in a beautiful vale, watered by the river Aire. It was of the Cistercian order, founded by Henry de Lacy in 1157, and valued at the dissolution at 329*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.* Its rents are now worth 10,253*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The gateway has been walled up, and converted into a farm-house. The abbot's palace was on the south; the roof of the aisle is entirely gone; places for six altars, three on each side the high altar, appear by distinct chapels, but to what saints dedicated is not easy, at this time, to discover. The length of the church, from east to west, was 224 feet; the transept, from north to south, 118 feet. The tower, built in the time of Henry VIII., remained entire till January 27, 1779, when three sides of it were blown down, and only the fourth remains. Part of an arched chamber, leading to the cemetery, and part of the dormitory, still remain. On the ceiling of a room in the gatehouse is inscribed,

Mille et Quingentos postquam compleverit Orbis
Tuq: et ter demos per sua signi Deus
Prima saluteferi post cunabula Christi,
Cui datur omnium Honor, Gloria, Laus, et Amor.

The principal window is particularly admired as a rich specimen of Gothic beauty, and a tourist, in 1818, says, "bids defiance to time and tempest;" but in our engraving, which is of very recent date, the details of the window will be sought for in vain. "Shrubs and trees," observes the same writer, "have found a footing in the crevices, and branches from the walls shook in undulating monotony, and with a gloomy and spiritual murmur, that spoke to the ear of time and events gone by, and lost in oblivion and dilapidation. At the end, immediately beneath the colossal window, grows an alder of considerable luxuriance, which, added to the situation of every other object, brought Mr. Southey's pathetic ballad of 'Mary the Maid of the Inn,' so forcibly before my imagination,* that I involuntarily turned my eye to search for the grave, where the murderers concealed their victim." He likewise tells us of "the former garden of the monas-

* We ourselves remember the thrilling effect of our first reading this ballad; especially while clambering over the ruins of Brambletye House. Indeed, the incident of the ballad is of the most striking character, and it works on the stage with truly melo-dramatic force. Perhaps, there is not a more interesting picture than a solitary tree, tufted on a time-worn ruin; there are a thousand associations in such a scene, which, to the reflective mind, are dear as life's-blood, and as an artist would say, they make a fine study.

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tery, still cultivated, and exhibiting a fruitful appearance;" cells and cavities covered with underwood; and his ascent to a gallery by a winding turret stair, whence, says he, "the monks of Kirkstall feasted their eyes with all that was charming in nature. It is said," adds he, "that a subterraneous passage existed from hence to Eshelt Hall, a distance of some miles, and that the entrance is yet traced."

The Naturalist.

AMERICAN SONG BIRDS.

THE *Mocking-bird* seems to be the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant tells us that he heard a caged one, in England, imitate the mewing of a cat and the creaking of a sign in high winds. The Hon. Daines Barrington says, his pipe comes nearest to the nightingale, of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far excels Pennant and Barrington as the bird excels his fellow-songsters. Wilson tells that the ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods, upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor, for the others seem merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six, syllables, generally expressed with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour, for half an hour or an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his wings and his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music, and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy, he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft, as Bartram says, with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill; each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with great accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary, and of the red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose to injure his song. His imitations of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their night excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they begin to hear his delightful solo. After Shakspeare, Barrington attributes in part the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird which in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? His natural notes partake of a character similar to those of the brown thrush, but they are more sweet, more expressive, more varied, and uttered with greater rapidity.

The *Yellow breasted Chat* naturally follows his superior in the art of mimicry. When his haunt is approached, he scolds the passenger in a great variety of odd and uncouth monosyllables, difficult to describe, but easily imitated so as to deceive the bird himself, and draw him after you to a good distance. At first are heard short notes like the whistling of a duck's wings, beginning loud and rapid, and becoming lower and slower, till they end in detached notes. There succeeds something like the barking of young puppies, followed by a variety of guttural sounds, and ending like the mewing of a cat, but much hoarser.

The song of the *Baltimore Oriole* is little less remarkable than his fine appearance, and the ingenuity with which he builds his nest. His notes consist of a clear mellow whistle, repeated at short intervals as he gleams among the branches.

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There is in i. a certain wild plaintiveness and *naïveté* extremely interesting. It is not uttered with rapidity, but with the pleasing tranquillity of a careless ploughboy, whistling for amusement. Since the streets of some of the American towns have been planted with Lombardy poplars, the orioles are constant visiters, chanting their native "wood notes wild," amid the din of coaches, wheelbarrows, and sometimes within a few yards of a bawling oysterwoman.

The *Virginian Nightingale, Red Bird*, or *Cardinal Grosbeak*, has great clearness, variety, and melody in his notes, many of which resemble the higher notes of a fife, and are nearly as loud. He sings from March till September, and begins early in the dawn, and repeating a favourite stanza twenty or thirty times successively, and often for a whole morning together, till, like a good story too frequently repeated, it becomes quite tiresome. He is very sprightly, and full of vivacity; yet his notes are much inferior to those of the wood, or even of the brown thrush.

The whole song of the *Black-throated Bunting* consists of five, or rather two, notes; the first repeated twice and very slowly, the third thrice and rapidly, resembling *chip, chip, che-che-che*; of which ditty he is by no means parsimonious, but will continue it for hours successively. His manners are much like those of the European yellow-hammer, sitting, while he sings, on palings and low bushes.

The song of the *Rice Bird* is highly musical. Mounting and hovering on the wing, at a small height above the ground, he chants out a jingling melody of varied notes, as if half a dozen birds were singing together. Some idea may be formed of it, by striking the high keys of a piano-forte singly and quickly, making as many contrasts as possible, of high and low notes. Many of the tones are delightful, but the ear can with difficulty separate them. The general effect of the whole is good; and when ten or twelve are singing on the same tree, the concert is singularly pleasing.

The *Red-eyed Fly-catcher* has a loud, lively, and energetic song, which is continued sometimes for an hour without intermission. The notes are, in short emphatic bars of two, three, or four syllables. On listening to this bird, in his full ardour of song, it requires but little imagination to fancy you hear the words "Tom Kelly! whip! Tom Kelly!" very distinctly; and hence Tom Kelly is the name given to the bird in the West Indies.

The *Crested Titmouse* possesses a remarkable variety in the tones of its voice, at one time not louder than the squeaking of a mouse, and in a moment after whistling aloud and clearly, as if calling a dog, and continuing this dog-call through the woods for half an hour at a time.

The *Red-breasted Blue Bird* has a soft, agreeable, and often repeated warble, uttered with opening and quivering wings. In his courtship he uses the tenderest expressions, and caresses his mate by sitting close by her, and singing his most endearing warblings. If a rival appears, he attacks him with fury, and having driven him away, returns to pour out a song of triumph. In autumn his song changes to a simple plaintive note, which is heard in open weather all winter, though in severe weather the bird is never to be seen.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

THE JOHN DORY.

In the 312th Number of the *Mirror*, several solutions are given of the name of a well-known and high-priced fish, the John Dory, or Jaune Dorée. Sir Joseph Banks's observation, that it should be spelled and acknowledged "adorée," because it is the most valuable (or worshipful) of fish, as requiring no sauce, is equally absurd and unwarranted; for so far from its being incapable of improvement from such adjuncts, its relish is materially augmented by any one of the three most usual side tureens. The dory attains its fullest growth in the Adriatic, and is a favourite dish in Venice, where, as in all the Italian ports of the Mediterranean, it is called Janitore, or the gate-keeper, by which title St. Peter is most commonly designated among the Catholics, as being the reputed keeper of the keys of heaven. In this respect, the name tallies with the superstitious legend of this being the fish out of whose mouth the apostle took the tribute money. The breast of the animal is very much flattened, as if it had been compressed; but, unfortunately for the credit of the monks, this feature is exhibited in equally strong lineaments by, at least, twenty other varieties of the finny tribe

Our sailors naturally substituted the appellation of John Dory for the Italian Janitore, and a very high price is sometimes given for this fish when in prime condition, as I can testify from experience; having two years since seen one at Ramsgate which was sold early in the day for eighteen shillings.

JOHNNY RAW.

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The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

"ANECDOTES correspond in literature with the sauces, the savoury dishes, and the sweetmeats of a splendid banquet;" and as our weekly sheet is a sort of *literary fricassee*, the following may not be unacceptable to the reader. They are penciled from a work quaintly enough entitled "The Living and the Dead, by a Country Curate;" and equally strange, the cognomen of the author is not a *ruse*—he being a curate at Liverpool, the son of Dr. Adam Neale, and a nephew of the late Mr. Archibald Constable, the eminent publisher, of Edinburgh. The information which this volume contains, may therefore be received with greater confidence than is usually attached to flying anecdotes; since Mr. Constable's frequent and familiar intercourse with the first literary characters of his time must have given him peculiar facilities of observation of their personal habits. The present volume of "The Living and the Dead" is what the publisher terms the Second Series; for, like Buck, the turncoat actor, booksellers always think that one good turn deserves another. Our first extracts relate to Chantrey's monument in Lichfield Cathedral, and another of rival celebrity.

At the retired church of Ashbourne is "a remarkable monument, by Banks, to the memory of a very lovely and intelligent little girl, a baronet's only child. It bears an inscription which, to use the mildest term, as it contains not the slightest reference to Christian hopes, should have been refused admittance within a Christian church. To the sentiments it breathes, Paine himself, had he been alive, could have raised no objection. * * * The figure, which is recumbent, is that of a little girl; the attitude exquisitely natural and graceful. It recalls most forcibly to the recollection Chantrey's far-famed monument in Lichfield Cathedral; for the resemblance, both in design and execution, between these beautiful specimens of art is close and striking.

Previous to his executing that most magnificent yet most touching piece of sculpture, which alone would have sufficed to immortalize his name, Chantrey was, at his own request, locked up alone in the church for two hours. This fact may be apocryphal; but the following I do affirm most confidently. When I hinted to the venerable matron who shows the monument, and who, being a retainer of the Boothby family, feels their honour identified with her own, that Chantrey's was by far the finer effort of the two, and that I wished I had that yet to see; and my companion added, that though the design of the Boothby monument was good, the execution was coarse and clumsy in the extreme, compared with the elaborate finish of the Robinson's. "Humph," said the old lady, with a most vinegar expression of countenance, with a degree of angry hauteur, an air of insulted dignity that Yates would have travelled fifty miles to witness; "the like of that's what I now hear every day. Hang that fellow Chantee, or Cantee, or what you call him; I wish he had never been born!" The Ashbourne people are naturally proud of the monument. With them it is a kind of idol, to which every stranger is required to do homage. Among others, when Prince Leopold passed through Ashbourne, and inquiries were made by some of his royal highness's suite as to the "lions" of the neighbourhood—"We have one of our own, Sir," was the ready reply; "a noble piece of sculpture in the church." To the church the royal mourner was on the very point of repairing, when Sir Robert Gardiner suddenly inquired the description to which the sculpture in question belonged. "It is a monument, Sir, no one passes through without seeing it; for its like is not to be met with in England—it is a monument to an only child, whose mother died—" "Not now," said the prince faintly; "not now, I too have lost —" and he turned away from the carriage in tears.

MR. CANNING.

IT may be observed, too, by the way, that to Ashbourne the late Mr. Canning was remarkably partial. Near it lived a female relative to whom he was warmly attached, and under whose roof many of his happiest hours were spent. It is stated, that a little poem, entitled, "A Spring Morning in Dovedale," one of the earliest efforts of his muse, is still in existence; and I have good reasons for knowing, that but a very few weeks previous to his death, he stated, in conversation, what delight he should feel in "going into that neighbourhood, and revisiting haunts which to him had been scenes of almost unalloyed enjoyment." I could scarcely believe, so exquisitely tranquil is the scene, the very murmur of the stream which flows around seems to soften itself in unison with the stillness of the landscape—that Ashbourne had ever been other than he abode of rural

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peace and comfort; and yet I was assured that during the war there was scarcely any limit to the bustle and gaiety which pervaded it."

MR. MOORE, THE POET.

At Mayfield, near Ashbourne, is a cottage where Moore, it is stated, composed *Lalla Rookh*. "For some years this distinguished poet lived at the neighbouring village of Mayfield; and there was no end to the pleasantries and anecdotes that were floating about its coteries respecting him; no limit to the recollections which existed of the peculiarities of the poet, of the wit and drollery of the man. Go where you would, his literary relics were pointed out to you. One family possessed pens; and oh! Mr. Bramah! such pens! they would have borne a comparison with Miss Mitford's; and those who are acquainted with that lady's literary implements and accessaries will admit this is no common-place praise—pens that wrote "Paradise and the Peri" in *Lalla Rookh!* Another showed you a glove torn up into thin shreds in the most even and regular manner possible; each shred being in breadth about the eighth of an inch, and the work of the *teeth!* Pairs were demolished in this way during the progress of the *Life of Sheridan*. A third called your attention to a note written in a strain of the most playful banter, and announcing the next "tragi-comedy meeting." A fourth repeated a merry impromptu; and a fifth played a very pathetic air, composed and adapted for some beautiful lines of Mrs. Opie's. But to return to Mayfield. Our desire to go over the cottage which he had inhabited was irresistible. It is neat, but very small, and remarkable for nothing except combining a most sheltered situation with the most extensive prospect. Still one had pleasure in going over it, and peeping into the little book-room, ycleped the "Poet's Den," from which so much true poetry had issued to delight and amuse mankind. But our satisfaction was not without its portion of alloy. As we approached the cottage, a figure scarcely human appeared at one of the windows. Unaware that it was again inhabited, we hesitated about entering; when a livid, half-starved visage presented itself through the lattice, and a thin, shrill voice discordantly ejaculated,—"Come in, gentlemen, come in. *Don't be afeurd!* I'm only a tailor at work on the premises." This villanous salutation damped sadly the illusion of the scene; and it was some time before we rallied sufficiently from this horrible desecration to descend to the poet's walk in the shrubbery, where, pacing up and down the live-long morning, he composed his *Lalla Rookh*. It is a little confined gravel-walk, in length about twenty paces; so narrow, that there is barely room on it for two persons to walk abreast: bounded on one side by a straggling row of stinted laurels, on the other by some old decayed wooden paling; at the end of it was a huge haystack. Here, without prospect, space, fields, flowers, or natural beauties of any description, was that most imaginative poem conceived, planned, and executed. It was at Mayfield, too, that those bitter stanzas were written on the death of Sheridan. There is a curious circumstance connected with them; they were sent to Perry, the well-known editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Perry, though no stickler in a general way, was staggered at the venom of two stanzas, to which I need not more particularly allude, and wrote to inquire whether he might be permitted to omit them. The reply which he received was shortly this: "You may insert the lines in the *Chronicle* or not, as you please; I am perfectly indifferent about it; but if you *do* insert them, it must be *verbatim*." Mr. Moore's fame would not have suffered by their suppression; his heart would have been a gainer. Some of his happiest efforts are connected with the localities of Ashbourne. The beautiful lines beginning

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,"

were suggested, it is said, by hearing the Ashbourne peal; and sweetly indeed do they sound at that distance, "both mournfully and slow;" while those exquisitely touching stanzas,

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,"

were avowedly written on the sister of an Ashbourne gentleman, Mr. P— B—. But to his drolleries. He avowed on all occasions an utter horror of ugly women. He was heard, one evening, to observe to a lady, whose person was pre-eminently plain, but who, nevertheless, had been anxiously doing her little endeavours to attract his attention, "I cannot endure an ugly woman. I'm sure I could never live with one. A man that marries an ugly woman cannot be happy." The lady observed, that "such an observation she could not permit to pass without remark. She knew many plain couples who lived most happily."—"Don't talk of it," said the wit; "don't talk of it. It cannot be."—"But I tell you," said the lady, who became all at once both piqued and positive, "it can be, and it is. I will name individuals so circum-

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stanced. You have heard of Colonel and Mrs. —. She speaks in a deep, gruff bass voice; he in a thin, shrill treble. She looks like a Jean Dorée; he like a dried alligator. They are called Bubble and Squeak by some of their neighbours; Venus and Adonis by others. But what of that? They are not handsome, to be sure; and there is neither mirror nor pier-glass to be found, search their house from one end of it to the other. But what of that? No *unhandsome reflections* can, in such a case, be cast by either party! I know them well; and a more harmonious couple I never met with. Now, Mr. Moore, in reply, what have you to say? I flatter myself I have overthrown your theory completely." "Not a whit. Colonel — has got into a scrape, and, like a soldier, puts the best face he can upon it." Those still exist who were witnesses to his exultation when one morning he entered Mrs —'s drawing-room, with an open letter in his hand, and, in his peculiarly joyous and animated manner, exclaimed, "Don't be surprised if I play all sorts of antics! I am like a child with a new rattle! Here is a letter from my friend Lord Byron, telling me he has dedicated to me his poem of the 'Corsair.' Ah, Mrs. —, it is nothing new for a poor poet to dedicate his poem to a great lord; but it is something passing strange for a great lord to dedicate his book to a poor poet." Those who know him most intimately feel no sort of hesitation in declaring, that he has again and again been heard to express regret at the earlier efforts of his muse; or reluctance in stating, at the same time, as a fact, that Mr. M., on two different occasions, endeavoured to repurchase the copyright of certain poems; but, in each instance, the sum demanded was so exorbitant, as of itself to put an end to the negotiation. The attempt, however, does him honour. And, affectionate father as he is well known to be, when he looks at his beautiful little daughter, and those fears, and hopes, and cares, and anxieties, come over him which almost choke a parent's utterance as he gazes on a promising and idolized child, he will own the censures passed on those poems to be just: nay more—every year will find him more and more sensible of the paramount importance of the union of female purity with female loveliness—more alive to the imperative duty, on a father's part, to guard the maiden bosom from the slightest taint of licentiousness. It is a fact not generally suspected, though his last work, "The Epicurean," affords strong internal evidence of the truth of the observation, that few are more thoroughly conversant with Scripture than himself. Many of Alethe's most beautiful remarks are simple paraphrases of the sacred volume. He has been heard to quote from it with the happiest effect—to say there was no book like it—no book, regarding it as a mere human composition, which could on any subject even "approach it in poetry, beauty, pathos, and sublimity." Long may these sentiments abide in him! And as no man, to use his *own* words, "ever had fiercer enemies or firmer friends"—as no man, to use those of others, was ever more bitter and sarcastic as a political enemy, more affectionate and devoted as a private friend, the more deeply his future writings are impregnated with the spirit of that volume, the more heartfelt, let him be well assured, will be his gratification in that hour when "we shall think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved more dearly, when we shall remember our enemies only to forgive them."

Retrospective Gleanings.

REGAL TABLET.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following Synopsis of English Sovereigns, and their contemporaries, will, it is hoped, be acceptable to the readers of history. JACOBUS.

(Normans.)

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

began his reign, 14th Oct. 1066, died 9th Sept. 1087.

Popes.	*Contemporaries.*
Alexander II. 1061.	*Emperor of the West.*
Gregory VII. 1073.	Henry IV., 1056.
Victor III., 1086.	*France*
Emperors of the East.	Philip I., 1060.
Constantine XII., 1059.	*Scotland.*
Romanus IV. 1068.	Malcolm III. 1059.
Michael VII., 1071.	Donald VIII. 1068.
Nicephorus I. 1078.	
Alexis I., 1081.	

WILLIAM RUFUS

began his reign 9th Sept. 1087, died 2nd Aug. 1100.

Popes.	*Emperor of the West.*
Victor III., 1086.	Henry IV., 1056.
Urban II., 1088.	*France.*
Pascal II., 1099.	Philip I., 1060.
Emperor of the East.	*Scotland.*
Alexis I., 1081.	Donald VIII. 1068.

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HENRY I.

began his reign 2nd August 1100, ended 1st Dec. 1135.

Popes.
Pascal II., 1099.
Gelasius II., 1118.
Calistus II., 1119.
Honorius II. 1124.
Innocent II., 1130.
Celestin II., 1134.

Emperors of the East.
Alexis I. 1081.
John Cominus, 1118

Emperors of the West.
Henry IV., 1056.
Henry V., 1106.
Lotharius II. 1125.

France.
Philip I., 1060.
Louis VI., 1108.

Scotland.
Donald VIII. 1068.
Edgar, 1108.
Alexander, 1117.
David, 1134.

STEPHEN

began his reign 1st Dec. 1135, ended 25th Oct. 1154.

Popes.
Celestin II., 1134.
Lucius II., 1144.
Eugenius III. 1145.
Anastasius IV., 1153.
Adrian V., 1154.

Emperors of the East.
John Cominus, 1118.
Emanuel Cominus, 1143.

Emperors of the West.
Lotharius II. 1125.
Conrad III., 1138.
Frederic I., 1152.

France.
Louis VI., 1108.
Louis VII., 1137.

Scotla
David, 1134.

Saxon Line Restored

HENRY II.

began his reign 25th Oct. 1154, ended 6th July, 1189.

Popes.
Adrian IV., 1154.
Alexander II. 1154.
Lucius III., 1181.
Urban III., 1185.
Gregory VIII. 1187.
Clement III. 1188.

Emperors of the East.
Emanuel Cominus, 1143.
Alexis II., 1180.
Andronicus I. 1183.
Isaac II., 1185.

Emperor of the West
Frederic I., 1152.

France.
Louis VII., 1137.
Philip II., 1180.

Scotland.
David, 1134.
Malcolm IV. 1163.
William, 1165.

RICHARD I.

began his reign 6th July, 1189, ended 6th April, 1199.

Popes.
Clement III. 1188.
Celestin III. 1191.
Innocent III. 1198.

Emperors of the East.
Isaac II., 1185.
Alexis III., 1195

Emperors of the West.
Frederic I., 1152.
Henry VI., 1196.
Philip I., 1197

France.
Philip II., 1180.

Scotland.
William, 1165.

JOHN

began his reign 6th April, 1199, ended 19th Oct. 1216.

Popes.
Innocent III. 1198.
Honorius III. 1215.

Emperors of the East.
Alexis III., 1195.
Alexis IV., 1203.
Alexis V., 1204.
Theodorus I. 1204.

Emperors of the West.
Philip I., 1197.
Otho IV., 1208.
Frederic II., 1212.

French Emperors of Constantinople.
Baldwin I., 1204.
Henry I., 1206.

France.
Philip II., 1180.

Scotland.
William, 1165.
Alexander II. 1214.

HENRY III.

began his reign 19th Oct. 1216, ended 16th Nov. 1272.

Popes.
Honorius III. 1215.
Gregory IX., 1227.
Celestin IV., 1241.
Innocent IV. 1243.
Alexander IV. 1254
Urban IV., 1261.
Clement IV. 1265.
Gregory X., 1271.

Emperors of the East.
Theodore I., 1204.
John III., 1222.
Theodore II., 1225.
John IV., 1259.
Michael VIII. 1259.

Emperor of the West.
Frederic II., 1212.

French Emperors of Constantinople.
Henry I., 1206.
Peter II., 1217.
Robert de Cour, 1221.
Baldwin II., 1237.

France.
Philip II., 1180.
Louis VIII., 1223.
Louis IX., 1226.
Philip III., 1270.

Scotland.
Alexander II. 1214.
Alexander III. 1249.

EDWARD I.

began his reign 16th Nov. 1272, ended 7th July, 1307.

Popes.
Gregory X., 1270.
Innocent V., 1276.
Adrian V., 1276.
John XXI., 1276.
Nicholas III. 1277
Martin IV., 1281.
Honorius IV. 1285.
Nicholas IV. 1288.
Celestin V., 1294.
Boniface VIII., 1294.
Benedict X., 1303.
Clement V., 1305.

Emperors of the East.
Michael VIII. 1259.
Andronicus II. 1283

Emperors of the West.
Frederic II., 1212.
Rodolphus I. 1273.
Adolphus, 1291.
Albert I., 1298.

France.
Philip III., 1270.
Philip IV., 1285

Scotland.
Alexander III. 1249
John Baliol, 1293.
Robert Bruce, 1306.

(To be continued.)

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

TIMELY REPARTEE.

A SOLDIER of Marshal Saxe's army being discovered in a theft, was condemned to be hanged. What he had stolen might be worth about 5s. The marshal meeting him as he was being led to execution, said to him, "What a miserable fool you were to risk your life for 5s.!"—"General," replied the soldier, "I have risked it every day for five-pence." This repartee saved his life.

MARSHAL VILLARS.

IT was customary, as the French general in command of the Italian army passed through Lyons to join his army, for that town to offer him a purse full of gold. Marshal Villars on being thus complimented by the head magistrate, the latter concluded his speech by observing, that Turenne, who was the last commander of the Italian army who had honoured the town with his presence, had taken the purse, but returned the money. "Ah!" replied Villars, pocketing both the purse and the gold, "I have always looked upon Turenne to be *inimitable*."

LONG STORIES.

CAPT. S——, of the —— regiment, during the American war, was notorious for a propensity, not to story-telling, but to telling long stories, which he used to indulge in defiance of time and place, often to the great annoyance of his immediate companions; but he was so good-humoured withal, that they were loth to check him abruptly or harshly. An opportunity occurred of giving him a hint, which had the desired effect. He was a member of a courtmartial assembled for the trial of a private of the regiment. The man bore a very good character in general, the offence he had committed was slight, and the court was rather at a loss what punishment to award, for it was requisite to award some, as the man had been found guilty. While they were deliberating on this, Major ——, now General Sir ——, suddenly turning to the president, said, in his dry manner, "Suppose we sentence him to hear two of Captain S——'s long stories."

GENUINE GAELIC PROCLAMATION.

THE crier sounds a flourish on that delightful sonorous instrument, the bagpipe, then loquitor, "Tak tent a' ye land louping hallions, the meickle deil tamn ye, tat are within the bounds. If any o' ye be foond fishing in ma Lort Preadalpine's gruns, he 'll be first headit, and syne hangit, and syne droom't; an' if ta loon's bauld enough to come bock again, his horse and cart will be ta'en frae him; and if ta teils' sae grit wi' him tat he shows his ill faurd face ta three times, far waur things wull be dune till him. An noo tat ye a' ken ta wull o' ta lairt, I'll e'en gang hame and sup my brose."

TO LOUISA.

L ET me but hope
O lovely maid,
U ever will be mine,
I 'll bless my fate,
S upremely great,
A happy *Valentine*. N. R. H.

A DEAD SUBJECT.

"*Dyed* stockings are always rotten," said a Nottingham warehouseman.—"Yes," replied a by-stander, "and you'll be rotten when you're *dead*."

GRIZZLE.

WHAT will some grave people say to this?—from a "Constant Reader." A little boy having swallowed a medal of Napoleon, ran in great tribulation to his mother, and told her "that he had swallowed *Boneparty*."

LATE HOURS.

"MR. PITT," said the Duchess of Gordon, "I wish you to dine with me at *ten* this evening." "I must decline the honour," said the premier, "for I am engaged to sup with the bishop of Lincoln at *nine*."

CAUTIOUS HUMANITY.

A TANNER one day invited a supervisor to dine with him, and after pushing the bottle about briskly, the supervisor took his leave; but in passing across the tanyard, he fell into a vat, and called out for the tanner's assistance to get out, but to no purpose; "For," said the tanner, "if I draw any hides without giving the twelve hours' notice, I shall be exchequered and ruined, but I'll go and inform the exciseman."

TOAD-EATING.

A VICEROY of Ireland asked one of his guests at a public dinner, why there were no *toads* in Ireland; to which he replied, "Because, please your excellency, there are so many *toad-eaters*."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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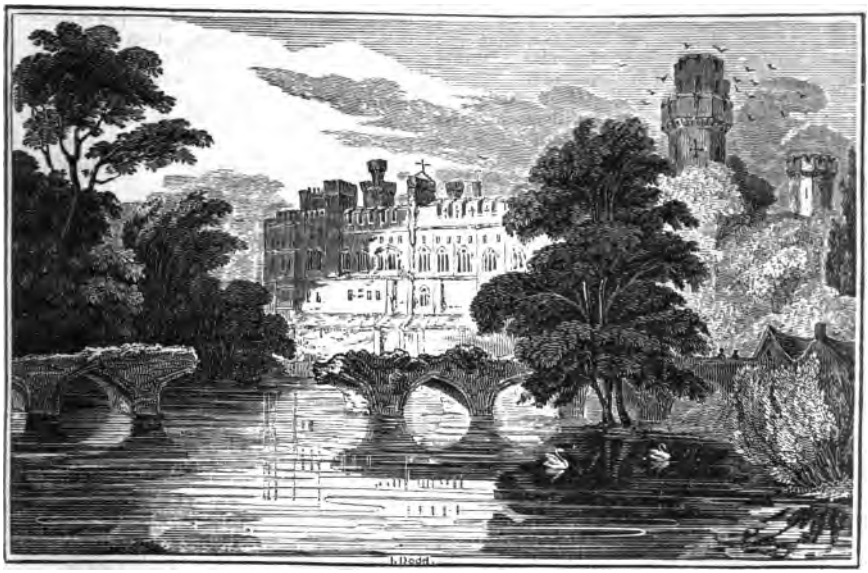
Warwick Castle.



THE history of a fabric, so intimately connected with some of the most important events recorded in the chronicles of our country, as that of Warwick Castle, cannot fail to be alike interesting to the antiquary, the historian, and the man of letters. This noble edifice is also rendered the more attractive, as being one of the very few that have escaped the ravages of war, or have defied the moulder-ing hand of time; it having been inhabited from its first foundation up to the present time, a period of nearly one thousand years. Before, however, noticing the castle, it will be necessary to make a few remarks on the antiquity of the town of which it is the chief ornament.

The town of Warwick is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Avon, nearly in the centre of the county to which it has given its name, and of which it is the principal town. Much diversity of opinion exists among antiquaries, as to whether it be of Roman or Saxon origin; but it is the opinion of Rous, as well as that of the learned Dugdale,* that its foundation is as remote as the earliest period of the Christian era. These authors attribute its erection to Gutheline, or Kimbeline, a British king, who called it after his own name, Caer-Guthleon, a compound of the British word Caer, (*civitas,*) and Gutieon, or Gutheline, which afterwards, for the sake of brevity, was usually denominated *Caerleon.* We are also informed that Guiderius, the son and successor of Kimbeline, greatly extended it, granting thereto numerous privileges and immunities; but being afterwards almost totally destroyed by the incursions of the Picts and Scots, it lay in a ruinous condition until it was rebuilt by the renowned Caractacus. This town afterwards greatly suffered from the ravages of the Danish invaders; but was again repaired by the lady Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred, to whom it had been given, together with the kingdom of Mercia, of which it was the capital, by her father. Camden,† with whose opinion several other antiquaries also concur, supposes that Warwick was the ancient *Præsidium* of the Romans, and the post where the præfect of the Dalma-

* "Warwickshire," p. 298, edit. 1661.

† Vide Camden's "Britannia," by Bishop Gibson, vol. i. p. 603, edit. 1722.

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tian horse was stationed by the governor of Britain, as mentioned in the Notitia.

The appearance of this town in the time of Leland is thus described by that celebrated writer:—"The town of Warwick hath been right strongly defended and waullid, having a compace of a good mile within the waul. The dike is most manifestly perceived from the castelle to the west gate, and there is a great crest of yearth that the waul stood on. Within the precincts of the toune is but one paroche chirche, dedicated to St. Mary, standing in the middle of the toune, faire and large. The toune standeth on a main rokki hill, rising from est to west. The beauty and glory of it is yn two streetes, whereof the hye street goes from est to west, having a righte goodely crosse in the middle of it, making a quadrivium, and goeth from north to south." Its present name is derived, according to Matthew Paris, from Warmund, the father of Offa, king of the Mercians, who rebuilt it, and called it after his own name, Warwick.*

The castle, which is one of the most magnificent specimens of the ancient baronial splendour of our ancestors now remaining in this kingdom, rears its proud and lofty turrets, gray with age, in the immediate vicinity of the town. It stands on a rocky eminence, forty feet in perpendicular height, and overhanging the river, which laves its base. The first fortified building on this spot was erected by the before-mentioned lady Ethelfleda, who built the donjon upon an artificial mound of earth. No part of that edifice, however, is now supposed to remain, except the mound, which is still to be traced in the western part of the grounds surrounding the castle. The present structure is evidently the work of different ages, the most ancient part being erected, as appears from the "Domesday Book," in the reign of Edward the Confessor; which document also informs us, that it was "a special strong hold for the midland part of the kingdom." In the reign of William the Norman it received considerable additions and improvements; when Turchill, the then vicomes of Warwick, was ordered by that monarch to enlarge and repair it. The Conqueror, however, being distrustful of Turchill, committed the custody of it to one of his own followers, Henry de Newburgh, whom he created Earl of Warwick, the first of that title of the Norman line. The stately building at the north-east angle, called *Guy's Tower*, was erected in the year 1394, by Thomas Beauchamp, the son and successor of the first earl of that family, and was so called in honour of the ancient hero of that name, and also one of the earls of Warwick. It is 128 feet in height, and the walls, which are of solid masonry, measure 10 feet in thickness. *Cæsar's Tower*, which is supposed to be the most ancient part of the fabric, is 147 feet in height; but appears to be less lofty than that of Guy's, from its being situated on a less elevated part of the rock.

In the reign of Henry III., Warwick Castle was of such importance, that security was required from Margery, the sister and heiress of Thomas de Newburgh, the sixth earl of the Norman line, that she would not marry with any person in whom the king could not place the greatest confidence. During the same reign, in the year 1265, William Manduit, who had garrisoned the castle on the side of the king against the rebellious barons, was surprised by John Gifford, the governor of Kenilworth Castle, who, having destroyed a great part of the walls, took him, together with the countess, his wife, prisoners; and a ransom of nineteen hundred marks were paid, before their release could be obtained. The last attack which it sustained was during the civil wars in the seventeenth century, when it was besieged for a fortnight, but did not surrender.

Few persons have made a greater figure in history than the earls of Warwick, from the renowned

—— Sir Guy of Warwicke, as was woten
In palmer wyse, as Colman hath it wryten;
The battaill toke on hym for Englandis right,
With the Colbrond in armes for to fight,†

up to the accomplished Sir Fulk Greville, to whom the castle, with all its dependencies, was granted by James I., after having passed through the successive lines of Beauchamp, Neville, Plantagenet, and Dudley. L. L.

* "Inter *Occidentalium Anglorum* Reges illustrissimos, præcipua commendationis laude celebratur, rex *Warmundus*, ab his qui Historias *Anglorum* non solum relatu proferre, sed etiam scriptis inserere, consueverant. Is fundator cujusdam urbis a seipso denominatæ; quæ lingua *Anglicana Warwick*, id est, *Curia Warmundi* nuncupatur."—Matthæi Paris "Historia Major," à Watts, edit. 1640.

† Hardynge's "Chronicle," p. 211, edit. 1812.

ODE TO THE LONDON STONE

(For the Mirror.)

MOUND of antiquity's dark hidden ways,
Though long thou'st slumber'd in thy holy niche,
Now, the first time, a modern bard essays
To crave thy primal use, the what and which!
Speak! break my sorry ignorance asunder!
City stone-henge, of aldermanic wonder.

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Wert thou a fragment of a Druid pile,
Some glorious throne of early British art?
Some trophy worthy of our rising isle,
Soon from its dull obscurity to start.
Wert thou an altar for a world's respect?
Now the sole remnant of thy fame and sect.

Wert thou a churchyard ornament, to braid
The charnel of putridity, and part
The spot where what was mortal had been laid,
With all thy native coldness in his heart?
Thou sure wert not the stone—let critics cavil!—
Of quack M.D. who lectur'd on the gravel.

Did e'er fat Falstaff, wreathing 'neath his cup
Of glorious sack, unable to reel home,
Sit on thy breast, and give his fancy up,
The all that wine had given pow'r to roam,
And left the mind in gay, but dreamy talk,
Wakeful in wit when legs denied to walk?

Did e'er wise Shakspeare brood upon thy mass,
And whimsey thee to any wondrous use
Of sage forefathers, in his verse to class
That which a worse bard had despis'd to choose,
Unconscious how the meanest objects grow,
Giants of notice in the poet's show?

Canst thou not tell a tale of varied life,
That gave Time's annals their recording name?
No notes of Cade, marching with mischief rife,
By Britain's misery to raise his fame?
Wert thou the hone that "City's Lord"* essay'd
To make the whetstone of his rebel blade?

Wert thou—'tis pleasant to imagine it,
However absurd such notions may be thought—
When the wide heavens, wild with thunder fit
Huge hailstones to distress the nation wrought,
A mass congeal'd of heaven's artill'ry wain,†
A "hailstone chorus" of a Mary's reign?

Or, wert thou part of monumental shrine
Rais'd to a genius, who, for daily bread,
While living, the base world had left to pine,
Only to find his value out when dead?
Say, wert thou any such memento lone,
Of bard who wrote for bread, and got a stone?

How many nations slumber on their deeds,
The all that's left them of their mighty race?
How may heroes' bosoms, wars, and creeds
Have sought in stilly death a resting place,
Since thou first gave thy presence to the air,
Thou, who art looking scarce the worse for wear?

Oft may each wave have travell'd to the shore,
That ends the vasty ocean's unknown sway,
Since thou wert first from earth's remotest pore,
Rais'd as an emblem of man's craft to lay;
Yet those same waves shall dwindle into earth,
Ere, lost in time, we learn thy primal worth.

They tell us "walls have ears"—then why, forsooth,
Hast thou no tongue, like ancient stones of Rome,
To paint the gory days of Britain's youth,
And what thou wert when viler was thy home?
Man makes thy kindred record of his name—
Hast *thou* no tongue to historize thy fame?

But thou! O, thou hast nothing to repeat!
Lump of mysteriousness, the hand of Time
No early pleasures from thy breast could cheat,
Or witness in decay thine early prime!
Yea, thou didst e'er in stony slumbers lay,
Defying each M'Adam of his day.

Eternity of stone! Time's lasting shrine!
Whose minutes shall by thee unheeded pour!
With whom in still companionship thou'lt twine
The past, the present, shall be evermore,
While innate strength shall shield thee from his hurt,
And worlds remain *stone blind* to what thou wert.

P. T.

* "Now is Mortimer lord of the city."—Vide Shakspeare.

† In the reign of Mary, hailstones, which measured fifteen inches in circumference, fell upon and destroyed two small towns near Nottingham.—Cooper's Hist. England.

THE NECK.*

A SWEDISH TRADITION.

(For the Mirror.)

His cheek was blanch'd, but beautiful and soft,
each curling tress
Wav'd round the harp, o'er which he bent with
zephyrine caress;
And as that lyrist sat all lorn, upon the silv'ry
stream,
The music of his harp was as the music of a
dream,
Most mournfully delicious, like those tones that
wound the heart,
Yet soothe it, when it cherishes the griefs that
ne'er depart.

"O Neck! O water-spirit! demon, delicate, and
fair!"
The young twain cried, who heard his lay, "*why*
art thou harping there?
Thine airy form is drooping, Neck! thy cheek is
pale with dree,
And torrents shouldst thou weep, poor fay, *no
Saviour lives for thee!*"
All mournful look'd the elfiet then, and sobbing,
cast aside
His harp, and with a piteous wail, sunk fathoms
in the tide.

Keen sorrow seiz'd those gentle youths, who'd
given cureless pain—
In haste they sought their priestly sire, in haste
return'd again;
Return'd to view the elf enthron'd in waters as
before,
Whose music now was sighs, whose tears gush'd
e'en from his heart's core.
"Why weeping, Neck? look up, and clear those
tearful eyes of blue—
Our father bids us say, that *thy Redeemer liveth
too!*"

Oh, beautiful! blest words! they sooth'd the
Nikkar's anguish'd breast,
As breezy, angel-whisperings lull holy ones to
rest.

* The Neck, a water-spirit, answering, in Sweden, &c. to the Scottish kelpie, as to its place of abode; but we believe its character is not so mischievous The northern idea, that all fairies, demons, &c. who resided in this world, were spirits out of the pale of salvation, is very ancient. Mr. Keightley assures us, that the legend of which these stanzas attempt a versification, is extremely popular in Sweden."—Vide "Fairy Mythology."

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He seiz'd his harp—its airy strings, beneath a master hand,
Woke melodies, too, *too* divine for earth or elfin land;
He rais'd his glad, rich voice in song, and sinking saw the sun,
Ere in that hymn of love he paus'd, for Paradise begun!
M. L. B.

PLAN FOR SNUFF TAKERS TO PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

(For the Mirror.)

As snuff-taking seems to increase, the following plan might be adopted by the patrons of that art, to ease *John Bull* of his *weight*, and make him feel as *light* and *easy*, as if he had taken a *pinch of the "Prince Regent's Mixture."*

Lord Stanhope says, "Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours and a half to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear, that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt."

Queries.—Is not this subject worthy the attention of the finance committee? Might not the *cigar gentlemen add* to the discharge of the debt? P. T. W.

THE DIVIDED HOUSEHOLD.

(For the Mirror.)

Our hearth—we hear its music now—to us a bower and home;
When will its lustre in our souls with Spring's young freshness come?
Sweet faces beam'd around it then, and cherub lips did weave
Their clear Hosannas in the glow that ting'd the skies at eve!

Oh, lonely is our forest stream, and bare the woodland tree,
And whose sunny wreath of leaves the cuckoo carolled free;
The pilgrim passeth by our cot—no hand shall greet him there—
The household is divided now, and mute the evening pray'r!

Amid green walks and fringed slopes, still gleams the village pond,
And see, a hoar and sacred pile, the old church peers beyond;
And there we deem'd it bliss to gaze upon the Sabbath skies,—
Gold as our sister's clustering hair, and blue as her meek eyes.

Our home—when will these eyes, now dimm'd with frequent weeping, see
The infant's pure and rosy ark, the stripling's sanctuary?
When will these throbbing hearts grow calm around its lighted hearth?—
Quench'd is the fire within its walls, and hush'd the voice of mirth!

The haunts—they are forsaken now—where our companions play'd;
We see their silken ringlets glow amid the moonlight glade;
We hear their voices floating up like pæan songs divine;
Their path is o'er the violet-beds beneath the springing vine!

Restore, sweet spirit of our home! our native hearth restore—
Why are our bosoms desolate, our summer rambles o'er?
Let thy mild light on us be pour'd—our raptures kindle up,
And with a portion of thy bliss illume the household cup.

Yet mourn not, wanderers—unto you a thrilling hope is given,
A tabernacle unconfin'd, an endless home in heaven!
And though ye are divided now, ye shall be made as one
In Eden, beauteous as the skies that o'er your childhood shone!

Deal. REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

A CHAPTER ON KISSING.

BY A PROFESSOR OF THE ART.

(For the Mirror.)

"Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove;
Give me the mild gleam of the soul breathing glance,
And the rapture which dwells in the first *kiss* of love." BYRON.

THERE is no national custom so universally and so justly honoured with esteem and respect, "winning golden opinions from all sorts of people," as kissing. Generally speaking, we discover that a usage which finds favour in the eyes of the vulgar, is despised and detested by the educated, the refined, and the proud; but this elegant practice forms a brilliant exception to a rule otherwise tolerably absolute. Kissing possesses infinite claims

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to our love, claims which no other custom in the wide world can even pretend to advance. Kissing is an endearing, affectionate, ancient, rational, and national mode of displaying the thousand glowing emotions of the soul;—it is traced back by some as far as the termination of the siege of Troy, for say they, "Upon the return of the Grecian warriors, their wives met them, and joined their lips together with joy." There are some, however, who give the honour of having invented kissing to Rouix, or Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, the Saxon; a Dutch historian tells us, she, "pressed the beaker with her lipkens (little lips,) and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husgin (little kiss,)" and this latter authority we ourselves feel most inclined to rely on; deeply anxious to secure to our fair countrywomen the honour of having invented this delightful art.

Numberless are the authors who have written and spoken with rapture on English kissing.

"The women of England," says Polydore Virgil, "not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously; and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with their lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of the blood-royal do not kiss their inferiors, but offer the back of the hand, as men do, by way of saluting each other."

Erasmus too—the grave, the phlegmatic Erasmus, melts into love and playful thoughts, when he thinks of kisses.—"Did you but know, my Faustus," he writes to one of his friends, "the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humoured, and whom you would prefer even to your favourite Muses. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave, every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you they give you a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses every where abound; which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years exile in England, but would desire to spend there the whole of your life."

Oh what miracles have been wrought by a kiss! Philosophers, stoics, hermits, and misers have become men of the world, of taste, and of generosity; idiots have become wise; and, truth to tell, wise men idiots—warriors have turned cowards and cowards brave—statesmen have become poets, and political economists sensible men. Oh, wonderful art, which can produce such strange effects! to thee, the magic powers of steam seem commonplace and tedious; the wizard may break his rod in despair, and the king his sceptre, for thou canst effect in a moment what they may vainly labour years to accomplish. Well may the poet celebrate thy praises in words that breathe and thoughts that burn; well may the minstrel fire with sudden inspiration and strike the lute with rapture when he thinks of thee; well might the knight of bygone times brave every danger when thou wert his bright reward; well might Vortigern resign his kingdom, or Mark Antony the world, when it was thee that tempted. Long, long, may England be praised for her prevalence of this divine custom! Long may British women be as celebrated for the fragrance of their kisses, as they ever were, and ever will be for their virtue and their beauty.

CHILDE WILFUL.

Notes of a Reader

"COMPANION TO THE THEATRES."

AN inveterate play-goer announces a little manual under this title, for publication in a few days. Such a work, if well executed, will be very acceptable to the aamteur and visitor, as well as attractive to the general reader. The outline or plan looks well, and next week we may probably give our readers some idea of its execution.

VOYAGE TO INDIA.

THE generality of our society on board was respectable, and some of its members were men of education and talent. Excepting that there was no lady of the party, it was composed of the usual materials to be found at the cuddy-table of an outward bound Indiaman. First, there was a puisne judge, intrenched in all the dignity of a dispenser of law to his majesty's loving subjects beyond the Cape, with a *Don't tell me* kind of face, a magisterial air, and dictatorial manner, ever more ready to lay down the law, than to lay down the lawyer. Then, there was a general officer appointed to the staff in India, in consideration of his services on Wimbledon Common and at the Horse Guards, proceeding to teach the art mili-

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tary to the Indian army—a man of gentlemanly but rather pompous manners; who, considering his simple nod equivalent to the bows of half a dozen subordinates, could never swallow a glass of wine at dinner without lumping at least that number of officers or civilians in the invitation to join him, while his aid-de-camp practised the same airs among the cadets. Then, there was a proportion of civilians and Indian officers returning from furlough or sick certificate, with patched-up livers, and lank countenances, from which two winters of their native climate had extracted only just sufficient sunbeams to leave them of a dirty lemon colour. Next, there were a few officers belonging to detachments of king's troops proceeding to join their regiments in India, looking, of course, with some degree of contempt on their brethren in arms, whose rank was bounded by the longitude of the Cape; but condescending to patronize some of the most gentlemanly of the cadets. These, with a free mariner, and no inconsiderable sprinkling of writers, cadets, and assistant-surgeons, together with the officers of the ship, who dined at the captain's table, formed a party of about twenty-five.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventure.*

EDUCATION IN DENMARK.

MUCH pains has lately been taken in Denmark to promote the means of elementary education, and Lancasterian schools have been generally established throughout the country. We have now before us the Report made to the king by the Chevalier Abrahamson, of the progress, prospects, and present state of the schools for mutual instruction in Denmark, to the 28th of January, 1828, by which it appears, that 2,371 schools for mutual instruction have been established, and are in full progress, in the different districts of the kingdom and in the army. —*North American Review.*

RECORDS.

SOME faint idea of the bulk of our English records may be obtained, by adverting to the fact, that a single statute, the Land Tax Commissioners' Act, passed in the first year of the reign of his present majesty, measures, when unrolled, upwards of *nine hundred feet*, or nearly twice the length of St. Paul's Cathedral within the walls; and if it ever should become necessary to consult the fearful volume, an able-bodied man must be employed during three hours in coiling and uncoiling its monstrous folds. Should our law manufactory go on at this rate, and we do not anticipate any interruption in its progress, we may soon be able to belt the round globe with parchment. When, to the solemn acts of legislature, we add the showers of petitions, which lie (and in more senses than one) upon the table, every night of the session; the bills, which, at the end of every term, are piled in stacks, under the parental custody of our good friends, the Six Clerks in Chancery; and the innumerable membranes, which, at every hour of the day, are transmitted to the gloomy dens and recesses of the different courts of common-law and of criminal jurisdiction throughout the kingdom, we are afraid that there are many who may think that the time is fast approaching for performing the operation which Hugh Peters recommended as "A good work for a good Magistrate." This learned person, it will be recollected, exhorted the commonwealth men to destroy all the muniments in the Tower—a proposal which Prynne considers as an act inferior only in atrocity to his participation in the murder of Charles I., and we should not be surprised if some zealous reformer were to maintain, that a general conflagration of these documents would be the most essential benefit that could be conferred upon the realm.—*Quarterly Rev.*

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.

IN the German universities an extensive branch of lectures is formed by the *Encyclopædias* of the various sciences. Encyclopædia originally implied the complete course or circle of a liberal education in science and art, as pursued by the young men of Greece; namely, gymnastics, a cultivated taste for their own classics, music, arithmetic, and geometry. European writers give the name of *encyclopædia*, in the widest scientific sense, to the whole round or empire of human knowledge, arranged in systematic or alphabetic order; whereas the Greek imports but practical school knowledge. The literature of the former is voluminous beyond description, it having been cultivated from the beginning of the middle ages to the present day. Different from either of them is the *encyclopædia* of the German universities; this is an introduction into the several arts and sciences, showing the nature of each, its extent, utility, relation to other studies and to practical life, the best method of pursuing it, and the sources from whence the knowledge of it is to be derived. An introduction of this compass is, however, with greater propriety styled *encyclopædia and methodology.* Thus, we hear of separate lectures on encyclopædias and methodologies of divinity, jurisprudence,

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medicine, philosophy, mathematical sciences, physical science, the fine arts, and philology. Manuals and lectures of this kind are exceedingly useful for those who are commencing a course of professional study. For "the best way to learn any science," says Watts, "is to begin with a regular system, or a short and plain scheme of that science, well drawn up into a narrow compass."—*Ibid.*

PERSIAN CAVALIER.

THE following sketch of a Persian cavalier has the richness and freshness of one of Heber's, or Morier's or Sir John Malcolm's pages:—"He was a man of goodly stature, and powerful frame; his countenance, hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick, black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good humour and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tached and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound around a red cloth cap, that rose in four peaks high above the head. His oemah, or riding coat, of crimson cloth much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, showed the links of a coat of mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding trousers, of thick, fawn-coloured Kerman woollen-stuff, fell in folds over the large red leather boots in which his legs were cased: by his side hung a crooked scymetar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt ends of a pair of pistols; weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far."—*Kuzzilbash.*

ORATORY

THE national glory of Great Britain rests, in no small degree, on the refined taste and classical education of her politicians; and the portion of her oratory acknowledged to be the most energetic, bears the greatest resemblance to the spirit of Demosthenes.—*North American Review.*

GRESHAM COLLEGE.*

THE City of London could not do a more fitting thing than to convert the Gresham lectureships into fourteen scholarships for King's College, retaining the name and reserving the right of presentation. A bounty which is at present useless would thus be rendered efficient, and to the very end which was intended by Gresham himself. An act of parliament would be necessary; and the annexations would of course take place as the lectureships became vacant.—*Quarterly Rev.*

* See MIRROR, vol xii. page 34.

IN Germany, seminaries for the education of popular teachers, are conducted by distinguished divines of each state, who, for the most part, reside in the capital, and are the same persons who examine each clergyman three times before his ordination. Unless a candidate can give evidence of his ability, and of, at least, a two years' stay in those popular institutions where religious instruction is the main object, he is not allowed to teach any branch of knowledge whatever. —*Russell's Tour in Germany.*

MUNGO PARK.

CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON being near that part of the Quorra, where Mungo Park perished, our traveller thought he might get some information of this melancholy event. The head man's story is this:—"That the boat stuck fast between two rocks; that the people in it laid out four anchors a-head; that the water falls down with great rapidity from the rocks, and that the white men, in attempting to get on shore, were drowned; that crowds of people went to look at them, but the white men did not shoot at them as I had heard; that the natives were too much frightened either to shoot at them or to assist them; that there were found a great many things in the boat, books and riches, which the Sultan of Boussa has got; that beef cut in slices and salted was in great plenty in the boat; that the people of Boussa who had eaten of it all died, because it was human flesh, and that they knew we white men eat human flesh. I was indebted to the messenger of Yarro for a defence, who told the narrator that I was much more nice in my eating than his countrymen were. But it was with some difficulty I could persuade him that if his story was true, it was the people's own fears that had killed them; that the meat was good beef or mutton: that I had eaten more goats' flesh since I had been in this country than ever I had done in my life; that in England we eat nothing but fowls, beef, and mutton."—*Clapperton's Travels.*

SILK.

WE find in a statement of the raw silk imported into England, from all parts of

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the world, that in 1814, it amounted to one million, six hundred and thirty-four thousand, five hundred and one pounds; and in 182 , to three millions, three hundred and eighty-two thousand, three hundred and fifty-seven.* Italy, which is not better situated in regard to the culture of silk than a large portion of the United States, furnishes to the English fabrics about eight hundred thousand pounds' weight. The Bengal silk is complained of by the British manufacturers, on account of its defective preparation; by bestowing more care on his produce, the American cultivator could have in England the advantage over the British East Indies. It is a fact well worthy of notice, and the accuracy of which seems warranted by its having been brought before a Committee of both Houses of Parliament, that the labour in preparing new silk affords much more employment to the country producing it, than any other raw material. It appears from an official document, that the value of the imports of raw silk into France, during the year 1824, amounted to thirty seven millions, one hundred and forty-nine thousand, nine hundred and sixty francs.—*North American Review.*

* The official values of these imports are £703,009 and £1,464,994.

CHINESE NOVELS.

A UNION of three persons, cemented by a conformity of taste and character, constitutes, in the opinion of the Chinese, the perfection of earthly happiness, a sort of ideal bliss, reserved by heaven for peculiar favourites as a suitable reward for their talent and virtue. Looking at the subject under this point of view, their novel-writers not unfrequently arrange matters so as to secure this double felicity to their heroes at the close of the work; and a catastrophe of this kind is regarded as the most satisfactory that can be employed. Without exposing ourselves to the danger incurred by one of the German divines, who was nearly torn to pieces by the mob of Stockholm for defending polygamy, we may venture to remark, that for the mere purposes of art, this system certainly possesses very great advantages. It furnishes the novel-writer with an easy method of giving general satisfaction to all his characters, at the end of the tale, without recurring to the fatal though convenient intervention of consumption and suicide, with us the only resources, when there happens to be a heroine too many. What floods of tears would not the Chinese method have spared to the high-minded Corinna, to the interesting and poetical Clementina! From what bitter pangs would it not have relieved the irresolute Oswald, perhaps even the virtuous Grandison himself! The Chinese are entitled to the honour of having invented the domestic and historical novel several centuries before they were introduced in Europe. Fables, tales of supernatural events, and epic poems, belong to the infancy of nations; but the real novel is the product of a later period in the progress of society, when men are led to reflect upon the incidents of domestic life, the movement of the passions, the analysis of sentiment, and the conflicts of adverse interests and opinions. —*Preface to a French Translation of a Chinese Novel.*

HERO OF A CHINESE NOVEL.

THERE came out a youth of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in a violet robe with a light cap on his head. His vermilion lips, brilliant white teeth, and arched eye-brows gave him the air of a charming girl. So graceful and airy are his movements, that one might well ask, whether he be mortal or a heavenly spirit. He looks like a sylph formed of the essence of flowers, or a soul descended from the moon. Is it indeed a youth who has come out to divert himself, or is it a sweet perfume from the inner apartment?—*Ibid.*

BEES.

IT has been the custom, from the earliest ages, to rub the inside of the hive with a handful of salt and clover, or some other grass or sweet-scented herb, previously to the swarm's being put in the hive. We have seen no advantage in this; on the contrary, it gives a great deal of unnecessary labour to the bees, as they will be compelled to remove every particle of foreign matter from the hive before they begin to work. A clean, cool hive, free from any peculiar smell or mustiness, will be acceptable to the bees; and the more closely the hive is joined together, the less labour will the insects have, whose first care it is to stop up every crevice, that light and air may be excluded. We must not omit to reprehend, as utterly useless, the vile practice of making an astounding noise, with tin pans and kettles, when the bees are swarming. It may have originated in some ancient superstition, or it may have been the signal to call aid from the fields, to assist in the hiving. If harmless it is unnecessary; and everything that tends to encumber the management of bees should be avoided.—*American Farmer's Manual.*

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Covent-Garden Market.

"Here to-day, and gone to-morrow."—*Tristram Shandy.*"

I KNOW some of the ugliest men who are the most agreeable fellows in the world. The ladies may doubt this remark; but if they compel me to produce an example, I shall waive all modesty, and prove my veracity by quoting *myself*. I have often thought how it is that ugliness contrives to invest itself with a "*certain something*," that not only destroys its disagreeable properties, but actually commands an interest—(by the by, this is referring *generally*, and nothing personal to myself.) I philosophically refer it all to the *balance of nature*. Now I know some very ugly places that have a degree of interest, and here again I fancy a lady's sceptical ejaculation, "Indeed!" Ay, but it is so; and let us go no further than Covent Garden. Enter it from Russell-street. What can be more unsightly,—with its piles of cabbages in the street, and basket-measures on the roofs of the shops—narrow alleys, wooden buildings, rotting vegetables "undique," and swarms of Irish basket-women, who wander about like the ghosts on this side of the Styx, and who, in habits, features, and dialect, appear as if belonging to another world. Yet the Garden, like every garden, has its charms. I have lounged through it on a summer's day, mixing with pretty women, looking upon choice fruit, smelling delicious roses, with now and then an admixture of sundry disagreeables, such as a vigorous puff out of an ugly old woman's doodeen, just as you are about to make a pretty speech to a much prettier lady—to say nothing of the unpleasant odours arising from heaps of putrescent vegetables, or your hat being suddenly knocked off by a contact with some unlucky Irish basket-woman, with cabbages piled on her head sufficient for a month's consumption at Williams's boiled beef and cabbage warehouse, in the Old Bailey. The narrow passages through this mart remind me of the Chinese streets, where all is shop, bustle, squeeze, and commerce. The lips of the fair promenaders I collate (in my mind's eye, gentle reader) with the delicious cherry, and match their complexions with the peach, the nectarine, the rose, red or white, and even sometimes with the russet apple. Then again I lounge amidst chests of oranges, baskets of nuts, and other *et cetera*, which, as boys, we relished in the play-ground, or, in maturer years, have enjoyed at the wine feast. Here I can saunter in a green-house among plants and heaths, studying botany and beauty. Facing me is a herb-shop, where old nurses, like Medeas of the day, obtain herbs for the sick and dying; and within a door or two flourishes a vender of the choicest fruits, with a rich display of every luxury to delight the living and the healthy.

I know of no spot where such variety may be seen in so small a compass. Rich and poor, from the almost naked to

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the almost naked lady (of fashion, of course.) "Oh crikey, Bill," roared a chimney-sweep in high glee. The villain turned a pirouette in his rags, and in the centre mall of the Garden too; he finished it awkwardly, made a stagger, and recovered himself against—what?—"*Animus meminisse horret*"—against a lady's white gown! But he apologized. Oh, ye gods! his apology was so sincere, his manner was so sincere, that the true and thorough gentleman was in his every act and word. (Mem. merely as a corroboration, the lady forgave him.) What a lesson would this act of the man of high callings (from the chimney-tops) have been to our mustachioed and be-whiskered dandies, who, instead of apologizing to a female after they may have splashed her from head to foot, trod on her heel, or nearly carried away her bonnet, feathers, cap, and wig, only add to her confusion by an unmanly, impudent stare or sneer!

But to the Garden again. I like it much; it is replete with humour, fun, and drollery; it contributes a handsome revenue to the pocket of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, besides supplying half the town with cabbages and melons, (the richest Melon on record came from Covent-Garden, and was graciously presented to our gracious sovereign.)

The south side appears to be devoted to potatoes, a useful esculent, and of greater use to the poor than all the melons in christendom. Here kidneys and champions are to be seen from Scotland, York, and Kent; and here have I observed the haggard forms of withered women

"In rags and tatters, friendless and forlorn,"

creeping from shop to shop, bargaining for "a good pen'orth of the best boilers;" and here have I often watched the sturdy Irishman walking with a regular connoisseur's eye, peeping out *above* a short pipe, and *below* a narrow-brimmed hat,—a perfect, keen, twinkling, connoisseur's eye, critically examining every basket for the best lot of his *own peculiar*.

Now let us take a retrospective view of this our noble theme, and our interest will be the more strengthened thereon. All the world knows that a convent stood in this neighbourhood, and the present market was the garden, *undè* Convent Garden; would that all etymologists were as distinct. Of course the monastic institution was abolished in the time of Henry VIII., when he plundered convents and monasteries with as much *gusto* as boys abolish wasps-nests. After this it was given to Edmund Seymour, Duke of Somerset, brother-in-law to Henry VIII., afterwards the protector of his country, but not of himself, for he was beheaded in 1552. The estate then became, by royal grant, the property of the Bedford family; and in the Privy Council Records for March, 1552, is the following entry of the transfer:—"A patent granted to John, Earl of Bedford, of the gifts of the Convent Garden, lying in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, near Charing Cross, with seven acres, called Long Acre, of the yearly value of *6l. 6s. 8d.* parcel of the possessions of the late Duke of Somerset, to have to him and his heirs, reserving a tenure to the king's majesty in socage, and not in capite." In 1634, Francis, Earl of Bedford, began to clear away the old buildings, and form the present square; and in 1671, a patent was granted for a market, which shows the rapid state of improvement in this neighbourhood, because in the Harleian MSS., No. 5,900, British Museum, is a letter, written in the early part of Charles II., by an observing foreigner to his friend abroad, who notices Bloomsbury, Hungerford, Newport, and other markets, but never hints of the likelihood or prospect of one being established in Covent Garden; yet before Charles's death the patent was obtained. It is a market, *sui generis*, confined mostly to vegetables and fruits; and the plan reflects much credit upon the speculative powers of the noble earl who founded it.

Thus far goes the public history; now let us turn to the private memoranda. In 1690, the parish, being very loyal, gave a grand display of fire-works on the happy return of William the Third from Ireland; and in the parish books appear the following entries on the subject, which will give some idea of the moderate charges of parish festivities in those "*dark ages.*"

	£.	s.	d.
"Sept. 23, 1690.			
"Paid to Mr. Brown for 280 ffaggotts and 30 brushes for bonefire for the parish - -	01	02	06
Sept. 25.—Paid Mr. Stockes for a barrell of ale for bonefire - - - - - - -	01	00	00
Given to the watchmen to drincke att the king's returne from Ireland - - -	00	02	06
1691.—Given to Stockes and ye watchmen to drincke att the bonefire and fire workes att the king's returne from Ireland - - - - - -	00	10	00
Oct. 12.—Paid the labourers and carters for four dayes' worke in laying and spreading the gravell - - - -	01	06	00

Making a grand total of £4. 1*s.* 0*d.* for a St. Paul's parish fête; but this was in

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1699. This festival was of sufficient note to engage the artist's attention, and an engraving of it was sold by "B. Lens, between Bridewell and Fleet Bridge in Blackfryers."

Convent Garden has been the abode of talented and noble men. Richardson's Hotel was the residence of Dr. Hunter, the anatomical lecturer; and in 1724, Sir James Thornhill, who painted the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, resided in this garden and opened a school for drawing in his house. Moreover, for the honour of the Garden, be it known, that at Sir Francis Kynaston's house therein situated, Charles the First established an academy called "*Museum Minervæ*," for the instruction of gentlemen in arts and sciences, knowledge of medals, antiquities, painting, architecture, and foreign languages. Not a vestige remains of the museum establishment now-a-days, or the subjects it embraced, unless it be *foreign languages*, including wild Irish, and very low English. Even as late as 1722, Lord Ferrers lived in Convent Garden; but this is trifling compared with the list of nobles who have lived around about this attractive spot, where nuns wandered in cloistered innocence, and now, oh! for sentimentality, what a relief to a fine, sensitive mind, or a sickly milliner!

In the front of the church quacks used to harangue the mob and give advice gratis. Westminster elections are held also on the same spot—that's a coincidence. A CORRESPONDENT.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

AFRICAN FESTIVITIES.

AT Yourriba Captain Clapperton was invited to theatrical entertainments, quite as amusing, and almost as refined as any which his celestial Majesty can command to be exhibited before a foreign ambassador. The king of Yourriba made a point of our traveller staying to witness these entertainments. They were exhibited in the king's park, in a square space, surrounded by clumps of trees. The first performance was that of a number of men dancing and tumbling about in sacks, having their heads fantastically decorated with strips of rags, damask silk, and cotton of variegated colours; and they performed to admiration. The second exhibition was hunting the *boa* snake, by the men in the sacks. The huge snake, it seems, went through the motions of this kind of reptile, "in a very natural manner, though it appeared to be rather full in the belly, opening and shutting its mouth in the most natural manner imaginable." A running fight ensued, which lasted some time, till at length the chief of the bag-men contrived to scotch his tail with a tremendous sword, when he gasped, twisted up, seemed in great torture, endeavouring to bite his assailants, who hoisted him on their shoulders, and bore him off in triumph. The festivities of the day concluded with the exhibition of the *white devil*, which had the appearance of a human figure in white wax, looking miserably thin and as if starved with cold, taking snuff, rubbing his hands, treading the ground as if tender-footed, and evidently meant to burlesque and ridicule a white man, while his sable majesty frequently appealed to Clapperton whether it was not well performed. After this the king's women sang in chorus, and were accompanied by the whole crowd.

THE price of a slave at Jannah, as nearly as can be calculated, is from 3*l.* to 4*l.* sterling; their domestic slaves, however, are never sold, except for misconduct.

AFRICAN WIDOW.

CAPT. CLAPPERTON tells of a widow's arrival in town, with a drummer beating before her, whose cap was bedecked with ostrich feathers; a bowman walking on foot at the head of her horse; a train behind, armed with bows, swords, and spears. She rode a-straddle on a fine horse, whose trappings were of the first order for this country. The head of the horse was ornamented with brass plates, the neck with brass bells, and charms sewed in various coloured leather, such as red, green, and yellow; a scarlet breast-piece, with a brass plate in the centre; scarlet saddle-cloth, trimmed with lace. She was dressed in red silk trousers, and red morocco boots; on her head a white turban, and over her shoulders a mantle of silk and gold. Had she been somewhat younger and less corpulent, there might have been great temptation to head her party, for she had certainly been a very handsome woman, and such as would have been thought a beauty in any country in Europe.

AFRICAN NURSE.

SHE was of a dark copper colour In dress and countenance, very like one of Captain Lyon's female Esquimaux. She was mounted on a long-backed bright bay horse, with a scraggy tale, crop-eared, and the mane as if the rats had eaten part of it; and he was not in high condition. She rode a-straddle; had on a conical straw dish-cover for a hat, or to shade her face from the sun, a short, dirty, white bedgown, a pair of dirty, white, loose

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and wide trousers, a pair of Houssa boots, which are wide, and came up over the knee, fastened with a string round the waist. She had also a whip and spurs. At her saddle-bow hung about half a dozen gourds, filled with water, and a brass basin to drink out of; and with this she supplied the wounded and the thirsty. I certainly was much obliged to her, for she twice gave me a basin of water. The heat and the dust made thirst almost intolerable.—*Clapperton's Travels.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE BOXES.

(*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*)

SIR,—In the course of my study in the English language, which I made now for three years, I always read your periodically, and now think myself capable to write at your Magazin. I love always the modesty, or you shall have a letter of me very long time past. But, never mind. I would well tell you, that I am come to this country to instruct me in the manners, the customs, the habits, the policies, and the other affairs general of Great Britain. And truly I think me good fortunate, being received in many families, so as I can to speak your language now with so much facility as the French.

But, never mind. That what I would you say, is not only for the Englishes, but for the strangers, who come at your country from all the other kingdoms, polite and instructed; because, as they tell me, that they are abonnements* for you in all the kingdoms in Europe, so well as in the Orientals and Occidentals.

No, sir, upon my honour, I am not egotist. I not proud myself with chateaux en Espagne. I am but a particular gentleman, come here for that what I said; but, since I learn to comprehend the language, I discover that I am become an object of pleasantry, and for himself to mock, to one of your comedians even before I put my foot upon the ground at Douvres. He was Mr. Mathew, who tell of some contretems of me and your word detestable *Box*. Well, never mind. I know at present how it happen, because I see him since in some parties and dinners; and he confess he love much to go travel and mix himself altogether up with the stage-coach and vapouring† boat for fun, what he bring at his theatre.

Well, never mind. He see me, perhaps, to ask a question in the paque-bot—but he not confess after, that he goed and bribe the garçon at the hotel and the coach man to mystify me with all the boxes; but, very well, I shall tell you how it arrived, so as you shall see that it was impossible that a stranger could miss to be perplexed, and to advertise the travellers what will come after, that they shall converse with the gentlemen and not with the badinstructs.

But, it must that I begin. I am a gentleman, and my goods are in the public rentes,‡ and a chateau with a handsome propriety on the bank of the Loire, which I lend to a merchant English, who pay me very well in London for my expenses. Very well. I like the peace, nevertheless that I was force, at other time, to go to war with Napoleon. But it is passed. So I come to Paris in my proper post-chaise, where I sellcd him, and hire one, for almost nothing at all, for bring me to Calais all alone, because I will not bring my valet to speak French here where all the world is ignorant.

The morning following I get upon the vapouring boat to walk so far as Douvres. It was fine day—and, after I am recover myself of a malady of the sea, I walk myself about the shep, and I see a great mechanic of wood, with iron wheel, and thing to push up inside, and handle to turn. It seemed to be ingenuous, and proper to hoist great burdens. They use it for shoving the timber, what come down of the vessel, into the place; and they tell me it was call "Jaques in the *box*;" and I was very much please with the invention so novel.

Very well. I go again promenade upon the board of the vessel, and I look at the compass, and little boy sailor come and sit him down, and begin to chatter like the little monkey. Then the man what turns a wheel about and about laugh, and say, "Very well, Jaques;" but I not understand one word the little fellow say. So I make inquire, and they tell me he was "*Box* the compass." I was surprise, but I tell myself, "Well, never mind;" and so we arrived at Douvres. I find myself enough well in the hotel, but as there has been no table d'hote, I ask for some dinner, and it was long time I wait and so I walk myself to the customary house, and give the key to my portmanteau to the Douaniers, or excisemen, as you call, for them to see as I had not no snuggles in my equipage. Very well—I return at my hotel, and meet one of the waiters, who tell me, (after I stand little moment to the door to see the world what pass by upon a coach at the instant,) "Sir," he say, "your dinner is ready."—"Very well," I make response, "where

* Abonnements—subscriptions.

† Bateau au vapeur—a steam-boat.

‡ Rentes—public funds.

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was it ?"—" This way, sir," he answer ; ' I have put it in a *box* in the café room." —" Well—never mind," I say to myself; when a man himself finds in a stranger country, he must be never surprised. *Nil admirari.*' Keep the eyes opened, and stare at nothing at all."

I found my dinner only there there,* because I was so soon come from France ; but, I learn, another sort of the box was a partition and table particular in a saloon, and I keep there when I eated some good sole fritted, and some not cooked mutton cutlet ; and a gentleman what was put in another *box*, perhaps Mr. Mathew, because nobody not can know him twice, like a cameleon he is, call for the " pepper *box*." Very well. I take a cup of coffee, and then all my hards and portmanteau come with a wheelbarrow ; and, because it was my intention to voyage up at London with the coach, and I find my many little things was not convenient, I ask the waiter where I might buy a night sack, or get them tie up all together in a burden. He was well attentive at my cares, and responded, that he shall find me a *box* to put them all into. Well, I say nothing to all but " Yes," for fear to discover my ignorance ; so he bring the little *box* for the clothes and things into the great *box* what I was put into ; and he did my affairs in it very well. Then ask him for some spectacle in the town, and he send boot-boy with me so far as the Theatre, and I go in to pay. It was shabby poor little place, but the man what set to have the money, when I say " how much," asked me if I would not go into the *boxes*. " Very well," I say, " never mind—oh yes—to be sure ;" and I find very soon the *box* was the loge, same thing. I had not understanding sufficient in your tongue then to comprehend all what I hear—only one poor maiger doctor, what had been to give his physic too long time at a cavalier old man, was condemned to swallow up a whole *box* of his proper pills. " Very well," I say, " that must be egregious. It is cannot be possible ;" but they bring little a *box*, not more grand nor my thumb. It seem to be to me very ridiculous ; so I returned to my hotel at despair how I could possibility learn a language what meant so many differents in one word.

I found the same waiter, who, so soon as I come in, tell me, " Sir, did you not say that you would go by the coach tomorrow morning ?" I replied, " Yes—and I have bespeaked a seat out of the side, because I shall wish to amuse myself with the country, and you have no cabriolets† in your coaches."—" Sir," he say, very polite, " if you shall allow me, I would recommend you the *box*, and then the coachman shall tell every thing."—" Very well," I reply, " yes—to be sure —I shall have a *box* then—yes ;" and then I demanded a fire into my chamber, because I think myself enrhumed upon the sea, and the maid of the chamber come to send me in bed ; but I say, " No so quick, if you please ; I will write to some friend how I find myself in England. Very well—here is the fire, but perhaps it shall go out before I have finish." She was pretty laughing young woman, and say, " Oh no, sir, if you pull the bell, the porter, who sit up all night, will come, unless you like to attend to it yourself, and then you will find the coal-*box* in the closet."—Well—I say nothing but " Yes—oh yes." But, when she is gone, I look direct into the closet, and see a *box* not no more like none of the other *boxes* what I see all day than nothing.

Well—I write at my friends, and then I tumble about when I wake, and dream in the sleep what should possible be the description of the *box* what I must be put in to-morrow for my voyage.

In the morning, it was very fine time, I see the coach at the door, and I walk all round before they bring the horses ; but I see nothing what they can call *boxes*, only the same kind as what my little business was put into. So I ask for the post of letters at a little boots boy, who showed me by the Quay, and tell me, pointing by his finger at a window—" There see, there was the letter *box*," and I perceive a crevice. " Very well—all *box* again today," I say, and give my letter to the master of postes, and go away again at the coach, where I very soon find out what was coach-*box*, and mount myself upon it. Then come the coachman, habilitated like the gentleman, and the first word he say was—" Keephorses ! Bring my *box*-coat !" and he push up a grand capote with many scrapes.

" But—never mind," I say ; " I shall see all the *boxes* in time." So he kick his leg upon the board, and cry " cheat !" and we are out into the country in lesser than one minute, and roll at so grand pace, what I have had fear we will be reversed. But after little times, I take courage, and we begin to entertain together : but I hear one of the wheels cry squeak, so I tell him, " Sir—one of the wheel would be greased ; then he make

* Là là, signifies passable, indifferent.

† The cabriolet is the front part of the old French diligence, with a hood and apron, holding three persons, including the guard, or " conducteur."

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reply, nonchalancely, "Oh—it is nothing but one of the *boxes* what is too tight." But it is very long time after as I learn that wheel a *box* was pipe of iron what go turn round upon the axle.

Well—we fly away at the paces of charge. I see great castles, many; then come a pretty house of country well ornamented, and I make inquire what it should be. "Oh;" responsed he, "I not remember the gentleman's name, but it is what we call a snug country *box*."

Then I feel myself abymed at despair, and begin to suspect that he amused himself. But, still I tell myself, "Well—never mind; we shall see." And then after sometimes, there come another house, all alone in a forest, not ornated at all. "What, how you call that?" I demand of him.—"Oh!" he responded again, "That is a shooting *box* of Lord Killfots."—"Oh!" I cry at last out, "that is little too strong;" but he hoisted his shoulders and say nothing. Well, we come at a house of country, ancient, with the trees cut like some peacocks, and I demand, "What you call these trees?". —"*Box*, sir," he tell me. "Devil is in the *box*," I say at myself. "But—never mind; we shall see." So I myself refreshed with a pinch of snuff and offer him, and he take very polite, and remark upon an instant, "That is a very handsome *box* of yours, sir."

"Morbleu!" I exclaimed with inadvertencyness, but I stop myself. Then he pull out his snuff-*box*, and I take a pinch, because I like at home to be sociable when I am out at voyages, and not show some pride with inferior. It was of wood beautiful with turnings, and colour of yellowish. So I was pleased to admire very much, and inquire the name of the wood, and again he say, "*Box*, Sir!" Well—I hold myself with patience, but it was difficilly; and we keep with great gallop till we come at a great crowd of the people. Then I say, "What for all so large concourse?" Oh!" he response again, "there is one grand *boxing* match — a battle here to-day." — "Peste!" I tell myself, "a battle or *boxes!* Well, never mind! I hope it can be a combat at the outrance, and they all shall destroy one another, for I am fatigued."

Well—we arrive at an hotel, very superb, all as it ought, and I demand a morsel to refresh myself. I go into a salon, but before I finish, great noise come into the passage, and I pull the bell's rope to demand why so great tapage? The waiter tell me, and he laugh at same time, but very civil no less, "Oh, sir, it is only two of the women what quarrel, and one has given another a *box* on the ear."

Well—I go back on the coach-box, but I look, as I pass, at all the women ear, for the *box*; but not none I see. "Well," I tell myself once more, "never mind, we shall see;" and we drive on very passable and agreeable times till we approached ourselves near London; but then come one another coach of the opposition to pass by, and the coachman say, "No, my boy, it shan't do!" and then he whip his horses, and made some traverse upon the road, and tell to me, all the times, a long explication what the other coachman have done otherwhiles, and finish not till we stop, and the coach of opposition come behind him in one narrow place. Well—then he twist himself round, and, with full voice, cry himself out at the another man, who was so angry as himself, "I'll tell you what, my hearty! If you comes some more of your gamnion at me, I shan't stand, and you shall yourself find in the wrong *box*." It was not for many weeks after as I find out the wrong *box* meaning.

Well—we get at London, at the coaches office, and I unlightened from my seat, and go at the bureau for pay my passage, and gentleman very politely demanded if I had some friend at London. I converse with him very little time in voyaging, because he was in the interior; but I perceive he is real gentleman. So, I say, "No, sir, I am stranger." Then he very honestly recommend me at an hotel, very proper, and tell me, "Sir, because I have some affairs at the Banque, I must sleep in the city this night; but to-morrow I shall come at the hotel, where you shall find some good attentions if you make the use of my name." "Very well," I tell myself, "this is best." So we exchange the cards, and I have hackney coach to come at my hotel, where they say, "No room, sir,—very sorry,—no room." But I demand to stop the moment, and produce the card what I could not read before, in the movements of the coach with the darkness. The master of the hotel take it from my hand, and become very polite at the instant, and whisper at the ear of some waiters, and these come at me, and say, "Oh yes, sir. I know Mr. *Box* very well. Worthy gentleman, Mr. Box. —Very proud to incommode any friend of Mr. Box—pray inlight yourself, and walk in my house." So I go in, and find myself very proper, and soon come so as if I was in my own particular chamber; and Mr. Box come next day, and I find very soon that he was the *right* Box, and not the *wrong* box.—Ha, ha!—You shall excuse my badinage,—eh? But never

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mind—I am going at Leicestershire to see the foxes hunting, and perhaps will get apon a coach-box in the spring, and go at Edinburgh; but I have fear I cannot come at your "Noctes," because I have not learn yet to eat so great supper. I always read what they speak there twice over, except what Mons. Le "Shepherd" say, what I read three time; but never could comprehend exactly what he say, though I discern some time the grand idea, what walk in darkness almost "visible," as your divine Milton say. I am particular fond of the poetry. I read three books of the "Paradise Lost" to Mr. Box, but he not hear me no more—he pronounce me perfect.

After one such compliment, it would be almost the same as ask you for another, if I shall make apology in case I have not find the correct ideotism of your language in this letter; so I shall not make none at all,—only throw myself at your mercy, like a great critic. But never mind,—we shall see. If you take this letter as it ought, I shall not promise i. I would not write you one other some time.

I conclude by presenting at you my compliments very respectful. I am sorry for your gout and crutchedness, and hope you shall miss them in the spring.

I have the honour of subscribe myself, Sir,

Your very humble and
Much obedient servant,
LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

P. S.—Ha, ha!—It is very droll!—I tell my valet, we go at Leicestershire for the hunting fox.—Very well.—So soon as I finish this letter, he come and demand what I shall leave behind in orders for some presents, to give what people will come at my lodgments for Christmas *Boxes*.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ALDERMAN.

ALDERMAN is derived from the Saxon word *ealderman*, that is a senior or *alderman*, which by degrees came to stand for persons of great distinction, because such were chosen to discharge the highest offices, being those whose long experience rendered them most capable, and whose birth and fortunes made them most conspicuous; and as they were generally entrusted with the government of the counties, instead of saying the governor, it was said the *ealderman* of such a county. While the heptarchy lasted, these offices were only during the king's pleasure; at last they became during life. After the Danes were settled in England, the title of *ealderman* was changed into that of *earl*, and the Normans introduced that of *count*, which, though different in its original signification, meant, however, the same dignity. There were several sorts of *ealdermen*; some were properly only governors of a province or county, others were owners of their province, holding it as a fee of the crown. These ealdermen, or earls, were honoured with titles of *reguli subreguli*, *principes*, *patricii*, and some times *rex*. Those who were only governors, had the title of ealderman of such a county, or sometimes in Latin by the term *consul*. The first administered justice in their own name, and appropriated to their own use all the revenues and profits of their respective counties. The last administered justice in the king's name and had only part of the profits assigned them. A third sort of ealdermen were those, who upon account of their high birth, bore the title, without any authority, out of which rank the governors were generally chosen. There were also inferior ealdermen in cities or boroughs, who administered justice in the king's name, and were dependent on the great ealdermen, or earls, which by the name of *alderman* still continues among us to those inferior officers, while they are called earls only. The office of the ealderman was wholly civil, and had nothing to do with either military or ecclesiastical affairs. What power each of them had, it is not easy to determine; but they were all obliged to have some knowledge of the law. In the Saxon times, the bishop and ealderman sat together to try causes; the one proceeded by the canons, the other by the common law. Part of the ealderman's jurisdiction was to examine the arms, and to raise the militia within such a district, in order to suppress riot and execute the sentence of a court of justice. He had likewise the cognizance of house-breaking, robbing, &c. Nor was it lawful for any person to move from one place to another without a certificate from the ealderman.

HALBERT H.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

HANDSOME BAR-MAIDS.

THE following advertisement appeared in a New Orlean's journal:—Wanted, two handsome ladies to assist in two bar-rooms, and to whom liberal wages will be given. Beauties from New York, Charlestown, or Savannah will be pre-

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ferred. A well-shaped, well-looking black lady would meet encouragement as an under bar-maid. Due attention will be paid to applicants, at No. 60, Camp-street. W. G C.

FRENCH MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

MATRIMONIAL advertisements being standard articles in our own newspapers at this period, as a pleasantry they may be compared with the following, extracted from various French journals:—

Une demoiselle bien née et aimable, ayant 120,000 francs de bien, desire épouser un homme âgé et riche.

Une demoiselle de 24 ans, jolie et d'une education distinguée, ayant 40,000 francs comptant, et par la suite 200,000 francs, desire épouser un jeune homme aimable, et ayant de la fortune.

Une demoiselle de 19 ans, sans fortune, mais jolie, aimable, et bien élevée, desire épouser une homme âgé, et assez aisé, pour pouvoir faire quelque bien à sa mère. J. G. R.

SONG.

Oh, silent was her grief and woe,
No tear her eye betray'd,
When Damon from his Anna fled,
And took some other maid!
But, ah, her bleeding heart did tell,
What outward show denied;
For at that simple word, "Farewell,"
She bow'd her head and died!
J. B

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO RESTORE A LOCK OF HAIR HE HAD TAKEN FROM HER.—*By E. S. Barrett.*

By one only recompense can I be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
That should I restore you the *lock* of your head,
You will give me the key of your heart.—*Atlas.*

PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

WHEN the friends of the youngest Thellusson proposed making him a member of parliament, he said, "he did not understand exactly what it was to be in parliament, or what they meant by constituents in the country; but, if there was any necessity to go backwards and forwards *for their orders*, he could trot down as fast as any member of parliament in he kingdom."

CHANGING NAMES.

THOMAS KNIGHT, ESQ. whose paternal name was Brodnax, which, very early in life, he changed for that of May, afterwards, by a statute of 9th Geo. II. took the name of Knight, which occasioned a facetious member of the house to get up, and propose "*a general bill* to enable *that gentleman to take what name he pleased.*"

TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

MIDAS (we read) with wond'rous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd to gold;
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

GENIUS DEFINED.

A WIT being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not you will never know what it means."

POOR SACK, (HANGED.)

THOUGH Sack's misdeed is punished right,
It never was intended
That he should leave his office quite,
He only is *suspended.*

EPITAPH

On a man of the name of Fish.

WORM'S bait for fish; but here's a sudden change,
Fish's bait for worms—is that not passing strange?
C. K. W.

DR. REID.

DR. REID, well known by his medical reports in the *Monthly Magazine*, was requested by a lady of eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room, "No. 1, Chesterfield-street."—"Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember *Chesterfield*, and I fear too selfish ever to forget *number one.*

PICTURE ROOM.

AN Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

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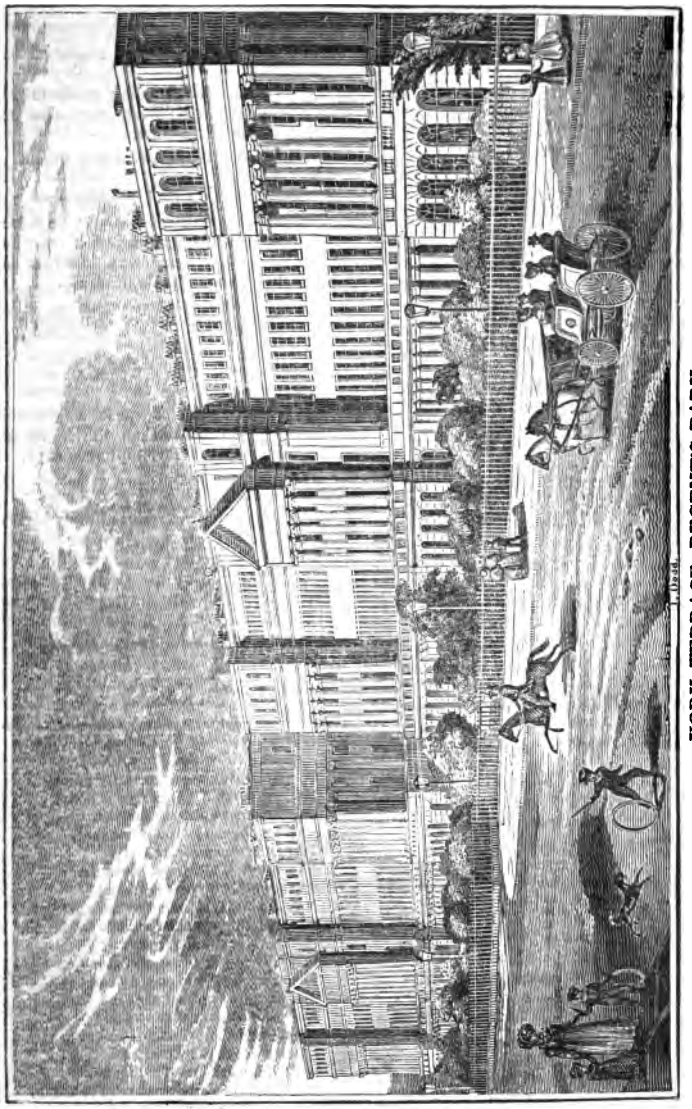
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 358.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1829. [Price 2d.



YORK TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK.

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YORK TERRACE,

REGENT'S PARK.

If the reader is anxious to illustrate any political position with the "signs of the times," he has only to start from Waterloo-place, (thus commencing with a glorious reminiscence,) through Regent-street and Portland-place, and make the architectural tour of the Regent's Park. Entering the park from the New Road by York Gate, one of the first objects for his admiration will be *York Terrace*, a splendid range of private residences, which has the appearance of an unique palace. This striking effect is produced by all the entrances being in the rear, where the vestibules are protected by large porches. All the doors and windows in the principal front represented in the engraving are uniform, and appear like a suite of princely apartments, somewhat in the style of a little Versailles. This idea is assisted by the gardens having no divisions.

The architecture of the building is Græco-Italian. It consists of an entrance or ground story, with semicircular headed windows and rusticated piers. A continued pedestal above the arches of these windows runs through the composition, divided between the columns into balustrades, in front of the windows of the principal story, to which they form handsome balconies. The elegant windows of this and the principal chamber story are of the Ilissus Ionic, and are decorated with a colonnade, completed with a well-proportioned entablature from the same beautiful order. Mr. Elmes, in his critical observations on this terrace, thinks the attic story "too irregular to accompany so chaste a composition as the Ionic, to which it forms a crown;" he likewise objects to the cornice and blocking-course, as being "also too small in proportion for the majesty of the lower order."

York Terrace is from the design of Mr. Nash, whose genius not unfrequently strays into such errors as our architectural critic has pointed out.

VALENTINE CUSTOMS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As some of the customs described by your correspondent *W. H. H.** are left unaccounted for, I suppose any one is at liberty to sport a few conjectures on the subject. May not, for instance, the practice of burning the "*holly boy*" have its origin in some of those rustic incantations described by Theocritus as the means of recalling a truant lover, or of warming a cold one; and thus translated:—

* See No. 356 of the MIRROR, "Valentine's Day."

"First Delphid injured me, he raised my flame,
And now I burn this bough in Delphid's name."

Virgil, too, in his 8th Eclogue, alludes to the same charm:—

"Sparge molam, et fragiles incende bitumine lauros;
Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum."

"Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn
And whilst it crackles in the sulphur, say,
This I for Daphnis burn, thus Daphnis burn away." DRYDEN.

The "*holly bush*" being made to represent the person beloved, may also be borrowed from the ancients:—

——"Terque hæc altaria circum
Effigiem duco." VIRGIL.

"Thrice round the altar I the image draw."

The burning wax candles may be more difficult to account for, unless it refer to the custom of melting wax in order to mollify the beloved one's heart:—

"As this devoted wax melts o'er the fire,
Let Myndian Delphis melt with soft desire." THEOCRITUS.

——"Hæc ut cera liquescit."
——"Sic nostro Daphnis amore." VIRGIL.

For a woman to compose a garland was always considered an indication of her being in love. Aristophanes says,

"The wreathing garlands in a woman is
The usual symptom of a love-sick mind."

Should the charms resorted to by lovers two thousand years ago, appear to you, even remotely, to have influenced the love rites as performed by the village men and maidens of the present day, perhaps you may deem this string of quotations worthy of a corner in your amusing miscellany.

E.

LINES

On the Sarcophagus which contains the remains of Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

(For the Mirror.)

To mark th' excess of priestly pow'r
To keep in mind that gorgeous hour,
Thou art no Popish monument,
Altho' by Wolsey thou wer't sent,
From thine own native Italy
To tell where his proud ashes lie.
To thee a nobler part is given!
A prouder task design'd by heav'n!
'Tis thine the sea chief's grave to shroud,
Idol and wonder of the crowd!
The bravest heart that ever stood
The shock of battle on the flood!
The stoutest arm that ever led
A warrior o'er the ocean's bed!
Whose name long dreaded on the sea
Alone secured the victory!
His Britain sea-girt stood alone,
Whilst all the earth was heard to moan,
Beneath war's iron—iron rod,
Trusting in Nelson as her god.—CYMBELINE.

* See MIRROR, No. 366, p. 284.

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COINAGE OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

(For the Mirror.)

In 1749, a considerable number of gold coins were discovered on the top of Karnbre, in Cornwall, which are clearly proved to have belonged to the ancient Britons. The figures that were first stamped on the coins of all nations were those of oxen, horses, sheep, &c. It may, therefore, be concluded, that the coins of any country which have only the figures of cattle stamped on them, and perhaps of trees, representing the woods in which their cattle pastured,—were the most ancient coins of the country. Some of the gold coins found at Karnbre, and described by Dr. Borlase, are of this kind, and may be justly esteemed the most ancient of our British coins. Sovereigns soon became aware of the importance of money, and took the fabrication of it under their own direction, ordering their own heads to be impressed on one side of the coins, while the figure of some animal still continued to be stamped on the other. Of this kind are some of the Karnbre coins, with a royal head on one side, and a horse on the other. When the knowledge and use of letters were once introduced into any country, it would not be long before they appeared on its coins, expressing the names of the princes whose heads were stamped on them. This was a very great improvement in the art of coining, and gave an additional value to the money, by preserving the memories of princes, and giving light to history. Our British ancestors were acquainted with this improvement before they were subdued by the Romans, as several coins of ancient Britain have very plain and perfect inscriptions, and on that account merit particular attention.

Ina.

ANIMAL FOOD.

(For the Mirror.)

It is generally allowed, that a profusion of animal food has a tendency to vitiate and debase the nature and dispositions of men; notwithstanding, the lovers of flesh urge the names of many of the most eminent in literature and science, in opposition to this assertion.

Plutarch attributed the stupidity of his countrymen, the Bœotians, to the profusion of animal food which they consumed, and even now, our lovely, soup drinking, coffee sipping friends on the continent, attribute the saturnine, melancholy, and bearish dispositions of John Bull, to his partiality for,

"The famous roast beef of Old England."

A facetious, philosophical, friend of mine, lately amused me with some remarks, on the nature and properties of different kinds of food. "We know," said he, "that one herb produces *this* effect, and another *that*; that different species and varieties of plants have different virtues; and, why may we not infer that the same rule extends to animated nature; that our fish, flesh, and fowl, not only serve as nutriment, but that each kind possesses peculiar and individual properties."

This will account for the *piggish* habits and propensities so conspicuous in the inhabitants of certain places in England, and whose partiality for *swine's flesh*, is proverbial. The *sheepish* manners of our students and school-boys, may also be attributed to the *mutton* so generally alloted to them. I might continue my observations, *ad infinitum*. I might say, that the *wisdom of the goose* was discoverable in—whose love of that, "most abused of God's creatures," is well known: and that the sea-side predilections of a certain Bart., of festive notoriety, were occasioned by his partiality for turtle.

Quæsitor.

WHITEHALL.

MARRIAGE OF ANNE BOLEYN

(For the Mirror)

The extraordinary revolution which took place in our religious institutions in the time of Henry VIII., has rendered his reign one of the most important in the annals of ecclesiastical history. For the great changes at that glorious æra, the reformation, when the clouds of ignorance and superstition were dispelled, we are principally indebted to the beauteous, but unfortunate Anne Boleyn, whose influence with the haughty monarch, was the chief cause of the abolition of the papal supremacy in England; one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed by a monarch on his country. Intimately associated with, and the principal scene of these important events, was the ancient palace of Whitehall,* which Henry, into whose

* Whitehall was originally erected in the year 1243, by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, who bequeathed it to the House of the Black-friars, near "*Oldborne*," where he was buried. It was afterwards purchased by Walter Gray, Archbishop of York, who made it his town residence, and at his death, left it to that See, whence it acquired the name of *York House*. Cardinal Wolsey, on his preferment to the Archbishoprick or York, resided here, in great state; but on his præmunire it was forfeited (or as some authors assert had been previously given by him,) to the king. Henry VIII. made it his principal residence, and greatly enlarged it, the ancient and royal palace of Westminster having fallen to decay: at the same time he enclosed the adjoining park of St. James's, which

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possession it came on the premunire of Wolsey, considerably enlarged and beautified, changing its name from that of York Place, to the one by which it is still designated.

In this building, an event, the most important, in its consequences, recorded in the history of any country, took place,—the marriage of Anne Boleyn, who had been created Countess of Pembroke, with the "stern Harry." The precise period of these nuptials, owing to the secrecy with which they were performed, is involved in considerable obscurity, and has given rise to innumerable controversies among historians; the question not being even to this hour satisfactorily decided as to whether they were solemnized in the month of *November*, 1532, or in that of *January*, 1533. Hall,* Holinshed,† and Grafton, whose authority several of our more modern historians‡ have followed, place it on the 14th of November, 1532, the Feast Day of St. Erkenwald; but Stow§ informs us, that it was celebrated on the 25th of January 1533; and his assertion bears considerable weight, being corroborated by a letter from Archbishop Cranmer, dated "the xvij daye of June," 1533, from his "manor of Croydon," to Hawkyns, the embassador at the emperor's court. In this letter the prelate says, "she was maryd muche about *St. Paules daye* last, as the condicion thereof dothe well appere by reason she ys now sumwhat bygg with chylde."‖ This statement, coming as it does from so authentic a source, and coinciding with the accounts of Stow, Wyatt,¶ and Godwin** may, we think, be regarded as the most correct. Her marriage was not made known until the following Easter, when it was publicly proclaimed, and preparations made for her coronation, which was conducted with extraordinary magnificence in Whitsuntide. Her becoming pregnant soon after her marriage "gave great satisfaction to the king, and was regarded by the people as a strong proof of the queen's former modesty and virtue."†† This latter circumstance, however, has not met with that consideration among historians which it appears to merit; for we must remember that Elizabeth was born on the 7th of the following September, an event, which would perhaps rather tend to confirm the opinion of Hall, in contradiction to that of Stow, if, indeed, Anne had been proof against the advances of Henry, previous to their marriage, which some writers have doubted.

Lingard, whose History is now in the course of publication, intimates that the ceremony was performed "in a garret, at the western end of the palace of Whitehall;"‡‡ this, however, when we consider the haughty character of Henry, is totally improbable, and rests entirely on the authority of one solitary manuscript. There is no reason, however, to doubt but that they were married in some apartment in that palace, and most probably in the king's private closet.§§ Dr. Rowland Lee, one of the royal chaplains, and afterwards Bishop of Coventry officiated, in the presence only of the Duke of Norfolk, uncle to the Lady Anne, and her father, mother, and brother. Lord Herbert,‖‖ whose authority has been quoted by Hume, says, that Cranmer was also present, but this is

appertained to this palace as well as to that of St James's, which that monarch had erected on the site of an ancient hospital, founded before the conquest for "leprous sisters." For some curious details of Wolsey's magnificence and ostentation during his residence at York Place, we refer the reader to the second volume of Mr. Brayley's *Londiniana*.

* Hall's "Chronicle," p. 794, edit. 1809.

† Holinshed says, "he married priuilie the Lady Anne Bullougne the same daie, being the 14*th daie of Nouember*, and the feast daie of Saint Erkenwald; which marriage was kept so secret, that verie few knew it till Easter next insuing, when it was perceiued that she was with child."—"Chronicles," vol. iii. p. 929. edit. 1587.

‡ Hume and Henry place the marriage in November. Lingard and Sharon Turner in January.

§ Vide Stow's "Annals," by Howes, p. 602. edit. 1633. "King Henry priuily married the Lady Anne Boleigne on the fiue and twentieth of January, being *St. Paule's daie:* Mistresse Anne Saunge bore vp Queene Annes traine, and was herselfe shortly after marryed to the Lord Barkley. Doctor Rowland Lee, that marryed the King to Queene Anne, was made Bishop of Chester, then Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, and President of Wales."

‖ Harleian MSS. No. 6148. This letter is quoted by Burnet in the first volume of his "History of the Reformation;" it may be found printed entire in the eighteenth volume of the "Archæologia;" and also in the second volume of Ellis's "Original Letters," first series, p. 33 The MS. consists of a rough copy-book of the Archbishop's letters, in his own hand writing.

¶ Wyatt's Life of "Queen Anne Boleigne." Vide Appendix to Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey," by Singer, vol. ii. p. 200. This interesting memoir was written at the close of the sixteenth century, (with the view of subverting the calumnies of Sanders,) by George Wyatt, Esq, grandson of the poet of the same name, and sixth son and heir of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was decapitated in the reign of Queen Mary, for his insurrection.

** "Annales," p. 51. edit. 1616. "Ulterioris morse perissus Rex, Bolesiam suam iam tandem Januarij 25, duxit uxorem, sed clauculum, & paucissimis testibus adhibitis." Polydor Virgil makes no mention of the period of the marriage, he only says, "in matrimonium duxit Annam Bulleyne, quam paulò antè amare cœperat, ex quâ suscepit filiam nomine Elizabeth, p. 689. edit. 1570.

†† Hume's "History of England," vol. iv. p. 3.

‡‡ Lingard's "History of England," vol. iv. p. 190. 4to edit.

§§ Vide Speed's "Annals," p. 1029.

‖‖ "Life and Raigne of Henry the Eighth," p 341. edit. 1649.

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undoubtedly an error, as that prelate had only just then returned from Germany, and was not informed of the circumstance until two weeks afterwards, as appears from the following passage in his letter to Hawkyns, before quoted:—"Yt hath bin reported thorowte a greate parte of the realme that I married her; which was playnly false, for I myself knew not thereof a fortenyght after it was donne."

It may not, perhaps, prove uninteresting to our readers, or quite irrelevant to the subject, to close this brief account of the marriage of Anne Boleyn, with the copy of a letter from that queen to "Squire Josselin, upon ye birth of Q. Elizabth," preserved among the manuscripts in the British Museum.*

"By the Queen.—Trusty and well beloved wee greet you well. And whereas it hath pleased ye goodness of Almighty God of his infinite mercy and grace to send unto vs at this tyme good speed in ye deliverance and bringing forth of a Princess to ye great joye and inward comfort of my lord. Us, and of all his good and loving subjects of this his realme ffor ye which his inestimable beneuolence soe shewed unto vs. We have noe little cause to give high thankes, laude and praysing unto our said Maker, like as we doe most lowly, humbly, and wth all ye inward desire of our heart. And inasmuch as wee undoubtedly trust yt this our good is to you great pleasure, comfort, and consolacion; wee therefore by these our Lrs aduertise you thereof, desiring and heartily praying you to give wth vs unto Almighty God, high thankes, glory, laud, and praising, and to pray for ye good health, prosperity, and continuall preservation of ye sd Princess accordingly. Yeoven under our Signett at my Lds Manner of Greenwch,† ye 7th day of September, in ye 25th yeare of my said Lds raigne, An. Dno. 1533. S J. B.

* Harleian MsS No. 787.

† Queen Elizabeth was born at the ancient Palace of Greenwich, or as it was then called, "the Manner of Plesaunce," one of the favourite residences of Henry VIII.

Memorable Days.

COLLOP MONDAY.

COLLOP MONDAY is the day before Shrove Tuesday, and in many parts is made a day of great feasting on account of the approaching Lent. It is so called, because it was the last day allowed for eating animal food before Lent; and our ancestors cut up their fresh meat into collops, or steaks, for salting or hanging up until Lent was over; and even now in many places it is still a custom to have eggs and collops, or slices of bacon, for dinner on this day.

In Westmoreland, and particularly at Brough, where I have witnessed it many times, the good people kill a great many pigs about a week or two previous to Lent, which have been carefully fattened up for the occasion. The good housewife is busily occupied in salting the flitches and hams to hang up in the "pantry," and in cutting the fattest parts of the pig for collops on this day. The most luscious cuts are baked in a pot in an oven, and the fat poured out into a bladder, as it runs out of the meat, for hog's-lard. When all the lard has been drained off, the remains (which are called *cracklings*, being then baked quite crisp) resemble the crackling on a leg of pork, are eaten with potatoes, and from the quantity of salt previously added to them, to preserve the lard, are unpalatable to many mouths. The rough farmers' men, however, devour them as a savoury dish, and every time "lard" is being made, *cracklings* are served up for the servants' dinner. Indeed, even the more respectable classes partake of this dish.

PIG-FRY.—This is a Collop Monday dish, and is a necessary appendage to "*cracklings.*" It consists of the fattest parts of the entrails of the pig, broiled in an oven. Numerous herbs, spices, &c. are added to it; and upon the whole, it is a more sightly "*course*" at table than fat cracklings. Sometimes the good wife indulges her house with a pancake, as an assurance that she has not forgotten to provide for Shrove Tuesday. The servants are also treated with "a drop of something good" on this occasion; and are allowed (if they have nothing of importance to require their immediate attention) to spend the afternoon in conviviality.

AVVER BREAD.—During Lent, in the same county, a great quantity of bread, called avver bread, is made. It is of *oats*, leavened and kneaded into a large, thin, round cake, which is placed upon a "*girdle*"‡ over the fire. The bread is about the thickness of a "lady's" slice of bread and butter.

‡ Rutherglen, in Lanarkshire, has also long been celebrated for baking *sour cakes.*—*See* vol. x. MIRROR, p 316.—I am of opinion these cakes are of precisely the same make and origin as those to which the writer alludes under the above name of "*sour cakes*," which I presume he must have forgotten the name of. I should have mentioned, that when these cakes (for they are frequently called *avver cakes*) are baked, the fire must be of wood; they never bake them over any other fire. These cakes are of a remarkably strong, sour taste. I should further note, that the *girdle* is attached to a "crane" affixed in the chimney.

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I am totally unable to give a definition of the word *aover*, and should feel much gratified by any correspondent's elucidation. I think *P. T. W.* may possibly assist me on this point; and if so, I shall be much obliged. There is an evident corruption in it. I have sometimes thought that aver meant eaten, although I have no other authority than from knowing the strange pronunciation given to other words. W. H. H.

The Contemporary Traveller.

DESCRIPTION OF MEKKA.

MEKKA may be styled a handsome town; its streets are in general broader than those of eastern cities; the houses lofty, and built of stone; and the numerous windows that face the streets give them a more lively and European aspect than those of Egypt or Syria, where the houses present but few windows towards the exterior. Mekka (like Djidda) contains many houses three stories high; few at Mekka are white-washed; but the dark grey colour of the stone is much preferable to the glaring white that offends the eye in Djidda. In most towns of the Levant the narrowness of a street contributes to its coolness; and in countries where wheel-carriages are not used, a space that allows two loaded camels to pass each other is deemed sufficient. At Mekka, however, it was necessary to leave the passages wide, for the innumerable visiters who here crowd together; and it is in the houses adapted for the reception of pilgrims and other sojourners, that the windows are so contrived as to command a view of the streets.

The city is open on every side; but the neighbouring mountains, if properly defended, would form a barrier of considerable strength against an enemy. In former times it had three walls to protect its extremities; one was built across the valley, at the street of Mala; another at the quarter of Shebeyka; and the third at the valley opening into the Mesfale. These walls were repaired in A. H. 816 and 828, and in a century after some traces of them still remained.

The only public place in the body of the town is the ample square of the great mosque; no trees or gardens cheer the eye; and the scene is enlivened only during the Hadj by the great number of well-stored shops which are found in every quarter. Except four or five large houses belonging to the Sherif, two *medreses* or colleges (now converted into corn magazines,) and the mosque, with some buildings and schools attached to it, Mekka cannot boast of any public edifices, and in this respect is, perhaps, more deficient than any other eastern city of the same size. Neither khans, for the accommodation of travellers, or for the deposit of merchandise, nor palaces of grandees, nor mosques, which adorn every quarter of other towns in the East, are here to be seen; and we may perhaps attribute this want of splendid buildings to the veneration which its inhabitants entertain for their temple; this prevents them from constructing any edifice which might possibly pretend to rival it.

The houses have windows looking towards the street; of these many project from the wall, and have their frame-work elaborately carved, or gaudily painted. Before them hang blinds made of slight reeds, which exclude flies and gnats while they admit fresh air. Every house has its terrace, the floor of which (composed of a preparation from lime-stone) is built with a slight inclination, so that the rain-water runs off through gutters into the street; for the rains here are so irregular that it is not worth while to collect the water of them in cisterns, as is done in Syria. The terraces are concealed from view by slight parapet walls; for throughout the east, it is reckoned discreditable that a man should appear upon the terrace, whence he might be accused of looking at women in the neighbouring houses, as the females pass much of their time on the terraces, employed in various domestic occupations, such as drying corn, hanging up linen, &c. The Europeans of Aleppo alone enjoy the privilege of frequenting their terraces, which are often beautifully built of stone; here they resort during the summer evenings, and often to sup and pass the night. All the houses of the Mekkawys, except those of the principal and richest inhabitants, are constructed for the accommodation of lodgers, being divided into many apartments, separated from each other, and each consisting of a sitting-room and a small kitchen. Since the pilgrimage, which has begun to decline, (this happened before the Wahaby conquest,) many of the Mekkawys, no longer deriving profit from the letting of their lodgings, found themselves unable to afford the expense of repairs; and thus numerous buildings in the out-skirts have fallen completely into ruin, and the town itself exhibits in every street houses rapidly decaying. I saw only one of recent construction; it was in the quarter of El Shebeyka, belonged to a Sherif, and cost, as report said, one hundred and fifty purses; such a house might have been built at Cairo for sixty pastes.

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The streets are all unpaved; and in summer time the sand and dust in them are as great a nuisance as the mud is in the rainy season, during which they are scarcely passable after a shower; for in the interior of the town the water does not run off, but remains till it is dried up. It may be ascribed to the destructive rains, which, though of shorter duration than in other tropical countries, fall with considerable violence, that no ancient buildings are found in Mekka. The mosque itself has undergone so many repairs under different sultans, that it may be called a modern structure; and of the houses, I do not think there exists one older than four centuries; it is not, therefore, in this place, that the traveller must look for interesting specimens of architecture or such beautiful remains of Saracenic structures as are still admired in Syria, Egypt, Barbary, and Spain. In this respect the ancient and far-famed Mekka is surpassed by the smallest provincial towns of Syria or Egypt. The same may be said with respect to Medina, and I suspect that the towns of Yemen are generally poor in architectural remains.

Mekka is deficient in those regulations of police which are customary in Eastern cities. The streets are totally dark at night, no lamps of any kind being lighted; its different quarters are without gates, differing in this respect also from most Eastern towns, where each quarter is regularly shut up after the last evening prayers. The town may therefore be crossed at any time of the night, and the same attention is not paid here to the security of merchants, as well as of husbands, (on whose account principally, the quarters are closed,) as in Syrian or Egyptian towns of equal magnitude. The dirt and sweepings of the houses are cast into the streets, where they soon become dust or mud according to the season. The same custom seems to have prevailed equally in ancient times; for I did not perceive in the skirts of the town any of those heaps of rubbish which are usually found near the large towns of Turkey.

With respect to water, the most important of all supplies, and that which always forms the first object of inquiry among Asiatics, Mekka is not much better provided than Djidda; there are but few cisterns for collecting rain, and the well-water is so brackish that it is used only for culinary purposes, except during the time of the pilgrimage, when the lowest class of hadjys drink it. The famous well of Zemzem, in the great mosque, is indeed sufficiently copious to supply the whole town; but, however holy, its water is heavy to the taste and impedes digestion; the poorer classes besides have not permission to fill their water-skins with it at pleasure. The best water in Mekka is brought by a conduit from the vicinity of Arafat, six or seven hours distant. The present government, instead of constructing similar works, neglects even the repairs and requisite cleansing of this aqueduct. It is wholly built of stone; and all those parts of it which appear above ground, are covered with a thick layer of stone and cement. I heard that it had not been cleaned during the last fifty years; the consequence of this negligence is, that the most of the water is lost in its passage to the city through apertures, or slowly forces its way through the obstructing sediment, though it flows in a full stream into the head of the aqueduct at Arafat. The supply which it affords in ordinary times is barely sufficient for the use of the inhabitants, and during the pilgrimage sweet water becomes an absolute scarcity; a small skin of water (two of which skins a person may carry) being then often sold for one shilling—a very high price among Arabs.

There are two places in the interior of Mekka where the aqueduct runs above ground; there the water is let off into small channels or fountains, at which some slaves of the Sherif are stationed, to exact a toll from persons filling their water-skins. In the time of the Hadj, these fountains are surrounded day and night by crowds of people quarrelling and fighting for access to the water. During the late siege, the Wahabys cut off the supply of water from the aqueduct; and it was not till some time after, that the injury which this structure then received, was partially repaired.

There is a small spring which comes from under the rocks behind the great palace of the Sherif, called Beit el Had; it is said to afford the best water in this country, but the supply is very scanty. The spring is enclosed, and appropriated wholly to the Sherif's family.

Beggars, and infirm or indigent hadjys, often entreat the passengers in the streets of Mekka for a draught of sweet water; they particularly surround the water-stands, which are seen in every corner, and where, for two paras in the time of the Hadj, and for one para, at other times, as much water may be obtained as will fill a jar.—*Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.*

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The Naturalist.

FLAKES OF SNOW MAGNIFIED.

Snow is one of the treasures of the atmosphere. Its wonderful construction, and the beautiful regularity of its figures, have been the object of a treatise by Erasmus Bartholine, who published in 1661, "*De Figurâ Nivis Dissertatio*," with observations of his brother Thomas on the use of snow in medicine. On examining the flakes of snow with a magnifying glass before they melt, (which may easily be done by making the experiment in the open air,) they will appear composed of fine shining spicula or points, diverging like rays from a centre. As the flakes fall down through the atmosphere, they are joined by more of these radiated spicula, and thus increase in bulk like the drops of rain or hail-stones. Dr. Green says, "that many parts of snow are of a regular figure, for the most part so many little rowels or stars of six points, and are as perfect and transparent ice as any seen on a pond. Upon each of these points are other collateral points set at the same angles as the main points themselves; among these there are divers others, irregular, which are chiefly broken points and fragments of the regular ones. Others also, by various winds, seem to have been thawed and frozen again into irregular clusters; so that it seems as if the whole body of snow was an infinite mass of icicles irregularly figured. That is, a cloud of vapours being gathered into drops, those drops forthwith descend, and in their descent, meeting with a freezing air as they pass through a colder region, each drop is immediately frozen into an icicle, shooting itself forth into several points; but these still continuing their descent, and meeting with some intermitting gales of warmer air, or, in their continual waftage to and fro, touching upon each other are a little thawed, blunted, and frozen into clusters, or entangled so as to fall down in what we call flakes." But we are not, (says the author of the "Contemplative Philosopher,") to consider snow merely as a curious phenomenon. The Great Disposer of universal bounty has so ordered it, that it is eminently subservient, as well as all the works of creation, to his benevolent designs.

"He gives the winter's snow her airy birth,
And bids her virgin fleeces clothe the earth."

SANDYS.

P. T. W.

MONKEYS AT GIBRALTAR.

Though Gibraltar abounds with monkeys, there are none to be found in the rest of Spain; this is supposed to be occasioned by the following circumstance:—The waters of the Propontis, which anciently might be nothing but a lake formed by the Granicus and Rhyndacus, finding it more easy to work themselves a canal by the Dardanelles than any other way, spread into the Mediterranean, and forcing a passage into the ocean between Mount Atlas and Calpe, separated the rock from the coast of Africa; and the monkeys being taken by surprise, were compelled to be carried with it over to Europe, "These animals," says a resident at Gibraltar, "are now in high favour here. The lieutenant-governor, General Don, has taken them under his protection, and threatened with fine and imprisonment any one who shall in any way molest them. They have increased rapidly, of course. Many of them are as large as our dogs; and some of the old grandfathers and great-grandfathers are considerably larger. I had the good fortune to fall in with a family of about ten, and had an opportunity of watching for a time their motions. There appeared to be a father and mother, four or five grown-up children, and three that had not reached the years of discretion. One of them was still at the breast; and although he was large enough to be weaned, and indeed made his escape as rapidly as

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the mother when they took the alarm, it was quite impossible to restrain laughter when one saw the mother, with great gravity, sitting nursing the little elf, with her hand behind it, and the elder children skipping up and down the walls, and playing all sorts of antic tricks with one another. They made their escape with the utmost rapidity, leaping over rocks and precipices with great agility, and evidently unconscious of fear."

W. G. C.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

THE GREAT WORLD OF FASHION.

SATIRE is the pantomime of literature, and harlequin's jacket, his black vizor, and his eel-like lubricity, are so many harmless satires on the weak sides of our nature. The pen of the satirist is as effective as the pencil of the artist; and provided it draw well, cannot fail to prove as attractive. Indeed, the characters of pantomime, harlequin, columbine, clown, and pantaloon, make up the best *quarto* that has ever appeared on the manners and follies of the times; and they may be turned to as grave an account as any page of Seneca's Morals, or Cicero's Disputations; however various the means, the end, or object, is the same, and all is rounded with a sleep.

"The Great World," in the language of satire, is the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." Its geography and history are as perpetually changing as the modes of St. James's, or the features of one of its toasted beauties; and what is written of it to-day may be dry, and its time be out of joint, before it has escaped the murky precincts of the printing-house. It is subtlety itself, and we know not "whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." Its philosophy is concentric, for this Great World consists of thousands of little worlds, *usque ad infinitum*, and we do well if we become not giddy with looking on the wheels of its vicissitudes.

We know not whom we have to thank for the pamphlet of sixty pages—entitled "A Geographical and Historical Account of the Great World"—now before us. It bears the imprint of "Ridgway, Piccadilly," so that it is published at the gate of the very region it describes—like the accounts of *Père la Chaise*, sold at its *concierge*. Annexed is a Map of the Great World—but the author has not "attempted to lay down the longitude; the only measurements hitherto made being confined to the west of the meridian of St. James's Strait." Then the author tells us of the atomic hypothesis of the formation of the Great World. "These rules, for the performance of what appears to be an atomic quadrille, are furnished by Sir H. Davy, elected by the Great World, master of the ceremonies for the preservation of order, and prescribing rules for the regulation of the Universe." "The surface of the Great World, or rather its crust, has been ascertained to be exceedingly shallow."

The inhabitants of the Great World, in its diurnal rotation, receive no light from the sun till a few hours before the time of its setting with us, when it also sets with them, so that they are inconvenienced for a short time only, by its light. In its annual orbit, it has but one season, which, though called Spring, is subject to the most sudden alternations of heat and cold. The females have a singular method of protecting themselves from the baneful effects of these violent changes, which is worthy of notice:—they wrap themselves up, during the short time the sun shines, in pelisses, shawls, and cloaks, their heads being protected by hats, whose umbrageous brims so far exceed in dimensions the little umbrellas raised above them, that a stranger is at a loss to conjecture the use of the latter. Shortly after the sun has set, these habiliments are all thrown off, dresses of gossamer are substituted in their place, and the fair wearers rush out into the open air, to enjoy the cool night breezes.

This is but the "Companion to the Map." The Voyage to the several Islands of the Great World, "is in a framework of the adventures of Sir Heedless Headlong, who neither reaches the Great World by a balloon, nor Perkins's steam-gun. He cruises about St. James's-Straits, makes for Idler's Harbour, in Alba; is repulsed, but with a friend, Jack Rashleigh, journeys to Society Island, lands at Small Talk Bay, and makes for the capital, Flirtington. He first visits a general assembly of the leaders of the isle. At the house of assembly the rush of charioteers was so great, that it is impossible to say what might have been the consequence of the general confusion, or how many lives might have been lost, but for the interference of a little man in a flaxen wig, and broad-brimmed hat, with a cane in his hand, whose authority is said to extend equally over ladies and pickpockets of all degrees."* Then comes an exquisite bit of badinage

* Quasi Townsend

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on that most stupid of all stupidities, a fashionable rout.

"On entering the walls, my surprise may be partly conceived, at finding those persons, whom I had seen so eagerly striving to gain admittance, crowded together in a capacious vapour bath, heated to so high a temperature, that had I not been aware of the strict prohibition of science, I should have imagined the meeting to have been held for the purpose of ascertaining, by experiment, the greatest degree of heat which the human frame is capable of supporting. That they should choose such a place for their deliberations upon the welfare of the island, appeared to me extraordinary, and only to be accounted for upon the supposition that it was intended to carry off, by evaporation, that internal heat to which the assemblies of legislators of some other countries are known to be subject. Judging from the grave and melancholy countenances of the persons assembled, I concluded the affairs of the island to be in a very disastrous state; and I could discover very little either said or done, at all calculated to advance its interests. Of the capital itself, some members said a few words; but, to use the language of our Globe, in so inaudible a tone of voice, that we could scarcely catch their import. The principal subject of their discussion consisted of complaining of the extreme heat of the bath, and mutual inquiries respecting their intention of immersing themselves in any others that were open the same night."

He next satirizes a fashionable dinner, the parks, the Horticultural Society, some pleasant jokes upon a rosy mother and her parsnip-pale daughters, and an admirable piece of fun upon the female oligarchy of Almacks.

"From hence I made a trip to Crocky's Island, situated on the opposite side of the Strait. On landing at Hellgate, within Fools' Inlet my surprise was much excited by the prodigious flocks of gulls, pigeons, and geese, which were directing their flight towards the Great Fish Lake, whither I, too, was making my way. I concluded their object was to procure food, of which a profusion was here spread before them, consisting of every thing which such birds most delight to peck at; but no sooner had they settled near the bank, than they were seized upon by a Fisherman, (who was lying in wait for them,) and completely plucked of their feathers, an operation to which they very quietly submitted, and were then suffered to depart. Upon inquiring his motive for what appeared to me a wanton act of cruelty, he told me his intention was to stuff his bed with the feathers; 'or,' added he, 'if you will, to feather my nest.' Being myself an admirer of a soft bed, I saw no reason why I should not employ myself in the same way; but owing, perhaps, to my being a novice in the art, and not knowing how to manage the birds properly, they were but little disposed to submit themselves to my hands; and, in the attempt, I found myself so completely covered with feathers, that which of the three descriptions of birds aforesaid I most resembled, it would have been difficult to determine. The fisherman, seeing my situation, was proceeding to add to the stock of feathers which he had collected in a great bag, by plucking those from my person, when, wishing to save him any further trouble, I hurried back to Hellgate."

We cannot accompany Sir Heedless any further; but must conclude with a few piquancies from the *Vocabulary of the Language of the Great World*, which is as necessary to the enjoyment of fashionable life, as is a glossary to an elementary scientific treatise:—

At Home.—Making your house as unlike home as possible, by turning every thing topsy-turvy, removing your furniture, and squeezing as many people into your rooms as can be compressed together.

Not at Home.—Sitting in your own room, engaged in reading a new novel, writing notes, or other important business.

Affection.—A painful sensation, such as gout, rheumatism, cramp, head-ache, &c.

Mourning.—An outward covering of black, put on by the relatives of any deceased person of consequence, or by persons succeeding to a large fortune, as an emblem of their grief upon so melancholy an event.

Morning.—The time corresponding to that between our noon and sun-set.

Evening.—The time between our sun-set and sun-rise.

Night.—The time between our sun-rise and noon.

Domestic.—An epithet applied to cats, dogs, and other tame animals, keeping at home.

Reflection.—The person viewed in a looking-glass

Tenderness.—A property belonging to meat long kept.

An Undress.—A thick covering of garments.

A Treasure.—A lady's maid, skilful in the mysteries of building up heads, and pulling down characters; ingenious in the construction of caps, capes, and scandal, and judicious in the application of paint and flattery; also, a footman,

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who knows, at a single glance, what visitors to admit to the presence of his mistress, and whom to refuse.

Immortality.—An imaginary privilege of living for ever, conferred upon heroes, poets, and patriots.

Taste.—The art of discerning the precise shades of difference constituting a bad or well dressed man, woman, or dinner.

Tact.—The art of wheedling a rich old relation, winning an heiress, or dismissing duns with the payment of fair promises.

Album.—A ledger kept by ladies for the entry of compliments, in rhyme, paid *on demand* to their beautiful hair, complexions fair, the dimpled chin, the smiles that win, the ruby lips, where the bee sips, &c. &c.; the whole amount being transferred to their private account from the public stock.

Resignation.—Giving up a place.

A Heathen.—An infidel to the tenets of ton, a Goth; a monster; a vulgar wretch. One who eats twice of soup, swills beer, *takes* wine, knows nothing about ennui, dyspepsia, or peristaltic persuaders, and does not play ecarté; a creature—nobody.

Vice.—An instrument made use of by ladies in *netting* for the purpose of securing their work.

A Martyr.—A gentleman subject to the gout.

Temperate.—Quiet, an epithet applied only to horses.

Bore.—A country acquaintance, or relation, a leg of mutton, a hackney-coach, &c., children, or a family party.

Love.—Admiration of a large fortune.

Courage.—Shooting a fellow creature, perhaps a friend, from the fear of being thought a coward.

Christmas.—That time of year when tradesmen, and boys from school, become troublesome.

Old Poets.

A KISS.

Best charge and bravest retreat in Cupid's fight,
A double key which opens to the heart,
Most rich, when most his riches it impart,
Nest of young joys, schoolmaster of delight,
Teaching the mean at once to take and give,
The friendly stay, where blows both wound and heal,
The petty death where each in other live,
Poor hope's first wealth, hostage of promist weak,
Breakfast of love. Sir P. Sydney.

SIGHT

Nine things to sight required are
The power to see, the light, the visible thing:
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
Clear space, and time the form distinct to bring. J. Davies.

MERCY AND JUSTICE.

On who shall show the countenance and gestures
Of Mercy and Justice; which fair sacred sisters,
With equal poise doth ever balance even,
The unchanging projects of the King of heaven.
The one stern of look, the other mild aspecting,
The one pleas'd with tears, the other blood affecting;
The one bears the sword of vengeance unrelenting
The other brings succor for the true repenting.
J. Sylvester.

I know that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.
M. Roydon.

INGRATITUDE.

Unthankfulness is that great sin,
Which made the devil and his angels fall;
Lost him and them the joys that they were in,
And now in hell detains them bound in thrall.
Sir J. Harrington.

Thou hateful monster base ingratitude,
Soul's mortal poison, deadly killing wound,
Deceitful serpent seeking to delude,
Black loathsome ditch, where all desert is drown'd;
Vile pestilence, which all things dost confound.
At first created to no other end,
But to grieve those, whom nothing could offend.
M. Drayton.

HEAVEN

From hence with grace and goodness compass'd round,
God ruleth, blesseth, keepeth all he wrought,
Above the air, the fire, the sea and ground
Our sense, our wit, our reason and our thought;
Where persons three, with power and glory crown'd,
Are all one God, who made all things of nought.
Under whose feet, subjected to his grace
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time and place.

This is the place from whence like smoke and dust
Of this frail world, the wealth, the pomp, the power,
He tosseth, humbleth, turneth as he lust,
And guides our life, our end, our death and hour,
No eye (however virtuous, pure and just)
Can view the brightness of that glorious bower,
On every side the blessed spirits be
Equal in joys though differing in degree.
E. Fairfax.

MARRIAGE.

In choice of wife prefer the modest chaste,
Lilies are fair in show, but foul in smell,
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced,
Then choose thy wife by wit and loving well.
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withal,
Presents thee honey mix'd with bitter gall.
D. Lodge.

PRIDE.

Pride is the root of ill in every state,
The source of sin, the very fiend's fee:
The head of hell, the bough, the branch, the tree;
From which do spring and sprout such fleshly seeds,
As nothing else but means and mischief breeds.
G. Gascoigne.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

NOTES FROM THE LONDON REVIEW, NO. I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LUXURIES.

As a learned doctor, a passionate admirer of the Nicotian plant, was not long since regaling himself with a pinch of snuff, in the study of an old college friend, his classical recollections suddenly mixed with his present sensation, and suggested the following question:—"If a Greek or a Roman were to rise from the grave, how would you explain to him the three successive enjoyments which we have had to-day after dinner,—tea, coffee, and snuff? By what perception or sensation familiar to them, would you account for the modern use of the three vulgar elements, which we see notified on every huckster's stall?—or paint the more refined beatitude of a young barrister comfortably niched in one of our London divans, concentrating his ruminations over a new Quarterly, by the aid of a highly-flavoured Havannah?" The doctor's friend, whose ingenuity is not easily taken at fault, answered, "By friction, which was performed so consummately in their baths. It is no new propensity of animal nature, to find pleasure from the combination of a *stimulant*, and a *sedative*. The ancients chafed their skins, and we chafe our stomachs, exactly for that same double purpose of excitement and repose (let physiologists explain their union) which these vegetable substances procure now so extensively to mankind. In a word, I would tell the ancient Greeks or Romans, that the dealer in tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff, is to us what the experienced practioner of the *strigil* was to them; with this difference, however, that while we spare our skins, our stomachs are in danger of being tanned into leather."

THE STAGE.

We may compare *tragedy* to a martyrdom by one of the old masters; which, whatever be its merit, represents persons, emotions, and events so remote from the experience of the spectator, that he feels the grounds of his approbation and blame to be in a great measure conjectural. The *romance*, such as we generally have seen it, resembles a Gothic window-piece, where monarchs and bishops exhibit the symbols of their dignity, and saints hold out their palm branches, and grotesque monsters in blue and gold pursue one another through the intricacies of a never-ending scroll, splendid in colouring, but childish in composition, and imitating nothing in nature but a mass of drapery and jewels thrown over the commonest outlines of the human figure. The works of the *comedian*, in their least interesting forms, are Dutch paintings and caricatures: in their best, they are like Wilkie's earlier pictures, accurate imitations of pleasing, but familiar objects—admirable as works of art, but addressed rather to the judgment than to the imagination.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

Nothing could be more easy than to prove, in the reflected light of our literature, that from the period of our Revolution to the present time, the education of women has improved among us, as much, at least, as that of men. Unquestionably that advancement has been greater within the last fifty years, than during any previous period of equal length; and it may even be doubted whether the modern rage of our fair countrywomen for universal acquirement has not already been carried to a height injurious to the attainment of excellence in the more important branches of literary information.

But in every age since that of Charles II., Englishwomen have been better educated than their mothers. For much of this progress we are indebted to Addison. Since the Spectator set the example, a great part of our lighter literature, unlike that of the preceding age, has been addressed to the sexes in common: whatever language could shock the ear of woman, whatever sentiment could sully her purity of thought, has been gradually expunged from the far greater and better portion of our works of imagination and taste; and it is this growing refinement and delicacy of expression, throughout the last century, which prove, as much as any thing, the increasing number of female readers, and the increasing homage which has been paid to the better feelings of their sex.

Mr. Lee, the high-constable of Westminster, in the *Police Report*, says, "I have known the time when I have seen the regular thieves watching Drummonds' house, looking out for persons coming out: and the widening of the pavement of the streets has, I think, done a great deal of good. With respect to pick-pocketing, there is not a chance of their doing now as they used to do. If a man attempts to pick a pocket, it is ten to one if he is not seen, which was not the case formerly."

CRIME IN PARIS

Vidocq, in his Memoires, relates, that in 1817, with twelve agents or subordinate

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officers, he effected in Paris the number of arrests which he thus enumerates :—

Assassins or murderers	15
Robbers or burglars	5
Ditto with false keys	108
Ditto in furnished houses	12
Highwaymen	126
Pickpockets and cutpurses	73
Shoplifters	17
Receivers of stolen property	38
Fugitives from the prisons	14
Tried galley-slaves, having left their exile	43
Forgers, cheats, swindlers, &c.	46
Vagabonds, robbers returned to Paris	229
By mandates from his excellency	46
Captures and seizures of stolen property	39
	811

WITNESSES.

THE protracted proceedings of our criminal courts are productive of one serious evil, which we have never seen noticed. Domestic servants, and others who appear as witnesses, must frequently wait, day after day, in the court-yard and avenues, or in the adjacent public-houses, until the cases on which they have been subpœnaed are called for trial. During these intervals they converse and become acquainted with others in attendance, a large proportion of whom are generally friends or associates of the prisoners. It is thus that the most dangerous intimacies have been formed; and many instances have occurred where servants, who have been seen in the courts as witnesses for a prosecution, have soon afterwards appeared there as prisoners.

YOU'LL COME TO OUR BALL.

"Comment! c'est lui?—que je le regarde encore!—c'est que vraiment il est bien changé; n'est pas, mon papa?"—*Les premiers Amours.*

YOU'LL come to our Ball:—since we parted,
I've thought of you, more than I'll say;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted,
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since it's over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall:—
I know you're a terrible rover.
But, Clarence,—you'll come to our Ball!

It's only a year, since at College
You put on your cap and your gown;
But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
And chang'd from the spur to the crown:
The voice that was best when it faltered
Is fuller and firmer in tone;
And the smile that should never have altered,—
Dear Clarence,—it is not your own:
Your cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so n rlected?
You *must* have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon,
To look for a covey with Pup:
I've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up:
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
I've ridd-n th- filly you broke;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante,
In the shade of your favourite oak:
When I sat in July to Sir Le'wrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl;
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished:
We've set up a National School.
And waltzing is utterly banished—
And Ellen has married a fool—
The Major is going to travel—
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout—
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel—
Papa is laid up with the gout:
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;
And Fanny is sick of the measles,—
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties;—the Lily,
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm—
Miss Manners, who always abused you,
For talking so much about Hock—
And her sister who often amused you,
By raving of rebels and Rock;
And something which surely would answer,
A heiress, quite fresh from Bengal—
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world!—from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth:
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth:
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sullen degrees.
Time treads o'er the grave of Affection;
Sweet honey is turned into gall.
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads—
To-day you have critical ears:
You once could be charmed with our salads—
Alas! you've been dining with Peers—
You trifled and flirted with many—
You've forgotten the when and the how—
There was *one* you liked better than any—
Perhaps you've forgotten *her* now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song—
They tell me (and what does it matter?)
You like to be praised by the throng—
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
They tell me you're loved by a Blue—
They tell me you're sadly immoral,
Dear Clarence, *that* cannot be true!
But to me you are still what I found you
Before you grew clever and tall—
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you—
And you'll come—*won't* you come?—to our Ball!

London Magazine.

PARTY.

TWO dogs cannot worry one another in the streets without instantly forming each his party among the crowd; much more then does the principle apply to higher contests.

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The Anecdote Gallery

MOLIERE.

At the town of Pezénas they still show an elbow-chair of Molière's (as at Montpelier they show the gown of Rabelais,) in which the poet, it is said, ensconced in a corner of a barber's shop, would sit for the hour together, silently watching the air, gestures, and grimaces of the village politicians, who, in those days, before coffee-houses were introduced into France, used to congregate in this place of resort. The fruits of this study may be easily discerned in those original draughts of character from the middling and lower classes with which his pieces everywher abound.

Molière's celebrated farce of *Les Précieuses Ridicules;* a piece in only one act, but which, by its inimitable satire, effected such a revolution in the literary taste of his countrymen, as has been accomplished by few works of a more imposing form—may be considered as the basis of the dramatic glory of Molière, and the dawn of good comedy in France. The satire aimed at a coterie of wits who set themselves up as arbiters of taste and fashion, and was welcomed with enthusiastic applause, most of them being present at the first exhibition, to behold the fine fabric, which they had been so painfully constructing, brought to the ground by a single blow. "And these follies," said Ménage to Chapelin, "which you and I see so finely criticised here, are what we have been so long admiring. We must go home and burn our idols." "Courage, Molière," cried an old man from the pit; "this is genuine comedy." The price of the seats was doubled from the time of the second representation. Nor were the effects of the satire merely transitory. It converted an epithet of praise into one of reproach; and a *femme precieuse*, a *style precieux*, a *ton précieux*, once so much admired, have ever since been used only to signify the most ridiculous affectation. There was, in truth, however, quite as much luck as merit, in this success of Molière; whose production exhibits no finer raillery, or better sustained dialogue, than are to be found in many of his subsequent pieces. It assured him, however, of his own strength, and disclosed to him the mode in which he should best hit the popular taste. "I have no occasion to study Plautus or Terence any longer," said he, "I must henceforth, study the world." The world accordingly was his study; and the exquisite models of character which it furnished him, will last as long as it shall endure.

Though an habitual valetudinarian, Molière relied almost wholly on the temperance of his diet for the reestablishment of his health. "What use do you make of your physician?" said the king to him one day. "We chat together, Sire," said the poet. "He gives me his prescriptions; I never follow them; and so I get well."

In Molière's time, the profession of a comedian was but lightly esteemed in France at this period. Molière experienced the inconveniences resulting from this circumstance, even after his splendid literary career had given him undoubted claims to consideration. Most of our readers no doubt, are acquainted with the anecdote of Belloc, an agreeable poet of the court, who, on hearing one of the servants in the royal household refuse to aid the author of the *Tartuffe* in making the king's bed, courteously requested "the poet to accept his services for that purpose." Madame Campan's anecdote of a similar courtesy, on the part of Louis the Fourteenth, is also well known; who, when several of these functionaries refused to sit at table with the comedian, kindly invited him to sit down with him, and, calling in some of his principal courtiers, remarked that "he had requested the pleasure of Molière's company at his own table, as it was not thought quite good enough for his officers." This rebuke had the desired effect.

Molière died in 1673, he had been long affected by a pulmonary complaint, and it was only by severe temperance that he was enabled to preserve even a moderate degree of health. At the commencement of the year, his malady sensibly increased. At this very season, he composed his *Malade Imaginaire;* the most whimsical, and perhaps the most amusing of the compositions, in which he has indulged his raillery against the faculty. On the 17th of February, being the day appointed for its fourth representation, his friends would have dissuaded him from appearing, in consequence of his increasing indisposition. But he persisted in his design, alleging "that more than fifty poor individuals depended for their daily bread on its performance." His life fell a sacrifice to his benevolence. The exertions which he was compelled to make in playing the principal part of *Argan* aggravated his distemper, and as he was repeating the word *juro*, in the concluding ceremony, he fell into a convulsion, which he vainly endeavoured to disguise from the spectators under a forced smile. He was immediately carried to his house, in the *Rue de Riche-*

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Rue, now No. 34. A violent fit of coughing, on his arrival, occasioned the rupture of a blood-vessel; and seeing his end approaching, he sent for two ecclesiastics of the parish of St. Eustace, to which he belonged, to administer to him the last offices of religion. But these worthy persons having refused their assistance, before a third, who had been sent for, could arrive, Molière, suffocated with the effusion of blood, had expired in the arms of his family.

Molière died soon after entering upon his fifty-second year. He is represented to have been somewhat above the middle stature, and well proportioned; his features large, his complexion dark, and his black, bushy eye-brows so flexible, as to admit of his giving an infinitely comic expression to his physiognomy. He was the best actor of his own generation, and by his counsels, formed the celebrated Baron, the best of the succeeding. He played all the range of his own characters, from *Alceste* to *Sganarelle*; though he seems to have been peculiarly fitted for broad comedy.

He produced all his pieces, amounting to thirty, in the short space of fifteen years. He was in the habit of reading these to an old female domestic, by the name of La Forêt; on whose unsophisticated judgment he greatly relied. On one occasion when he attempted to impose upon her the production of a brother author, she plainly told him that he had never written it. Sir Walter Scott may have had this habit of Molière's in his mind, when he introduced a similar expedient into his "Chronicles of the Canongate." For the same reason, our poet used to request the comedians to bring their children with them, when he recited to them a new play. The peculiar advantage of this humble criticism, in dramatic compositions, is obvious. Alfieri himself, as he informs us, did not disdain to resort to it.

Molière was naturally of a reserved and taciturn temper; insomuch that his friend Boileau used to call him the *Contemplateur*. Strangers who had expected to recognise in his conversation the sallies of wit which distinguished his dramas, went away disappointed. The same thing is related of La Fontaine. The truth is, that Molière went into society as a spectator, not as an actor; he found there the studies for the characters, which he was to transport upon the stage; and he occupied himself with observing them. The dreamer, La Fontaine, lived too in a world of his own creation. His friend, Madame de la Sablière, paid to him this untranslateable compliment; "En vérité, mon cher La Fontaine, vous seriez bien bête, si vous n'aviez pas tant d'esprit." These unseasonable reveries brought him, it may be imagined, into many whimsical adventures. The great Corneille, too, was distinguished by the same apathy. A gentleman dined at the same table with him for six months, without suspecting the author of the "Cid."

Molière enjoyed the closest intimacy with the great Condé, the most distinguished ornament of the court of Louis the Fourteenth; to such an extent indeed, that the latter directed, that the poet should never be refused admission to him, at whatever hour he might choose to pay his visit. His regard for his friend was testified by his remark, rather more candid than courteous, to an Abbé of his acquaintance, who had brought him an epitaph, of his own writing, upon the deceased poet. "Would to heaven," said the prince, "that he were in a condition to bring me yours."

DOMESTIC HABITS OF NAPOLEON.

At nine o'clock the emperor came out of his sleeping apartments, dressed for the whole day. First the officers on duty were admitted, and received their orders for the day. Then the *grandes entrées* and the officers of the household not on duty were introduced; and if any one had any particular communication to make, he staid till the public audience was concluded. At half after nine o'clock Napoleon breakfasted, on a small mahogany table with one leg, and covered with a napkin. The prefect of the palace stood close by this table, with his hat under his arm. The breakfast rarely lasted beyond eight minutes. Sometimes, however, men of science or literature, or distinguished artists, were admitted at this time, with whom Napoleon is represented to have conversed in an easy and lively style. Amongst these were M. Monge, Costaz, Denon, Bertholet, Corvisart, David, Gerard, Isabey, Talma, and Fontaine. Dinner was served at six o'clock; the emperor and the empress dined alone on the common days of the week, but on Sunday all the imperial family attended, upon which occasion Napoleon, the empress, and Madame Mère had arm-chairs, and the rest chairs without arms. There was only one course. The emperor drank no wine but Chambertin, and that usually mixed with water. Dinner lasted in general from fifteen to twenty minutes. At this time the prefect of the palace had to superintend the affair *en grand*, and to answer any questions put to him. In the drawing-room a page presented to the

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emperor a waiter with a cup and a sugar-stand. Le chef d'office poured out the coffee; the empress took the cup from the emperor; the page and the chef d'office retired; the prefect waited till the empress had poured the coffee into the saucer and given it to Napoleon. After this the emperor went to his papers again, and the empress played at cards. Sometimes he would come and talk a little while with the people of the household in the apartments of the empress, but not often, and he never staid long. Upon his retiring, the officers on duty attended the audience *du coucher*, and received their orders for the morrow. This was the ordinary economy of the emperor's time, when not with the army.

Napoleon read the English newspapers every day in French, and M. de Bausset says the translation was rigorously exact. One day in January, 1811, the emperor gave some of these extracts to de B., and ordered him to read them aloud during dinner. The prefect got on pretty well, till he stumbled at some uncouth epithets, with which he was puzzled how to deal, especially in the presence of the empress, and a room full of domestics. He blew his nose, and skipped the words —"No!" said Napoleon, "read out! you will find many more." "I should be wanting—" "Read, I tell you," repeated the emperor, "read every thing!" At last de B. ran upon "tyrant or despot," which he commuted for "emperor." Napoleon caught the paper out of his hands, read the real phrase aloud, and then ordered M. de B. to continue. These translations used to be made by Maret, Duke of Bassano.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

RETENTIVE MEMORY.

THE historian, Fuller, in 1607, had a most retentive memory; he could repeat 500 strange, unconnected words, after twice hearing them; and a sermon verbatim, after reading it once. He undertook, after passing from Temple Bar to the farthest part of Cheapside and back again, to mention all the signs over the shops on both sides of the streets, repeated them backwards and forwards, and performed the task with great exactness.
J. T. S.

EVE'S TOMB.

ABOUT two miles northward of Djidda is shown the tomb of Howa (Eve), the mother of mankind; it is, as I was informed, a rude structure of stone, about four feet in length, two or three feet in height, and as many in breadth; thus resembling the tomb of Noah, seen in the valley of Bekaa, in Syria.—*Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.*

ACROSTIC ON THE EYES.

E NCHANTING features! how thy beauties charm;
Y e magic orbs, in which for ever dwell
E ach varying passion, from the bosom warm,
S ilently ye express what language ne'er can tell.
C. J. T.

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was once ridiculing our immortal author of "Paradise Lost," in the presence of Dr. Young, it is said the latter delivered the following extempore:

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin."
R. Y.

VENTILATION.

GARRICK told Cibber, "that his pieces were the best ventilators to his theatre at Drury Lane; for as soon as any of them were played, the audience directly left the house."

ACROSTIC TO BRAHAM.

B EAR not away ye gales that sound!
R apture be mute, nor breathe one sigh!
A ttentive angels hover round—
H eaven listens to his melody;
A nd all the spheres' harmonious strings
M ove in celestial strains when Braham sings!
G. J. T.

CONVIVIALITY.

CHARLES BANNISTER was one evening presiding at a convivial party, when a friend said to him, "you will ruin your constitution by sitting up at night in this manner."—"Oh," replied Bannister, "you do not know the nature of my constitution; I sit up at night to watch it, and keep it in repair while you are asleep."

DEATH BY ORDER.

WHEN Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, when he wrote to this effect, "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

59.] SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1829. [PRICE 2*d*.

Rugby School.

e eastern border of Warwickshire, 13 miles from Coventry, and 16 Warwick, stands the cheerful town GBY, a place of great antiquity, little note previous to the erection grammar-school there, towards the f the sixteenth century. The cir- ances under which this school was d, and the rank it has attained ; our classical seminaries, may pro- be interesting to the reader.

GBY SCHOOL was founded in the year of Elizabeth, by Lawrence , grocer, of London, chiefly as a rammar-school for the children of arishes of Rugby and Brownsover, aces adjacent. For the accommo- of the master, who was, "if it iently might be, to be ever a Mas- Arts," he bequeathed a messuage at , in which it is probable he had f resided during the last few years life, and he directed that there be built, near this residence, a fair nvenient school-house, to defray expense, and of a contiguous alms- , he bequeathed the revenue of the of Brownsover, and a third por- f twenty-four acres of land, situate in *Lamb's Conduit Fields*, "near London," and termed the Conduit Close. These eight acres were of trivial value at the period; and in 1653, the trustees of the property paid the schoolmaster a salary of 12*l*. a year, and each of the almsmen 7*s*. 7*d*. In 1666, the Lamb's Conduit property was leased for fifty years at 50*l*. per annum. The metropolis increased, and stretching one of its *Briareusian* arms in this direction, the once neglected field rose in value, and in 1702 (thirty-four years before the expiration of the above term) the trustees granted a fresh lease to William (afterwards Sir William) Milman, of forty-three years, to commence at the termination of the former lease. Building was not then a mania, and Sir William obtained his term for 60*l*. per annum; so that until the year 1780, the annual produce of the estate belonging to the Rugby charity, was only 116*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*.! But, shortly after the grant of an extended term to Sir W. Milman, handsome streets of family houses sprung up, and it was computed that a ground-rent of at least 1,600*l*. would accrue to the charity on the expiration of his lease. A much greater income has,

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in fact, arisen, and the revenues will be materially increased on the termination of the present leases.

The flourishing finances of this noble institution are well managed by twelve trustees, chosen from the nobility and gentry of the country.*

The ancient buildings of the Rugby seminary were a humble tenement for the schoolmaster, a principal school-room, and two or three additional school-rooms, built at different times, as the finances would allow. These being found too limited, in 1808 the trustees commenced the erection of the present structure, from the designs of Mr. Henry Hakewill. It stands nearly on the same spot as the former humble building, and is composed of white brick, the angles, cornices, and dressings to the windows and openings being of Aldborough stone. The style of architecture is that of the reign of Elizabeth, the period at which the school was founded. The building is massy, august, and interesting from its graceful disposition of parts. The principal front is that represented in our engraving, which extends 220 feet.

The schools are entered by a gateway opposite the street, which leads to the principal court, a fine area, 90 feet long by 75 feet wide, with a plain cloister on the east, south, and west sides. The buildings on the south of the court comprise the dining hall, belonging to the boys in the head master's house, and three schools for different classes; those on the west are occupied by the great school; and on the north are the French and writing schools. The east side adjoins the offices belonging to the head master's house. About sixty boys are accommodated here; the remainder lodge in the houses of the other masters, and in the town of Rugby.

Lawrence Sheriff, the benevolent founder of this institution, was born at Brownsover, whence he removed to London, where he kept a grocer's shop in Newgate-street. A more gratifying portrait of true beneficence than Sheriff's bequest can scarcely be found in British annals; and this gratification is greatly enhanced by the justice with which his intentions have been carried into effect at Rugby. The alms-houses were originally for four poor old men; but the dwellings have been augmented in proportion to the increased revenues.

* Their annual meeting is in August, when the examination takes place. Fourteen exhibitions have been instituted, each of the exhibitioners being allowed forty pounds per annum to assist in their support, for seven years, at either university.

CHOICE HINTS FOR A PLAN TO DISCHARGE THE NATIONAL DEBT.

(For the Mirror.)

"GREAT events sometimes spring from trivial causes," of the truth of this adage, no man is, I think, so great a *heretic*, as to express any doubt—were such the case, it would be by no means difficult to conjure up a host of evidence, in support of our proposition; but, seeing that "such things are," let us at once to the point.

The present age is so rife in whims and proposals, that I am rather apprehensive, some may doubt the *feasibility* of the following. Nevertheless, it is, methinks, quite as good, as many others which recently were strangled, in struggling for existence.

In looking over some old pamphlets the other day, I met with the following "true and particular account" of Mr. Peter Pounce, Postmaster, of Petersham, and his horse, Prance.

Now, according to my author (of whose veracity I entreat the reader to use his own discretion) it seems this Mr. Pounce was an exceedingly good kind of man, and that his horse, Prance, was also an exceedingly good kind of horse; moreover, when the postmaster travelled, he usually put up at the *George*, where there is exceeding good entertainment for both man and horse. Upon one occasion, being in great haste, Mr. Pounce directed the ostler not to put Prance into the stable, but to tie him to the brew-house door. Now, as cruel fate would have it, there was just within the nag's reach, a tub full of wine lees, which, luckless moment for him, (being thirsty) he unceremoniously quaffed off in a trice, without even *here's to you*.

The consequence was, Prance fell down dead drunk; nay, he acted death so much to the life, that his master, reckoning him absolutely defunct, had him flayed, and sold his skin to a tanner, who happened to be drinking in the ale-house kitchen. Mr. Pounce then walked in a solitary mood to his home, and communicated the melancholy affair to his good lady, who wept bitterly at Prance's untimely fate.

But leaving her to dry her eyes, we return to the nag—the weather being cold, he was by the loss of his skin, &c. quite sobered, and prudently trotted to his master's door, at which he whinnied with much clamour for admission.

Bless me, my dear, exclaims Mrs. P. our nag's ghost is at the door—I know him by his whinnies; upon which Mr.

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Pounce runs with alacrity to the door, and sure enough there he was—no ghost —but in propriâ personâ except his skin. In this exigence, the gentleman had four sheep killed forthwith, and covered the nag with a woollen garment. To make short of it, the horse rapidly recovered, and bore two tods of wool every year.

From this narration it is proposed to embrace the manifest advantages which offer themselves for improving the woollen trade — that great staple of Britain's wealth, in manner following:—

First, then, let an accurate estimate be taken of the number of sheep annually slaughtered in these kingdoms.

Secondly.—Let proper officers be appointed to collect these skins into commodious warehouses.

Lastly. — That such a number of horses, mares, and geldings as the said skins will conveniently cover, be flayed (without fear of Mr. Martin!) and their backs forthwith enveloped in fleece.

By this arrangement the following benefits will arise to the government and community:—

1. Every horse whose hide was formerly only useful after death, will then afford an annual profit by producing two tods of wool yearly, without any loss to the tanner or shoemaker, who will still necessarily have as many hides as heretofore.

2. The health of that useful animal the horse, which is probably liable to more disorders than any other (the human species excepted) will be much better preserved by woollen than a hairy covering.

3. There will be little occasion for saddles, &c. as the fleece will afford a very easy seat, much softer than leather, and well adapted for ladies and invalids.

Lastly.—There will be an annual acquisition of about 40 millions sterling, from this novel mode of procedure, of which please to accept the following algebraical demonstration:—

Let x be the unknown quantity; a, the horses; b, the sheep; then per simple equations. x, plus a, plus b, minus tods, plus sheepskins, equal one thousand—then minus sheep, plus horses, minus wool, plus tods, equal one million. Lastly, horses plus sheep, minus hides, plus fleeces, in all equal forty millions.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

There, reader, if you are still a sceptic, I cannot help it. JACOBUS.

ANSWER OF THE LONDON STONE.*

(For the Mirror.)

WHY hast thou mortal, on my slumber broken,
And dragged my struggling spirit back to earth?
Though "walls have ears," yet stones have never spoken.
Why am I made the object of thy mirth?
Why am I questioned thus to tell my fate,
And primal use? Yet hear—whilst I relate.

When time was young, and earth was in her prime,
Secure I slept within her spacious womb;
And ages passed—I took no heed of time,
Until some Druid burst my dismal tomb,
And dragged me forth amidst the haunts of man,
And then, indeed my life of woe began.

And ere great Cæsar in triumphant pride,
Led on by conquest, bade Rome's eagles soar
To this fair isle; full many a victim died
Upon my breast, and I was drenched with gore:
For "midst the tangling horrors of the wood,"
I stood an altar, stained with human blood.

I've witnessed scenes, which I now dread to name,
I've seen the captive bound in wicker rods
Expire, midst shouts, to feed the sacred flame,
And glut the fury of offended gods:
Those days soon passed—the gospel's milder ray
Dispelled the gloom, and spread a brighter day.

Then superstition tottered on her throne,
And hid her head in shades of gloomy night;
Quenched were her fires—her impious fanes o'er thrown,
Her mists dispersed before the Prince of Light,
Then sank my grandeur; in some lonely spot
I slept for years unnoticed and forgot.

Until Vespasian, by Rome's stern command,
To quench rebellion in my native isle,
Brought his bold legions from a foreign strand,
Our land to torture, and our towers to spoil;
He hewed me in a fashion now unknown,
And dubbed me, what I am, "The London Stone."

From me, the miles by Britons once were counted,
Close to my side were monies lent and paid;
If princes died—some gaudy herald mounted
Upon my head, and proclamations read;
Till Gresham rose; who used me very ill,
He moved the place of commerce to Cornhill.

When reeling homewards from the tavern near,
Oft with prince Henry has old honest Jack
Sat on my breast, and I've been doomed to hear
Him talk of valour, and of unpaid sack;
And whilst he talked, the roysterers gave vent,
To peals of laughter and of merriment.

Yes, I'm the hone that "City's Lord" essayed,
To make the whetstone of his rebel sword;
On me, with mischief rife, rebellious Cade
Sat whilst he thought and dubbed himself a Lord;

* See *Ode to London Stone*, MIRROR, No. 357 p. 114.

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And bade my conduit pipe for one whole year
At city's cost, run naught but claret clear.*

I could a tale of harrowing woes reveal,
Whilst York and Lancaster for mastery tried:
When men the ties of nature ceased to feel,
When sires beneath their offsprings' sabres died;
And sires 'gainst children clad themselves in arms,
And England mourned the din of war's alarms.

Yes, I beheld the beauteous virgin queen,
And all the dauntless heroes of her court;
Where danger threatened, 'midst the danger seen,
Bending their fearless way to Tilbury Fort;
I heard the shouts of joy which Britons gave,
When th' Armada sank beneath the wave.

I mind, Augusta,† well that fatal day,
When to thy ports with dire contagion fraught,
The laden vessel‡ stemmed its gallant way,
And to thy sons the plague disastrous brought;
Quick through thy walls the foul infection spread,
And thou became the city of the dead.

Scarce ceased the plague—when to my aching sight
Appeared a scene of most terrific woe;
Around me burnt one monstrous blaze of light,
I warmed, and almost melted with its glow;
I burst the chains,§ which bound me fast, asunder,
And now remain, to learned men a wonder.

And when the city from her ruins rose,
I soon was left deserted and forlorn:
A porters' bench was raised beneath my nose,
And I became the object of their scorn:
I've heard the rascals, with a vacant stare,
Ask, just like you, what business I had there?

Few years have passed, since I, by parish sages,
Was called a monstrous nuisance to the street,
And, though I'd borne the brunt of varying ages,
Was doomed for pavement 'neath the horses' feet,
Until a Maiden,‖ near to Sherborne Lane,
Saved me—and rescued London from that stain.

And now, vain mortal, I have told thee all,
My fate, my primal use, the what and which;
And though my struggling spirit owned thy care
Once more I'll slumber in my holy niche,
And "Britain's sun may set," what's that to me,
Since I, stone-blind and dumb, for aye will be.

J. E.

* See Shakspeare's Henry VI., part 2, act 4, scene 6.

† The ancient name for London.

‡ The cause of the great plague in 1665, was ascribed to the importation of infected goods from Holland, where the plague had committed great ravages the preceding year.

§ Stowe in his history describes the London Stone, "fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron and otherwise, so strongly set that if carts do runne against it through negligence, the wheels be broken, and the stone itself unshaken."

See No. 64 of the Mirror for an account of London Stone.

‖ When the church of St. Swithin was repaired in 1798, some of the parishioners declared the London Stone a nuisance which ought to be removed. Fortunately, one gentleman, Thomas Maiden, of Sherborne Lane, interfered and rescued it from annihilation, and caused it to be placed in its present situation.

HAVER BREAD.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to be informed of the definition of the word *avver*. In the 15th volume of the "Beauties of England and Wales," it is alluded to thus:—"This county (Westmoreland) being supposed unfavourable to the growth of wheat, black oats, called *haver*, and the species of barley called *bere*, or *bigg*, were the only grains it produced. Of the *haver*, bread was made, or the species of pottage called hasty pudding; this bread being made into thin unleavened cakes, and laid up in chests within the influence of the fire, has the quality of preserving its sweetness for several months; it is still in common use. The *bigg* was chiefly made into malt, and each family brewed its own ale; during the hay harvest the women drank a pleasant sharp beverage, made by infusing mint or sage buttermilk in whey, and hence called *whey-whig*. Wheaten bread was used on particular occasions; small loaves of it were given to persons invited to funerals, which they were expected "to take and eat" at home, in religious remembrance of their deceased neighbour; a custom, the prototype of which is evidently seen in the establishment of the eucharist, for in this county it still bears its *Saxon name*, *Arvel bread*, from arpull, *full of reverence*, meaning the holy bread used at the communion."

P. T. W.

The Sketch-Book.

BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS.

GRAY, as one of the party of dragoons who attended the Duke of Wellington, proceeded onward at a sharp pace through the marching columns, which his grace examined, with a close but quick glance, as he passed on, and after a march of seven leagues, came up with the Belgian troops under the Prince of Orange, who had been attacked and pushed back by the French. It was about seven o'clock; none of the British troops had yet arrived within some hours' march of the duke. The party of dragoons were ordered to remain in readiness for duty in a cornfield near the road, on a rising ground, which commanded a full view of the country in front, while the duke and his staff proceeded to the left.

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The four biscuits which had been served out to each man at Brussels the night before, with some cold beef, and the contents of their canteen, helped to regale the dragoons after their long and rapid march, while the stout steeds that had borne them found a delightful repast in the high rye that waved under their noses. Here they beheld passing on the road beside them many wounded Belgians, and could see before them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the French bayonets glistening over the high fields of corn, and hear distinctly the occasional discharges of musketry from tirailleurs. Gray's heart leaped with joy, and he thought no more of Brussels.

"What's this place called?" inquired one of the dragoons, generally of his comrades.

"Called!—Oh, some jaw-breaking Dutch name of a yard long, I suppose," replied another. "Ax Gentleman Gray—he'll tell you."

"Well, Mr. Gray, do you know the name of this here place?"

"I believe," replied Gray, "we are near a point called *Quatre Bras*, or the four roads."

"Well," rejoined the other, "if there were half-a-dozen roads, it wouldn't be too much for these here Flemingers—yon road's not wide enough for them, you see. Look, here's a regiment o' them coming back!"

"Ah! poor fellows—we might be in the same situation," observed Gray; "remember that their force is not strong in comparison with the French, by the accounts that have been received; better to fall back at the first of a fight than at the last."

"I say, Jack," said another, with his mouth full of biscuit, "did you ever meet with such a devil of a roadster as the *car-polar* there with the glazed cocked hat?"

"Who do you mean?" said Jack.

"Why the dook, to be sure—how he *did* give it us on the long road through the forest."

"Ay—he's the lad; well, here's God bless his jolly old glazed hat any way," cried the trooper, swallowing a horn of grog; "he's the boy what has come from the Peninsula just to gi' 'em a leaf out of his book. He was a dancing last night—riding like a devil all the morning—and I'll warrant he'll be fighting all the afternoon by way of refreshing himself.

"He look'd serious enough this morning though Master Tom, as he was turning out."

"Serious! and so did you; hasn't he enough to make him look serious? Bony, and all the flower of the French before him. I like to see him look serious; he's just a thinking a bit, that's all. Look, look, look! where he is now pelting away up the hill there. My eye! but he's a rum on'."

"Ay, just as he was in the ould ground," cried an Hibernian. "'Pon my sowl, I think I'm in Spain agin. There he is, success to him!—an' the smell o' the powther too so natural."

"The light troops are pushing on towards that wood," said Gray, fixing his eyes on a particular spot.

"Sure enough they are. Ah! we'll soon have the boys up who will set them off with a flea in their ear."

"Look—on the rising ground there, about half a mile away, how they are moving about—that is a train of artillery—see the guns—there is a regiment of infantry going to the left—do you see their bayonets? A fine open place here for a battle."

"Not so good as that which we passed—the plain fields we crossed immediately after we left the forest of Soignes," said Gray: "however, that little wood on our right, in front, which runs along the road, is a good flank, and the village before us is a strong point."

"Ay, but you see the Belgian troops couldn't keep it; the French have pushed them out of it"

"We'll soon have it again, I'll warrant; our men have a fine open ground here, to give the French a lesson in dancing," cried the corporal of the party, throwing himself down on his back in the corn. "Here I'll lie and rest myself; and I don't think I shall be disturb'd by the buzzing of the blue flies! I'll have a snooze, until the Highlanders shall come up."

The party remained undisturbed, as the last speaker had intimated, until about half-past one o'clock; nothing having been done in the way of attack by the French. During the interval, Gray employed himself in watching closely the scene around him, and mentally discussing the chances of the now inevitably approaching fight.

The hour of struggle was near—the pibroch burst upon the ears of the troopers, and up they started.

"Here they come," cried one.—"Here they come," cried another—"the gallant 42nd; look at the petticoat-devils, how they foot it along!"

All stood on the highest part of the ground, to witness the arrival of the troops, who were now within a quarter of a mile of them on the main road. A hum arose. Belgian officers galloped down the road, and across the fields in all direc-

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tions; the duke was seen riding towards his expected soldiers, and the scene was life at all points. The pibroch's sound grew louder; and now the bands of the more distant regiments were heard; and the harmonious bugles of the rifle corps, mingled their sounds with the others. The long red line of Britons is fully before the sight, like a giant stream of blood on the ripe and mellow bosom of the earth. Picton is at its head, and the duke greets the heroic partner of his glory. The first of the regiments passes close to the troopers, and receives a cheer from them, which found a return in the relaxing muscles of the hardy Scots

"What corps is that?" inquired one of the group.

"The Royal Highlanders, the 42nd—don't you see they are turned up with blue and gold?" replied another

"And what's this with the yellow facings?"

"The old 92nd.

"And the other Scotch regiment, with the green and gold?"

"The 79th; three as good kilted corps as ever crossed the Tweed. And there's the 95th rifle boys, as green as the wood they are going to take. And there see the 28th,—and the 44th,—and the 32nd;—that's Picton's division; a glorious set of fellows as ever stept.'

"And who are the fellows all in black?"

"The bold Brunswick corps, with death's head on their caps—the *undertakers* of the French," cried the corporal.

Never did a young hero gaze on a gallant army with more enthusiastic feelings, than did Gray upon the troops before him—the sight stirred his heart-strings. They were within shot of their foe, and half an hour should see them in the bloody contest. He sighed to think that his own regiment was not yet come up, with which he might share the glory of the fight.

One after the other, the corps entered the fields, across the high corn, from the road, to take up their positions for the battle. Neither cavalry nor artillery had they to support them—their bayonets were their hopes; and their wise general placed them accordingly in squares, and at such distances as that one might support the other, while each would protect itself, independently, if necessary. The rifle corps now advanced, to open the business of the day by firing into a field of tirailleurs. The French were not idle at this time; they advanced in masses—cavalry and infantry; while a roar of cannon, that almost deafened every ear, covered the attack.

"They are coming on the centre," cried Gray: "see the cuirassiers—what a body of men! Oh! where is our cavalry?"

"Ay," cried a trooper; "and look, what columns of infantry!"

All now remained in breathless anxiety, gazing on the approaching masses of the enemy; not a word was spoken amongst the well-planted squares of the British. The French are within fifty yards of them, and the battle begins.

"There," cried a trooper; "how our men give it to them!—there's a volley!—look how the horses fall!—see, they can't stand it—hurra!—the rascals are staggered—the 27th are after them—they deploy into line; there the French go, with the bayonet at them, helter-skelter. But observe, at a little distance from them, the enemy's dragoons are at the 42nd—the Scotch open and let them pass; but now they get it right and left. Down they go; bravo! old Scotland."

"By heaven!" cried Gray, "here come the Brunswick horse in confusion, pursued by the cuirassiers along the road, near the village."

All turned to gaze at the point: it was too true: their leader had fallen; they had advanced too incautiously, and were therefore obliged to fall back.

"Here they come, and the French cavalry are close upon them. But see the Highlanders in the ditch. Hark! there—they give them a volley. Down tumble the horsemen!—look! they are in a heap on the ground."

A shout from the troopers acknowledged the glorious truth. It was the fire from the 92nd that achieved the triumph.

The artillery, the musketry, and the shouting of the combatants, became so deafening, that even the group of troopers unoccupied in the fight, and in the rear, could scarcely hear each other's voice. Gray's party mounted their horses now, in order to have a better view of the battle, and from the situation of the ground on which they were standing, they beheld, in awful anxiety, rush after rush made against the British infantry, whose duty was evidently that of firm defence; they beheld wave after wave of blue ranks advance over the rising bosom of the ground, and saw them successively battered by the rocks they assaulted—the ground covered with men and horses by the well-directed fire of the squares. The other divisions of the English army were fast arriving, and taking up ground on the left, in spite of the efforts of the French to prevent it, and thus divide them from their comrades engaged. A "lull," (as the sailors say, when the storm pauses a little,) took place, and both armies stood,

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as it were, looking at each other. But another and more desperate attack soon followed; the tempest returned with double violence. The mouths of Ney's numerous cannon opened again; the smoke drifted over on the English, and under its cover were seen advancing an immense force, for another struggle with the right of the duke's line, in order to turn it, and possess themselves of the village. The duke and his staff were in front of the 92nd regiment, and the balls playing on them had knocked down several of his aides-de-camp. As the foe came near, the artillery ceased, the close fight began, and several regiments at once poured in their fire: both sides kept their ground, and hundreds fell at every discharge of musketry. The duke now, in the pithy and familiar language of the soldier, cried out to the Scots, "Ninety-second, you must charge these fellows."

The word was magic; the kilts rushed against the blaze of the tirailleurs! Their leader and their officer fell amongst them; but, alas! their blood only enraged the men; fiercely as tigers they rush, and their bayonets sink into the mass before them. The whole fly before them, while the victorious Highlanders pursue them almost out of sight of their general. Alas! many of these heroes fell in their gallant work.

This glorious charge was beheld by Gray and his comrades with delight; their shacos waved over their heads, and their cries of exultation fully showed what a catching thing is the fever of the fight. One of the dragoons now turned his eyes to the wood on the right, which the French had possessed themselves of, and exclaimed, "But look, the guards have come up, and are in the wood. Where did they come from? I didn't see them before. Hark! how they shout; they are all amongst the trees."

"Yes, and they'll not soon come back; they'll keep their ground, I'll warrant," cried the corporal.

At this moment the troopers were somewhat disarranged by a part of the earth suddenly flying upwards in a cloud; it was the effect of a cannon-ball which had struck the ground. They started a few paces backwards, wiped their faces, and having all passed their jocular sentiments on the occasion, coolly united again to view and comment on the action.

They continued to gaze on the busy and bloody scene, with but few observations. Mass after mass was advancing against the steady squares of infantry, and received with roars of musketry; the cavalry of the enemy, desperate and disappointed, galloped about the close and well-guarded Britons, cutting at the ranks, and dropping as they cut. Artillery bellowed upon the unyielding heroes, whose ranks closed up at every point where the dead had opened them; they cried aloud for the order to advance; but received the cool and prudent negative of the watchful chief, who, during the action, was moving from rank to rank, encouraging and elevating the energies of his men.

The repeated unsuccessful attacks of the French wore out the patience of their general, and so thinned his ranks, that he at length ceased to contend, and drew off his troops from the field, leaving the English masters of it, and holding every point of the position which they had taken up in the early part of the day.—*Tales of Military Life.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

CHURCH SPIRES.

(For the Mirror.)

Mr. Bentham, in his "History of Ely Cathedral," says, that one of the earliest spires of which we have any account, "is that of old St. Paul's, finished in the year 1222." This spire was of timber covered with lead; "but, not long after, they began to build them of stone, and to finish all their buttresses in the same manner. Mr. Murphy observes that spires were introduced in the 12th century, about the time that the practice of burying in churches became general over Europe; and he supposes that the pyramidal form of the spire, was used as the denotation of a church comprising a cemetery. This representation he imagines to have been borrowed "from the ancient Egyptians, who placed the pyramid over their cemeteries, as denoting the soul under the emblem of a flame of fire, (whence it is supposed to derive its origin) thus to testify their belief of its immortality." There are other opinions respecting the origin of spires. It may appear probable (says Mr. Brewer,) to many persons, that such an elevated feature of our ancient churches was merely designed in the simplicity of its first intention, to act as a guide to the place of worship, when rural roads, throughout the whole country, were devious, and rendered more obscure by thick masses of forest and woodland.

P. T. W.

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Lead Miners.

LEAD is found in many countries, but is particularly abundant in England. The lead-mines in Derbyshire are many, as the Odin, Speedwell, Tideswell Moor, Dirtlow, &c.; and the ore is not only found in various soils, but mingled with a variety of substances. The Odin mine, at the foot of Mam Tor, and near it to the south, is the most celebrated and ancient of any in the county, being worked by the Saxons, from whom it received its name, whilst most of the mineral terms used there are of Saxon origin. The Speedwell mine did not repay the cost of working it; and, therefore, after an expense of 14,000*l.*, and eleven years assiduous labour, was abandoned. Its interior is worthy the attention of the tourist.

Our engraving endeavours to represent the costume of women who work in some of the Derbyshire lead-mines; they are capital figures, to which the pencil can scarcely do justice; indeed, though this sketch was drawn from nature, it conveys but an imperfect idea of beings, (*nondescripts*,) who would assuredly delight Cruikshank. The dress of these women, of whom the writer saw several emerged from mines a few miles from the Peak, seems contrived to secure them from the cold and wet attendant upon their employment. The head is much enwrapped, and the features nearly hidden, in a muffling of handkerchiefs, over which is put a man's hat, in the manner of the *paysannes* of Wales, but not near so neat and stylish; besides, the Welsh women are generally handsome, and become the hat; but the case is far different with the *fair* miners of Derbyshire, at least those whom I saw, who were complete harridans. A man's coat, of coarse gray or dark blue cloth, defends the arms, back, throat, and bosom of each *lady* from the cold; beneath it, but tucked up all round so as to form a kind of bag, appears a gown of red stuff, which, set off by a bright green petticoat, produces an effect singular and amusing; then come the shoes, at least three inches thick, and long in proportion, bound on to the feet, in some instances, with handkerchiefs, and thongs, and cords: it is a wonder that the women can stir in such unwieldy slippers. Our party had stopped to collect specimens of the lead ore, when the carriages were instantly surrounded by these females, offering ore, zinc, slick-and-slide, and various quartz crystals and fluor spars for sale; some of the women were very old, and one in particular, who had worked in the mine from her youth, was nearly a hundred years of age, yet she was upright and active, and wrinkles alone betrayed the fact. M. L. B.

Spirit of Discovery.

The Colosseum.

The curious mechanism by which it is proposed to elevate the visiters at this emporium of wonders, is as follows: A large bucket or tank of water will be connected with a movable platform that any number of persons may be placed in equilibrium with its fluid contents, and directly a sufficient quantity of water is introduced to produce a preponderance in the tank, the persons stationed on the platform will ascend.—*The Atlas*

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Spots on the Sun.

An ingenious individual in Providence has very recently succeeded, by means of a seven-feet telescope, constructed by himself, on a new principle, in bringing the entire image of the sun into a darkened room, upon a white screen, to the size of eight feet in diameter. He writes us that his astonishment was great when he perceived that every spot now upon the face of the sun, nine in number, was distinctly transferred to the screen, and was so plain that he could see every movement of them in their various and sudden changes. He says he could plainly discover that those spots were immense bodies of smoke, apparently issuing from volcanoes; and as they seem occasionally forced upward from the craters, now forming dense clouds, and now dispersing, considers those phenomena as accounting for the rapid changes of those spots. The escape of such a vast quantity of gas from the interior of the body of the sun would, he observes, as it surrounds that luminary, produce that bright and dazzling appearance which is the atmosphere of the sun. This theory may not accord with the opinions of others who have made observations on the subject; but the writer, at any rate, entertains the strongest belief of its truth. With the same instrument, which is but just finished, he has also examined the moon, and states his conviction that that body is covered with perpetual snow and ice, the dark spots discoverable on its surface being frozen seas, and the lighter spaces land covered with snow. Those circular places, which have a rising cone in the centre, he thinks are extinguished volcanoes, as no clouds are perceptible over the moon's face; which being covered with snow and ice, accounts, as he imagines, for its clear atmosphere, or for the absence of an atmosphere. This vast accumulation of ice and snow upon the moon's surface may be explained, the writer conjectures, by the nature of the moon's revolutions. He offers to construct instruments of the above description, by which these phenomena may be observed, at prices from 50 to 100 dollars; and at the same rate to furnish solar microscopes, on a new principle, with a magnifying power at 12 feet distance, of 5,184,000.—*Boston Bulletin.*

National Repository.

Nearly two hundred specimens of curious works in arts and manufacture have already been laid before the committee of this establishment; the opening of which will take place in a few days.

Iron Trade.

In 1820, the whole iron made in Great Britain was 400,000 tons: in 1827, it had increased to 690,000 tons, from 284 furnaces. About three-tenths of this quantity are of a quality suitable for the foundry, which is all used in Great Britain and Ireland, with the exception of a small quantity exported to France and America. The other seven-tenths are made into bars, rods, sheets, &c., of which a large quantity is exported to all parts of the world.—*Repertory of Arts.*

Indian Claystone.

In some parts of India, the claystone contains numerous small *nodules* or lumps of clay iron-stone, which seldom exceed the size of a walnut. These are picked up by the natives, and are smelted by means of charcoal in a very small, rude furnace, blown by the hand-bellows, common all over India, and still used in Europe by the Gipsies. Many of the hills composed of claystone are nearly devoid of vegetation; their surface being bare and smooth, and of a red or black colour. The soil produced by the action of the atmosphere is not very productive; and so liable is it, in some places, to consolidate, when deprived of its moisture, that, if it be not constantly cultivated, it soon becomes hard and bare, and checks all vegetation.

Public Improvement.

The spirit of general improvement pervades every part of the continent, and is even more active in France than in Britain. In Britain, the spirit of improvement is chiefly evinced in public works, and in the useful arts and manufactures, and its efforts are characterized much more by superfluity of wealth than by science or refinement: in Germany this spirit is evinced in public buildings, in a superior taste, in agriculture, and education.—*Gard. Mag.*

The Himalaya Mountains.

This vast accumulation of sublime peaks, the pinnacles of our globe, is so extensive, that a plane, resting on elevations 21,000 feet, may be stretched in one direction as far as the Hindoo Cosh, for upwards of 1,000 miles, above which rise loftier summits, increasing in height to nearly 6,000 feet more.

To make Gold Size.

Melt one pound of asphaltum, and pour into it another pound of linseed oil, rendered drying by litharge; add also to it half a pound of red lead or vermilion. When the varnish becomes

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thick or pasty, thin it by adding one pound, or a pound and a half of spirit of turpentine; as more is required in winter than in summer.

Indian Corn.

Mr. C. Hall Jessop, of Cheltenham, asserts that he "was the first who recommended the Indian corn for field culture in this country," which he did "in a letter to G. Talbot, Esq., of Guiting, seven years ago."

Polishing Stones.

The Hindoos polish all kinds of stones by means of powdered *corundrum*, mixed with melted lac. The mixture being allowed to cool, is shaped into oblong pieces, of three or four inches in length. The stone is polished by being sprinkled with water, and at the same time rubbed with three oblong masses; and the polish is increased by masses being used successively with finer grains.

Sensitive Plant.

Mr. Burnet and Mr. Mayo have found, that at the moment the sensitive plant is touched, so as to occasion motion, it *changes colour*. They have also found that when a sensitive plant has been made to droop, the part in which the moving power resides is blackened, so as to absorb the light of the sun; the restoration of the plant to its natural state is much longer in taking place.

Indian Mills.

In India, granite is hewn into hand-mills for grinding corn; two or four of which are a load for an ass or a bullock, and are thus carried to the bazaar for sale. These are the primeval mills of all countries, which are mentioned in Scripture, and are still common among all uncivilized nations.

Musk.

Dr. Davey, by some recent experiments, has proved that when musk, in admixture with quicklime, smells of ammonia, it is impure or adulterated; and further, that, to preserve it well, it should be made perfectly dry; but when it is to be used as a perfume, it should be *moistened*.

Loch Lomond.

Mr. Galbraith has recently determined the quantity of water annually discharged by the river Leven from the basin of Loch Lomond to be about 59,930 cubic feet per minute. Now, as 36 cubic feet of fresh water are very near equal to a ton, this gives 1,665 tons per minute; and, supposing the year to be 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes, the annual discharge, at that rate, will be 877,925,085 tons. But as the river was rather below its average height, one-third may be added to this result; and we have about 1,200,000,000, or twelve hundred millions of tons per annum.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.*

SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

OUR English love-smitten lads and lasses are pretty generally aware of the facility with which the most awful and holy of all engagements may be contracted in North Britain. They sometimes make the experiment in their own persons; and, "by the simplicity of Venus' doves," old boys and old girls have been known to follow, as fast as post-chaises, horses, and lads could carry them, close upon the heels of their juniors, (bound on the same errand,) to the blissful land o' cakes and matrimony. An English gentleman, known to the writer, was making a few purchases in a shop, wherein stood three or four other customers. A man and woman entered, and the former, addressing the master of the shop and his aforesaid customers, used, as he took the woman's right hand, words to this effect:—"Witness, ye that are here present, that I (N. or M.) take this woman (N. or M.) for my wedded wife." In like manner the *sposa* desired all present to witness that she took the man for her wedded husband, with her own full acquiescence in, and approbation of, his determination. The English gentleman who had witnessed, in silent amazement, this (to him) novel engagement, was informed, after the departure of the happy couple, that the marriage was to all intents and purposes valid by Scotch law, having been solemnized as effectually as if by religious rites, in the presence of respectable *housekeepers*, who, as such, were efficient witnesses, and all that were requisite of *ceremonial* to make the marriage good!

I give this anecdote as related to me by the gentleman who saw the incident mentioned; should there be any discrepancies in his relation, I shall feel obliged by a *correct* account of the manner of contracting marriages in Scotland, from any of your correspondents capable of giving such.

CAPUCHIN INTERMENT.

A GENTLEMAN, who had resided many years abroad, and particularly amongst the Italian Catholics, once described to me the manner in which the Capuchins

* From sources entirely original

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inter the brethren of their order. These defunct *freres* are embalmed, arrayed in their peculiar habits, as when living; and in the vaults of their monastic churches or chapels, ranged upright in niches formed for this purpose. On certain days, particularly on the Feast of All Souls, the doors of these cemeteries are opened to the public, who, as a religious duty, flock in to view these singular and affecting relics of mortality. The bodies undergo but little alteration in appearance for centuries; but Mr. M. being tempted to touch the very long nose of one old fellow, who *looked* "a leathern Pharoah, grinning in the dark," it disappeared in a shower of dust beneath his fingers.

A PARTY AT PALERMO.

"PALERMO," said a lady whom I saw immediately after her return from a tour in Sicily, "is indeed a beautiful city; but I thought some things strange in the manners of the inhabitants. Mr. H. and myself were invited to a music-party, at the house of a person in the best society, whereat appeared most of the ladies in coloured and high morning dresses. Two *tallow* candles and a small lamp stood on the piano-forte in the music-room, and from this room we descended by three or four steps into another, containing a bed, over which was a shelf; upon the shelf was placed one bottle of wine and a few glasses; and this being intended expressly for the ladies, they were expected to go and help themselves when they pleased; but a fresh bottle of wine was brought when the first was exhausted."

FRENCH COUNTRY LIFE.

"THE dinner-hour in the country," said a relation of the writer, who spends a great deal of time in France, "is generally two o'clock, even when company are invited to partake of the dinner; in which case, the whole party has quitted the house by six or seven in the evening,—a custom which ill accords with *English* ideas of sociability. Three table-cloths are usually laid upon the table, the first and second of which are, or may be, removed during the repast; but the third is *never* drawn off, except to be changed for a clean one. In England, we pride ourselves upon the fine mahogany of which our dinner-tables are made; we endeavour to obtain, in the first instance, an excellent piece of wood, and to improve it by assiduous rubbing and polishing. In France, it matters not of what material the table is framed; a cloth is always upon it; and I have seen the hospitable *board* of many families of rank literally formed of *deal*."

A DIFFERENCE.

"IN this part of the world," says a private letter from India, (Hyderabad,) "we do not talk of striking gongs for dinner, but *ghuunies*,—ghong meaning a horse or mare."

BOARDING.

IN Ireland, when a man marries, who cannot afford to treat his friends to whiskey upon the occasion, they take the door of his house off the hinges, lay him upon it, and carry him thus upon their shoulders all day. In the evening he is allowed to return to his deserted bride. This custom is called "boarding," and is so frequent, as I myself can attest from personal observation, as to attract but little attention from the commonalty, and nothing like a mob. M. L. B.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

WE were all—Julia, her aunt, and myself, seated at a comfortable fire on a December evening. The night was dark, starless, and rainy, while the drops pattered upon the windows, and the wind howled at intervals along the house-tops. In a word, it was as gloomy a night as one would wish to see in this, the most dismal season of the year. Strictly speaking, I should have been at home, for it was Sunday; and my own habitation was at too great a distance to justify a visit of mere ceremony on so sacred a day, and amid such stormy weather. The truth is, I sallied out to see Julia.

I verily believe I could write a whole volume about her. She came from the north country, and was at this time on a visit to her aunt, in whose house she resided; and in whose dining-room, at the period of my story, we were all seated round a comfortable fire. Though a prodigious admirer of beauty, I am a bad hand at describing it. To do Julia justice, however, I must make the attempt. She was rather under the middle size, (not much,) blue-eyed, auburn-haired, fair-complexioned, and her shape was of uncommon elegance and proportion. Neck, bosom, waist, ankles, feet, hands, &c. all were perfect, while her nose was beautifully Grecian, her mouth sweetness itself, and her teeth as white and sparkling as pearls. In a word, I don't believe that wide Scotland could boast of a prettier girl—to say nothing of merry England and the Isle of Saints.

It was at this time about eight o'clock: tea had just been over, the tray removed,

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and the table put to rights. The star of my attraction was seated at one side of the fire, myself at the opposite, the lady of the house in the centre. We were all in excellent humour, and Julia and I eyed each other in the most persevering style imaginable. Her aunt indeed rallied us upon the occasion; and I thought Julia never appeared half so beautiful as now.

A servant bouncing by accident into a room where a gallant is on his knees before his mistress, and in the act of "popping the question," is vexatious. An ass thrusting its head through the broken window of a country church, and braying aloud while the congregation are busily chanting "Old Hundred," or some other equally devout melody, is vexatious. An elderly gentleman losing his hat and wig on a windy day, is vexatious. A young gentleman attempting to spring over a stile by way of showing his agility to a bevy of approaching ladies, and coming plump down upon the broadest part of his body, is vexatious. All these things are plagues and annoyances sufficient to render life a perfect nuisance, and fill the world with innumerable heart-breakings and *felo-de-sees*. But bad as they are, they are nothing to the intolerable vexation experienced by me, (and I believe by Julia too,) on hearing a slow, loud, solemn stroke of the knocker upon the outer door. It was repeated once—twice—thrice. We heard it simultaneously—we ceased speaking simultaneously—we (to wit, Julia and I) ceased ogling each other simultaneously. The whole of us suspended our conversation in a moment—looked to the door of the room—breathed hard, and wondered what it could be. The reader will perhaps marvel how such an impression could be produced by so very trivial a circumstance; but if he himself had heard the sound, he would cease to wonder at the strangeness of our feelings. The knocks were the most extraordinary ever heard. They were not those petty, sharp, brisk, soda-water knocks given by little, bustling, common-place men. On the contrary, they were slow, sonorous, and determinate. What was still more remarkable, they were *three* in number, neither more nor less.

Scarcely had our surprise time to subside, than we heard the outer door opened by the servant—then it closed—then heavy footsteps, one, two, and three, were audible in the lobby—then the dining-room door was opened; and a form which filled the whole of its ample aperture, from top to bottom, from right to left, made its appearance. It was the figure of a man, but language would sink under his immensity. Never in heaven, or earth, or air, or ocean, was such a man seen. He was hugeness itself—bulk personified—the *beau ideal* of amplitude. When the dining-room door was first opened, the glare of the well-lighted lobby gleamed in upon us, illuminating our whole apartment with increase of lustre; but no sooner did he set his foot upon the threshold, than the lobby light behind him was shut out. He filled the whole gorge of the door like an enormous shade.

Onward, clothed in black, came the moving mountain, and a very pleasing monster he was. A neck like that of a rhinoceros sat piled between his "Atlantean shoulders," and bore upon its tower-like and sturdy stem, a countenance prepossessing from its good-humour, and amazing for its plumpness and rubicundity. His cheeks were swollen out into billows of fat—his eyes overhung with turgid and most majestic lids, and his chin double, triple, ay quadruple. As for his mouth—

> "It was enough to win a lady's heart
> With its bewitching smile."

Onward came the moving mountain—shaking the floor beneath his tread, filling a tithe of the room with his bulk, and blackening every object with his portentous shadow.

I was amazed—I was confounded—I was horrified. Not so Julia and her aunt, who, far from participating in my perturbed emotions, got up from their seats, smiled with a welcoming nod, and requested him to sit down.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Tims," said Julia.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Tims," said her aunt.

"Mr. Tims!" Gracious heavens, and was this the name of the mighty entrant? Tims! Tims! Tims!—the thing was impossible. A man with such a name should be able to go into a nut-shell; and here was one that the womb of a mountain could scarcely contain! Had he been called Sir Bullion O'Dunder, Sir Theodosius M'Turk, Sir Rugantino Magnificus, Sir Blunderbuss Blarney, or some other high-sounding name, I should have been perfectly satisfied. But to be called *Tims!* Upon my honour, I was shocked to hear it.

Mr. Tims sat him down upon the great elbow-chair, for he was a friend, it seems, of the family—a *weighty* one assuredly; but one whose acquaintanceship they were all glad to court. The ladies, in truth, seemed much taken with his

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society. They put fifty questions to him about the play—the assembly—the sermon—marriages—deaths—christenings, and what not; the whole of which he answered with surprising volubility. His tongue was the only active part about him, going as glibly as if he were ten stones, instead of thirty, and as if he were a *Tims* in person as well as in name. In a short time I found myself totally neglected. Julia ceased to eye me, her aunt to address me, so completely were their thoughts occupied with the Man-Mountain.

In about half an hour I began to feel confoundedly uncomfortable. I was a mere cipher in the room; and what with the appalling bulk of Mr. Tims, the attention the ladies bestowed upon him, and the neglect with which they treated me, I sunk considerably in my own estimation. In proportion as this feeling took possession of me, I experienced an involuntary respect for the stranger. I admired his intimate knowledge of balls, dresses, *faux pas*, marriages, and gossip of all sorts—and still more I admired his bulk. I have an instinctive feeling of reverence towards "Stout Gentlemen;" and, while contrasting my own puny form with his, I laboured under a deep consciousness of personal insignificance. From being five feet eight, I seemed to shrink to five feet one; from weighing ten stones, I suddenly fell to seven and a half; while my portly rival sat opposite to me, measuring at least a foot taller than myself, and weighing good thirty stones, jockey weight. If any little fellow like me thinks of standing well with his mistress, let him never appear in her presence with such a gentleman as Mr. Tims. She will despise him to a certainty; nor, though his soul be as large as Atlas or Teneriffe, will it compensate for the paltry dimensions of his body.

What was to be done? With the ladies, it was plain, I *could* do nothing: with Mr. Tims, it was equally plain, I *ought* to do nothing—seeing that, however much he was the cause of my uneasiness, he was at least the *innocent* cause, and therefore neither morally nor judicially amenable to punishment. From respecting Mr. Tims I came to hate him; and I vowed internally, that, rather than be annihilated by this enlarged edition of Daniel Lambert, I would pitch him over the window. Had I been a giant, I am sure I would have done it on the spot. The giants of old, it is well known, raised Pelion upon Ossa, in their efforts to scale the throne of heaven; and tossed enormous mountains at the godhead of Jupiter himself. Unfortunately for me, Mr. Tims was a mountain, and I was no giant.

I accordingly got up, and, pretending it was necessary that I should see some person in the next street, abruptly left the room. Julia—I did not expect it—saw me to the door, shook hands with me, and said she hoped I would return to supper when my business was finished. Sweet girl! was it possible she could prefer the Man-Mountain to me?

Away I went into the open air. I had no business whatever to perform: it was mere fudge; and I resolved to go home as fast as I could.

But I did not go home. On the contrary, I kept strolling about from street to street, sometimes thinking upon Julia, sometimes upon Mr. Tims. The night was of the most melancholy description—a cold, cloudy, windy, rainy December night. Not a soul was upon the streets excepting a solitary straggler, returning hither and thither from an evening sermon, or an occasional watchman gliding past with his lantern, like an incarnation of the Will-o'-wisp. I strolled up and down for half an hour, wrapped in an olive great-coat, and having a green silk umbrella over my head. It was well I chanced to be so well fortified against the weather; for had it been otherwise, I must have been drenched to the skin. Where I went I know not, so deeply was my mind wound up in its various melancholy cogitations. This, however, I do know, that, after striking against sundry lamp-posts, and overturning a few old women in my fits of absence, I found myself precisely at the point from which I set out, viz. at the door of Julia's aunt's husband's house.

I paused for a moment, uncertain whether to enter, and, in the meantime, turning my eyes to the window, where, upon the white blind, I beheld the enormous shadow of a human being. My flesh crept with horror on witnessing this apparition, for I knew it to be the shadow of the Man-Mountain—the dim reflection of Mr. Tims. No other human being could cast such a shade. Its proportions were magnificent, and filled up the whole breadth of the window-screen; nay, the shoulders shot away latterly beyond its utmost limits, and were lost in space, having apparently nothing whereon to cast their mighty image. On beholding this vast shade, my mind was filled with a thousand exalted thoughts.

I paused at the door for sometime, uncertain whether to enter; at last my mind was made up, and I knocked, resolved to encounter the Man-Mountain a second time, and, if possible, recover the lost

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glances of Julia. On entering the dining-room, I found an accession to the company in the person of our landlord, who sat opposite to Mr. Tims, listening to some facetious story, which the latter gentleman seemed in the act of relating. He had come home during my absence, and, like his wife and her niece, appeared to be fascinated by the eloquence and humour of his stout friend. At least, so I judged, for he merely recognised my presence by a slight bow, and devoted the whole of his attention to the owner of the mighty shadow. Julia and her aunt were similarly occupied, and I was more neglected than ever.

Perhaps the reader may think that there was something ludicrous in the idea of such a man being in love. Not at all—the notion was sublime; almost as sublime as his shadow—almost as overwhelming as his person. Conceive the Man-Mountain playing the amiable with such a delicate young creature like Julia. Conceive him falling on his knees before her—pressing her delicate hand, and "popping the question," while his large round eyes shed tears of affection and suspense, and his huge sides shook with emotion! Conceive him enduring all the pangs of love-sickness, never telling his love; "concealment, like a worm in the bud, preying upon his damask cheek," while his hard-hearted mistress stood disdainfully by, "like pity on a monument, *smiling* at grief." Above all, conceive him taking the lover's leap—say from Dunnet or Duncansby-head, where the rocks tower four hundred feet above the Pentland Firth, and floundering in the waters like an enormous whale; the herring shoals hurrying away from his unwieldy gambols, as from the presence of the real sea-born leviathan. Cacus in love was not more grand, or the gigantic Polyphemus, sighing at the feet of Galatea, or infernal Pluto looking amiable beside his ravished queen. Have you seen an elephant in love? If you have, you may conceive what Mr. Tims would be in that interesting situation.

Supper was brought in. It consisted of eggs, cold veal, bacon-ham, and a Welsh rabbit. I must confess, that, perplexed as I was by all the previous events of the evening, I felt a gratification at the present moment, in the anxiety to see how the Man-Mountain would comport himself at table. I had beheld his person and his shadow with equal admiration, and I doubted not that his powers of eating were on the same great scale as his other qualifications. They were, indeed. Zounds, how he did eat! Cold veal, eggs, bacon-ham, and Welsh rabbit, disappeared "like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind;" so thoroughly had nine-tenths of them taken up their abode in the *bread basket* (vide Jon Bee) of the Man-Mountain; the remaining tenth sufficed for the rest of the company, viz. Julia, her aunt, her aunt's husband, and myself.

Liquor was brought in, to wit, wine, brandy, whisky, and rum. I felt an intense curiosity to see on which of the four Mr. Tims would fix his choice. He fixed upon brandy, and made a capacious tumbler of hot toddy. I did the same, and asked Julia to join me in taking a single glass—I was forestalled by the Man-Mountain. I then asked the lady of the house the same thing, but was forestalled by her husband.

Meanwhile, the evening wearing on, the ladies retired, and Mr. Tims, the landlord, and myself, were left to ourselves. This was the signal for a fresh assault upon the brandy-bottle. Another tumbler was made—then another—then a fourth. At this period Julia appeared at the door, and beckoned upon the landlord, who arose from table, saying he would rejoin us immediately. Mr. Tims and I were thus left alone, and so we continued, for the landlord, strange to say, did not again appear. What became of him I know not. I supposed he had gone to bed, and left his *great* friend and myself to pass the time as we were best able.

We were now commencing our fifth tumbler, and I began to feel my whole spirit pervaded by the most delightful sensations. My heart beat quicker, my head sat more lightly than usual upon my shoulders; and sounds like the distant hum of bees, or the music of the spheres, heard in echo afar off, floated around me. There was no bar between me and perfect happiness, but the Man-Mountain, who sat on the great elbow-chair opposite, drinking his brandy-toddy, and occasionally humming an old song with the utmost indifference.

It was plain that he despised me. While any of the others were present he was abundantly loquacious, but now he was as dumb as a fish—tippling in silence, and answering such questions as I put to him in abrupt monosyllables. The thing was intolerable, but I saw into it: Julia had played me false; the "Mountain" was the man of her choice, and I his despised and contemptible rival.

These ideas passed rapidly through my mind, and were accompanied with myriads of others. I bethought me of every thing connected with Mr. Tims—his love for Julia—his elephantine dimensions, and

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his shadow, huge and imposing as the image of the moon against the orb of day, during an eclipse. Then I was transported away to the Arctic sea, where I saw him floundering many a rood, "hugest of those that swim the ocean stream." Then he was a Kraken fish, outspread like an island upon the deep: then a mighty black cloud affrighting the mariners with its presence: then a flying island, like that which greeted the bewildered eyes of Gulliver. At last he resumed his human shape, and sat before me like "Andes, giant of the Western Star," tippling the jorum, and sighing deeply.

Yes, he sighed profoundly, passionately, tenderly; and the sighs came from his breast like blasts of wind from the cavern of Eolus. By Jove, he was in love; in love with Julia! and I thought it high time to probe him to the quick.

"Sir," said I, "you must be conscious that you have no right to love Julia. You have no right to put your immense body between her and me. She is my betrothed bride, and mine she shall be for ever."

"I have weighty reasons for loving her," replied Mr. Tims.

"Were your reasons as weighty as your person, you *shall not* love her."

"She *shall* be mine," responded he, with a deeply-drawn sigh. "You cannot, at least, prevent her image from being enshrined in my heart. No, Julia! even when thou descendest to the grave, thy remembrance will cause thee to live in my imagination, and I shall thus write thine elegy:

I cannot deem thee dead—like the perfumes
Arising from Judea's vanished shrines
Thy voice still floats around me—nor can tombs
A thousand, from my memory hide the lines
Of beauty, on thine aspect which abode,
Like streaks of sunshine pictured there by God.

She shall be mine," continued he in the same strain. "Prose and verse shall woo her for my lady-love; and she shall blush and hang her head in modest joy, even as the rose when listening to the music of her beloved bulbul beneath the stars of night."

These amorous effusions, and the tone of insufferable affectation with which they were uttered, roused my corruption to its utmost pitch, and I exclaimed aloud, "Think not, thou revivification of Falstaff—thou enlarged edition of Lambert—thou folio of humanity—thou Titan—thou Briareus—thou Sphynx—thou Goliath of Gath, that I shall bend beneath thy ponderous insolence?" The Mountain was amazed at my courage; I was amazed at it myself; but what will not love inspired by brandy, effect?

"No," continued I, seeing the impression my words had produced upon him, "I despise thee, and defy thee, even as Hercules did Antæus, as Sampson did Haraphæ, as Orlando did Ferragus. 'Bulk without spirit vast,' I fear thee not; come on." So saying, I rushed onward to the Mountain, who arose from his seat to receive me. The following passage from the Agonistes of Milton will give some idea of our encounter:

"As with the force of winds and water pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,
With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath."

"Psha!" said Julia, blushing modestly, "can't you let me go?" Sweet Julia, I had got her in my arms.

"But where," said I, "is Mr. Tims?"

"Mr. who?" said she.

"The Man-Mountain."

"Mr. Tims!—Man-Mountain!" resumed Julia, with unfeigned surprise. "I know of no such persons. How jocular you are to-night—not to say how ill-bred, for you have been asleep for the last five minutes!"

"Sweet, sweet Julia!"

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SONG.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

'Tis now the hour—'tis now the hour
To bow at Beauty's shrine;
Now whilst our hearts confess the power
Of woman, wit, and wine;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs—wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,
In such an hour as this,
While Pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social sprinkling bliss,
Why does my bosom heave the sigh
That mars delight?—She is not by!

There was an hour—there was an hour
When I indulged the spell
That Love wound round me with a power
Words vainly try to tell—
Though Love has fill'd my checker'd doom
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom—

Yet there's an hour—there's still an hour
Whose coming sunshine may
Clear from the clouds that hang and lower
My fortune's future day;
That hour of hours beloved will be,
That hour that gives thee back to me!

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT will our civic friends say to this, about the date of 1686?—"Among other policies of assurance which appear at the Exchange, there is one of no ordinary

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nature; which is, that Esquire Neale, who hath for some time been a suitor to the rich Welsh widow Floyd, offers as many guineas as people will take to receive thirty for each one in case he marry the said widow. He hath already laid out as much as will bring him in 10 or 12,000 guineas; he intends to make it 30,000, and then to present it to the lady in case she marry him; and any one that will accept of guineas on that condition may find as many as he pleases at Garraway's coffee-house."—*Ellis Correspondence.*

PAT O'KELLY, THE IRISH POET.

THREE poets, of three different nations born,
With works immortal do this age adorn;
Byron, of England—Scott, of Scotia's blood—
And, Erin's pride, O'Kelly, great and good.
'Twould take a Byron and a Scott, I tell ye,
Roll'd up in one, to make a Pat O'Kelly.
Legends of the Lakes.

IRISH NAMES, MADE ENGLISH.

(For the Mirror.)

Macnamara, son of a sea-hound.
Macmahon, son of a bear.
Brien, the force of water.
Kennedy, wearing a helmet.
Horan, the gold of poetry.
Sullivan, having but one eye.
Gallagher, the helper of Englishmen.
Riordan, a royal salmon.
Lysaght, a hired soldier.
Finnoala, white-shouldered.
Una, matchless.
Farrell, a fair man.
Mohairey, an early riser.
Naghten, a strong person.
Trayner, a strong man.
Keeffe, mild.
Keating, a shower of fire.
Kinahan, a moss trooper.
Kearney, a soldier.
Leahy, a champion.
Macaveely, son of the hero.
Ardil, of high descent.
Dermid, a god in arms.
Toraylagh, like a tower.
Cairbre, a royal person.
Flinn, red haired.
Dwyer, a dark man.
Docharty, dangerous.
Mullane, broad head.
Cullane, broad poll.
Flaherty, a powerful chief.
Lalor, or *Lawler*, one who speaks by halves.
Tierney, a lord.
Bulger, a Dutchman.
Dougal, a Dane.
Mac Intosh, son of the chief.
Mac Tagart, son of the priest.
Mac 'Nab, son of the abbot.
Mac Clery, son of a clerk.
Mac Lure, son of a tailor.
Macgill, son of a squire.
Macbrehane, son of a judge.
Mac Tavish, son of a savage.
Goff, or *Gough*, smith.
Galt, a Protestant.
Gillespie, the bishop's squire.

The whole of the above are literal translations without having recourse to *fancy*, or *torturing the originals*; thus, *Macnumara*, called in Irish *Mac Conmara*, from *mac*, a son, *con*, the genitive case of *cu*, a hound, and *mara*, the genitive case of *muir*, the sea; and so of the rest. It is proper, however, to observe, that although the name of *Keating* sounds exactly in Irish a "*shower of fire*," yet as the Keatings came at first from England, this cannot be the real origin of that name. All the rest are literally correct.

H. S.

ONIONS.

LORD BACON tells us of a man who fasted five days, without meat, bread, or drink, by smelling a wisp of herbs, among which were strong *onions*.

THE SINGLE-SPEECH PARROT.

THERE is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.

ON account of the great number of suicides, a member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make it a capital offence.

When Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, brought in his bill for restricting the liberty of the press, a member moved as an addition, that all *anonymous works* should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

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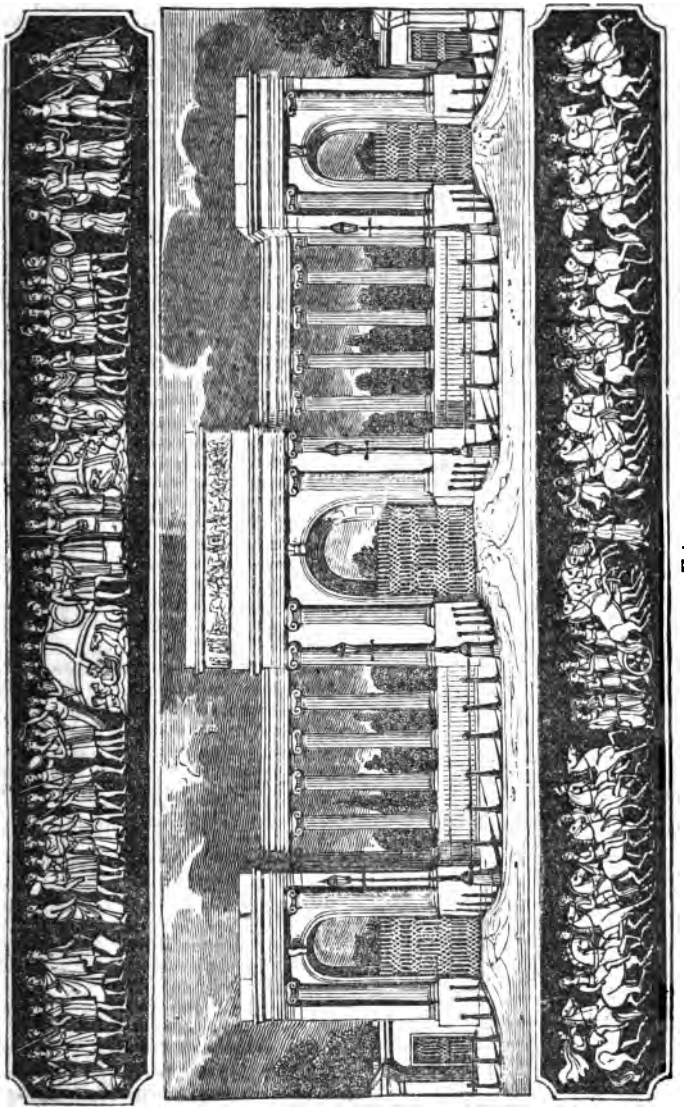
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 360.] SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1829. [Price 2d.

Grand Entrance to Hyde Park.



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GRAND ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK.

THE great Lord Burleigh says, "A realm gaineth more by one year's peace than by ten years' war;" and the architectural triumphs which are rising in every quarter of the metropolis are strong confirmation of this maxim.

One of these triumphs is represented in the annexed engraving, viz. the grand entrance to Hyde Park, erected from the designs of Decimus Burton, Esq. It consists of a screen of handsome fluted Ionic columns, with three carriage entrance archways, two foot entrances, a lodge, &c. The extent of the whole frontage is about 107 feet. The central entrance has a bold projection: the entablature is supported by four columns; and the volutes of the capitals of the outside column on each side of the gateway are formed in an angular direction, so as to exhibit two complete faces to view. The two side gateways, in their elevations, present two insulated Ionic columns, flanked by antæ. All these entrances are finished by a blocking, the sides of the central one being decorated with a beautiful frieze, representing a naval and military triumphal procession, which our artist has copied and represented in distinct engravings. This frieze was designed by Mr. Henning, jun., son of Mr. Henning, so well known for his admirable models of the Elgin marbles. It possesses great classical merit, and the model was exhibited last season in the sculpture-room of the Suffolk-street Gallery

The *gates* were manufactured by Messrs. Bramah. They are of iron, bronzed, and fixed or hung to the piers by rings of gun-metal. The design consists of a beautiful arrangement of the Greek honeysuckle ornament; the parts being well defined, and the raffles of the leaves brought out in a most extraordinary manner. The hanging of the gates is also very ingenious.

Mr. Soane's proposed entrances to Piccadilly and St. James's and Hyde Parks, are generally considered superior to those that have been adopted. The park entrances were to consist of two triumphal arches connected with each other by a colonnade and arches stretching across Piccadilly. The same ingenious architect likewise designed a new palace at the top of Constitution Hill, from which to the House of Lords the King should pass Buckingham House, Carlton House, a splendid Waterloo and Trafalgar monument, a fine triumphal arch, the Privy Council Office, Board of Trade, and the new law courts.

LINES

On the origin of the application of the name of the "Fleur de Souvenance," (modern "Forget-me-not,") to the Myosotis Scorpioidis.

(For the Mirror.)

A GALLANT knight and a lady bright
Walk'd by a crystal lake;
The twin'd oaks made a grateful shade
Above the fangled brake,
While the trembling leaves of aspen trees
A murmuring music make.

And as they spoke, round them echoes woke
To tales of love and glory;
The knight was brave, though of love the slave,
And the dame lov'd gallant story—
Proudly he told deeds gentle and bold,
Of warriors dead or hoary.

Like babe at rest on its mother's breast,
On that an island lay—
So still and fair reigned Nature there—
So bright the glist'ring spray,
You might have thought the scene had been wrought
By spell of faun or fay.

On the island's edge, midst tangled sedge,
Lay a wreath of wild flow'rs blue—
The broad flag-leaf was their sweet relief,
When the heat too fervid grew;
And the willow's shade a shelter made,
When stormy tempests blew.

And as they stood, the faithful flood
Gave back ev'ry line and trace
Of earth below and heaven above,
And their own forms gallant grace—
For forms more fair than that lovely pair
Ne'er shone on its liquid face.

"I would a flower from that bright bower
Some nymph would waft to me—
For in my eyes a dearer prize
Than glitt'ring gem 'twould be—
For its changeless blue seems emblem true
Of love's own constancy."

The maiden spake, and no more the lake
In slumb'ring stillness lay,
For from the side of his destin'd bride
The knight has pass'd away:
In vain the maid's soft words essay'd
His rash pursuit to stay.

He has reach'd the tower, and pluck'd the flower,
And turn'd from the verdant spot:
Ah, hapless knight! some Naiad bright
Woo'd thee to her coral grot:
And forbids that more to touch that shore
Shall ever be thy lot.

Vainly he tried to gain the side,
Where knelt his lady-love;
Flagg'd every limb, his eyes grew dim,
But still the spirit strove.
One effort more—he flings to shore
The flow'r so dear to prove.
'Tis past! 'tis past! that look his last,
That fond sad glance of love:
The bubbling wave his farewell gave
In the moan, "Forget me not." D. A. H.

The above incident occurred in the time of Edward IV.

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HAVER BREAD.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In the MIRROR, No. 358, the article headed "Memorable Days," the writer, in that part of which the *Avver Bread* is treated of, says it is made of oats leavened and kneaded into a large, thin, round cake, which is placed upon a girdle over the fire; adding, that he is totally at a loss for a definition of the word Avver; that he has sometimes thought avver, means oaten; which I think, correct, it being very likely a corruption of the French, avoine, oats; introduced among many others, into the Scottish language, during the great intimacy which formerly existed between France and Scotland; in which latter country a great many words were introduced from the former, which are still in use; such as gabart, a large boat, or lighter, from the French gabarre; bawbee, baspiece, a small copper coin; vennell, a lane, or narrow street, which still retains its original pronunciation and meaning. Enfiler la vennel; a common figurative expression for running away is still in use in France. Apropos of vennell, Dr. Stoddard, in a "Pedestrian Tour through the Land of Cakes," when a young man, says he could not trace its meaning in any language, (I speak from memory) also made the same observation where I was; being at that time on intimate terms with the doctor, I pointed out to him its derivation from the Latin into the French, and thence, probably, into the Scotch; the embryo L.L.D. stared, and seemed chagrined, at receiving such information from a

CREOLE.

P. S. In no part of Great Britain, I believe, is oaten bread so much used as in Scotland; from whence the term, "The Land of Cakes is derived." In some parts of France, *Pain d'avoine* has been in use in my time.

EPITOME OF THE CRUSADES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE first Crusade* to the Holy Land was undertaken by numerous Christian princes, who gained Jerusalem after it had been in possession of the Saracens four hundred and nine years. Godfrey, of Boulogne, was then chosen king by his companions in arms; but he had not long enjoyed his new dignity, before he had occasion to march out against a great army of Turks and Saracens, whom he overthrew, and killed one hundred thousand of their men, besides taking much spoil. Shortly after this victory, a pestilence happened, of which multitudes died; and the contagion reaching Godfrey, the first Christian King of Jerusalem, he also expired, on the 18th of July, 1100, having scarcely reigned a full year.

Godfrey's successors, the Baldwins, defeated the Turks in many engagements. In the reign of Baldwin III., however, the Christians lost Edessa, a circumstance which affected Pope Eugenius III. to such a degree, that he prevailed on Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, to relieve his brethren in Syria. In the year 1146, therefore, Conrad marched through Greece, and soon afterwards encountered the Turkish army, which he routed; he then proceeded to Iconium, the principal seat of the Turks in Lesser Asia; but, for want of provisions and health, was compelled to relinquish his design of taking that city, and to return home. Much about the same period, Lewis VIII., of France, made an expedition to the Holy Land, but was wholly unsuccessful in his attempts against the enemy. Notwithstanding these failures, King Baldwin, relying on his own strength, gained possession of Askalon, and defeated the Turks in numerous actions. Previous to his death, which was caused by poison, in 1163, he was the victorious sovereign of Jerusalem and the greatest part of Syria.

During the reign of Baldwin IV., Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, invaded Palestine, and took several towns, notwithstanding the valour of the Christians. In the succeeding reign of King Guy, however, the Christians, still unfortunate, received a *decisive blow*, which tended to the decline of their independence in the Holy Land; for, among other places of importance, Saladin made a capture of Jerusalem, and took its king prisoner. When the conqueror entered the holy city, he profaned every sacred place, save the Temple of the Sepulchre, (which the Christians redeemed with an immense sum of money,) and drove the Latin Christians from their abodes, who were only allowed to carry what they could hastily collect on their backs, either to Tripoly, Antioch, or Tyre, the only three places which then remained in the Christians' possession. All the monuments were demolished, except those of our Saviour, King Godfrey, and Baldwin I.† The city was yielded to the

* An account of the original *instigator* of the Crusades will be found in vol. viii. of the MIRROR, page 232.

† The Turks generally show some regard to real piety and valour.

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captors on the 2nd of October, 1187, after the Christians had possessed it about eighty-nine years.

These calamitous transactions in Palestine greatly alarmed all Europe, and several princes speedily resolved to oppose the career of the oppressors, and to leave no means untried of regaining the kingdom of Jerusalem. In furtherance of this design, the Emperor Frederic marched into Palestine with a powerful army, and defeated the Turks near Melitena; he afterwards met them near Comogena, where he also routed them, but was unhappily killed in the action. Some time after this, King Philip, of France, and Richard I., of England, engaged in a crusade for the relief of the Christians. Philip arrived first, and proceeded to Ptolemais, which King Guy, having obtained his liberty, was then besieging. King Richard, in his passage, was driven with his fleet upon the coast of Cyprus, but was not permitted to land; this so highly offended him, that he landed his whole army by force, and soon over-ran the island. He was at length opposed by the king of Cyprus, whom he took prisoner, and carried in chains to Ptolemais, where he was welcomed with great rejoicings by the besiegers, who stood in much need of assistance. It would be superfluous to relate here the particulars of the siege; let it suffice to say, that after a general assault had been given, a breach was made, so that the assailants were enabled to enter the city, which Saladin surrendered to them upon articles, on the 12th of July, 1191. King Richard here obtained the title of *Cœur de Lion*, for having taken down Duke Leopold's standard, that was first fixed in the breach, and placed his own in its stead.

After the taking of Ptolemais, King Philip and many other princes returned home, leaving King Richard in Palestine to prosecute the war in concert with Guy, whom Richard, in a short time afterwards, persuaded to accept of the crown of Cyprus, in lieu of his pretences to Jerusalem. By these crafty means, Richard caused himself to be proclaimed King of Jerusalem; but while he was preparing to besiege that city, he received news that the French were about to invade England. He was therefore compelled to conclude a peace with Saladin, not very advantageous to Christendom, and to return to Europe. But meeting with bad weather, he was driven on the coast of Histria; and, while endeavouring to travel through the country in the habit of a templar, was taken prisoner by Duke Leopold, of Austria, who became his enemy at the siege of Ptolemais. The duke sold him for forty thousand pounds to the emperor, Henry VI., who soon afterwards had a hundred thousand pounds for his ransom.

About the same period, Sultan Saladin, the most formidable enemy the Christians ever encountered, died; an event which caused Pope Celestine to prevail on the emperor, Henry VI., of Germany, to make a new expedition against the Turks, who were in consequence defeated; but the emperor's general, the Duke of Saxony, being killed, and the emperor himself dying soon afterwards, the Germans returned home without accomplishing the object of their expedition. They had no sooner departed than the Turks, in revenge, nearly drove the Christians from the Holy Land, and took all the strong towns which the Crusaders had gained, excepting Tyre and Ptolemais. In 1199, a fleet was fitted out at the instigation of Pope Innocent III. against the infidels. On this occasion, the Christians, notwithstanding their strenuous exertions, failed of taking Jerusalem, though several other important places were delivered to them.

In the year 1228, Frederic, Emperor of Germany, set out from Brundusium to Palestine, took Jerusalem, which the enemy had left in a desolate condition, and caused himself to be proclaimed king. But, after this conquest, he was obliged to return to his own country, where his presence was required. The Turks immediately assembled a prodigious army for regaining the Holy City, which they ultimately took, putting the German garrison to the sword, in the year 1234; since which time, the Christian powers, weary of these useless expeditions, have made no considerable effort to possess it.

The Christians were entirely driven from Palestine and Syria in the year 1291, about one hundred and ninety-two years after the capture of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Boulogne.

G. W. N.

SHAKSPEARE.—A FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

THE empty passions of the angry world,
The loves of heroes, the despair of maids,
The rage of kings, of beggars and of slaves,
Shakspeare alone attun'd to song.— The rest
essay'd.
Laureate of bards! thyself unsung
Would stamp us reckless. CYMBELINE.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

REGAL TABLET.

(Continued from page 111.)

EDWARD II.

began his reign 7th July, 1307, ended 25th Jan. 1327.

Popes.	*France.*
Clement V., 1305.	
John XXII., 1316.	Philip IV., 1285.
Emperor of the East.	Louis X., 1314.
	Philip V., 1316.
AndronicusII.1283	Charles IV., 1322.
Emperors of the West.	
Albert I., 1278.	*Scotland.*
Henry VII., 1308.	
Frederic III., 1314.	Robert Bruce, 1306.

EDWARD III.

began his reign 25th Jan. 1327, ended 21st June, 1377.

Popes.	*France.*
John XXII., 1316.	
BenedictXII.1334.	Charles IV., 1322.
Clement VI., 1342.	Philip VI., 1328.
Innocent VI. 1352.	John I., 1355.
Urban V., 1362.	Charles V., 1364.
Gregory XI., 1370.	
Emperors of the East.	
Andronicus II.1283	
Andronicus III., 1332.	*Scotland.*
John V., 134..	Robert Bruce,1306.
John VI., 1355.	David II., 1330.
Emperors of the West.	Edward Baliol, 1332.
Frederic III., 1314.	David II. (again) 1342.
Louis IV., 1330.	
Charles IV., 1347.	Robert II., 1370.

RICHARD II.

began his reign 21st June, 1377, ended 29th Sept. 1399.

Popes.	*Emperors of the West*
Gregory XI., 1370.	
Urban VI., 1378.	Charles IV., 1347.
Boniface IX. 1389.	Weneslaus, 1378.
	France.
Emperors of the East.	Charles V., 1364.
	Charles VI., 1380.
	Scotland
John VI., 1355.	Robert II., 1370.
Emanuel II., 1391.	Robert III., 1390.

(House of Lancaster.)

HENRY IV.

began his reign 29th Sept. 1399, ended 20th March, 1413.

Popes.	*Emperors of the West.*
Boniface IX. 1389.	
InnocentVII. 1404.	Weneslaus, 1378.
GregoryXII. 1406.	Robert le Pet,1400.
Alexander V. 1409.	Sigismund, 1410.
John XXIII. 1410.	*France.*
Emperor of the East.	Charles VI., 1380.
	Scotland.
Emanuel II., 1391.	Robert III., 1390.

HENRY V.

began his reign 20th March, 1413, ended 31st August, 1422.

Popes.	*France.*
John XXIII. 1410.	
Martin V., 1417.	Charles VI., 1380.
Emperor of the East.	Charles VII. 1422.
Emanuel II., 1391.	
Emperor of the West.	*Scotland.*
Sigismund, 1410.	Robert III., 1390.

HENRY VI.

began his reign 31st August, 1422, ended 4th March, 1461.

Popes.	*Emperors of the West.*
Martin V., 1417.	
EugeniusIV. 1431.	Sigismund, 1410.
Nicholas V., 1447.	Albert II., 1438.
Galixus III. 1455.	Frederic IV., 1440.
Pius II., 1458.	*France.*
	Charles VII. 1422.
Emperors of the East.	Louis XI., 1440.
	Scotland.
Emanuel II., 1391.	Robert III., 1390.
John VII., 1426.	James I., 1424.
Constantine III., last emperor1448	James II., 1437. James III., 1440.

(House of York.)

EDWARD IV.

began his reign 4th March, 1461, ended 9th April, 1483.

Popes.	*France.*
Pius II., 1458.	
Paul II., 1464.	Louis XI., 1440.
Sixtus IV., 1471.	
Emperor of the West.	*Scotland.*
Frederic IV., 1440.	James III., 1440.

EDWARD V.

began his reign 9th April, 1483, ended 22nd June, 1483.

Contemporaries as the last reign.

RICHARD III.

began his reign 22nd June, 1483, ended 22nd August, 1485.

Contemporaries again, as before.

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(*Lancaster and York united.*)

HENRY VII.

began his reign 22nd August, 1485, ended 22nd April, 1509.

Popes.	*France.*
Innocent VIII., 1484.	Charles VIII. 1485.
Alexander VI. 1492.	Louis XII., 1498.
Pius III., 1503.	
Julius II., 1503.	
Emperors of Germany.	*Scotland.*
Frederic IV., 1440.	James III., 1460.
Maximilian I. 1493.	James IV., 1489.

HENRY VIII.

began his reign 22nd April, 1509, ended 28th Jan. 1547.

Popes.	*France.*
Julius II., 1503.	Louis XII., 1498.
Leo X., 1513.	Francis I., 1515.
Adrian VI., 1521.	Henry II., 1547.
Clement VII. 1523.	
Paul III., 1534.	
Emperors of Germany.	*Scotland.*
Maximilian I. 1493.	James IV., 1489.
Charles V., 1519.	James V., 1514.
	Mary, 1542.

EDWARD VI.

began his reign 28th Jan. 1547, ended 6th July, 1553.

Popes.	*France.*
Paul III., 1534.	Henry III. 1547.
Julius III., 1550.	
Emperor of Germany.	*Scotland.*
Charles V., 15 9.	Mary, 1542.

MARY

began her reign 6th July, 1553, ended 17th Nov. 1558.

Popes.	*Emperors of Germany.*
Julius III., 1550.	Charles V., 1519.
Marcellus II. 1555.	Ferdinand, 1556.
Paul IV., 1555.	

And the other contemporary princes as in the last reign.

ELIZABETH

began her reign 17th Nov. 1558, ended 24th March, 1603.

Popes.	*Emperors of Germany.*
Paul IV., 1555.	Ferdinand I., 1556.
Pius IV., 1559.	Maximilian II. 1564
Pius V., 1565.	Rodolphus II. 1576.
Gregory XIII., 1572.	*France.*
Sixtus V., 1585.	Henry II., 1547.
Urban VII., 1590.	Francis II., 1559.
Gregory XIV., 1590.	Charles IX., 1560.
	Henry III., 1574.
	Henry IV., 1589.

Popes.	*Scotland.*
Innocent IX. 1591.	
Clement VIII., 1592.	Mary, 1542.
	James VI., 1567.

Union of the two crowns of England and Scotland.

JAMES I.

began his reign 24th March, 1603, ended 27th March, 1625.

Popes.	*France.*
Clement VIII., 1592.	Henry IV., 1589.
Leo IX., 1605.	Louis XIII., 1610.
Paul III., 1605.	*Spain & Portugal.*
Gregory XV. 1621.	Philip III., 1507.
Urban VIII. 1623.	Philip IV., 1020.
Emperors of Germany.	*Denmark.*
Rodolphus II. 1576.	Christian IV. 1588.
Matthias I., 1612.	*Sweden.*
Ferdinand III. 1619.	Sigismund, 1592.
	Charles IX., 1606.
	Gustavus II. 1611.

CHARLES I.

began his reign 27th March, 1625, beheaded 30th Jan. 1648.

Popes.	*Spain & Portugal.*
Urban VIII. 1623.	Philip IV., 1620.
Innocent X., 1644.	*Portugal only.*
Emperors of Germany.	John IV., 1640.
Ferdinand II. 1619.	*Denmark.*
Ferdinand III. 1637.	Christian IV. 1583.
France.	Frederic III. 1648.
Louis XIII., 1610.	*Sweden.*
Louis XIV., 1643.	Gustavus II. 1611.
	Christiana, 1633.

The Inter-regnum and Usurpation under

OLIVER CROMWELL,

from 30th Jan. 1648, to 29th May, 1660.

Popes.	*Portugal.*
Innocent X., 1644.	
Alexander VII., 1655.	John IV., 1640.
	Alonzo VI., 1656.
Emperors of Germany.	*Denmark.*
Ferdinand III., 1637.	Frederic III. 1646.
Leopold I., 1658.	
France.	*Sweden.*
Louis XIV., 1643.	
Spain.	Christiana, 1633.
Philip IV., 1620.	Charles X., 1653.

*** *The remainder of this very useful Tablet, which has been compiled by a Correspondent, expressly for our pages, will be found in the Supplement published with this present No.*

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he Anecdote Gallery.

:CDOTES OF A DIANA MONKEY.

By Mrs. Bowdich.

old ship companion of mine was a ve of the Gold Coast, and was of Diana species. He had been pur- ed by the cook of the vessel in ch I sailed from Africa, and was con- red his exclusive property. Jack's e then was close to the cabooce; but is education progressed, he was gra- lly allowed an increase of liberty, till ast he enjoyed the range of the whole , except the cabin. I had embarked n more than a mere womanly aversion nonkeys, it was absolute antipathy; although I often laughed at Jack's ks, still I kept out of his way, till a umstance brought with it a closer ac- intance, and cured me of my dislike. r latitude was three degrees south, and only proceeded by occasional torna- s, the intervals of which were filled by dead calms and bright weather; en these occurred during the day, the m was frequently lashed, and all the tch went below. On one of these oc- ions I was sitting alone on the deck, l reading intently, when, in an instant, nething jumped upon my shoulders, isted its tale round my neck, and eamed close to my ears. My imme- ate conviction that it was Jack scarcely ieved me: but there was no help; I red not cry for assistance, because I as afraid of him, and dared not obey e next impulse, which was to thump m off, for the same reason, I therefore came civil from necessity, and from at moment Jack and I entered into an liance. He gradually loosened his hold, oked at my face, examined my hands d rings with the most minute attention, d soon found the biscuit which lay by y side. When I liked him well enough profit by his friendship, he became a nstant source of amusement. Like all her nautical monkeys, he was fond of lling off the men's caps as they slept, d throwing them into the sea; of ocking over the parrots' cages to drink e water as it trickled along the deck, gardless of the occasional gripe he re- ived; of taking the dried herbs out of e tin mugs in which the men were mak- g tea of them; of dexterously picking t the pieces of biscuit which were toast- g between the bars of the grate; of aling the carpenter's tools; in short, of using every thing and every body: but was also a first-rate *equestrian*. When- er the pigs were let out to take a run deck, he took his station behind a cask, whence he leaped on the back of one of his steeds as it passed. Of course the speed was increased, and the nails he stuck in to keep himself on, produced a squeaking: but Jack was never thrown, and became so fond of the exercise, that he was obliged to be shut up whenever the pigs were at liberty. Confinement was the worst punishment he could re- ceive, and whenever threatened with that, or any other, he would cling to me for protection. At night, when about to be sent to bed in an empty henroop, he generally hid himself under my shawl, and at last never suffered any one but myself to put him to rest. He was particularly jealous of the other mon- keys on board, who were all smaller than himself, and put two out of his way. The first feat of the kind was performed in my presence: he began by holding out his paw, and making a squeaking noise, which the other evidently considered as an invitation; the poor little thing crouch- ed to him most humbly; but Jack seized him by the neck, hopped off to the side of the vessel, and threw him into the sea. We cast out a rope immediately, but the monkey was too frightened to cling to it, and we were going too fast to save him by any other means. Of course, Jack was flogged and scolded, at which he was very penitent; but the deceitful rogue, at the end of three days, sent another victim to the same destiny. But his spite against his own race was manifested at another time in a very original way. The men had been painting the ship's side with a streak of white, and upon being sum- moned to dinner, left their brushes and paint on deck. Unknown to Jack, I was seated behind the companion door, and saw the whole transaction; he called a little black monkey to him, who, like the others, immediately crouched to his superior, when he seized him by the nape of the neck with one paw, took the brush, dripping with paint, with the other, and covered him with white from head to foot. Both the man at the helm and myself burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropped his victim, and scampered up the rigging. The unhappy little beast began licking himself, but I called the steward, who washed him so well with turpentine, that all injury was prevented; but dur- ing our bustle Jack was peeping with his black nose through the bars of the main- top, apparently enjoying the confusion. For three days he persisted in remaining aloft; no one could catch him, he darted with such rapidity from rope to rope; at length, impelled by hunger, he dropped unexpectedly from some height on my knees, as if for refuge, and as he had

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thus confided in me, I could not deliver him up to punishment.

The only way in which I could control his tricks was by showing him to the panther on board, which excited his fears very strongly. I used to hold him up by his tail, and the instant he saw the panther he would become perfectly stiff, shut his eyes, and pretend to be dead. When I moved away, he would relax his limbs, and open one eye very cautiously · but if he caught a glimpse of the panther's cage, the eyes were quickly closed, and he resumed the rigidity of death. After four months' sojourn together, I quitted Jack off the Scilly Islands, and understood that I was very much regretted : he unceasingly watched for me in the morning, and searched for me in every direction, even venturing into the cabin ; nor was he reconciled to my departure when my servants left the vessel at Gravesend. —*Mag Natural History.*

Notes of a Reader.

COMPANION TO THE THEATRES.

It must be owned that such a *little book* as this has long been wanted ; for of all writing, that relating to the stage is the most diffuse. It is scattered about in biography, criticism and anecdote, not unfrequently of great interest, but occupying so much "valuable" time, that to condense it, or to pick the wheat from the chaff, is no trifling task. So much for the amusement which our "Companion" may yield to the Londoner : his utility as a cicerone or guide will be more obvious to our country friends, who flock in thousands to see and hear comedy and tragedy at this play-going season. A young girl comes to town to see "the lions," and, with her "cousin," goes to the opera, where *one guinea* is paid for their admission, or even more if they be *installed*. Two Londoners would buy their tickets during the day, and thus pay but 17*s*. Another party are dying to hear Braham sing, or Paton warble her nightingale notes among the canvass groves and hollyhock gardens of Drury Lane and Covent Garden ; or to sup on the frowning woes of tragedy, the intrigues of an interlude dished up as an *entremet*, or a melodrama for a ragout ; or the wit and waggery of a farce, sweet and soft-flowing like a *petit-verre*, to finish the repast. They go, and between the acts try to count the wax and gas, the feet, and foot lights till they are purblind ; they return home and dream of Desdemona, sing themselves to sleep with the notes of the last song, are haunted with the odd physiognomy of Liston, and repeat the farce-laugh till the dream is broken. Next day it is mighty pleasant to read how many hundred people the theatre will hold, how many pounds they all paid to get there ; and how the splendid pile of Drury Lane rose on the area of a cockpit ; and how Garrick played Macbeth in a court suit, and John Kemble enacted the sufferings of Hamlet in *powdered* hair. Upon all these subjects the Companion is conversant, although he does not set up for Sir Oracle, or shake his head like Burleigh. In short, he tells of "many things," from the cart of Thespis and the Roman theatres, with their 6,000 singers and dancers, to the companies on the present stages.

Thus, we have the Origin of the Drama —Rise of the Drama in England—Early English Theatres—Descriptions of all the London Theatres—and a pleasant chapter on the Italian Opera. The Appendix contains pithy chronologies of the dramatists and actors, bygone and contemporary —origin of all the varieties of the drama —the topography of the stage and scenery, costume—expenses of the theatres—masquerades—play-bills and editions of plays, and a host of theatrical customs. In truth, the book is as full as the tail of a fine lobster, and will doubtless repay the time and research which its preparation must have occupied. There is also a frontispiece of the fronts of the twelve London Theatres.

ORNITHOLOGY.

Mr. James Jennings has favoured us with a copy of his *Ornithologia ; or the Birds*, a poem ; with copious *Notes ;* &c. The latter portion is to us the most interesting, especially as it contains an immense body of valuable research into the history and economy of birds, in a pleasant, piquant, anecdotical style, without any of the quaintness or crabbedness of scientific technicality. Mr. Jennings's volume is therefore well adapted for presentation to young persons ; whilst the knowledge which it displays, entitles it to a much higher stand than a mere book of amusement. To illustrate what we have said in its praise, the reader will find in the *Supplement* to the present Number, two or three of the most attractive *Notes* under "The Naturalist," which likewise contains *Three Engravings* of very curious subjects in other departments of Natural History.

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

We have already spoken in favourable terms of this volume. It consists of 15 conversations of a family circle, com-

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prising a familiar explanation of the Huttonian and Wernerian systems; the Mosaic geology, as explained by Penn; and the late discoveries of Buckland, Humboldt, Macculloch, and others. By way of specimen, we take a portion of a conversation which introduces the very interesting subject of the *formation of coal*:

Edward. — As the Huttonians evidently fail in proving coal to be produced by fusion, I hope the Wernerians may succeed better, for I should be sorry if so interesting a subject were left unexplained.

Mrs. R.—To understand their account, it will be requisite for you to recollect the process of the formation of bogs and marshes, as it is from these that Werner derives coal. What I told you, also, of the change produced on wood by being long exposed to moisture and kept from contact with the air, will be of use here, as wood, in all stages of change, is often found in coal-fields, in the same way as in peat-bogs.

Edward. That is a very strong circumstance in favour of the alleged origin.

Mrs. R. There are some facts, indeed, connected with this, which prove this origin beyond question, as you will admit, when I tell you that specimens of wood are often found partly converted into coal and partly unchanged, or petrified by some other mineral.

Edward. This will, at least, be direct proof that wood may be converted into coal.

Mrs. R. One instance of this kind is mentioned by Brand, in his "History of Newcastle," as having been brought from Iceland, by Sir Joseph Banks. Dr. Rennie, in his "Essay on Peat Moss," gives a still stronger example. In the parish of Kilsyth, he tells us, there was found, in a solid bed of sandstone, the trunk of a tree in an erect position, the indentations of the bark and marks of the branches being in many parts of it still obvious. It rose from a bed of coal below the sandstone, and the roots which reached the coal, as well as the bark for an inch thick round the trunk, were completely converted into coal, while the centre consisted of sandstone. This specimen I have myself seen in the parsonage garden of Kilsyth, and this description is most accurate. Sir George Mackenzie lately found a specimen precisely similar, in the face of a sandstone rock in Lothian, and I have seen numerous specimens of bamboos and reeds in the sandstone quarries of Glasgow, with the bark converted into coal, and the centre filled with sandstone.

Edward.—But would not this prove that sandstone, also, was derived from wood?

Mrs. R.—No: it would only prove that the centre had been destroyed and removed; for the sandstone is not chemically composed of vegetable substances, but the coal is.

Edward.—Still, I cannot conceive by what process the conversion is effected.

Mrs. R. By a natural process, evidently; being a continuation of that which converts mosses and marshes into peat. Nay, it is supposed not to stop at the formation of coal, but, by a continuation of the causes, the coal becomes jet, and even amber. The eminent chemist, Fourcroy, in proof of this, mentions a specimen in which one end was wood, little changed, and the other pure jet; and Chaptal tells us, that at Montpellier there are dug up whole cart-loads of trees converted into jet, though the original forms are so perfectly preserved that he could often detect the species; and, among others, he mentions birch and walnut. What is even more remarkable, he found a wooden pail and a wooden shovel converted into pure jet.

Edward. Then I suppose, from all these details, that coal might be formed artificially, by imitating the natural process.

Mrs. R. Mr. Hatchett made many ingenious and successful experiments with this design, and Dr. Macculloch has more recently succeeded in actually making coal. One of the strongest instances of the process, is the existence of a great quantity of wood only half converted into coal, at Bovey, near Exeter; this has been much discussed by the geologists; but there is a bed of coal found at Locle, on the continent, which is said to have been formed almost within the memory of man, though I have not yet seen any good account of it.

Altogether, we have been much gratified with these Conversations. As a hint, *en passant*, we remind the editor of such an oversight as that at p. 350-1, "Order in which the *strata lies* in the Paris basin."

THE IDLER.

THERE were many newspapers in the room, but there was nothing in them. There was a clock, but it did not seem to go; at least, so he thought, but after looking at it for a very long time he found it did go, but it went very slowly. Then he looked at his watch, and that went as slow as the clock. Then he took up the newspapers again one after the other very deliberately. He read the sporting intelligence and the fashionable news. But he did not read very attentively, as he afterwards discovered. Then he looked at the clock

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again, and was almost angry at the imperturbable monotony of its face. Then he took out his pocket-book to amuse himself by reading his memorandums, but they were very few, and very unintelligible. Then he rose up from his seat, and went to the window; and looked at the people in the street; he thought they looked very stupid, and wondered what they could all find to do with themselves. He looked at the carriages, and saw none with coronets, except now and then a hackney-coach. Then he began to pick his teeth, and that reminded him of eating; and then he rang the bell, which presently brought a waiter; and he took that opportunity of drawling out the word "waiter" in such lengthened tone, as if resolved to make one word last as long as possible.—*Rank and Talent.*

THE BATTLE OF GIBEON.

VERSES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MARTIN'S JOSHUA.

"For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood but this with burning and fuel of fire."—ISAIAH IX. 5.

From Gilgal's camp went forth, at dead of night,
The host of Israel: with the rising sun
They stood arrayed against the Amorite,
Beneath the regal heights of Gibeon,
Glorious in morning's splendour! Lebanon,
Dim in the distance, reared its lofty head;
Light clouds o'erhung the vale of Ajalon,
And the Five Armies, by their monarchs led,
Not to mere mortal fight, but conflict far more dread.

How beautiful, at matin's early prime,
Valley, and mountain, and that city fair!
Magnificent, yet fearfully sublime,
In few brief hours the scene depicted there!
Below the battle raged, and high in air
The gathering clouds, with tempest in their womb,
A supernatural darkness seem'd to wear
As heralding, by their portentous gloom,
Victory to Israel's host, her foes' impending doom!

Upon a jutting crag, below the height
Where stands the royal city in its pride,
The ark is rested! in the people's sight
The priests and Joshua standing by its side;
Awhile the chief the sea of battle eyed,
Which heaved beneath:—in accents undismayed,
"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon!" he cried,
"And thou, O Moon, o'er Ajalon be stayed!"
And holiest records tell the mandate was obeyed.

Look on the horrid conflict; mark the stream
Of lurid and unnatural light that falls,
Like some wild meteor's bright terrific gleam,
On Gibeon's steep and battlemented walls;
Her royal palace, and her pillared halls,
Seeming more gorgeous in its vivid blaze!
While o'er proud Lebanon the storm appals,
In jagged lines the arrowy lightning plays,
Soften'd to Israel's sight by intervening haze.

But o'er the Amoritish camp the cloud
Bursts in its fury! on the race abhorred
The parting heavens, as from a pitchy shroud,
Their desolating hail-storm's wrath out-poured,
More vengeful in its ire than Israel's sword!
Thus was deliverance unto Gibeon shown;
And by the fearful battle of the Lord,
The army of the Amorites o'erthrown,
And the almighty power of Israel's God made known.

Made known by marvels awfully sublime!
Yet far more glorious in the Christian's sight
Than these stern terrors of the olden time,
The gentler splendours of that peaceful night,
When opening clouds display'd, in vision bright,
The heavenly host to Bethlehem's shepherd train,
Shedding around them more than cloudless light!
"Glory to God on high!" their opening strain,
Its chorus, "Peace on earth!" its theme Messiah's reign!

Bernard Barton's New Year's Eve, &c.

MAKING ACQUAINTANCE.

WHAT could be more natural than for Mr. Jackson to say to Dr. Smith, "I am going to call on Markham?" And what could be more natural than for Dr. Smith to say, "I will go with you, and you may introduce me?" So then Markham's friend, Jackson, leaves his card, and Jackson's friend, Dr. Smith, leaves his card too.—*Rank and Talent.*

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

WE read much of the luxurious effeminacy of the old Romans, their fantastically curled hair, their favourite robes, &c.; but what will posterity think of some of the modes of puppyism in our times, when they read in a chronicle of fashion, dated 1829, that gentlemen wore elegant drab cloth opera manteaux lined with scarlet velvet, and confined at the collar with a gold chain! In another dress, the waistcoat is directed to be made of "a very beautiful white embroidered velvet;" "some young *men* have appeared at balls with blue dress gloves embroidered with white;" "the *system* of the cravat is to form the *organization* of linen on the breast," the very "march" of foppery; "cloaks of the gentlemen lined with plush silk of celestial blue;" "at balls our young exquisites sport pocket-handkerchiefs of fine lawn, with a hem as broad as their thumbs; the corners *only* are embroidered:" "shoes tied with a small *rosette*;" "a young gentleman now suffers his hair to grow, has it curled, and parted on the left side of the forehead," &c. &c.—This out-herods Herod.

PICTURE OF LONDON.

A NEW edition of this very useful and attractive volume has just appeared, re-edited by Mr. Britton, who, by his extensive architectural knowledge, as well as by his popular style of imparting that knowledge, is calculated to produce a better "Picture of London" than any other writer within our acquaintance. The introduction is, of course, the most novel part of this edition, and as it enables Mr. Britton to embody much authentic information on the public works now in progress, we have abridged a few of these

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details, which will be found in a Supplement published with the present Number. The *Picture of London* was, we believe, first printed in 1806; and the extensive patronage which it has enjoyed during twenty-two years has been well deserved by its progressive completeness.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*.

RANK AND TALENT.

By the Author of Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost.

In our last volume we devoted nearly six of our columns to an outline of the predecessor of the present work, or the novel of *Penelope*. We there stated our opinion of the author's talents in a peculiar style of novel-writing—a sort of mixture of satire and fashion, without the starchness of the one, or the silly affectation of the other—abounding in well-drawn pictures of real life, free from caricature, and teeming with home-truths, in themselves of such plainness and ready application, as to make precept and example follow on with near approaches to probability and truth.

The author's *forte* unquestionably lies in this species of writing, and his "*Rank and Talent*" will, we think, bear us out in this opinion. The story or canvass of the novel is simple, and well prepared for his sketches and finished portraits of character. They belong to fashionable and middle life, and the conceits and eccentricities, as well as the straightforward integrity of their stations are illustrated with peculiar force. Sound moral and knowledge of the world are occasionally introduced with great tact, for the author is no stranger to the inmost workings and recesses of the human heart; and he adapts these lessons, and dovetails them with the narrative, in a clever and agreeable style.

The outline of the story may be briefly told. The Hon. Philip Martindale has an action brought against him, at the assizes, for the false imprisonment of one Richard Smith, as a poacher; although the object of the defendant was a beautiful girl residing with the defendant. Clara Rivolta is rudely cross-examined as a witness; whilst the plaintiff's case is conducted by Horatio Markham, an intelligent young barrister, whose parents reside in the town where the action is tried. The cousin of the defendant, Mr. John Martindale, an eccentric old gentleman who builds an abbey for his titled relative to occupy, whilst he himself lives in a cottage on the estate; seeks an acquaintance with Markham. These parties reside at Brigland, and Philip Martindale, a dissipated lover of the turf, who is dependent on his capricious cousin for his supplies; and Horatio Markham, the hero, are thus introduced. Then we have a country curate of the higher order, together with his loquacious *half*; which are excellent portraits.

John Martindale is one of those eccentric beings—half-aristocrat, and half-liberal, which are more rare in society than they were fifty years since; and upon this curious compound turns the narrative. Clara Rivolta and her mother, Signora Rivolta, the wife of Colonel R. quit their native Italy, and visit Brigland, where old Martindale, on the discovery, acknowledges the Signora as the fruit of an early imprudence on the continent, and finally leaves them a large fortune. Clara is married to Markham, and Philip Martindale, afterwards Earl of Trimmerstone, marries a gay, giddy girl, who elopes with a perfumed puppy of the first fragrance.

The round of the earl's dissipation is but a sorry picture of the prostitution of rank; but the connexion leads us into a succession of scenes of fashionable life, which are vividly drawn, as are two or three of their adjuncts,—a popular west-end preacher, an anti-nervous physician, the dandy already mentioned, a noble gambler, and a rich city knight and his aspiring family—all of which are to the life.

Our extracts must be detached from the narrative; but they may serve to illustrate the felicitous vein in which the characters are drawn.

The means by which Signora Rivolta is discovered by Martindale, is well managed. One morning after the old gentleman had been amusing his visiters with some Italian views,

Mr. Denver, the curate, introduced to Mr. Martindale with great parade Colonel Rivolta, whom he described as having recently made his escape from the continent, where he was exposed to persecution, if not to death, on account of his political opinions. The reverend gentleman then proceeded to state, that the colonel had previously to his own arrival in England sent over his wife and daughter, whom he had committed to the care of Richard Smith; that with them he had also transmitted some property, which old Richard had invested for their use and benefit; that unfortunately the very first night of the colonel's arrival at

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Brigland, the cottage in which Richard Smith dwelt had been robbed by a gipsy; that in consequence of that event the poor old man had been so seriously alarmed, that he had been totally unable to attend to any thing, and that he had died, leaving this poor foreigner in a strange land not knowing how to proceed as to the recovery of his little property. After an interview, in which Martindale promises the colonel his assistance, the latter was rising to take leave, when his eye was arrested by a print which Mr. Martindale held in his hand, and which he had unrolled while he was talking. As soon as the colonel saw the picture, he recognised the scene which it represented, and uttered an ejaculation, indicative of surprise and pleasure. Mr. Martindale then, for the first time, observed the print, and noticed its subject; he also looked upon it with surprise, but not with pleasure; and then he asked the stranger if that scene were familiar to him, with very great emotion the colonel replied:—"That scene brings to my recollection the happiest day of my life."

For a few seconds the party were totally silent; for the clergyman and the foreigner were struck dumb with astonishment at the altered looks of the old gentleman, and were surprised to see him crushing the picture in both hands. He then, as if with an effort of great resolution, exclaimed:—"And it brings to my recollection the most miserable day of my life."

* * * *

The agitation of the old gentleman abated, and he replied: "I thank you for your kindness, sir, but my sorrow arises from self-reproach. I have inflicted injuries which can never be redressed."

He hesitated, as if wishing, but dreading to say more. Then changing the tone of his voice, as if he were about to speak on some totally different subject, he continued addressing himself to Colonel Rivolta:—"I presume, sir, you are a native of Genoa, or you are very familiar with that city." "I was born," replied the foreigner, "at Naples; but very early in life I was removed to Genoa, that I might be engaged in merchandize; for my patrimony was very small, and my relations would have despised me, had I endeavoured by any occupation to gain a livelihood in my native city." "Then you were not originally destined for the army?" "I was not; but after I had been some few years in Genoa, I began to grow weary of the pursuits of merchandize, and indeed to feel some of that pride of which I had accused my relations, and I thought that I should be satisfied with very little if I might be free from the occupation of the merchant; and while I was so thinking, I met by chance an old acquaintance who persuaded me to undertake the profession of arms, to which I was indeed not reluctant. And so I left my merchandise, and did not see Genoa again for nearly two years. It was then that I was so much interested in that scene which the picture portrays; for in a very small house which is in the same street, directly opposite to that palace, there lived an old woman, whose name was ——"

The attention of the old gentleman had been powerfully arrested by the commencement of the Italian's narrative; and he listened very calmly till the narrator arrived at the point when he was about to mention the name of the old woman who lived opposite to the palace in question: then was Mr. Martindale again excited, and without waiting for the conclusion of the sentence, interrupted it by exclaiming: "Ah! what! do you know that old woman? Is she living? Where is she?—Stop—no—let me see—impossible!—Why I must be nearly seventy—yes—are you sure? Is not her name Bianchi?"

To this hurried and confused mass of interrogation, the colonel replied that her name was Bianchi; but that she had died nearly twenty years ago, at a very advanced age, being at the time of her death nearly ninety years of age. Hearing this, the old gentleman assumed a great calmness and composure of manner, though he trembled as if in an ague; and turning to the astonished clergyman, who was pleasing himself with the anticipation of some catastrophe or anecdote which might form a fine subject for town-talk, he very deliberately said:—"Mr. Denver, I beg I may not intrude any longer on your valuable time. This gentleman, I find, can give me some account of an old acquaintance of mine. The inquiries may not be interesting to you. Make my best compliments to Mrs. Denver."

When this good man was withdrawn, Mr. Martindale requested the stranger to be seated; and unmindful of the guests whom he had left to amuse themselves and each other, he commenced very deliberately to examine the foreigner concerning those matters which had so strongly excited his feelings.

"You tell me," said Mr. Martindale, "that the old woman, Bianchi, has been dead nearly twenty years. Now, my good friend, can you inform me how long you were acquainted with this old woman before her death." "I knew her," replied the colonel, "only for about four years.

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before she died." "And had you much intimacy with her, so as to hear her talk about former days." "Very often indeed," replied the foreigner, "did she talk about the past; for as her age was very great, and her memory was very good, it was great interest to hear her tell of ancient things; and she was a woman of most excellent understanding, and very benevolent in her disposition. Indeed, I can say that I loved the old woman much, very much indeed. I was sorry at her death." "But tell me," said Mr. Martindale, impatiently, "did you ever hear her say any thing of an infant—an orphan that was committed to her care nearly forty years ago?" At this question, the eyes of the stranger brightened, and his face was overspread with a smile of delight, when he replied: "Oh yes, much indeed, much indeed! that orphan is my wife."

This rapidity of explanation was almost too much for the old gentleman's feelings. His limbs had been trembling with the agitation arising from thus reverting to days and events long passed; and he had entertained some hope from the language of the foreigner, that he might gain some intelligence concerning one that had been forgotten, but whose image was again revived in his memory. He had thought but lightly in the days of his youth of that which he then called folly, but more seriously in the days of his age of that same conduct which then he called vice. It would have been happiness to his soul, could an opportunity have been afforded him of making something like amends to the representatives of the injured, even though the injured had been long asleep in the grave. When all at once, therefore, the intelligence burst upon him, that one was living in whom he possessed an interest, and over whose destiny he should have watched, but whom he had neglected and forgotten, he felt his soul melt within him; and well it was for him that he found relief in tears. Surprised beyond measure was Colonel Rivolta, when he observed the effect produced on Mr. Martindale, and heard the old gentleman say with trembling voice:—"And that orphan, sir, is my daughter." He paused for a minute or two, and his companion was too much astonished and interested to interrupt him: recovering himself, he continued: "For many years after that child was born, I had not the means of making any other provision for it than placing it under the care of the old woman of whom we have been speaking. I gave her such compensation as my circumstances then allowed; and as the mother died soon after the birth of the infant, I thought myself freed from all farther responsibility when I had made provision for the infant. I endeavoured, indeed, to forget the event altogether; and as I wished to form a respectable connexion in marriage, I took especial care to conceal this transgression. However, various circumstances prevented me from time to time from entering into the married state; and having within the last twelve years come into the possession of larger property than I had ever anticipated, it occurred to me that there should be living at Genoa a child of mine, then indeed long past childhood. I wrote to Genoa, and had no answer; I went to Genoa, and could find no trace either of my child or of the old woman to whose care I had entrusted her; and I was grieved not so much for the loss of my child, as for the lack of an opportunity of making some amends for my crime. I am delighted to hear that she lives. To-morrow I will see her."

Upon this interesting disclosure hinge the principal incidents. In the course of these are some admirable pleasantries; especially a horse-race, and the decription of Trimmerstone, in vol. i.; and the clerical prig, and a slight sketch of the dangle Tippetson, in vol. ii.

The Earl of Trimmerstone's portrait, after old Martindale's death is well drawn:

The Earl of Trimmerstone was depressed in spirits; it is indeed very natural that he should be. The life which he had led, the companions with whom he had associated, the disappointments which he had experienced, his foolish marriage, the disgraceful conduct of his silly countess, the taunts and reproaches of his opulent relative, the weariness and disgust that he felt in having nothing to do, and the annoyance of an empty title, which merely mocked him with the epithet of right honourable, all these things combined to render him almost disgusted with, and weary of life. His solitude was soon invaded by a visit from the Rev. Marmaduke Sprout, rector of Trimmerstone, who was rather fanatical in his theology, and finical in attire and address. He could presently render himself agreeable to any person of exalted rank by his very courteous and conciliating demeanour; and he possessed a peculiar softness and gentleness of manner, with which indeed the Earl of Trimmerstone would, in his past days of cock-fighting, horse-racing, and boxing, have been thoroughly disgusted. But his lordship was quite an altered man. Formerly, the lowest pursuits under the name of sport or fancy had been agreeable to his lordship; and

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every species of religious sentiment he had regarded with the profoundest contempt and the most unmingled abhorrence. But now he was sick, and weary of all these things! and because one extreme was purely offensive and wearisome, he took it for granted that the opposite must be truly delightful and highly consistent, and so under the tuition of Mr. Sprout, he changed and reversed all his habits, good, bad, and indifferent. From staking thousands at a horse-race, he turned up his eyes at the grievous abomination of half-crown whist; and, indeed, had he been disposed to card-playing, he could not have indulged himself at Trimmerstone, for Mr. Sprout had banished almost all card-playing from the place, so that there was not a pack of cards in the parish, except two or three mutilated well-thumbed packs of quadrille-cards, which were still used by a knot of antiquated spinsters worthy of the good old days of Sacheverel and High Church. Quadrille-cards will not do for whist, for all the eights, nines, and tens are thrown out. Formerly, Lord Trimmerstone used to be proud of giving some of his acquaintance a sumptuous dinner; but now he had changed all that, and he only kept one female cook, who could just manage to make a comfortable and snug little dish or two for his lordship's own self, occasionally assisted by the Rev. Mr. Sprout. Formerly, his lordship had been disposed to be lively, and oftentimes facetious; but now he was prodigiously grave, and almost sulky. Formerly, his lordship never went to church; now he went twice every Sunday, and said Amen as loud as the clerk, and with much more solemnity, for the clerk did not turn up his eyes for fear of losing the place. Formerly, his lordship had been very candid; now he had become exceedingly censorious, and he seemed to measure his religion by the severity with which he reproved transgressors. His lordship several times attempted to make all the inhabitants of Trimmerstone go to church twice every Sunday, except his own cook. But in this his lordship could not succeed, and indeed it was well for him that he could not; for if he had, the church would have been so crowded that he could not have enjoyed a great, large, lined, stuffed, padded, carpeted pew for himself.

In another portion of the MIRROR we have quoted half a dozen of the author's amenities just to show the reader that in depicting the follies of fashionable life, there is less fiddle-faddle—less *rank* than *talent*—and more sense than in many other chronicles of the ton.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MAXIMS OF JOHN BULLISM.

WHEN you travel in a stage-coach, make all the passengers, both inside and outside, fully acquainted with your name, business, and objects in travelling, before five minutes have elapsed. Among the rest, be sure you give them to think you are a man of property, and the personal friend of at least half-a-dozen nobles or members of parliament. If in trade, inform them you have something very handsome in the three per cents., and live on terms of perfect familiarity with the great Jew.

Honesty is the best and most profitable policy in the long run, but there are a thousand exceptions to this rule in private practice.

Do no charity by stealth; it is never repaid in this world to any advantage; do it openly, and there are chances of its returning cent per cent

You may keep a running horse, or two, though you are a magistrate sworn to put down gambling: you need not bet upon the race-course yourself. You may subscribe to Fishmongers' Hall, and go there without throwing the dice. You may share the profits of a *roulette* table, without venturing your luck. It is strange that vulgar understandings cannot discriminate in these matters!

When you have made up your mind finally to do any thing, ask the advice of your friend about it. The act of consultation will please him, and you will be none the worse.

Human happiness is more or less complete in a ratio with successful pecuniary accumulation.

If you enter a drawing-room before dinner a little time too early, and find yourself *vis-à-vis* with an unlucky visiter as forlorn as yourself, do not utter a word. The chances are, nine out of ten, he will not speak first, that is, if he be a true Briton. Stare at him as hard as you can.

If you meet a lady in society, old or young, married or single, who equals you in argument, or rises superior to the thousand and one automatons disgorged monthly from fashionable boarding-schools, report her a *bas bleu* to your male acquaintances, and warn her own sex to shun her.

When you meet an inferior in a public street, it is your duty to cut him, if any one who knows you is in sight. If you cannot escape a recognition, do it with as little parade as possible—a movement of the lips is sufficient—and walk on at a

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quick rate. Who knows but the Lord Mayor, or Mr. Alderman Blowbladder, may observe you?

A grain of impudence will fetch more in the market than twelve bushels of modesty.

In the scale of dignities two Cheapside chaises make one Stanhope; two Stanhopes a cab; two cabs a landaulet and pair; and so on up to the state-coach; and as their numerical relation, so is the degree of respect they may justly exact.

If you visit foreign parts, and meet a countryman who may be useful to you, do not hesitate to avail yourself of his services; but be sure never to acknowledge him should you meet in your native land, unless he receive some other introduction to you, and you have it on creditable evidence that he is a man of good property.

Never allow reason weight in any thing you have resolved to be right that is opposed to it. Reason may be useful in mathematics, to men of genius, and to scholars; but it has little to do with every-day existence, with the Three per Cents, the national revenue, the Stock Exchange, or the India House.

Never get acquainted with your next-door neighbour, unless you find he is in good pecuniary circumstances. If you meet on the highway, or touch elbows at your respective fore-doors, look at each other like two strange tom-cats, and pursue your way.

Commiserate the fate of a Thurtell, a Probert, or a Corder, sent (ripened for heaven in a forty-eight hours' probation by a Newgate chaplain) out of the world their hellish acts have so sullied; but sympathise not with a Riego or a Canaris. Heroic vice was always spiriting; heroic virtue is phlegmatic. John Bull's constitution is only acted upon by strong excitement.

When you dine with the Lord Mayor, or any of the Aldermen of Brobdignag, and they attempt to exhibit their skill at repartee, be sure decide the wealthiest to be the wittiest. It will insure you a good dinner another time, perhaps something more.

In choosing a wife, prefer even Bristol ugliness to beauty, especially if there be a fortune. Beauty will change, intellect may be too much for you, but ugliness will be true to you as to itself; besides its advantage of preserving you from the effects of conjugal frailty.

A judge's wig is a Delphic mystery, whether brains be in it or not. It is a symbol of sublunary wisdom—an umbrella over an oracle.

When you dine at a public dinner, always take your seat opposite a favourite dish. Carve it yourself, and select the choicest bits, then leave it to your right-hand neighbour to help the rest of the company.

Always stick your napkin in your button-hole at the dinner table, if you admit such French superfluities at all. Eat with the sharp edge of your knife towards your mouth; forks won't take up gravy. Never wipe your lips when you take wine with a lady, and fill both her glass and your own until daylight is not visible through the crystal.

When Mrs. Bull is obstreperous, go to the coffee-house and call for your glass. It is an excellent cure for her complaint, and you will get the latest news retailed in the most engaging manner, with the pleasure of knowing she is biting her lips at home in vexation.

Never hold any intercourse with people of whom the world speaks ill. 'Tis true they may be, and generally are, among the very best of mankind, but as they are not reputed to be so, what is that to you?

Some persons cant about the wickedness of the times: believe them not; this is the most saintly of ages, the most pure of generations, considering its temptations.

Vice at the east and west end of town, is different only in form; in substance it comes to the same thing, and in quality is equal to a grain.

Never leave a dispute to be settled by arbitration; if you are rich, always appeal to law, especially if your opponent be poor. The lawyers will manage for you long before the case gets up to the Lords, and perhaps secure your rival *in banco regis* for expenses. In an arbitration, the case may be decided against you in a twinkling. It is a capital thing that justice and a long purse are sworn brothers; besides, moneyed men should have some advantage in society.

So little is the value of an oath understood by any but the Bull family, that none but the postboys and the vulgar use oaths in foreign nations, America excepted; but that country being a chip of the old block, already rivals honest John: outdo him she must not.

Lard your butter, wet your tobacco, pipe-clay your flour, sand your sugar, aloe-leaf your tea, coal-ash your pepper, deteriorate your drugs, water your liquors, alloy your gold and silver, plunder your lodgers, and, while none know it, who is the worse! Then to church, and thank God you are not as other men.

Live and talk as if you were to live for ever. If you have accumulated tens

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of thousands, try and make them hundreds of thousands. Why should you retire and make way for the industry of others, while you are able to treasure up more.

Give credit, take credit, live upon credit; if you are wealthy, your own money will be gathering interest at the same time. If you are poor, you have no other means to live by.

In matters of business, let there be no favour. If you are dealing with your own father, give nothing to him. Screw the uttermost farthing, and, if need, sell him.

Give only to receive

Men of genius are fools; the truly great men know how to make money, and money is power—the power of making more money. Your men of genius are at best but harlequins with empty pockets.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE OPERA.

SWIFT, in his Journal to Stella, speaking of the Opera says, "In half an hour I was tired of their *fine stuff*."

FAUSTINA and CUZZONI, two celebrated opera singers, were such bitter rivals, that neither of them would sing in the same room with the other.

CATS.

FOUR learned cats are now exhibiting in Regent-street; but as we have not yet left our card with their feline excellencies, we cannot wink at their perfections.

SHERWOOD AND ROBIN HOOD.

THE officers of Sherwood Forest, famous for having been the head-quarters of Robin Hood in the 16th century, were a warden, his lieutenant and steward, a bow-bearer, and a ranger, four verderers, twelve regarders, four agisters, and twelve keepers or foresters, all under a chief forester; besides these there were several woodwards for every township within the forest, and one for every principal wood.

HALBERT H.

THE late Duke of Norfolk passing down Piccadilly with Sheridan, as a gigantic wooden Highlander was just then fixing at the door of a tobacconist, asked, what was the reason of this usual location. "Ay, ay, I see it now," said the duke, "it is as much as to say, bargains here, a man may get the most for his farthing." "No," said Sheridan, "it seems quite the contrary, for if the Scotchman could have driven any thing in the way of bargain, he would have gone in.

A MRS. TOMLINSON is mentioned in the papers as having, lately died, worth thirty thousand pounds, chiefly amassed by habits of extreme penury. She had, before this accumulation, separated from her husband, to whom she handsomely allowed five shillings a-week. This was observed to realize the often-repeated saying of Solomon—"A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband."

SUGAR MADE FROM RAGS.

THE compiler of a Catechism of Chemistry up to the latest date, says, "It is a remarkable fact, that a pound of rags may be converted into more than a pound of sugar, merely by the action of sulphuric acid. When shreds of linen are triturated (stirred) in a glass mortar with sulphuric acid, they yield a gummy matter on evaporation; and if this matter be boiled for some time with dilute sulphuric acid, we obtain a crystallizable sugar."—Now is the time to look up all your old rags, &c.

A CHORAL society, consisting of 160 members, has just been established at Breslau, for the cultivation of ancient music.

JOHN OF GAUNT

THERE is a curious tradition respecting the estate of Sutton Park, (the seat of Sir J. Burgoyne,) near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, which states it formerly belonged to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who gave it to an ancestor of the present proprietor, named Roger Burgoyne, by the following laconic grant:-

I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and do grant
To Roger Burgoyne,
And the heirs of his loin,
Both Sutton and Potton,
Until the world's rotten.

There is also a moated site in the park, called "John of Gaunt's Castle."

J. H.

A neighbouring village.

LASTING BEAUTY.

LORD AILESBURY and Lady Strafford preserved their beauty so long, that Horace Walpole called them *Huckaback beauties*, that never wear out.

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The Mirror

OF

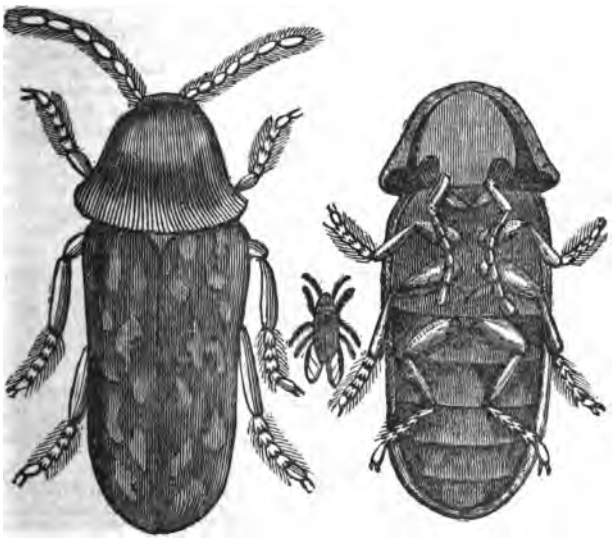
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 361.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

The Naturalist.

THE TALIPOT TREE.

THE GLOWWORM.



THE DEATHWATCH MAGNIFIED.

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The Naturalist.

See the Engravings.

A DELIGHTFUL volume, of title almost synonymous with this division of the MIRROR, has just been published. It is entitled *The Journal of a Naturalist*,* with the very appropriate motto of

—— Plants, trees, and stones, we note,
Birds, insects, beasts, and many rural things.

The author in his preface, says, "Many years have now passed away since we were presented with that very interesting and amusing book, the "Natural History of Selborne; nor do I recollect any publication at all resembling it having since appeared."† He then acknowledges the impression which this book left on his mind; and its having given rise to the present work, to which, in our humble opinion, it is a worthy companion.

Our "Naturalist" resides in a village upon a very ancient road, connecting Bristol and Gloucester, in a limestone district, numbering among its picturesque beauties, the broad estuary of the Severn, the mountains of Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Brecon, and their peaceful vales and cheerful cottages; Thornbury, with its fine cathedral-like church and castle, the red cliffs of the Severn, and numberless antiquities of our ancestors—as roads, encampments, aggera, watch-hills, coins, lances, and other relics of those warlike times. Labour and healthful enjoyment reign in this district: for it is neither torn up for its mineral wealth, nor are its natural beauties annihilated, or the habits of its population corrupted by speculation or avarice. A portrait of "a worthy peasant," introduced by our author, reminds us of

——A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A passage quoted by the late Mr. Canning, in one of his finest speeches; and we often contrast this vigorous outline of the people of "merry England" with her artificial state of after times. Next are a page or two of agricultural chemistry (*analysis of soils*) unfettered with technicals; double the space of what may strictly be called rural economy, (*grass lands*) succeed; next the culture and history of the potato, and some new observations on "*the Teazle.*"

Several pages on *trees* possess great interest, as do those on *flowers.*

We regret we have room but for a few heads—the *maple*—the *Naturalist's Autumnal Walk*—the *Economy of Animals*, especially of *Birds:* we must pass them over to elucidate our engraving of

THE GLOWWORM.

THAT pretty sparkler of our summer evenings, so often made the ploughboy's prize, the only brilliant that glitters in the rustic's hat, the glowworm, (*lampyris noctiluca,*) is not found in such numbers with us, as in many other places, where these signal tapers glimmer upon every grassy bank; yet, in some seasons, we have a reasonable sprinkling of them. Every body probably knows, that the male glowworm is a winged, erratic animal, yet may not have seen him. He has ever been a scarce creature to me, meeting perhaps with one or two in a year; and, when found, always a subject of admiration. Most creatures have their eyes so placed, as to be enabled to see about them; or, as Hook says of the house-fly, to be "circumspect animals;" but this male glowworm has a contrivance, by which any upward or side vision is prevented. Viewed when at rest, no portion of his eyes is visible, but the head is margined with a horny band, or plate, being a character of one of the genera of the order *coleoptera*, under which the eyes are situate. This prevents all upward vision; and blinds, or winkers, are so fixed at the sides of his eyes, as greatly to impede the view of all lateral objects. *See Figures.* The chief end of this creature in his nightly peregrinations is to seek his mate, always beneath him on the earth; and hence this apparatus appears designed to facilitate his search, confining his view entirely to what is before or below him. The first serves to direct his flight, the other presents the object of his pursuit: and as we commonly, and with advantage, place our hand over the brow, to obstruct the rays of light falling from above, which enables us to see clearer an

* We are pleased therefore to commence our Supplementary Sheet with such a volume as the present, which we have reserved for this purpose. The feelings which it must engender in the reader will be doubly grateful in these troublous times of strong political excitement: they enjoin "peace on earth, and goodwill towards men," the Divine antidote to the storms of conflicting interests and passions, and the balm which heals the thorny wounds of the world, that cross every path and tear the finest sympathies of our nature. It adds, moreover, a pleasant variety to the contents of our sheet, and alternates with the vicissitudes of enterprise, in the progress of infant liberty in the New World, as in the Memoirs of the patriot *Miller*;—the daring and recklessness of crime, as in the vivid sketch of *First and Last*;—the picturesque country and ceremonies of Arabia and its religious people, as drawn by *Burckhardt*;—and the architectural embellishment of the Metropolis, as shown in *Britton's Picture of London.*

† In the MIRROR, dated March 1, 1828, we noticed "Gilbert White's Natural History of Selborne, is one of the most delightful household books in our language, and we are surprised at the rarity of such works." The publication of the *Journal of a Naturalist*, early in March, 1829, is "a coincidence."

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object on the ground, so must the projecting hood of this creature converge the visual rays to a point beneath.

Glowworms emit light only for a short period in the year; and I have but partially observed it after the middle of July. I have collected many of these pretty creatures on a bank before my house, into which they retire during the winter, to shine out again when revived by the summer's warmth; but in this latter season I have frequently missed certain of my little protegés, and have reason to apprehend, that they formed the banquet of a toad, that frequented the same situation.

Observing above, that the glowworm does not emit light after the 14th of July, I mean thereby that clear, steady light, which has rendered this creature so remarkable to all persons; for I have repeatedly noticed, deep in the herbage, a faint evanescent light proceeding from these creatures, even as late as August and September. This was particularly manifested September the 28th, 1826. The evening was warm and dewy, and we observed on the house-bank multitudes of these small evanescent sparks in the grass. The light displayed was very different from that which they exhibit in warm summer months. Instead of the permanent green glow, that illumines all the blades of the surrounding herbage, it was a pale transient spot, visible for a moment or two, and then so speedily hidden, that we were obliged, in order to capture the creature, to employ the light of a candle. The number of them, and their actions, creeping away from our sight, contrary to that half lifeless dulness observed in summer, suggested the idea, that the whole body had availed themselves of this warm, moist evening, to migrate to their winter station. A single spark or so was to be seen some evenings after this, but no such large moving parties were discovered again. If we conclude, that the summer light of the glowworm is displayed as a signal taper, the appearance of this autumnal light can have no such object in view, nor can we rationally assign any use of it to the creature itself, unless, indeed, it serves as a point of union in these supposed migrations, like the leading call in the flight of night-moving birds. The activity and numbers of these insects, in the above-mentioned evening, enabled me to observe the frequent presence and disappearance of the light of an individual, which did not seem to be the result of will, but produced by situation. During the time the insect crawled along the ground, or upon the fine grass, the glow was hidden; but on its mounting any little blade, or sprig of moss, it turned round and presented the luminous caudal spot, which, on its falling or regaining its level, was hidden again.

A summary of the peculiarities of the year 1825, very appropriately concludes the volume, from which we may be tempted to make future extracts.

THE TALIPOT TREE,

THE first of our Engravings is a species of palm, a native of Ceylon, and is one of the most magnificent wonders of the vegetable kingdom. The leaf is circular, terminating in the most beautiful rays, and folding up into plaits like a fan, which, in figure, it nearly resembles.

This leaf is used in the maritime provinces of Ceylon as a mark of distinction, each person being allowed to have a certain number of these leaves, folded up as fans, carried with him by his servants; and also in the Kandian country, in the shape of a round, flat umbrella on a long stick. The talipot leaves are likewise used by the common people to shelter themselves from the rain, *one leaf affording sufficient shelter for seven or eight persons.* It is also used in making tents. In 1818, Sir Alexander Johnston gave to Sir Joseph Banks a very fine specimen of a tent made of their leaves, large enough to hold a party of ten persons at table.

All the books of importance in Pali and Cingalese, relative to the religion of Buddhoo, in Ceylon, are written on laminæ of these leaves, with either a brass or an iron style. There are some of these books in Sir A. Johnston's collections, which are supposed to be from 500 to 600 years old, and which are still very perfect. In the museum of the Asiatic Society, there is a complete copy of the Pali book, called the *Pansyapanas Jatakah*, written on 1,172 laminæ of the finest description of this sort of palm leaf. Large as the dimensions of the talipot leaf may appear, it is exceeded in size by the *trooli* of Surinam, which extends on the ground, and has frequently been known to attain the width of three feet, and the length of thirty

Our Engraving is copied from the *Gardener's Magazine*, where it is reduced from the Transactions of the Asiatic Society.

THE DEATHWATCH MAGNIFIED.

ALTHOUGH the present may be a late hour to dissipate the faith placed in signs and tokens, we are persuaded that a more intimate knowledge of this insect will not prove uninteresting to our readers.*

* Philosophers and wits have written on this subject. Sir Thomas Brown, who wrote a book

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The name *death watch* was evidently derived from the importance attached to the beatings of the insect, which, by superstitious people, were formerly supposed to prognosticate death to some one of the family in whose house it was heard. The natural size of the insect is about a quarter of an inch in length, of a dark brown colour, spotted, with transparent wings under the *vagina*, or sheath, a large cap or helmet on the head, and two *antennæ*, or feelers, from beneath the eyes.

It is chiefly in the advanced period of spring that these insects commence their noise; and which is the call or signal by which they are mutually attracted to each other, and may be considered as analogous to the call of birds. This noise does not arise from their voice, but from the insect beating on hard substances, with the shield or fore part of its head. The general number of successive distinct strokes is from 7 to 9 or 11. These are given in pretty quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals; and in old houses, where the insects are numerous, they may be heard, if the weather be warm, almost every hour in the day. The noise exactly resembles that made by beating moderately hard with the finger on a table. Mr. Stackhouse carefully observed its manner of beating. He says, the insect raises itself upon its hinder legs, and with the body somewhat inclined, beats its head with great force and agility against the place on which it stands.

This insect, which is the *real death-watch* of the vulgar, must not be confounded with another minuter insect, which makes a ticking noise like a watch; but instead of beating at intervals, it continues its noise for a considerable time without intermission. This latter belongs to a very different tribe. It is usually found in old wood, decayed furniture, neglected books, &c.; and both the male and the female have the power of making this ticking noise, in order to attract each other. The Rev. Mr. Derham seems to have been the first naturalist who examined and described this species; and he says that during the month of July, in one particular summer, they scarcely ever ceased to beat either in day or night. The eggs are generally hatched about the beginning of March: many of them live through the winter; but during that time, to avoid the frost, they bury themselves deep in dust.

Mr. T. Carpenter (of whose paper in *Gill's Repository* we have already availed ourselves) tells us that these insects are excellent anatomists: in order to render them useful in making some delicate dissections for his microscope, Mr. Carpenter placed a few of the insects within a pill-box, with the heads of three dead flies. He found some time afterwards, that they had cleared the interior of some of the eyes completely from all the blood-vessels, leaving the lenses in the cornea beautifully transparent.

of *Vulgar Errors*, remarks with great seriousness, that the man "who could eradicate this error from the minds of the people, might prevent the fearful passions of the heart, and many cold sweats taking place in grandmothers and nurses."—Swift lets fly the shafts of satire in these lines.—

A woodworm
That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form;
With teeth, or with claws, it will bite, or will scratch:
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because, like a watch, it always cries click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick;
For sure as a gun they will give up the ghost
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post.

Gay, too, in a *pastoral dirge*, says,

The wether's bell,
Before the drooping flock, toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn deathwatch click'd the hour she died.

BIRDS' NESTS.

THE structure of the nests of birds affords, perhaps, one of the most agreeable lessons in Natural History.

Among the most curious nests of our *English* birds may be named that of the *Wren*, the *long-tailed Titmouse*, the *Thrush*, the *Goldfinch*, the *Chaffinch*, the *Magpie*, and the *House Sparrow;* to these may also be added the *Swallow's*, the *Martin's*, the *Wood Pigeon's*, and the *Wood-Pecker's*. Of the nests of *Rooks*, it may be sufficient to observe, that they are often found to the number of six, or even more in a cluster. *Crows'* nests are always solitary; they are similar in structure to those of the rook.

Among the nests of Foreign birds, that of the *Taylor Bird* deserves especial mention; the bird itself is a diminutive one, being little more than three inches long; it is an inhabitant of India. The nest is sometimes constructed of two leaves, one of them dead; the latter is fixed to the living one as it hangs upon the tree, by sewing both together in the manner of a pouch or purse; it is open at the top, and the cavity is filled with fine down; and, being suspended from the branch, the birds are secure from the depredations of snakes and monkeys, to which they might otherwise fall a prey.

In Dr. Latham's collection is a specimen of the taylor bird's nest, composed of a single large leaf, of a fibrous rough texture, about six inches long independent of the stalk, five inches and a half in breadth, and ending in a point. The

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sides of this leaf are drawn together so as to meet within three-quarters of an inch; within is the nest, about four inches deep and two broad, opening at the top; the bottom of the leaf is drawn upwards, to assist in the support of it. The interior nest is composed of white down, with here and there a feather and a small portion of white down intermixed.

Another nest of this bird has also been described as composed of several leaves, like those of some kind of hazel sewed together; the inner nest formed of dry bents, fibres, and hairs, suspended from a tree. It is, therefore, probable that this bird, as well as some others, varies the structure of its nest as occasion and the materials may require. These singular works are performed by the bird's using his bill instead of a needle, and vegetable fibres for thread.

The *Rufous Bee-eater*, or *Merops Rufus*, constructs also a very singular nest. This bird is a native of Buenos Ayres; the nest is built generally on the naked great branch of a tree, sometimes on the windows of houses, a fence, or a projecting beam of a high house or other building; it is composed of earth, in the form of a baker's oven, and is often built in the short space of two days, both birds being engaged in its construction; it is six inches in diameter, and one thick; a division is within, beginning at the entrance, and carried circularly, so that the eggs are deposited in the inner chamber, on a bed of grass. The swallow and other birds often attempt to obtain possession of this nest, but are generally repulsed by the owners.

Many of the *Orioles'* nests are also deserving notice. The *black and yellow Oriole*, inhabiting South America, has a pendent nest, shaped like an alembic; it is affixed to the extreme branches of trees; sometimes, it is said, so many as four hundred nests are found hanging on the same tree.

The *Philippine* and *Pensile Grosbeak* make also very curious nests.

In concluding this account of the nests of birds, I may notice here the nest of the *Hirundo esculenta*, or *Esculent Swallow*, an inhabitant of China and the Islands of the Indian Ocean. The nest consists of a gelatinous substance, in shape resembling an apple cut down the middle. The nests are found in great numbers together, and are by the luxurious Asiatics made into broths, and otherwise cooked, and are esteemed one of the greatest dainties of the table; they are also occasionally used for glue. —*Jennings's Ornithologia.*

Fine Arts.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

Abridged from the "Introduction" to Britton's Picture of London, 26th edition, just published.

THE year 1825 will ever be memorable in the annals of the metropolis; for more novel improvements, changes, and events occurred in that one year than during any other corresponding period. *Schemes* for the formation of new *Companies*—the vast speculations arising out of them, tending to the aggrandizement of a few persons, and to the ruin of others, with the utilities of some, and the futilities and impositions of many,—may also be said to belong to this year.

Let us, however, take a brief review of the real improvements and useful novelties that have been progressing, or have commenced in London since that singular and eventful era. Commencing at the court, or west end, we will take an imaginary tour to the east, adverting to such new buildings as are calculated to arrest the attention of the stranger in our progress. Without remarking on the general improvements of the age, we shall find enough to engross our attention in the particular objects before us. The most noted, or conspicuous of these are: —1. The New Palace, with the adjoining Park and Gardens. 2. A Terrace, Street, and Public Buildings on the site of Carlton House. 3. Belgrave Square, and the adjoining Squares and Streets. 4. The Entrance Lodges and Bridge in Hyde Park, with the improvements in the Roads and Walks of the same. 5. The Regent's Park, with its Terraces, Villas, Public Buildings, Zoological Gardens, and Colosseum. 6. The London University. 7. The British Museum. 8. The Post Office. 9. London Bridge, and its Vicinity. 10. St. Katherine's Docks. 11. The New Buildings and Alterations connected with the Houses of Parliament, the Ministerial Offices, and others, at Charing Cross. All these rank among the novelties and embellished features of London; and whilst the design and execution of so many public works manifest the increasing taste, or luxury of the age, they employ and give encouragement to numerous artists, artisans, and tradesmen.

Of *the Royal Palace*, suffice it to remark, in this place, that it is a large pile of building,—has been carried on with great rapidity of execution,—its whole exterior is stone, many parts of which are

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adorned with sculptured statues, basso-relievo, and other ornaments,—that a highly-decorated triumphal arch, composed of fine white marble, is to be raised, at a short distance from the centre of the principal front—and that the interior is to be splendidly adorned with marble, scagliola, and other rich materials; whilst the galleries, armoury, chapel, state-rooms, &c. are to display the most gorgeous ornaments of the cabinet-maker, upholsterer, decorative painter, and other artisans.

The Park, in front of this palace, which had continued for nearly a century in one state of formal, tasteless insipidity, has been laid out as a large pleasure-garden, interspersed with lawn, clusters of shrubs and flowers, winding walks, varied surface, and a lake, whose margin is made to wind with every inequality of surface, spreading occasionally into a broad expanse, and then contracting to a narrow arm. In the midst of the larger spaces are islands, covered with aquatic trees and shrubs

The Gardens, or *Pleasure Grounds*, belonging to the Palace, partake of the same character; but are adorned with shrubs, plants, and flowers of a more choice description. A large piece of water is likewise formed in the midst of these Gardens.

Belgrave Square, and Vicinity. Immediately to the west of the boundary-wall of the royal gardens is a tract of ground, which, in 1824, was open fields, intersected by mud-banks, and partly occupied by a few sheds, and inhabited by the lowest characters of society. In 1829, the same land, consisting of about 140 acres, is nearly covered with houses of the largest size, surrounding spacious squares, or skirting wide and handsome streets. Of all the extraordinary works carried into effect by London gentlemen and tradesmen, we may fairly adduce this as a pre-eminent example. In the space of about four years, the houses surrounding one large square, called Belgrave, have been erected, some of them finished and occupied, and several others, of nearly equal dimensions and value, completed.

The most prominent feature of this district is *Belgrave Square*, which includes within the front walls of the houses an area of about ten acres, the centre of which, enclosed by lofty and handsome railing, is laid out as a pleasure garden. The whole of the houses are large, lofty, and spacious, with stuccoed fronts, porches, balustraded balconies; and those in the centre of each side are decorated with columns, or three-quarter columns, vases on the parapet, &c.

Of *Eaton Square*, one portion only is built at present: as laid out, planted, and railed in, it is intended to occupy an area of about fourteen acres, and will be bounded by four rows of houses on the north side, and the like number on the south side, having the king's private road extending east and west through the centre. It measures 600 yards long by 120 yards wide, between the houses. At the eastern extremity is a new church, built from the designs of Henry Hakewill, Esq

To the north of this district, at Hyde Park Corner, is a large new edifice appropriated to *St. George's Hospital*. It is a commodious and handsome building, from the designs of R. Smirke, Esq. Near it, and forming an entrance lodge to the Palace Gardens, is a bold, large, and highly-decorated archway, built from the designs of Decimus Burton, Esq. Opposite is a screen of columns, with three entrance archways, a lodge, &c. constituting an architectural entrance to Hyde Park. Three other lodges, with gates, by Mr. Burton, form so many other entrances to the Park from the east and north.—*Apsley House*, the town mansion of the Duke of Wellington, at the south-east angle of Hyde Park, is rebuilding from the designs of Messrs. B. and C. Wyatt, and will form a handsome object at this entrance to the metropolis.

The Earl of Grosvenor has set a most laudable example to our opulent nobility, in the new wing to his mansion in Grosvenor Street, as a gallery for his valuable pictures. It is a handsome and imposing design, and does honour to the architect, Mr. Cundy.

The new *Club Houses* in St. James's Street, especially that near the southern end, present imposing fronts; and it may be added, that most of the other Club Houses have contributed very much to adorn their respective situations, and to impart a strictly architectural character to our street buildings.

The site of Carlton House, and its gardens, is occupied by a wide street, by a lofty terrace overlooking the Park, by club houses, &c. Two of the latter terminate Waterloo Place, and are appropriated to "*the United Service*," and "*the Athenæum*;" the first built from the designs of Mr. Nash, and the latter from those of Mr. D. Burton.

From Charing Cross to Exeter 'Change an amazing improvement has commenced. All the houses on the north side of the Strand are taking down, and others raising, farther back, by which the street will be much widened, and the new buildings will assume better faces, if not better accommodation, for the tradesmen

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who occupy them. That museum of sheds, stalls, and filth, *Covent Garden*, is also to be cleared and cleansed, and respectable ranges of shops and warerooms are to be erected.

It is now confidently said, that "*the King's College of London*" is to be attached to the eastern side of Somerset House; and that Mr. Smirke is commissioned to make a design for the building.

In the *Regent's Park* a new Terrace and other buildings, are in progress; the great Colosseum is nearly finished, and the *Zoological Gardens* have excited unusual popularity. No less than 130,000 visiters have been admitted to view the gardens and the vivarium within the year 1828.

On the east side of the Park is a mass of buildings appropriated to *St. Katherine's Hospital*, consisting of a chapel in the centre, with a group of dwellings on each side, and a detached mansion for the master. South of this is a series of buildings, called *Cumberland Terrace*, raised from the designs of Mr. Nash, which is abundantly adorned with columns, arches, statues, and basso-relievo.

The *Colosseum*, in the same Park, is a building of great dimensions, and novel appropriation, and therefore calculated to excite very popular attention. Near this is the *Diorama*, an edifice of singular construction, destined for the public display of two pictures. A new line of communication from this Park to Pall Mall has been completed within the last few years, by a wide and handsome road called *Regent Street*.

London University.—The situation of the first University founded in this immense city is most peculiarly favourable, being equally removed from the busy and confined part of the metropolis, and from the fashionable and idle; whilst it is not inconveniently remote from either extremity. The building was commenced on the 30th of April, 1827, when the Duke of Sussex laid the first stone, in the presence of a large concourse of noblemen and gentlemen. The design is by William Wilkins, Esq., R. A., who has evinced in the principal elevation and general character of the edifice considerable taste and science. When completed, it is intended to consist of a central part, and two wings projecting at right angles from the extremities of the former. The first portion only of this is at present finished. It extends from north to south 430 feet, with a depth, from east to west, including the two semicircular theatres, of about 200 feet. The elevation is at once classical and chaste, having a bold and rich portico in the centre, elevated on a plinth, to the height of the first story (19 feet,) and is approached by numerous steps, which are arranged to produce a fine effect. Twelve Corinthian columns support a flattened pediment, in the tympanum of which is to be a composition in basso-relievo, analogous to science and literature. Behind this pediment is a cupola, finished by a lantern light, in imitation of a peripteral temple, crowning and ornamenting a grand octagonal vestibule, or saloon. North of this is the museum of natural history, 118 feet by 50, and 23 feet in height, opening to the museum of anatomy, which latter communicates with two rooms for professors, and to one of the large theatres, or lecture-rooms. East of the vestibule is a large hall, and to the south is the great library, corresponding in size, &c. with the museum of natural history; the small library; rooms for the librarian, for apparatus, and also another large theatre. The ground-floor consists of rooms for lectures, the Professor's offices, laboratory, museum, a spacious cloister 213 feet by 24; rooms for the anatomical school, &c. In the basement are other apartments for the anatomical schools, for the chemical laboratory, the students' common room, kitchen, stewards' room, refreshment rooms, housekeeper's room, vaults, &c.

At the *British Museum* a new room, to contain the late king's library, has been built and fitted up from the designs of Mr. R. Smirke. It is the largest apartment in this country, its measurement being 300 feet in length, by 30 feet in width, and 30 feet high.

The *St. Katherine's Docks*, recently formed near the Tower, will increase this species of accommodation, and be a great improvement to a district where reform and alteration are much required. By a statement published by the Committee in October, 1828, it appears that "the first stone was laid 3rd of May, 1827, and that a grand ceremony was exhibited on the 25th of October, 1828, of opening the Docks. On that occasion, nine vessels, of from 516 to 343 tons burden, entered the docks to load and discharge their freights. Above 1,200 houses, warehouses, &c. were purchased and taken down, to make room for the new works. Accommodation is provided for the stowage of 210,000 tons of merchandize; and, from the improved construction of the warehouses, these goods will be always housed under cover. The fixed capital for completing this great commercial undertaking is 1,352,752*l.*

A Collier Dock, on a large scale, has been projected to be excavated and formed in the Isle of Dogs, near Blackwall

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for which Mr. George Rennie has made plans and estimates.

The *New London Bridge*, now nearly completed, is a work of great magnitude, science, and novelty. Its erection, in our times, and following the recent finishing of the bridges of Waterloo and Southwark, is a memorable event in the annals of London.

The projected *Tunnel under the Thames* is not only a novel object in this part of London, but, should it ever be accomplished, it will be a wonderful triumph of human talents over seeming impossibilities.

Although so many useful and even important improvements have been recently effected in the metropolis, there are yet many things left undone that ought to be done, and others proceeding in a manner that will neither be creditable nor beneficial. The widening and opening of *New Streets* from Pall Mall to the British Museum; from that national repository to Waterloo Bridge, skirting the two theatres;—from the Strand to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and thence to Holborn; and again to Covent Garden;—from Charing Cross to Somerset House;—from Oxford Road to Bloomsbury Square and Holborn;—from Blackfriars' Bridge to Clerkenwell, removing and clearing away that nuisance in a public thoroughfare, Fleet Market;—from Moorfields to the Bank, and thence obliquely to Southwark Bridge;—widening and opening the area around St. Paul's Cathedral,—are all calculated to be very beneficial to the public. Other essential alterations are still required; and the legislature, as well as all public-spirited individuals, should co-operate to promote them. The formation of open, respectable quays, terraces, and streets, on the banks of our fine river, is an event greatly to be desired.

The vastly-increasing population of London, has occasioned a great augmentation of *Churches* and *Chapels*, both for congregations of the establishment, and for dissenters. In consequence of urgent, and argumentative appeals by some truly pious and benevolent Christians, the legislature has granted a large sum for the purpose of aiding parochial committees, to build new churches or enlarge their old ones.

The *New Post Office*, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, is fast approaching conclusion, and will constitute one of the most imposing public buildings of the city. Preparatory to the re-erection of the whole of the *Blue Coat School*, or *Christ's Hospital*, in Newgate Street, a spacious and handsome Hall has been erected, from the designs of Mr. Shaw.

A *new Chapel*, of novel design, being of an amphitheatrical form, has been recently completed, from the designs of *W. Brooks*, architect. It is seated near the Catholic Chapel, in Finsbury Circus.

The Sketch-Book.

THE FIRST AND LAST CRIME.

[*Blackwood's Magazine* for the current month contains a sketchy article under this title, which displays much of the breadth and vigour of one of Maga's contributors. Our extract is in the form of the confession of a reckless, daring spirit, who being imprisoned for murder, commits suicide. The early developement of his bad passions is admirably drawn, and altogether this is one of the most powerfully written papers that we have lately met with.]

I WAS the youngest child of three; but before I had attained my tenth year, I was an only one. I had always been the favourite of both my parents, and now I was their idol. They hung upon my existence, as a shipwrecked mariner clings to the last floating fragment of the gallant bark that bore him; they lived, but while they held by me, in the rough tossings of the ocean of life. I was not slow to discover my value in their estimation, or to exercise, in its fullest extent, the capricious tyranny of conscious power. Almost the earliest impression which my ripening mind received, was a regal immunity from error—I could *do no wrong*.

My education was not neglected. Alas! the only use I have ever made of what I acquired, has been to gild my vices when acted, or refine upon the manner of acting them while in contemplation. I look back, at this moment, to the period of my life I am describing, as prosperous men recall the day-spring of their fortunes. *They*, from the proud eminence on which they stand, trace, step by step, in retrospective view, the paths by which they ascended; and *I*, looking through the dark vista of my by-gone years, behold the fatal series of crimes and follies that stained their progress, stretching to my boyhood. The gay and frolic *irregularities*, as they were gently termed, of that untamed age, were the turbid source of the waters of misery in which I am now engulphed. I was a lawless planet, running at will; and the orbit I described laid waste more than one fair region of peace and happiness.

My father had a brother, his elder by

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many years; a man of stern and rigid character, as I then considered him; but, as I would now call him, of upright, firm, and honourable principle. He loved my father, but did not love his weakness; and the display of it, in his indulgence towards me, was the cause of many a serious, if not sometimes angry, debate between them. Well do I remember (for it rankled like poison in my swelling heart) a declaration he once made in my presence. It was a fine autumnal evening, and he was seated with my father and mother in a balcony, which opened from the library-window upon a spacious lawn. I entered the room, and advanced towards them, unconscious, of course, that their conversation had been about me; but my uncle looking at me with a severe expression of countenance, and at the same time addressing his brother, exclaimed, "Well, James, neither you nor I may live to see it; but if the grace of God, or his own better reflection, as he grows older, do not work a change in this young squire, a duel, Jack Ketch, or a razor, will work his exit some day or other."

My father smiled—I saw my mother wipe away a tear—at that moment I could have struck my uncle dead. I muttered a few words—I knew not what, and left the room. Boy as I was, (for I had barely completed my seventeenth year,) I felt all the vindictive passions of manhood kindling within me. It seemed as if a sentence had been passed upon me, the more terrible, because a secret voice whispered to me, it was prophetic! *That impression never forsook me!*

I questioned my father haughtily, a few days afterwards, as to the reasons of his brother for thus speaking of me; and I even dared to insinuate, that, had he felt what a father should, he would have resented the indignity. He answered me (I write it with shame and contrition) most mildly, most affectionately. The gentle being—I see him now, as he tenderly took my hand—apologized to me—to me! who ought to have stood trembling in *his* presence! I followed up my blow. With cold, but subtle malignity. I played off my revenge towards my uncle, through the idolatry of my father's love towards myself. I barbarously gave him a choice of misery; for I disdainfully replied, that he must henceforth determine, whether he would lose a brother or a son, as *I* had determined to remain no longer under his roof, unless I had the assurance that I should never again see my uncle there. He looked at me. My God! what a look it was! so full of meek sorrow and appalling obedience! Without uttering a word, he sat down to his writing-table. The tears fell upon his paper; but they did not blot out a few bitter words addressed to his brother, which severed for ever in this world two noble hearts; cast, indeed, in different moulds, but which kindred blood had cemented, in the close bonds of fraternal love, for more than forty years.

This was my *first* revenge. But was I satisfied? No!

It was only a few months afterwards, that chance threw in my way a daughter of my uncle's. I met her at the house of a common friend, who knew and deplored the unhappy schism which prevailed between the two brothers. He was equally attached to both, and I believe pleased himself with the idea, that an occasional intercourse between the younger branches of the families, might, some day or other, bring about a reconciliation between the heads. My cousin Harriet was a year older than myself. She was in her nineteenth, I in my eighteenth year. I loved her. Yes; the *first* feeling that glowed within my bosom was that of love. She was beautiful—fascinating—accomplished—amiable—and I loved her. It was not long before I was satisfied I had kindled a reciprocal passion in her breast. The mute eloquence of her look and manner was only the harbinger of that same thrilling eloquence, which fell from her tongue when I won the declaration of her affection.

Her father knew we met at this friend's house; but whether he was told, or whether he penetrated, the secret of our attachment, I never learned. I only know, that, at the very moment when separation was madness, his mandate went forth, prohibiting all farther intercourse between us, and that it was obeyed. Not by me; for I was incapable of submission: but by my gentle Harriet, who thought *herself* incapable of disobeying. We met no more where we had been wont to meet; and my young heart's spring of happiness seemed for ever withered.

But here again, I began to reflect, my path was crossed—my hopes were blighted—by my uncle. I heard, too, that his tongue had been free with my name; that the blistering censure of his austere virtue had fallen upon my actions. I writhed under the contumely. My wounded spirit was insatiate for vengeance. I meditated, deeply, how I could inflict it, so as to strike the blow where he was most vulnerable. I did not brood long over my dark purpose. The love I still bore his daughter, was *now* mingled with the hatred I bore towards himself,

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and I exulted in the thought, that I should perhaps be able to gratify, at one and the same moment, two of the fiercest passions of my nature—lust and revenge!

I SUCCEEDED!

In these two words let me shroud a tale of horror. Harriet was my victim! Ask not how. *I* triumphed! *She* fell! An angel might have fallen as she did, and lost no purity. But her stainless heart was too proud in virtue to palter and equivocate with circumstances. She never rose from what she deemed her bridal bed. And ere twenty summers had fanned her cheek, the grave-worm banqueted upon its loveliness.

This was my *first* crime. The recollection of it is engraven upon my memory by an awful catastrophe. The night wind that sung *her* funeral dirge, howled with dismal fury through the burning ruins of my paternal mansion. Yes! that very night, as if it were in mercy to them, my father and my mother both perished in the flames which reduced the house itself to cinders. They were seen at the windows of their bedchamber, shrieking for aid; but before any could be procured, the flooring gave way, and they sunk at once into the yawning furnace that roared beneath. Their remains, when afterwards dug out, were a few shovelsfull of blackened ashes; except my father's right hand, which was found clasped in that of my mother, and both unconsumed. I followed these sad relics to the sepulchre. But with the tears I shed, there was blended a feeble consolation at the thought they had died before they knew the fate of Harriet; and a frightful joy, that another pang was added to the wretchedness of my uncle.

I can well remember what a feeling of loneliness and desolation now took possession of me. Time, however, rolled on; and I grew callous, if not reconciled. I could not disguise from myself that the more select circles of society were closed against me; or, if I found my way into them, some blushing whisper was quickly circulated, which created a solitude around me.

It was during this period, and while I was squandering thousands to achieve the conquest of shadows, that I succeeded in fixing an intimacy with a family equal to my own in station, and superior to it in fortune. The eldest daughter was an heiress of large expectations, and my proposals of marriage were favourably received. I might almost say that Matilda was mine; when one day I received a letter from her father, peremptorily forbidding my visits. I was thunderstruck. I hastened to the house, and demanded an explanation. It was given in few words. *I was referred to my uncle for any information I required.*

This blow struck me down. I had run through my patrimonial estate; but hoped, by my marriage with Matilda, to repair my shattered fortune. Three weeks after it was known that the match was broken off, I was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench! I breathed no curses upon the cause of this sudden reverse of fortune, but—I swore revenge, in silence; and I kept my oath. I languished away six months, a captive debtor; and then, taking the benefit of the act, I walked forth a beggar, to prey upon the world at large! I had studied, during that time, in an admirable school, where I found professors in every art by which fools are gulled, and knaves foiled with their own weapons. I was an apt scholar, and returned to the bosom of society, an adept in the science of *polished depredation*. Translate this into the language of the Old Bailey, and I became a swindler by profession. Like the eagle, however, I was a bird of prey that soared into the highest regions, and rarely stooped to strike the meaner tribes of my species. I had not lost, with the trappings of my birth, the manners and address of the sphere in which I had moved; and these were now my stock in trade for carrying on my new vocation.

Among the children of misfortune with whom I associated in prison, was Charles Fitzroy; a bankrupt in every thing but exhaustless invention, and unconquerable perseverance. Give him the free use of his limbs, and with matchless dexterity he would make the contributions of the morning furnish out the riotous expenses of the evening. It was his boast, that he would breakfast with an empty pocket, and dine with a purse that should defray the carouse of a dozen friends. And I have known him fulfil his boast, with a heart as light, too, as became a man who thus made the credulous fools of the world his bankers.

I was needy, desperate, and an outcast; and I linked my destiny with Fitzroy's. He had my confidence; such confidence as confederates in knavery can bestow. When he obtained his liberty, which he did shortly after my own was accomplished, he introduced me to his companions; men who, like himself, lived by plundering the unwary, and who looked up to him as their *Magnus Apollo*. I was soon initiated in all their mysteries; and played my part to admiration at the gaming-table, on the race course, and in the ring.

Fitzroy was master of the secret that

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festered near my heart; the increased and increasing hatred towards my uncle. I regarded him as my evil genius; for not only had he thwarted me in two of the dearest objects of my life; but his prediction of my boyhood had clung to me like a poisoned garment. I could not shake it off; and now, more than ever, it seemed accomplishing itself with rapid strides. It made me mad when I reflected upon the polluted channels through which *my* precarious means flowed, and thought of the luxurious enjoyments which *his* opulence commanded. It was true, I had dashed his cup with bitterness; but it was no less true, that it still flowed with sweets, while mine was brimming with gall. Fitzroy would often talk to me upon this subject, and devise schemes for a successful inroad upon his purse. At length a plan was matured between us, in which I could not appear, but which Fitzroy, and a picked few of our associates, undertook to execute.

My uncle had always been passionately fond of the course, and prided himself upon his stud of racers. He betted largely, and was generally fortunate, probably because he selected his men with a wary eye. The race course, then, was the arena chosen for the enterprise; but admirable as were the projected plans, and skilfully as they were executed, such was his luck, or so profound were his calculations, that they failed *five* successive seasons. Fitzroy, however, was one of those men who, when satisfied that what they engage in ought to succeed, according to the means employed, only derive fresh vigour from every fresh defeat. He played his game a *sixth* time, and won. The same day that saw my uncle rise with thousands, saw him seek his pillow at night, a frantic beggar! He was too proud a man, too honourable, I will add, not to throw down his last guinea, in satisfaction of such demands. He never suspected villany in the business. He paid his losses, therefore; and in less than a week afterwards, an inquest sat upon his body, which was found at the bottom of his own fish pond.

I had my share of this infernal plunder; but so ravenous had been my appetite for revenge, that not one pang of remorse disturbed the riotous enjoyments in which it was lavished. On the contrary, the very consciousness that it *was* my uncle's money I squandered, gave a zest to every excess, and seemed to appease the gnawing passions which had so long tormented me. In two or three years, however, boundless extravagance, and the gaming-table, stripped me of my last shilling. It was in one of the frenzied moments of this profligate reverse of fortune, that I committed the crime for which, if to-morrow dawned upon me, I should be publicly arraigned.

Fitzroy had been fortunate the whole night. I had thrown with constant bad luck. He had pocketed some hundreds; I had lost more than I could pay. I asked him for a temporary loan of fifty pounds, to make good what I owed, and stake the small remaining sum for the chance of retrieving all. He refused me. It was the first time he had ever done so. But he not *only* refused me, he taunted me with sarcastic reproofs for my folly, and muttered something about the uselessness of assisting a man who, if he had thousands, would scatter them like dust. He should have chosen a fitter moment to exhort me, than when I was galled by my losses, and by his denial of my request. I was heated with wine too; and half mad with despair, half mad with drink, I sprang upon him, tore him to the earth, and before the bystanders could interfere to separate us, I had buried a knife, which I snatched from a table near me, up to the handle in his heart! He screamed—convulsively grappled me by the throat—and expired! His death-gripe was so fierce and powerful, that I believe had we been alone, his murderer would have been found strangled by his side. It was with difficulty that the horror-struck witnesses of this bloody scene could force open his clenched hands time enough to let me breathe.

I have done! I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the silent response which my heart made, when my uncle pronounced that withering sentence on me. "No!" was my indignant exclamation; "I may deserve a hundred public deaths; but if I know myself, I would never undergo one!—NOR WILL I. When that which I have written shall be read—other hopes and fears—other punishments, perchance, than man can awaken or inflict—will await me. My *first* crime—my *first* revenge, and my *last*, I have recorded; my *last* crime others must tell, when they speak of the murderer and SUICIDE,

JAMES MORLEY.

There is little doubt that scarcely a moment intervened between his writing his name, and placing the pistol to his heart; for when he was discovered, the pen was lying on the paper, as if it had been laid down only for an instant.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

REGAL TABLET.

(*Concluded from page* 166.)

CHARLES II.

restored 29th May, 1660, ended 6th Feb. 1685.

Popes.
Alexander VII., 1655.
Clement IX. 1667.
Clement X., 1670.
Innocent XI. 1676.
Emperor of Germany.
Leopold I., 1658.
France.
Louis XIV., 1643.
Spain.
Philip IV., 1620.
Charles II., 1665.
Portugal.
Alonzo VI., 1656.
Pedro II., 1683.
Denmark.
Frederic III. 1648.
Christian V., 1670.
Sweden.
Charles XI., 1660.

JAMES II.

began his reign 6th Feb. 1685, abdicated 13th Feb. 1689.

Contemporaries all as in the last reign.

WILLIAM AND MARY

began their reign 13th Feb. 1689, ended 8th March, 1702.

Popes.
Innocent XI. 1676.
Alexander VIII., 1689.
Innocent XII.1691.
Clement XI., 1700.
Emperor of Germany.
Leopold I., 1658.
France.
Louis XIV., 1643.
Spain.
Charles II., 1665.
Philip V., 1700.
Portugal.
Pedro II., 1683.
Denmark.
Christian V., 1670.
Frederic IV., 1699.
Sweden.
Charles XI., 1660.
Charles XII. 1697.
Prussia.
Frederic I., 1701.

ANNE

began her reign 8th March, 1702, ended 1st Aug. 1714.

Popes.
Clement XI., 1700.
Emperors of Germany.
Leopold I., 1658.
Joseph I., 1705.
Charles VI., 1711.
France.
Louis XIV., 1643.
Spain.
Philip V., 1700.
Portugal.
Pedro II., 1683.
John V., 1706.
Denmark.
Frederic IV., 1699.
Sweden.
Charles XII. 1697.
Prussia.
Frederic I., 1701.
Frederic William I., 1713.

The Illustrious House of Brunswick.

GEORGE I.

began his reign 1st Aug. 1714, ended 11th June, 1727.

Popes.
Clement XI., 1700.
Innocent XIII., 1721.
Benedict XIII., 1723.
Emperor of Germany.
Charles VI., 1711.
Russia.
Peter I., 1724.
Catherine I., 1725.
Peter II., 1727.
France.
Louis XIV., 1643.
Louis XV., 1715.
Spain.
Philip V., 1700.
Portugal.
John V., 1706.
Denmark.
Frederic IV., 1699.
Sweden.
Charles XII. 1697.
Ulrica, 1718.
Frederic, 1720.
Prussia.
Frederic William I., 1713.

GEORGE II.

began his reign 11th June, 1727, ended 25th Oct. 1760.

Popes.
Benedict XIII., 1723.
Clement XII. 1730.
Benedict XIV.1740
Clement XIII.1758
Emperors of Germany.
Charles VI., 1711.
Charles VII. 1740.
Francis I., 1745.
Russia.
Peter II., 1727.
Anne, 1730.
John V., 1740.
Elizabeth, 1741.
France.
Louis XV., 1715.
Spain.
Philip V., 1700.
Ferdinand, 1746.
Charles III., 1759.
Portugal.
John V., 1706.
Joseph, 1750
Denmark.
Frederic IV., 1699.
Christian VI. 1730.
Frederic V, 1746.
Sweden.
Frederic, 1720.
Adolphus, 1751.
Prussia.
Frederic William, I., 1713.
Frederic II., 1740.

GEORGE III.

began his reign 25th Oct. 1760, ended 29th Jan. 1820.

Popes.
Clement XIII.1758
Clement XIV.1769
Pius VI., 1775.
Pius VII., 1800.
Emperors of Germany.
Francis I., 1745.
Joseph II., 1765.
*Francis II., 1792.
Austria.
Francis I., 1806.
Turkey.
Mustapha III., 1757.
Achmed, 1774.
Selim III., 1789.
Mahamud VI., 1808.
Portugal.
Joseph, 1750.
Mary and Peter III. 1777.
Mary (alone) 1786.
John, 1816.
Russia.
Elizabeth, 1741.
Peter III., 1762.
Catharine II. 1762
Paul I., 1796.
Alexander, 1801.
Prussia.
Frederic the Great, 1740.
Frederic William II., 1786.

* Francis II. of Germany abdicated 1806, and took the title of Emperor of Austria.

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France.
Louis XV., 1715.
Louis XVI., 1774.
Louis XVII. 1793.
Bonaparte, 1799.
Louis XVIII. 1814.

Spain.
Charles III., 1759.
Charles IV., 1788.
Ferdinand VII., 1808.

Denmark.
Frederic V., 1746.
Christian VII. 1766
Matilda, 1772
Frederic VI. 1808.

Sweden.
Adolphus Frederic, 1751.
Gustavus III. 1771
Gustavus IV. 1792.
Charles XIII. 1809
Charles XIV. (Bernadotte), 1818.

Holland.
William V. (Stadtholder), 1757.
William, Prince of Orange, 1815.

Prussia.
Frederic William III., 1797.

Poland.
Stanislaus II. 1764

Naples and Sicily.
Frederic IV. 1759.
Joseph Napoleon, 1806.
Joachim Napoleon, 1809.
King of Naples restored, 1815.

Etruria.
Francis, 1736.
Leopold, 1765.
Ferdinand III., 1790.
Louis I., 1801.
Louis II. 1802.

Sardinia.
Charles Emanuel III. 1730.
Victor Amadeus, 1773,
Emanuel V., 1802,

GEORGE IV.

ascended 29th Jan. 1820, whom GOD preserve.

Contemporaries at the commencement of his reign the same as at the death of his late majesty. JACOBUS.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MOUNT ARAFAT, AND THE PILGRIMAGE TO MEKKA.

EVERY traditionary and topographical particular of this hallowed spot, and the picturesque ceremonies by which it is consecrated, must be acceptable to the Christian reader; and this conviction has induced us to abridge the following from that portion of *Burckhardt's Travels* which describes the *Hadj*, or *pilgrimage* to Mekka.

At sun-rise on the 9th of Zul Hadj, every pilgrim issued from his tent, to walk over the plains, and take a view of the busy crowds assembled there. Long streets of tents, fitted up as bazars, furnished all kinds of provisions. The Syrian and Egyptian cavalry were exercised by their chiefs early in the morning, while thousands of camels were seen feeding upon the dry shrubs of the plain all round the camp. I walked to Mount Arafat, to enjoy from its summit a more distinct view of the whole. This granite hill, which is also called *Djebel er' Rahme*, or the Mountain of Mercy, rises on the north-east side of the plain, close to the mountains which encompass it, but separated from them by a rocky valley; it is about a mile, or a mile and a half in circuit; its sides are sloping, and its summit is nearly two hundred feet above the level of the plain. On the eastern side broad stone steps lead up to the top, and a broad unpaved path, on the western, over rude masses of granite, with which its declivity is covered. After mounting about forty steps, we find a spot a little on the left, called Modaa Seydna Adam, or the place of prayer of our Lord Adam, where, it is related, that the father of mankind used to stand while praying; for here it was, according to Mohammedan tradition, that the angel Gabriel first instructed Adam how to adore his Creator. A marble slab, bearing an inscription in modern characters, is fixed in the side of the mountain. On reaching about the sixtieth step, we come to a small paved platform to our right, on a level spot of the hill, where the preacher stands who admonishes the pilgrims on the afternoon of this day, as I shall hereafter mention. Thus high, the steps are so broad and easy that a horse or camel may ascend; but higher up they become more steep and uneven. On the summit, the place is shown where Mohammed used to take his station during the Hadj; a small chapel formerly stood over it; but this was destroyed by the Wahabys: here the pilgrims usually pray two rikats, in salutation of Arafat. The steps and the summit are covered with handkerchiefs to receive their pious gifts, and each family of the Mekkawys or Bedouins of the tribe of Koreysh, in whose territory Arafat lies, has its particular spot assigned to it for this purpose. The summit commands a very extensive and singular prospect. I brought my compass to take a circle of bearings; but the crowd was so great that I could not use it. Towards the western extremity of the plain are seen Bir Bazan and the Aalameyn; somewhat nearer, southwards, the mosque called Djama Nimre, or Djama Seydna Ibrahim; and on the south-east, a small house where the Sherif used to lodge during the pilgrimage. From thence an elevated rocky ground in the plain extends towards Arafat. On the eastern side of the mountain, and close to its foot, are the ruins of a small mosque, built on rocky ground, called Djama el Szakhrat, where Mohammed was accustomed to pray, and where the pilgrims make four prostrations in

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memory of the prophet. Several large reservoirs lined with stone are dispersed over the plain; two or three are close to the foot of Arafat, and these are some near the house of the Sherifs: they are filled from the same fine aqueduct which supplies Mekka, and the head of which is about one hour and a half distant, in the eastern mountains. The canal is left open here for the convenience of pilgrims, and is conducted round the three sides of the mountains, passing by Modaa Seydna Adam.*

From the summit of Arafat, I counted about three thousand tents dispersed over the plain, of which two-thirds belonged to the two Hadj caravans, and to the suite and soldiers of Mohammed Aly; the rest to the Arabs of the Sherif, the Bedouin hadjys, and the people of Mekka and Djidda. These assembled multitudes were for the greater number, like myself, without tents. The two caravans were encamped without much order, each party of pilgrims or soldiers having pitched its tents in large circles or *dowars*, in the midst of which many of their camels were reposing. The plain contained, dispersed in different parts, from twenty to twenty-five thousand camels, twelve thousand of which belonged to the Syrian Hadj, and from five to six thousand to the Egyptian; besides about three thousand, purchased by Mohammed Aly from the Bedouins in the Syrian Deserts, and brought to Mekka with the Hadj, to convey the pilgrims to this place, previously to being used for the transport of army-provisions to Tayf.

The Syrian Hadj was encamped on the south and south-west side of the mountain; the Egyptian on the south-east. Around the house of the Sherif, Yahya himself was encamped with his Bedouin troops, and in its neighbourhood were all the Hedjaz people. Here it was that the two Yemen caravans used formerly to take their station. Mohammed Aly, and Soleyman Pasha of Damascus, as well as several of their officers, had very handsome tents; but the most magnificent of all was that of the wife of Mohammed Aly, the mother of Tousoun Pasha and Ibrahim Pasha, who had lately arrived from Cairo for the Hadj, with a truly royal equipage, five hundred camels being necessary to transport her baggage from Djidda to Mekka. Her tent was in fact an encampment consisting of a dozen tents of different sizes, inhabited by her women; the whole enclosed by a wall of linen cloth, eight hundred paces in circuit, the single entrance to which was guarded by eunuchs in splendid dresses. Around this enclosure were pitched the tents of the men who formed her numerous suite. The beautiful embroidery on the exterior of this linen palace, with the various colours displayed in every part of it, constituted an object which reminded me of some descriptions in the Arabian Tales of the Thousand and One Nights. Among the rich equipages of the other hadjys, or of the Mekka people, none were so conspicuous as that belonging to the family of Djeylany, the merchant, whose tents, pitched in a semicircle, rivalled in beauty those of the two pashas, and far exceeded those of Sherif Yahya. In other parts of the East, a merchant would as soon think of buying a rope for his own neck, as of displaying his wealth in the presence of a pasha; but Djeylany has not yet laid aside the customs which the Mekkawys learned under their old government, particularly that of Sherif Ghaleb, who seldom exercised extortion upon single individuals; and they now rely on the promises of Mohammed Aly, that he will respect their property

During the whole morning, there were repeated discharges of the artillery which both pashas had brought with them. A few pilgrims had taken up their quarters on Djebel Arafat itself, where some small cavern, or impending block of granite, afforded them shelter from the sun. It is a belief generally entertained in the East, and strengthened by many boasting hadjys on their return home, that all the pilgrims, on this day, encamp upon Mount Arafat; and that the mountain possesses the miraculous property of expansion, so as to admit an indefinite number of the faithful upon its summit. The law ordains that the *wakfe*, or position of the Hadj, should be on Djebel Arafat; but it wisely provides against any impossibility, by declaring that the plain in the immediate neighbourhood of the mountain may be regarded as comprised under the term "mountain," or Djebel Arafat.

I estimated the number of persons assembled here at about seventy thousand. The camp was from three to four miles long, and between one and two in breadth. There is, perhaps, no spot on earth where, in so small a place, such a diversity of languages are heard; I reckoned about forty, and I have no doubt that there were many more. It appeared to me as if I were here placed in a holy temple of travellers only; and never did I at any time feel a more ardent wish to be able to penetrate once into the inmost recesses of the countries of many of those persons

* At the close of the sixteenth century, according to Kotobeddyn, the whole plain of Arafat was cultivated.

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whom I now saw before me, fondly imagining that I might have no more difficulty in reaching their homes, than what they had experienced in their journey to this spot.

* * * *

The time of Aszer (or about three o'clock, P. M.) approached, when that ceremony of the Hadj takes place, for which the whole assembly had come hither. The pilgrims now pressed forward towards the mountain of Arafat, and covered its sides from top to bottom. At the precise time of Aszer, the preacher took his stand upon the platform on the mountain, and began to address the multitude. This sermon, which lasts till sun-set, constitutes the holy ceremony of the Hadj called Khotbet el Wakfe; and no pilgrim, although he may have visited all the holy places of Mekka, is entitled to the name of hadjy, unless he has been present on this occasion. As Aszer approached, therefore, all the tents were struck, every thing was packed up, the caravans began to load, and the pilgrims belonging to them mounted their camels, and crowded round the mountain, to be within sight of the preacher, which is sufficient, as the greater part of the multitude is necessarily too distant to hear him. The two pashas, with their whole cavalry drawn up in two squadrons behind them, took their post in the rear of the deep lines of camels of the hadjys, to which those of the people of the Hedjaz were also joined; and here they waited in solemn and respectful silence the conclusion of the sermon. Further removed from the preacher, was the Sherif Yahya, with his small body of soldiers, distinguished by several green standards carried before him. The two Mahmals, or holy camels, which carry on their back the high structure that serves as the banner of their respective caravans, made way with difficulty through the ranks of camels that encircled the southern and eastern sides of the hill, opposite to the preacher, and took their station, surrounded by their guards, directly under the platform in front of him.*

The preacher, or Khatyb, who is usually the Kadhy of Mekka, was mounted upon a finely-caparisoned camel, which had been led up the steps; it being traditionally said that Mohammed was always seated when he here addressed his followers, a practice in which he was imitated by all the Khalifes who came to the Hadj, and who from hence addressed their subjects in person. The Turkish gentleman of Constantinople, however, unused to camel-riding, could not keep his seat so well as the hardy Bedouin prophet; and the camel becoming unruly, he was soon obliged to alight from it. He read his sermon from a book in Arabic, which he held in his hands. At intervals of every four or five minutes he paused, and stretched forth his arms to implore blessings from above; while the assembled multitudes around and before him waved the skirts of their ihrams over their heads, and rent the air with shouts of "Lebeyk, Allahuma Lebeyk, (i. e. Here we are, at thy commands, O God!) During the wavings of the ihrams, the side of the mountain, thickly crowded as it was by the people in their white garments, had the appearance of a cataract of water; while the green umbrellas, with which several thousand hadjys, sitting on their camels below, were provided, bore some resemblance to a verdant plain.—During his sermon, which lasted almost three hours, the Kadhy was seen constantly to wipe his eyes with a handkerchief; for the law enjoins the Khatyb or preacher to be moved with feeling and compunction; and adds that, whenever tears appear on his face, it is a sign that the Almighty enlightens him, and is ready to listen to his prayers.

At length the sun began to descend behind the western mountains; upon which the Kadhy, having shut his book, received a last greeting of "Lebeyk;" and the crowds rushed down the mountain, in order to quit Arafat. It is thought meritorious to accelerate the pace on this occasion; and many persons make it a complete race, called by the Arabs, *Ad' dafa min Arafat.* In former times, when the strength of the Syrian and Egyptian caravans happened to be nearly balanced, bloody affrays took place here almost every year between them, each party endeavouring to outrun and to carry its *mahmal* in advance of the other. The same happened when the *mahmals* approached the platform at the commencement of the sermon; and two hundred

* The Mahmal (an exact representation of which is given by D'Ohsson) is a high, hollow, wooden frame, in the form of a cone, with a pyramidal top, covered with a fine silk brocade adorned with ostrich feathers, and having a small book of prayers and charms placed in the midst of it, wrapped up in a piece of silk. (My description is taken from the Egyptian Mahmal.) When on the road, it serves as a holy banner to the caravan; and on the return of the Egyptian caravan, the book of prayers is exposed in the mosque El Hassaneyn, at Cairo, where men and women of the lower classes go to kiss it, and obtain a blessing by rubbing their foreheads upon it. No copy of the Koran, nor any thing but the book of prayers, is placed in the Cairo Mahmal. I believe the custom to have arisen in the battle-banner of the Bedouins, called Merkeb and Otfe, which I have mentioned in my remarks on the Bedouins, and which resemble the Mahmal, inasmuch as they are high wooden frames placed upon camels.

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lives have on some occasions been lost in supporting what was thought the honour of the respective caravans. At present the power of Mohammed Aly preponderates, and the Syrian hadjys display great humility. The united caravans and the whole mass of pilgrims now moved forward over the plain; every tent had been previously packed up, to be ready for the occasion. The pilgrims pressed through the Aalameyn, which they must repass on their return; and night came on before they reached the defile called El Mazoumeyn. Innumerable torches were now lighted, twenty-four being carried before each pasha; and the sparks of fire from them flew far over the plain. There were continual discharges of artillery; the soldiers fired their muskets; the martial bands of both the pashas played; sky-rockets were thrown as well by the pashas' officers, as by many private pilgrims; while the Hadj passed at a quick pace in the greatest disorder, amidst a deafening clamour, through the pass of Mazoumeyn, leading towards Mezdelfe, where all alighted, after a two hours' march. No order was observed here in encamping; and every one lay down on the spot that first presented itself, no tents being pitched except those of the pashas and their suites; before which was an illumination of lamps in the form of high arches, which continued to blaze the whole night, while the firing of the artillery was kept up without intermission.

SOUTH AMERICAN MANNERS.

From the Memoirs of General Miller, Second Edition.

In the Pampas, where a scarcity of food is unknown to the poorest, that calculating avarice which, in its fears for to-morrow, would look with apathy on the wants of the stranger, can have but a limited sway. Kind offices are, therefore, more freely and disinterestedly conferred than in less abundant regions. In addition to this, the dearth of society in a thinly-sprinkled population renders the presence of a traveller on their isolated *haciendas* a source of gratification. If his appearance afford no ground for mistrust, and if his manners are not disagreeable, his being a stranger is a sufficient passport to a kind and hearty welcome. Whether he be rich or poor is not a subject of inquiry, and makes no difference in the reception.

The South Americans are gay, and fond of dancing, music, and singing. There are few, whether wealthy or otherwise, who are not proficients in one or other of these accomplishments. In the warmer latitudes, people carry on not only their usual occupations, but their amusements, chiefly in the open air; and as singing constitutes one of the principal sources of the latter, the continued exercise of the voice harmonizes and strengthens it. Perhaps no opera, in Europe, could afford, to a natural and unsophisticated ear, so rich a treat as that which may be enjoyed in Cuzco, Arequipa, and other cities, where the ancient Peruvian airs are sung in the rich and melodious tones of the natives.

The South Americans possess great intellectual quickness, and a retentive memory. The following may be cited as an extraordinary instance of the latter faculty. An old man, a native of La Pax, in Upper Peru, and of unmixed Indian blood, who kept an inn at Curicavi, between Valparaiso and Santiago, could repeat nearly the whole of Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth," and was better acquainted with the History of England than most Englishmen. He spoke of Queen Boadicea, and was as familiar with the history of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster as if they had occurred in his country, and in his own times. He had been brought up by the jesuits. He had made two voyages to Canton, and was known by the name of "the emperor of China," in consequence frequently of amusing his guests with long stories about the *celestial empire*.

The Peruvians have great natural talents for painting and sculpture. They generally produce striking likenesses, but being uninstructed in the principles of these arts, their pictures have no other merit. There is, however, a female figure, done in 1711, by a native of Quito, which is considered as one of the finest paintings in a very good collection belonging to Mynheer Vandermarlin, of Brussels.

ORATORIOS.

The first oratorio performed in London, was at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, in 1732. On June 10, in the same year, the serenata of *Acis and Galatea* was performed at the Italian Opera House, in English, by Italian performers, with scenery representing a rural prospect, with rocks, groves, fountains, and grottoes; amongst which were disposed a chorus of nymphs and shepherds, with dresses and "every other decoration suited to the subject."—*Companion to the Theatres.*

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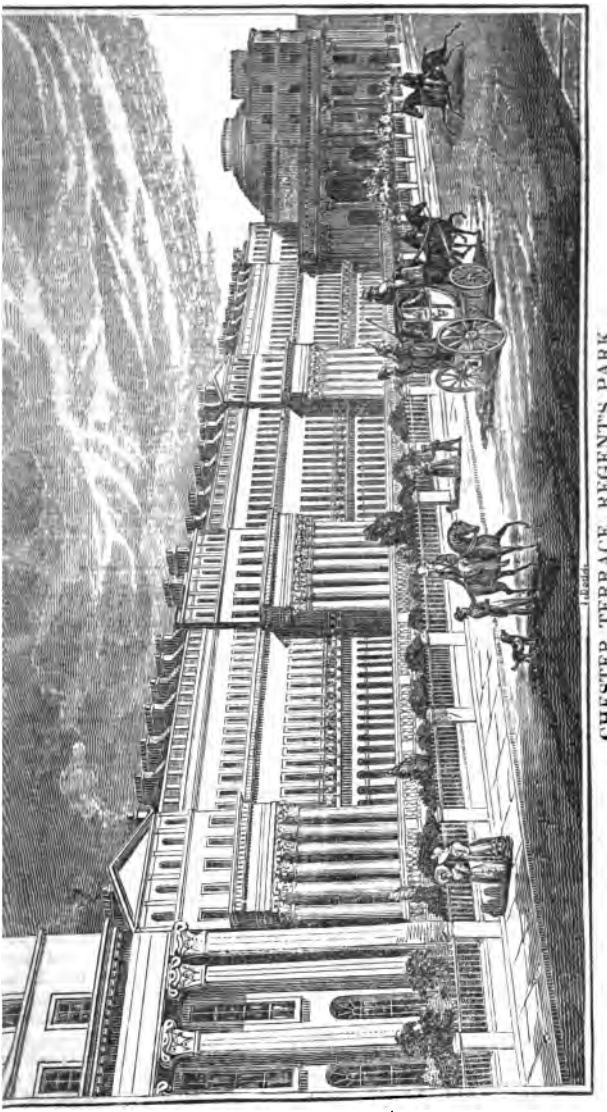
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

2.] SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829. [PRICE 2*d*.



CHESTER TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK.

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CHESTER TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK.

On the annexed page is a spirited representation of this splendid range of palatial residences, which present as noble an appearance as any similar structure in the Park.

To familiarize the topography of Chester Terrace, we should say it stands between the Colosseum and St. Katherine's Church, these being the most conspicuous buildings in the circle; and the majestic cupola of the former building is shown in the distance of our engraving.

This terrace is named from the royal earldom of Chester. It is from the designs of Mr. Nash, the architect of York Terrace, engraved in our No. 358. Like the majority of that gentleman's works, Chester Terrace evinces great genius, with many of its irregularities. It is of the Corinthian order of architecture, characterized by its richness; but the present specimen is weak in its details, and the form and proportions of its balustrade are starved and lanky. The capitals of the columns want the gracefulness of the Corinthian, and the volutes are but puny illustrations of that beautiful order

Leaving these defects to be further scrutinized by the more critical spectator, we cannot fail to be impressed with this grand and commanding terrace; the composition exhibits great genius and powerful conception; and the effect of the whole would be extremely beautiful, were it not for the defective details.

At each end of the terrace is a Corinthian arch, the idea of which is altogether novel. These arches connect with pavilion temple-like mansions, and their effect is very rich and picturesque. They remind one of some of the trophied glories of old Rome—the arches beneath which her laurelled heroes passed in triumphal state. Chester Terrace may, therefore, be said to associate *otium cum dignitate*, since these arches give a splendid finish to the range of handsome residences. The mementos of Roman triumph still remain; but a century hence, where will be the lath-and-plaster glories of the Regent's Park?

HAVER.

(For the Mirror.)

"Haver" is a common word in the northern counties for oats; as "haver bread," for oaten bread; perhaps properly "aven," from "*avena*," Latin for oats.

Query.—Is not "haversack," or, Gallice, "*havre-sac*," a bag to carry a soldier's bread and provisions, derived from the same word? W. T. H.

ANCIENT POWER OF THE *HARO*, OR *HAROL*.

(For the Mirror.)

Clamour de haro is a cry or formula of invoking the assistance of justice against the violence of some offender, who, upon hearing of the word *haro*, is obliged to desist, on pain of being severely punished for his outrage, and to go with the party before the judge. The word is commonly derived of *ha* and *roul*, as being supposed an invocation of the sovereign power, to assist the weak against the strong, on occasion of Raoul, first duke of Normandy, about the year 912, who rendered himself venerable to his subjects, by the severity of his justice; so that they called on him, even after his death, when they suffered any oppression. Some derive it from *Harold*, king of Denmark, who, in the year 826, was made grand conservator of justice at Mentz. Others from the Danish *a a rau*, help me, a cry raised by the Normans in flying from a king of Denmark, named Roux, who made himself duke of Normandy. The *haro* had anciently such vast power, that a poor man of the city of Caen, named Asselin, in virtue thereof, arrested the corpse of William the Conqueror, in the middle of the funeral procession, till such time as his son Henry had paid the value of the land in question, which was that whereon the chapel was built wherein he was interred.

P. T. W.

THE GREAT TUN OF KONIGSTEIN.

(For the Mirror.)

One of the greatest curiosities in the neighbourhood of Dresden is the Great Tun, erected at Fort Konigstein by General Kyaw, the height of which is 17 Dresden ells, and its diameter at the bung 12 ells. This vast vessel, which is always replenished with excellent wine, is capable of containing 3,709 hogsheads; and on its head is a plate with a Latin inscription, to the following purport:—

"Welcome, traveller, and admire this monument, dedicated to festivity, in order to exhilarate the mind with a glass, in the year 1725, by Frederick Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, the father of his country, the Titus of the age, the delight of mankind. Therefore, drink to the health of the sovereign, the country, the electoral family, and Baron Kyaw, governor of Konigstein; and if thou art able, according to the dignity of this cask, the most capacious of all casks, drink to the prosperity of the whole universe—and so farewell. Ina.

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THE COOK AND THE CRANES.

FROM THE SPANISH.

(For the Mirror.)

Don John de Ayala,—a chap
Whose worst mishap
Was to be curs'd with a purloining cook.
(A fellow, who 'twas plain
Play'd "cut and come again,"
And scarcely rock'd, if all was seen he took.)
Don John de Ayala, went forth to look
For birds, and shot a crane;
Which, forthwith giving the aforesaid knave
To cook, according to the Spanish taste;
He, to his dainty-loving *sposa* gave
A leg at once, well deeming, that to waste
So fair an opportunity for sin
Would be (as *he* should say a *burning* shame;
But, when the bird, at dinner-time went in,
Cried Juan, "Where's the left leg of my game?"
"Soul of my body, sir!" roar'd cook,—no fire
In his own kitchen, showing phiz more red,
Yet whether that, from guilt he blazed, or ire,
Or *shame* perdie, hath ne'er been sung or said,
"Soul of my body!—other leg?—Well done!—
No crane that e'er *I* saw, had more than *one*."

Juan, thus silenc'd, but not satisfied,
In his own mind revolv'd
The neatest way
Of telling master Brazenface, he lied:
And so resolv'd
To take him out crane-shooting the next day.
They went:—"Well, cook," quoth Ayala, "for fun
I've brought thee here,
Where quickly 'twill appear
That if cranes have not *two* legs,—why, they've *none*"
"Say you so, Senor?—look!—you long-neck'd flock,
Each bird of it on *one* foot, ends the matter;
Ay—there they stand,—as firm as any rock,
I swear by ev'ry dish I ever broke, or platter."
Straight to the flock, flight, covey, (we've no name
In Albion, to designate *such* game.)
Rush'd Ayala, whose hearty psho! psho! psho!
Took the cranes off *one* leg,—discovering *two*,
As up they rose, on rustling, sullen wing:
"Well cook?" "Why, body of my soul, sir,
there's the thing,
Had you said *psho! psho!* to your *roasted* crane,
Belike you'd seen its hidden leg again."

M. L. B.

SPOONS.

(For the Mirror.)

Spoons are objects of great antiquity, and our forefathers bestowed great pains in enriching them with masterly workmanship. So much did *taste* and fashion rule the time then, that spoons were distinguished as it were by so many devices. It was, and is still with some persons, a custom to present spoons at christenings, or on visiting "the lady in the straw;" and in both cases they were adorned with suitable imagery. A gentleman with whom I am acquainted, and who "keeps a cabinet of curiosities," lately showed me two very curious silver spoons, which he informed me had remained in his family many years; but how they became possessed of them, he could only say that he attributed it to the custom of presenting spoons on certain occasions. One was beautifully wrought; the bowl was very large, and its edges carved with exquisite workmanship. In the middle of the bowl was a representation of "the nativity," carved in so masterly a manner, that, although it was considerably defaced, it must have required the ablest artists to accomplish. The handle, which was likewise superbly carved, ended in a figure of the Virgin Mary, with our Saviour in her lap. The other spoon was so much injured, that we could trace out nothing decisive; although here and there we could perceive it had been richly ornamented.

The same gentleman also showed me a set of Apostle-spoons, which, although objects of curiosity, had, in conformity with the prevailing fashion, undergone the alteration of the silversmith. There were twelve of them, each of which represented an Apostle, boldly carved on the handle; a large round hat is placed on each of their heads, which was probably to save the features from being injured. They are standing on the stem of the spoon, which is carved somewhat like a Doric pillar. The bowls are very large and deep, and are rather awkwardly turned in at the sides. A complete set, in good condition, is very rare and valuable; and it is to be regretted that so many of these relics have fallen into the silversmith's furnace, merely for the sake of their silver.

Apostle-spoons were presented by sponsors or visiters at christenings and at marriages; and those who could not afford a complete set, gave one or two, as their circumstances might permit. Some presented a spoon with the figure of the saint after whom the child was baptized, or to whom it was dedicated. In his "Bartholomew Fair," Ben Jonson has a character to say, "And all this for a couple of apostle-spoons and a cup to eat caudle in." Likewise in the "Noble Gentleman," by Beaumont and Fletcher,

> "I'll be a gossip, Bewford—
> I have an odd apostle-spoon."

In "The Gossips," a poem, by Shipman, in 1666, there is the following mention of the custom of presenting apostle-spoons at christenings, which it appears was then on the decline:

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"*Formerly*, when they used to trowl
Gilt bowls of sack, they gave the bowl
Two *spoons* at least—an *use ill kept*;
'Tis well if now our own be left."

On St. Paul's, or any other apostle's day, it was usual for persons of quality to send round a present of a spoon with the figure of such apostle to their friends. In some Catholic families these and the before-mentioned customs are still retained, though I question whether the spoons are enriched with such superb workmanship. W. H. H.

The Topographer.

HORSHAM, SUSSEX.

THE town of Horsham is pleasantly situated on the river Arun, in the county of Sussex, about 36 miles S. by W. of London. It is a borough, and contains the county gaol. The spring assizes are likewise held here. Horsham is of considerable antiquity. It was founded by Horsa, the Saxon, about the year A.D. 450, to employ his soldiers while he was enslaved by the captivating chains of a lovely country girl, the daughter of a woodman in the forest. The town was named after himself, Horsa, and the Saxon word Ham, signifying a home. Horsa was killed in Kent, in a battle fought between the Britons and the Saxons, and was buried at Horsted, named also after him, Horsa, and Sted, signifying a place. The foundation of the church is uncertain; but it can be traced as far back as the reign of Henry I. A.D. 1100. The oldest tombstone in the church is to the memory of Robert Hurst, of Hurst Hill, in this county, who died 1483.* The church is at the southern extremity of the town, at the foot of Denne, or Dane Hill, on the summit of which is an artificial mound, raised by the Danes after the death of Guthrum, their chief, to defend themselves from Alfred the Great. The top of this mound commands an extensive view, a most prominent feature of which is a part of the forest of St. Leonard, called Mike Mills' Race, a beautiful avenue, a mile and a quarter long, containing about 15,000 full-grown trees. There is a legend connected with this "race," viz. that this part of Horsham Forest was the haunt of Mike Mills, a noted smuggler, whom his Satanic Majesty had often endeavoured to carry off in vain. He therefore determined on attacking him in his strong hold; and accordingly met Mike one night accompanied by other more congenial spirits, when old Nick challenged Mike as his property. Mike, nothing daunted, set down his tubs, took advantage of Nick's old age, and challenged him to a race. "If you can catch me, Nick, before I get to the end of the avenue, you shall have me; if not, you'll have nothing more to do with me."—"Agreed," says Nick. Away ran Mike—away ran Nick. Nick being of too hot a temperament was soon knocked up, and Mike won the race by half a mile; from which circumstance the place was named, and Mike Mills rendered immortal. W. BERGER.

* The steeple of the church, which is 150 feet high, is shingled, which is the prevailing mode of the village churches in Sussex. It has also one of the finest windows in Sussex.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

DEATH OF CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON AT SOCCATOO.

AGREEABLY to our promise at the close of the *Memoir of Captain Clapperton*, prefixed to Vol. XI. of THE MIRROR, we subjoin the following very interesting narrative of the death of this enterprizing traveller, as narrated by Richard Lander, his servant. It forms, perhaps, the most attractive portion of the *Journal of the Second Expedition*, just published; and to the readers of the foregoing memoir, will afford still further illustration of all that we have there said of the high character of Clapperton, and his faithful attendant, Lander.

On the 12th of March 1827, I was greatly alarmed on finding my dear master attacked with dysentery. He had been complaining a day or two previously of a burning heat in his stomach, unaccompanied, however, by any other kind of pain. From the moment he was taken ill he perspired freely, and big drops of sweat were continually rolling over every part of his body, which weakened him exceedingly. It being the fast of Rhamadan, I could get no one, not even our own servants, to render me the least assistance. I washed the clothes, which was an arduous employment, and obliged to be done eight or nine times each day, lit and kept in the fire, and prepared the victuals myself; and in the intermediate time was occupied in fanning my poor master, which was also a tedious employment. Finding myself unable to pay proper attention to his wants in these various avocations, I sent to Mallam Mudey, on the 13th, entreating him to send me a female slave to perform the operation of fanning. On her arrival I gave her a few beads, and she immediately began her work with spirit; but she soon relaxed in her exer-

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thous, and becoming tired, ran away, on pretence of going out for a minute, and never returned. Alla Sellakee, a young man my master had purchased on the road from Kano to take care of the camels, and whom he had invariably treated with his usual kindness, and given him his freedom, no sooner was made acquainted with his master's illness than he became careless and idle, and instead of leading the camels to the rich pasturage in the vicinity of Soccatoo, let them stray wherever they pleased, whilst he himself either loitered about the city, or mixed with the most degraded people in it: by this means the camels became quite lean; and being informed of the reason, I told my master, who instantly discharged him from his service.

My master grew weaker daily, and the weather was insufferably hot, the thermometer being, in the coolest place, 107 at twelve in the morning, and 109 at three in the afternoon. At his own suggestion I made a couch for him outside the hut, in the shade, and placed a mat for myself by its side. For five successive days I took him in my arms from his bed in the hut to the couch outside, and back again at sunset, after which time he was too much debilitated to be lifted from the bed on which he lay. He attempted to write once, and but once, during his illness; but before paper and ink could be brought him, he had sunk back on his pillow, completely exhausted by his ineffectual attempt to sit up in his bed. Fancying by various symptoms he had been poisoned, I asked him one day whether he thought that, in any of his visits the Arabs or Tuaricks, any poisonous ingredients had been put into the camel's milk they had given him, of which he was particularly fond. He replied, "No, my dear boy; no such thing has been done, I assure you. Do you remember," he continued, "that when on a shooting excursion at Magaria, in the early part of February, after walking the whole of the day, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, I was fatigued, and lay down under the branches of a tree for some time? The earth was soft and wet, and from that hour to the present I have not been free from cold: this has brought on my present disorder, from which, I believe, I shall never recover."

For twenty days my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. He told me he felt no pain; but this was spoken only to comfort me, for he saw I was dispirited. His sufferings must have been acute. During this time he was gradually, but perceptibly, declining; his body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated, and indeed was little better than a skeleton. I was the only person, with one exception, he saw in his sickness. Abderachman, an Arab from Fezzan, came to him one day, and wished to pray with him, after the manner of his countrymen, but was desired to leave the apartment instantly. His sleep was uniformly short and disturbed, and troubled with frightful dreams. In them he frequently reproached the Arabs aloud with much bitterness; but being an utter stranger to the language, I did not understand the tenor of his remarks. I read to him daily some portions of the New Testament, and the 95th Psalm, which he was never weary of listening to, and on Sundays added the church service, to which he invariably paid the profoundest attention. The constant agitation of mind and exertions of body I had myself undergone for so long a time, never having in a single instance slept out of my clothes, weakened me exceedingly, and a fever came on not long before my master's death, which hung upon me for fifteen days, and ultimately brought me to the very verge of the grave. Finding myself unequal to pay that attention to my master's wants which his situation so particularly required, I solicited and obtained his consent to have old Pascoe once more to assist me. On entering the hut, he fell on his knees, and prayed to be forgiven, promising to be faithful to my master's service. Master immediately pardoned him, and said he would forget all that had passed, if he conducted himself well: by this means the washing and all the drudgery was taken from my shoulders, and I was enabled to devote all my time and attention to my master's person. I fanned him for hours together, and this seemed to cool the burning heat of his body, of which he repeatedly complained. Almost the whole of his conversation turned upon his country and friends, but I never heard him regret his leaving them; indeed he was patient and resigned to the last, and a murmur of disappointment never escaped his lips

On the 1st of April, he became considerably worse, and though evidently in want of repose, his sleep became more and more disturbed. He swallowed eight drops of laudanum, four times a day, for three days; but finding it did him not the least benefit, he discontinued taking it altogether: this, with the exception of two papers of Seidlitz powders and four ounces of Epsom salts, was the only medicine he had during his illness. On the 9th, Maddie, a native of Bornou, whom

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master had retained in his service, brought him about twelve ounces of green bark from the butter tree, and said it would do him much good. Notwithstanding all my remonstrances, master immediately ordered a decoction of it to be prepared, observing, "No man will injure me." Accordingly Maddie himself boiled two basins-full, the whole of which he drank in less than an hour. Next morning he was much altered for the worse, and regretted his not having followed my advice. About twelve o'clock of the same day, he said, "Richard, I shall shortly be no more; I feel myself dying." Almost choked with grief, I replied, "God forbid, my dear master: you will live many years yet." "Don't be so much affected, my dear boy, I entreat you," said he: "it is the will of the Almighty; it cannot be helped. Take care of my journal and papers after my death; and when you arrive in London, go immediately to my agents, send for my uncle, who will accompany you to the colonial office, and let him see you deposit them safely into the hands of the secretary. After I am buried, apply to Bello, and borrow money to purchase camels and provisions for your journey over the desert, and go in the train of the Arab merchants to Fezzan. On your arrival there, should your money be exhausted, send a messenger to Mr. Warrington, our consul at Tripoli, and wait till he returns with a remittance. On reaching Tripoli, that gentleman will advance what money you may require, and send you to England the first opportunity. Do not lumber yourself with my books; leave them behind, as well as the barometer, boxes, and sticks, and indeed every heavy article you can conveniently part with; give them to Malam Mudey, who will take care of them. The wages I agreed to give you my agents will pay, as well as the sum government allowed me for a servant; you will of course receive it, as Columbus has never served me. Remark what towns or villages you pass through; pay attention to whatever the chiefs may say to you, and put it on paper. The little money I have, and all my clothes, I leave you: sell the latter, and put what you may receive for them into your pocket; and if, on your journey, you should be obliged to expend it, government will repay you on your return." I said, as well as my agitation would permit me, "If it be the will of God to take you, you may rely on my faithfully performing, as far as I am able, all that you have desired; but I trust the Almighty will spare you, and you will yet live to see your country." "I thought I should at one time, Richard," continued he; "but all is now over; I shall not be long for this world; but God's will be done." He then took my hand betwixt his, and looking me full in the face, while a tear stood glistening in his eye, said, in a low but deeply affecting tone, "My dear Richard, if you had not been with me, I should have died long ago; I can only thank you, with my latest breath, for your kindness and attachment to me, and if I could have lived to return with you, you should have been placed beyond the reach of want; but God will reward you." This conversation occupied nearly two hours, in the course of which my master fainted several times, and was distressed beyond measure. The same evening he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard with much distinctness the tolling of an English funeral bell: I entreated him to be composed, and observed that sick people frequently fancy they hear and see things which can possibly have no existence. He made no reply.

About six o'clock in the morning of the 11th, on asking how he did, my master answered he was much better, and requested me to shave him. He had not sufficient strength to lift his head from the pillow; and after finishing one side of the face, I was obliged to turn his head, in order to shave the other. As soon as it was done, he desired me to fetch him a looking-glass which hung on the other side of the hut. On seeing himself in it, he observed that he looked quite as ill at Bornou, on his former journey; and as he had borne his disorder so long a time, he might yet recover. On the following day he still fancied himself getting better. I began to flatter myself, also, that he was considerably improved. He eat a bit of hashed guinea-fowl in the day, which he had not done before since his illness, deriving his sole sustenance from a little fowl-soup and milk and water. On the morning of the 13th, however, being awake, I was much alarmed by a peculiar rattling noise, proceeding from my master's throat, and his breathing was loud and difficult; at the same instant he called out, "Richard!" in a low and hurried tone. I was immediately at his side, and was astonished at seeing him sitting upright in his bed, and staring wildly around. I held him in my arms, and placing his head gently on my left shoulder, gazed a moment on his pale and altered features; some indistinct expressions quivered on his lips; he strove, but ineffectually, to give them utterance, and expired without a struggle or a sigh. When I found my poor master so very

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ill, I called out with all my strength, "O God, my master is dying!" which brought Pascoe and Mudey into the apartment. Shortly after the breath had left his body, I desired Pasco to fetch some water, with which I washed the corpse. I then got Pascoe and Mudey to assist me in taking it outside of the hut, laid it on a clean mat, and wrapped it in a sheet and blanket. Leaving it in this state two hours, I put a large clean mat over the whole, and sent a messenger to Sultan Bello, to acquaint him of the mournful event, and ask his permission to bury the body after the manner of my own country, and also to know in what particular place his remains were to be interred. The messenger soon returned with the sultan's consent to the former part of my request; and about twelve o'clock at noon of the same day a person came into my hut, accompanied by four slaves, sent by Bello to dig the grave. I was desired to follow them with the corpse. Accordingly, I saddled my camel, and putting the body on its back, and throwing a union-jack over it, I bade them proceed. Travelling at a slow pace, we halted at Jungavie, a small village, built on a rising ground, about five miles to the south-east of Soccatoo. The body was then taken from the camel's back, and placed in a shed, whilst the slaves were digging the grave; which being quickly done, it was conveyed close to it. I then opened a prayer-book, and, amid showers of tears, read the funeral service over the remains of my valued master. Not a single person listened to this peculiarly distressing ceremony, the slaves being at some distance, quarrelling and making a most indecent noise the whole of the time it lasted. This being done, the union-jack was taken off, and the body was slowly lowered into the earth, and I wept bitterly as I gazed for the last time upon all that remained of my generous and intrepid master. The pit was speedily filled, and I returned to the village, about thirty yards to the east of the grave, and giving the most respectable inhabitants, both male and female, a few trifling presents, entreated them to let no one disturb its sacred contents. I also gave them 2,000 cowries to build a house, four feet high, over the spot, which they promised to do. I then returned, disconsolate and oppressed, to my solitary habitation, and leaning my head on my hand, could not help being deeply affected with my lonesome and dangerous situation; a hundred and fifteen days' journey from the sea-coast, surrounded by a selfish and cruel race of strangers, my only friend and protector mouldering in his grave, and myself suffering dreadfully from fever. I felt, indeed, as if I stood alone in the world, and earnestly wished I had been laid by the side of my dear master: all the trying evils I had endured never affected me half so much as the bitter reflections of that distressing period. After a sleepless night, I went alone to the grave, and found that nothing had been done, nor did there seem the least inclination on the part of the inhabitants of the village to perform their agreement. Knowing it would be useless to remonstrate with them, I hired two slaves at Soccatoo the next day, who went immediately to work, and the house over the grave was finished on the 15th.

One instance, out of many of the kindness and affection with which my departed master uniformly treated me, occurred at Jenna, on our journey into the interior. I was dangerously ill with fever in that place, when he generously gave up his own bed to me, and slept himself on my mat, watched over me with parental assiduity and tenderness, and ministered to all my wants. No one can express the joy he felt on my recovery; and who, possessing a spark of gratitude, could help returning it but by the most inviolable attachment and devoted zeal? It was his sympathy for me in all my sufferings that had so powerful a claim on my feelings and affections, and taught me to be grateful to him in hours of darkness and distress, when pecuniary recompense was entirely out of the question.

The great sufferings, both mental and bodily, I had undergone at the death and burial of my master, and the constant agitation in which I was kept, occasioned a rapid increase in my disorder; and on the 16th I could with difficulty crawl round my hut, and was obliged to lay myself on my mat, from which I had not strength to arise till the 27th; old Pascoe, during that period, being very kind and attentive to me.

In the course of this day (27th) the Gadado, Malem Moodie, and Sidi Sheik, came with a commission from the sultan to search my boxes, as he had been informed they were filled with gold and silver; but, to their great amazement, found I had not sufficient money to defray my expenses to the sea-coast. They, however, took an inventory of all my articles, and carried it to Bello. The gold watch intended for him, and the private watches of Captains Clapperton and Pearce, I had taken the precaution to conceal about my person. In a short time the Gadado and his companions returned with a message from the sultan, commanding me to deliver to them the following articles,

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viz. a rifle-gun, double-barrelled ditto, two bags of ball, a canister of powder, a bag of flints, a ream and a half of paper, and six gilt chains, for which he promised to give me whatever I might ask. I consequently charged him 245,000 cowries, which I was to receive from Hadji Hat Sallah, at Kano; and an order was given me to receive this sum, and, what more I might require in my journey over the Great Desert. A letter was also sent by me to Hadji Hat Sallah.

SONG.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth, and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.
Shule! Shule! Shule, agra!
*Shule asucur, agus shule, aroon!**
My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid arise.

Wake, linnet of the osier grove!
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!
Wake, nestling of a parent's love!
Let Moran see thine eyes.
Shule, Shule, &c.

I am no stranger, proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee, for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs.
Shule, Shule, &c.

But we were known from infancy,
Thy father's hearth was home to me,
No selfish love was mine for thee,
Unholy and unwise.
Shule, Shule, &c.

And yet, (to see what love can do!)
Though calm my hope has burned, and true,
My cheek is pale and worn for you,
And sunken are mine eyes!
Shule, Shule, &c.

But soon my love shall be my bride
And happy by our own fire-side,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide,
That lingering Hope denies
Saule, Shule, &c.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.
Shule! Shule! Shule, agra!
Shule, asucur, agus shule, aroon!
My love, my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!—*The Collegians*

* Come! come! Come, my darling—
Come, softly,—and come, my love!

Spirit of Discovery.

Pyrothonide.

A French physician has lately introduced into the *Materia Medica*, a substance produced by the combustion of linen, hemp, or cotton cloth, in the open air. He considers it useful in various inflammatory affections, especially in opthalmia, or diseases of the eye, and chilblains. To prepare pyrothonide, take a handful of cloth, old or new, place it in a shallow basin, set fire to it, moving it about, so that the basin do not become too hot; after the combustion is finished, throw out the ashes; at the bottom of the vessel will be found a semi-aqueous, semi-oleaginous product, of a reddish brown colour, and possessing a pungent odour. Pour upon this 5 oz. of cold water, which will dissolve it entirely, forming the solution of pyrothonide, which is used in a more or less diluted state, as may be requisite, for collyria, fomentations, &c.—*Medical Journal.*

French Carpet.

At the exhibition in the Louvre for 1827. was a carpet which occupied two years in making, and contains 3 or 4,000 ostrich feathers.

French Pigs.

Whoever has travelled from Calais to Paris must have noticed the lank, grey-hound-like forms of the French pigs; but it is not perhaps generally known that the Chinese and English breeds are getting into use for crossing. The fact that there are four millions of pigs yearly killed in France, shows of how great importance they are to agriculturists.

Indian Plaster.

All the fine plaster with which the walls of the houses are covered in India, and which is so much admired by strangers, is composed of a mixture of fine lime and soapstone, rubbed down with water: when the plaster is nearly dry, it is rubbed over with a dry piece of soapstone, which gives it a polish very much resembling that of well-polished marble.

Method of preserving Currants fresh till January or February

When the fruit is ripe, choose those bushes enjoying a southern aspect, and which are most convenient in their shape, and most loaded with fruit, and surround them with thick straw mats, so that they shall be completely sheltered from atmospheric cold and other changes. By this simple method it will be found that the fruit may be preserved quite fresh till after Christmas. H. B. A.

Chromate of Iron

Is used in painting, dyeing, and calico-printing; and its value is so great, the proprietor of a serpentine tract in Shetland, where chromate of iron was found by Professor Jameson, cleared, in a few years, 8,000*l.*—*Dr. Murray.*

Temperature of Springs.

In those situations where the cold is

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not sufficient to hinder the circulation of water, the temperature of perennial springs is almost identical with the atmosphere. Thus, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, the temperature of the perennial springs agrees with the mean temperature of the atmosphere. The same is the case in the whole of Atlantic Europe, and also to a great extent in Southern Europe. The temperature of springs in northern regions, when the surface water is frozen, is higher than the mean temperature of the superincumbent atmosphere; and in the countries from the south of Europe to the Tropic, the temperature of springs is lower than that of the medium temperature of the atmosphere.

Humboldt's Journey to Siberia.

Humboldt, although now past his 60th year, will leave Germany in the spring, accompanied by Professor G. Rose, for Siberia. He will probably extend his researches to the high land which separates India from the Russian empire.

Egyptian Manuscript relative to the History of Sesostris.

At the sitting of the Aix Academy, on the 3rd of August, M Sallier read a report of some very important discoveries in Egyptian history, made at his house, and amongst his Egyptian papyri, by M. Champollion, jeune. The latter gentleman was on his way to Egypt with M. Rosellini, and stopped two days with M. Sallier previous to proceeding to Toulon for the purpose of embarking. During this short period he examined ten or twelve Egyptian papyri, which had been purchased some years ago, with other antiquities, from an Egyptian sailor. They were principally prayers or rituals which had been deposited with mummies; but there was also the contract of the sale of a house in the reign of one of the Ptolemies; and finally three rolls united together and written over with fine demotic characters, reserved, as is well known, for civil purposes.

The first of these rolls was of considerable size, and to M. Champollion's astonishment contained a *History of the Campaigns of Sesostris Rhamses*, called also *Sethos*, or *Sethosis*, and *Sesoosis*, giving accounts the most circumstantial of his conquests, the countries which he traversed, his forces, and details of his army. The manuscript is finished with a declaration of the historian, who, after stating his names and titles, says he wrote in the ninth year of the reign of Sesostris Rhamses, king of kings, a lion in combats, &c.

M. Champollion has promised, that, on his return from Egypt, he will fix the manuscript on cloth for its future preservation, and give a complete translation. The period of the history is close to the time of Moses; and apparently the great Sesostris was the son of the king who pursued the Israelites to the borders of the Red Sea; so that a most important period in ancient history will be elucidated.

On the same MS. commences another composition, called *Praises of the great King Amemnengon.* There are only a few leaves of it, and they form the beginning of the history contained in the second roll. This Amemnengon is supposed to have reigned before Sesostris, because the author wrote in the ninth year of the reign of the latter. M. Champollion had not time to enter into a particular examination of these rolls.

The third roll relates to astronomy or astrology, or more likely to both these subjects. It has not been far opened; but will probably prove of the utmost interest, if, as it is expected, it contains any account of the system of the heavens as known to or acknowledged by the Egyptians and Chaldeans, the authors of astronomical science.

A small basaltic figure was purchased with the MSS., and it is supposed found with them. On the shoulders of the figure is written in hieroglyphic characters the name, with the addition of *clerk and friend of Sesostris.* It did not occur to ascertain, until M. Champollion was gone, whether the name on the figure was the same with any of those mentioned in the rolls as belonging to the historian, or to others.—*From the French.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE VICAR.

A SECOND EVERY-DAY CHARACTER.

Some years ago, ere time and taste
Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean clipt rows of box and myrtle.
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wag'd all their tails, and seem'd to say,
"Our master knows you; you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasp'd his pond'rous Barrow:
What'er the stranger's cast or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

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If, when he reach'd his journey's end,
And warm'd himself in court or college,
He had not gain'd an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the vicarage, nor the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipp'd from politics to puns;
It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses:
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud dissent the mortal terror:
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablish'd truth, or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or show'd
That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses;
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords and nurses:
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban;
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking:
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome, which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learn'd the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ genus:
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in;
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
Hic jacet
GULIELMUS BROWN,
Vir nulli non donandus laurus.

New Monthly Magazine.

TAILORS.

THERE is nothing upon earth that is of so much utility to men in general as fine clothes. A splendid equipage, a magnificent house, may draw the gaze of idle passers, and excite an occasional inquiry. But who, that has entered taverns and coffeehouses, has not perceived that the ratio of civility and attention from the waiter is regulated by the dress of his various customers? Any stranger, elegantly and fashionably attired, will find little difficulty in obtaining deference, politeness, and even credit, in every shop he enters; whereas the stranger, in more homely, or less modish garb, is really nobody. In truth, the gentleman is distinguished in the crowd only by the cut of his trousers, and he carries his patent of nobility in his coat-lap. And to whom does he owe this index of his identity, but to his despised and much calumniated tailor?

There is not a metamorphosis in all the pages of Ovid so wonderful as that which the great magician of the shears and thimble is capable of effecting. If there be the most unpleasant disproportions in the turn of your limbs—any awkwardness or deformity in your figure, the enchantment of this mighty wizard instantly communicates symmetry and elegance. The incongruous and unseemly furrows of your shape become smooth and harmonized; and the total want of all shape is immediately supplied by the beautiful undulations of the coat, and the graceful fall of the pantaloons. And all this is by the potency of your tailor. His necromantic skill, unlike that of too many practisers of supernatural arts, is exercised only for the benefit of the world: and whilst Circe transformed the companions of Ulysses into brute beasts, the benevolent enchanter of our day transforms brute beasts into handsome and attractive men. Nay, had Olympus been furnished with a tailor, Brotheus would have had no necessity to burn himself to death for the purpose of escaping ridicule from the gods on account of his deformity.

But he who is most indebted to this manufacturer of elegant forms, is the lover; and the base ingratitude of this sort of person is dreadfully enormous. After he has riveted the gaze of his mistress upon his charming figure, drawn forth sighs of admiration for his remarkable elegance, excited the most tender per-

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turbations by the grace of his movements, and finally acquired a complete surrender of her heart by the striking interest of his attitude when kneeling at her feet, he ignorantly and presumptuously ascribes this to his own intrinsic qualities, without ever remembering that the abilities of his tailor are the sole source of all his success. The very being, who has endowed such a man with all his attractions, rests contented with the payment of his bills, (if he be fortunate enough to obtain that;) whilst the other, by the power of fascinations so procured, obtains a lovely wife and twenty thousand pounds. *Sic vos non vobis*, &c.

Such is the skill of that wonderful being, the tailor, that his transformations are not more extraordinary than sudden. The time which is occupied in thus new-moulding the human frame is really trivial compared with the stupendous change which is literally wrought. It is true, the soul may remain the same, but a new body is actually given to it by the interposition of vestiary talent: and this is what we have always believed to be the genuine meaning of the metempsychosis of Pythagoras.

It is not, therefore, without the most cogent reasons that we assert our opinion, that the distich of Pope, "Worth makes the man," or the title appended by Colley Cibber to one of his dramas, "Love makes the man," ought henceforth to yield, in point of truth, to the irrefragable principle which we here solemnly advance, "that it is the tailor makes the man."—*Blackwood's Magazin*

THE ACTOR.

PERHAPS Fortune does not buffet any set of beings with more industry, and withal less effect, than Actors. There may be something in the habitual mutability of their feelings that evades the blow; they live, in a great measure, out of this dull sphere, "which men call earth;" they assume the dress, the tone, the gait of emperors, kings, nobles; the world slides, and they mark it not. The Actor leaves his home, and forgets every domestic exigence in the temporary government of a state, or overthrow of a tyrant; he is completely out of the real world until the dropping of the curtain. The time likewise not spent on the stage is passed in preparation for the night; and thus the shafts of fate glance from our Actor like swan-shot from an elephant. If struck at all, the barb must pierce the bones, and quiver in the marrow.

Our Actor—mind, we are speaking of players in the mass—is the most joyous, careless, superficial flutterer in existence. He knows every thing, yet has learned nothing; he has played at ducks and drakes over every rivulet of information, yet never plunged inch-deep into any thing beyond a play-book, or Joe Miller's jests. If he venture a scrap of Latin, be sure there is among his luggage a dictionary of quotations; if he speak of history,—why he has played in *Richard* and *Coriolanus*. The stage is with him the fixed orb around which the whole world revolves; there is nothing worthy of a moment's devotion one hundred yards from the green-room. It is amusing to perceive how blind, how dead, is our real Actor to the stir and turmoil of politics; he will turn from a Salamanca to admire a *Sir John Brute's* wig; Waterloo sinks into insignificance before the amber-headed cane of a *Sir Peter Teazle*. What is St. Stephen's to him —what the memory of Burke and Chatham? To be sure, Sheridan is well remembered; but then Sheridan wrote the *Critic*.

A mackerel lives longer out of water than does an Actor out of his element: he cannot, for a minute, "look abroad into universality." Keep him to the last edition of a new or old play, the burning of the two theatres, or an anecdote of John Kemble, and our Actor sparkles amazingly. Put to him an unprofessional question, and you strike him dumb; an abstract truth locks his jaws. On the contrary, listen to the stock-joke; lend an attentive ear to the witticism clubbed by the whole green-room—for there is rarely more than *one* at a time in circulation—and no man talks faster—none with a deeper delight to himself—none more profound, more knowing. The conversation of our Actor is a fine "piece of mosaic." Here Shakspeare is laid under contribution—here Farquhar—here Otway. We have an undigested mass of quotations, dropping without order from him. In words he is absolutely impoverishable. What a lion he stalks in a country town! How he stilts himself upon his jokes over the sleek, unsuspecting heads of his astonished hearers! He tells a story; and, for the remainder of the night, sits embosomed in the ineffable lustre of his humour.—*Monthly Mag.*

The Novelist.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A MUTUAL affection had existed from their very childhood between Henri Merville and Louise Courtin; their respective parents were near neighbours, and on very friendly terms with one another; they, therefore, watched the infantile at-

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tachment of their children with great pleasure, and with still more self-congratulation did they perceive that, growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength, it had ripened into an ardent and deep-rooted passion. When Henri, however, had attained his twentieth year, Louise being also only seventeen, it became necessary that he should leave the humble village of Verny, and perfect himself in his trade as a cabinet-maker, by visiting and working in some large and opulent towns. The lovers, amid their increasing happiness, had never thought of this long separation; so that when Henri was told by his father that he must leave home, and be away three years, and Louise informed by her mother of the same circumstance, the intelligence came upon them like an earthquake. Woman's feelings are more easily excited, and Louise felt as if Verny would be a desert without her dear Henri; he too was sad enough, although the preparations for his journey occupied the greatest portion of his time, and prevented his so continually thinking of the separation as she did. Grief and regret were useless; the parting hour arrived, and the now miserable pair were left to themselves. They mutually made vows of eternal constancy and fidelity; as is the custom in the provinces, they *exchanged rings*, and became rather more resigned to their unavoidable separation.

Henri at last departed, and was ten miles from Verny before he could comprehend how he had summoned up resolution enough to leave it. Louise, shut up in her little room, was weeping bitterly, and felt no inclination to go out, since she could no longer meet Henri; but, in a short time, both of them, without feeling less regret, bethought themselves of making the wearisome interval useful to their future prospects.

During the first eighteen months, he travelled about from town to town; but at last, in Lyons, made an engagement with a person who had a very extensive business, of the name of Gerval, for the remaining period. His master preferred cards and the bottle to work, and finding Henri honest and attentive, was anxious to retain him in his situation. He had a daughter, named Annette, a quick, lively, and fascinating girl, who seemed rather disposed to coquet with Henri, and was somewhat frequently in the workshop with him. Gerval observed, and by no means discouraged, this, thinking that, even after all, his assistant would become neither a bad partner for Annette nor himself; and that their intercourse, at all events, would keep away Louis, a former workman, who had affected a great regard for his daughter, but possessed very little inclination to use the saw or the plane. All this attention was very delightful to Henri, particularly as it proceeded from so interesting a creature as his present companion. Are, then, Verny and the sorrowful Louise quite forgotten? It must be confessed, that they almost escaped his memory, when thus employed with Annette; but, to do him justice, in the solitude of his chamber he experienced feelings almost akin to remorse; often in his dreams did he behold Louise, ever tender, ever affectionate, as in their infancy; this vision was recalled when he awoke, and he arose, vowing that she should never have a rival in his heart: but Henri was young, Louise two hundred *miles* off, and Annette only two *steps*.

Gerval, to keep away all aspirants, gave it out that they were betrothed, and especially informed Louis, the dismissed swain, of this agreement, who, in consequence thereof, immediately left Lyons. Henri's time, meanwhile, was passing away; he had received some very tender letters from Louise, and had written to her, but less frequently than he would have done if Annette had not occupied his leisure hours. Having, however, received no intelligence from Verny for more than three months, he began to be disquieted, and determined to leave Gerval, notwithstanding all Annette's attractions. To be sure, he had found her very pretty and agreeable—he had romped and flirted with her—but had never, for a moment, thought of marrying her, and had, strictly speaking, been faithful to Louise. Judge then of his surprise, when, one night, Gerval returned home half-drunk, and asked them, if they were not beginning to think of the wedding. Annette threw herself into her father's arms; Henri, pale as death, hid his face with his hands, and knew not how to articulate a refusal; and Gerval, at the sight of this confusion, burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter; "You put me in mind," said he, at last, "of one of those *ninnies* of lovers on the stage, who throw themselves on their knees before their mistresses, as if they were idols. Come, my lad, embrace your betrothed—exchange rings—and long live joy, for it costs nothing." The words "*exchange rings*," restored Henri to his senses, for he thought he beheld his beloved Louise, amid her tears, softly exclaim, "Dear Henri, what will become of me without you?" And this ring, too, which was asked from him, was the self-same one that he had received from her!—He im-

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mediately addressed Gerval in a firm, yet touching, tone of voice, and, having thanked him, told him that he should never forget his friendship and his kind intentions, that he should always love Annette as a sister, but that he could not marry her, because he was already engaged in his own native place. He requested him to ask his daughter if he had ever said a single word about marriage to her; he might, indeed, have added, that he had often spoken to her of Louise, and showed her the ring, about which she had teased him; but he did not wish to draw the old man's reproaches on *her*. These reproaches all fell on *him*; he bore them, however, with so much gentleness, that Gerval, who was "*a good sort of fellow*," was, in the end, affected by it. "Go, then, and marry your betrothed," said he, in a half-friendly, half-vexed, tone; "since it is not Annette, the sooner you set off the better. I must say, I shall regret you; and you may, perhaps, sometime or other, regret old Gerval and his daughter."

Henri took his departure on the next day, quite overpowered at the idea of having bidden Annette adieu for ever. During the four or five first days, the young traveller was pensive enough: Annette's smiling countenance occupied his thoughts, but he could no longer dissemble from himself, that he had acted unkindly towards Louise—"Annette will console herself; but will the gentle Louise forgive me? Oh, yes!—she is so good; I will tell her every thing, and she will admire my fidelity, when she knows how fascinating Annette was, and in what a situation I was placed." Full of this fond hope, he pursued his journey more gaily, and the nearer he approached his own dear province, the more was Annette effaced from his thoughts; for every thing around him inspired him with the sweetest reminiscences. It was just the beginning of May: each lover, on the first Sunday of that month, planted a young fir, or birch-tree, adorned with flowers, before his fair one's door. Henri thought how many he had fixed before the window of his dear Louise, and how happy he had been on hearing it said, the next day, that the loveliest girl in the village had had the finest May-offering. Oh! could he but arrive soon enough to announce his return in that way! He tried to do so, but his efforts were fruitless: the first Sunday arrived, and he was still two days' journey from Verny. In the evening he found himself in a large town, called Nuneville, fatigued with his now useless endeavours, and resolved to proceed no further that day. Every thing seemed prepared for the festival—the street was neat and clean—the fountains adorned with branches, and decorated with large nosegays, tied together with beautiful ribands—fir-trees marked the dwellings of the young females—all had flowers around them, but he remarked, that *one* had only white ones on it, fastened with a crape riband—the street was deserted. Before he could reach the inn, which was at the other end of the town, he had to pass by the church and the burial-ground; the former seemed full of women, and in the latter there was an open grave. This melancholy sight rendered it evident, that some one was dead; that her loss had suspended the public joy; and the *bouquet*, encircled with crape, had been planted before the "house of mourning." He entered the churchyard—groups of females were walking there. They were conversing in a low tone, and Henri discovered that the deceased was young and beautiful; and that she had been the victim of a misplaced affection; he could not restrain his tears, for he thought how near, perhaps, he had been occasioning the death of his Louise. "But," said one of the females, "why did she not imitate her fickle lover? Why did she not receive the addresses of your brother Guillaume?"—"She always told me," replied Isabelle, (the person addressed, and who was in deeper mourning than the others,) "that she could only love once, and that she had no longer a heart to give."—"Well, then," said another, "was she sure that her lover was faithless?"—"Quite sure. She had long feared that he was; she saw it in his letters, for when a woman like Marie loves, the heart divines every thing; still, however, she flattered herself with the fond hope that he would return, and that her forgiveness of his neglect would revive in him all his former affection. Three months ago this hope was destroyed, she heard that he was —*married*. Since that time she has only languished; she wished to live for the sake of her parents, but her grief has proved the most powerful. He quitted me in the month of May," said she to me; "in the month of May I shall quit life." That time is come, and Marie is no more."—"Tell us her whole history," exclaimed two or three of the listeners, at once. Isabelle consented; they were crowding round her, and Henri was approaching nearer, and redoubling his attention, when the funeral bell tolled drearily and solemnly. He started, and Isabelle said, with a sigh, "I must tell you my dear friend's story another time; we must now accompany her remains to

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their last sad home, and place these flowers upon her coffin."

They walked on mournfully, two and two, and Henri followed them with an interest that he could not account for, or define. The coffin advanced, preceded by the priests, bearing torches that were obscured by the silvery light of the moon; it was carried by six men, and among them it was easy to recognise Guillaume, by his profound sorrow; for, to Henri's great surprise, he alone wept. The more aged men who followed the corpse, the one even next it, and who, of course, was the father, or nearest relative of the deceased, had, like the rest, merely a composed and serious countenance, undisfigured by any great affliction. The body was lowered into the grave; the officiating minister made a brief, and somewhat cold, discourse on the frailty of life; the young females afterwards came forward, and each threw her wreath of flowers on the coffin; and then chanted some rhymes.

The grave was then about to be filled up; the noise of the earth, in falling, resounded on the coffin, and Henri shuddered. The crowd gradually dispersed; Guillaume and Isabelle alone remained beside the tomb; Henri approached it, and Isabelle observing him, with a forced smile, said, "Did you know her? I have seen you follow the funeral train with apparent interest, and now I behold you in tears; are you a relation, friend, or only even a native of the same place?" Henri listened to these questions with great surprise; "I scarcely understand you," he at length replied; "I am merely a traveller; but the deceased was, doubtless, *your* friend?"—"Yes, my best, my dearest friend; yet our friendship was doomed to be of very short continuance. I was not at all acquainted with her until, about three months ago, she came to reside with my father, who is a physician, and to whose care her relations, when aware of her forlorn state, confided her." "Her relations," remarked Henri, "did not seem to be much affected; they appeared, indeed, quite resigned to their loss." "Her relations!" replied Isabelle, "she had none here; she was a stranger, and *my* father attended as chief mourner; he lamented her loss, but Marie was not his daughter, although I *myself* loved her as a sister." "Marie!" she was called Marie! but what was her family-name? Often shall I think of her unhappy destiny." "Marie was only a name that *she* adopted, and *we* called her, because she could never bear to hear her own. "Isabelle," said she to me, almost at our first meeting, "never name me as he who has destroyed me named me; never, I entreat you, call me *dear Louise*." "Louise!" exclaimed Henri, growing pale as death; "Louise!" "Yes, Louise Courtin, of Verny!" No sooner had Isabelle uttered these words, than she beheld the young traveller fall senseless beside the grave, feebly repeating the name of Louise. Isabelle, in alarm, called her brother to her assistance; they raised up the stranger, who opened his eyes for a moment, and again muttered the same words. "Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the affrighted girl, "it is—it must be—Henri!" The youth made an effort, and cried out, in a frantic manner: "Yes! Henri, the murderer of his beloved; the assassin of Louise!" He then again fell down exhausted, and to all appearance dead. Guillaume had him conveyed to his father's, where every assistance that skill could devise, was tendered him; but he only recovered his recollection sufficiently to learn from Isabelle, that a person named Louis had brought positive intelligence to Verny, that Henri had espoused his master's daughter at Lyons; that her father himself had made him acquainted with the circumstance, and that he had seen the newly married couple in all the raptures of connubial happiness. It was impossible to discredit this news, which was a death-blow to the sensitive Louise.

After having listened to this melancholy narrative, Henri, when he had regained sufficient composure, entrusted Isabelle with his vindication, for Louise's parents and his own, and expired without a groan the next day. The same moon which had illuminated his betrothed's funeral shone upon his, and they repose beside each other in the picturesque burial-ground of Nuneville, not quite forgotten or unlamented by its inhabitants.—*Abridged from a collection of interesting Tales and Sketches, entitled "A Caniab's Leisure."*

The Anecdote Gallery.

BEARS ON THE ICE.

From the Tales of a Voyager

WITH two boats, we assailed six of these animals, who had collected round the "crang," or carcass of a whale. After lying at the bottom of the sea for some time, the body of the whale rises to the surface, probably buoyed up by gas generated by putrefaction in its entrails. This circumstance is by no means uncommon, especially late in the summer, when time has been allowed for fer-

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mentation; but it seems to point out that the depths of the Arctic Ocean contain few or no animals to prey upon the numerous carcasses which are let sink after flinching, since, otherwise, the mass would become pierced and unable to float, if not wholly devoured. We slew five of the six bears, and brought a half-grown cub on board alive. This poor harmless beast was wounded in two or three places superficially with a boat hook, but its disposition seemed scarcely to have warranted these trifling blows. I was moved to compassion as it sat upon the jaw-bone of a whale, which projected beneath the tafrail, at one moment devouring pieces of its mother and sister with avidity, and at the next stretching its throat and blaring out mournfully, when a fragment of ice met its view, passing astern as we sailed on our course. It was about the size of a sheep, and after their tea the sailors got it down below, and turned it loose betwixt decks, from whence it sent up all hands with precipitation, some of them quitting their berths half-naked, as if a fall had been called. After a sufficient allowance of frolic had gratified the crew, a daring Shetlander collared the bear as if it had been a dog, and fastened a fresh rope round its neck, and having forced it to leap overboard, the rope's-end was thrown to the boat's crew of a visiter, at that moment about to leave us, and it was towed or rather led away. The following day I saw its skin stretched on the shrouds of the vessel, to whose captain it had been presented. The other bear chace was after a monstrous male, who resolutely faced us, and would have boarded our boat had it not shot past him. He was flanked by the ship, which had run down upon him as he lay exactly in her course, and by the boat, which had got between him and the ice, and seeing no other resource, he turned upon the boat. When discovered, he was so near the floe that, wishing to intercept him, we leaped into the boat, and lowered away without waiting for a gun; we were, therefore, obliged to meet him at close quarters. But while we stood prepared, Shipley with a lance, and myself with the boat's hatchet, to receive his onset, the skiff was allowed to keep on her headway, and we passed beyond our foe, who took advantage of the error, and dashed forward to the ice, which he gained just as our boat in pursuit of him ran her nose up against the floe, and almost tripped his heels.

It was said by the harpooner, who first caught sight of this bear, that he was floating on his back in the water; and Greenlanders maintain, how truly or wrongly I know not, that bears sometimes throw themselves into this position to avoid being seen. Another reason for this attitude they affirm to be, a power possessed by bears of flinging themselves suddenly forward, by a violent jerk, whilst extended on their backs, so as to bring themselves at once into a boat; but this is a feat of which I do not believe them capable. Whilst speaking of bears, I may mention here, that the mate of the Dundee nearly lost his life this summer, from the fury of a she brownie, who attacked him on the ice. After killing her cub, he had fired at her, and struck her on the jaw, which remained gasping, as if dislocated, and believing her *hors de combat*, he got upon the floe, to take possession of her slain offspring. The she bear, however, though she had fled, now returned, and rushing towards her enemy, threw him down, but was unable to mangle him; for though her mouth was wide open, she had lost the ability to close it. Nevertheless, she mounted upon his prostrate body, and trampled it severely, before the crew of his boat could come to his rescue. When they did arrive, a sailor who brought the gun lost his presence of mind at the sight before him, and stood staring at the scene inactive; others, more bold, thrust the bear aside with lances; and the mate being freed from its weight, arose, took the gun from its bearer, and shot away the unlucky lower jaw of the beast completely. She then fell a victim to the weapons of his men. When I received this account from him, he was nearly recovered from the violence he had suffered from the enraged brute, but not till after having been for some time confined to his hammock.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ANCIENT AND MODERN THEATRES.

It appears, that our ancient theatres were little better than *barns*, while those of the present day may vie with palaces in extent, splendour, and decoration; and nothing can more strongly exhibit the contrast between the present age and that of Queen Elizabeth, than the difference in the expense of a London theatre. The *Rose* playhouse, which was erected about the year 1592, cost only 103*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*,—a sum which would scarcely pay half the expenses of a modern patent theatre for a single night. Only let the reader think of the rush roof of the *Globe*, and the gilt-work ceilings of our present theatres; the

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open area,—and the cloth-covered seats of the pit; and the magnificence of our saloons, halls, staircases, and corridors,—all in the noblest style of architectural decoration.—*Companion to the Theatres.*

COVENT GARDEN was once the emporium of the arts and sciences, and the residence of the chief nobility of the kingdom. Barton Booth lived at No. 4, Charles-street; Colley Cibber lived at No. 3; and Easty's Hotel, Southampton-street, was Mr. Garrick's; Mrs. Oldfield lived in the same street; Wilkes built the house in Bow-street, next door but one to the theatre—Garrick and Macklin lodged in it.—*Ibia.*

AT Kirlees, Yorkshire, about three miles from Hutherfield, is, or was lately, a funeral monument of the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, with the following inscription:—

Here, undernead dis laid stean,
Lais Robert, Earl of Huntingtun;
Nea arter az hie sa geud,
An pipl kauld him Robin Heud.
Sick outlawz hi an iz men
Vil England niven si agen.
Obiit 24 kal Decembrio, 1247.
HALBERT H.

REGENT-STREET.

THE expenditure of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests in forming this splendid street, is stated to have been 1,533,582*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*; and the probable revenue is 36,330*l.*

STEALING PICTURES.

THE celebrated Raphael of the Louvre —*Christ and his Disciples*—is said to have been, at some unknown time, abstracted from its frame, and a modern *copy* substituted. The picture has been valued at £20,000. and it is surmised that it has found a hiding-place in England. Harlowe's *Kemble Family* is also missing at the present moment.

Literary Gazette.

RAMSAY'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF, IN A POEM ADDRESSED TO MR. JAMES ARBUCKLE.

IMPRIMIS, then, for tallness, I
Am five feet four inches high;
A black-a-vic'd, snod, dapper fallow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;
Wi' phiz of a Morocco cut,
Resembling a late man of wit,
Auld gabbet Spec, wha was sae cunning,
To be a dummie ten years running.
Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd:
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than shew dislike by melancholy;
Weel judging a sour heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.
I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
Great tables ne'er engaged my wishes
When crowded with o'er mony dishes;
A healthfu' stomach sharply set
Prefers a back-sey pipin het.
I never could imagine 't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occasion thus to show it.
Second of thirdly——pray take heed,
Ye's get a short swatch of my creed.
To follow method negatively,
Ye ken takes place of positively:
Weel then, I'm neither Whig nor Tory,
Nor credit give to purgatory.
Frae twenty-four to five-and-forty,
My muse was neither sweer nor dorty,
My Pegasus would break his tether,
E'en at the shagging of a feather,
And through ideas scour like drift,
Streaking his wings up to the lift;
Then, then my soul was in a low,
That gart my members safely row;
But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.
I. S. W.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

OLD Captain Humdrum,
Being sent home in rum,
The tars as they brought him on shore,
Got drunk with the pickle:
"'Tis natural," says Jekyll,
"They should all feel the *Esprit de Corps.*"
Weekly Review.

IRISH SORROW.

A CAPTAIN of grenadiers having some time ago died in the West Indies, his remains were followed to the grave by an Irish servant, and buried with military honours. Upon the discharge of the last round, poor Pat, who had hitherto observed an awful and melancholy silence, loudly exclaimed, "Ah! Master, Jewel, that's the last shot your honour will ever hear!"

APPROPRIATE CARRIAGES.

A COACHMAKER, remarking the fashionable stages or carriages, said, "that a *sociable* was all the *ton* during the *honey-moon*, and a *sulky* after."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 363.] SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

Guy's Cliff.

"A home of pleasure, a place meet for the Muses."—Leland.

Warwick—what olden glories and tales of other times are associated with this county. How many of its sites are connected with high-minded men and great and glorious actions. To the antiquary, the poet, and the philosopher, every foot is hallowed ground; and even the cold calculations of the commercial speculator treat with regard a county whose manufactures add to the stock of national wealth and importance. How many stories of love, war, and chivalry are told of its halls, castles, and monasteries, their lords and ladies and maidens of high birth. Kenilworth and Stratford—Leicester, Shakspeare, and Warwick—like long trails of light, all flit before us in this retrospective dream of the days of "merry England."

Guy's Cliff is situated about one mile and a half north-east of Warwick. Here the river Avon winds through fertile meadows; and on its western bank, a combination of rock and wood, singularly picturesque, invited at an early period the reveries of superstitious seclusion and poetical fancy. It is supposed that here was an oratory, and a cell for the hermit, in Saxon times; and it is certain that a hermit dwelt in this lovely recess in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. This is the spot to which the renowned *Guy*, Earl of Warwick, is said to have retired after his duel with the Danish Colbrond;* and here his neglected countess, the fair Felicia, is reported to have interred his remains. It appears that Henry V. visited Guy's Cliff, and was so charmed with its natural beauties, and, probably, so much interested by the wild legend connected with the place, that he determined to found a chantry for two priests here. But war and an early death prevented the performance of this, among many other pious and benevolent intentions ascribed to the heroic Henry. Such a chantry was, however, founded in the first year of Henry VI. by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; but the chapel and some contiguous buildings were not completed till after the earl's decease. In this delightful retreat lived John Rous, the antiquary, as a chantry priest.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, this estate passed to a private

* See Mirror, vol. xiii. p. 114.

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gentleman, who built a handsome mansion here. But the chief attractions are the natural beauties of the grounds—as the rock, on which the house and chapel are built. Here is shown a cave, devoutly believed by neighbouring peasants to be that which Guy "hewed with his own hands," and in which he lived

Like a Palmer poore.

The chapel founded by Richard Beauchamp was a plain, substantial edifice. The founder caused to be carved from the solid rock on which this chapel abuts, a rude statue of the famous Earl Guy, about eight feet in height. It would appear, from a print in Dugdale's Warwickshire, that this figure was well preserved in the seventeenth century.

ANCIENT CROSSES IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

" She doth stray about
By holy *crosses*, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours." SHAKSPEARE.

IN former times, an idea of peculiar sanctity was annexed to crosses. They not only marked civil and ecclesiastical limits, but probably served for stations, when the bounds were visited in processions. It was a common practice for mendicants to place themselves near some of these crosses, and ask alms; whence the ancient proverb, "He begs like a cripple at a cross." Cornwall abounds with stone crosses. In churchyards, by the side of roads, and on the open downs, they remain solitary and neglected. In almost every town that had an abbey, or any other religious foundation, there was one of these structures. The monks frequently harangued the populace from these crosses. Many of them still remain, exhibiting beautiful specimens of architecture and sculpture. The most memorable and interesting objects of this kind were those which King Edward I. erected at the different stages where the corpse of Queen Eleanor rested, in its progress from Nottinghamshire to London. Mr. Gough tells us, that there were originally fifteen of these elegant structures; but only three are now remaining, which, by their peculiar beauty, as specimens of architecture and productions of art, serve to excite regret at the destruction of the others. The first of the three abovementioned, is the cross at Geddington, about three miles from Kettering, in Northamptonshire. The second is the Queen's Cross, near Northampton. The third is the cross at Waltham, in Hertfordshire. For a further account of these crosses, see Mr. Britton's "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain."—P.T.W.

TO R. H., ON HER DEPARTURE FOR LONDON.

(For the Mirror.)

" Alas for me! false hearts I've found, where I had deem'd them true,
And stricken hopes lie all around where'er I turn my view;
Yet it may be, when far remov'd, the voice of memory
May yet remind thee how we lov'd, with its reproving sigh." ANONYMOUS.

FAREWELL! farewell! a sad farewell!
'Tis fate's decree that we should part;
Forebodings strange my bosom tell,
That others now will gain thy heart;
If so, calm as the waveless deep,
Whereby the passing gust has blown,
Unmark'd, the eye will turn to weep
O'er days that have so swiftly flown.
Remember me—remember me,
My latest thought will be for thee.

The tale which to *thee* I've confest
Another ne'er shall hear again;
Nor love, that link'd me with the blest,
Be darken'd with an earthly chain.
No, as the scroll above the dead,
The dreams of parted joys will last;
There is a bliss now love has fled,
To trace this record of the past.
Then, oh! mid all remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Life hath been as a cloudy day,
Yet still it hath not *all* been gloom,
For many a wild and broken ray
Hath cheer'd awhile my spirit's doom;
As flow'rets on a river's rim,
Whose shadows deck each passing wave,
Thought lingers on, perturb'd and dim,
Or sunbeam resting on a grave.
Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Where'er my feet may wander now,
No more awakes the slightest care;
It matters not—for still wilt thou
Be present 'mid my heart's despair.
So springs and blooms, in lonely state,
Some flow'ret on a roofless cot,
And decks with smiles, though desolate,
The gloomy stillness of the spot.
Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Though calm the eye, and still the tongue,
It needs not that the cheek be pale
To prove the heart by feelings wrung,
And brooding o'er a hopeless tale
For calm is oft the ocean's breast,
Though 'neath its deep blue waters lie
A thousand wrecks—so sorrows rest
In still and silent misery.
Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

H. P.

THE COURSE OF LOVE.

(For the Mirror.)

Go, trace the forest maze,
Or Cretan lab'rinth solve
On Nature's myst'ries gaze,
Or Gordian knot resolve.

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Tell whence the magnet's force,
The central motive scan,
Lay bare Nile's hidden source,
Earth's vast circumference span.
Results from such detail
Skill superhuman prove;
Yet powers like these would fail
To tell the course of love.

Direct the impulse fierce
Of ocean's watery sway;
When wint'ry tempests pierce,
Bind Boreas to obey.

Go, mould the fleeting cloud,
The lucid dew-drop mix,
The solar radiance shroud,
The trembling moonbeam fix.

Then bid the wand'ring star
Within the zodiac move;
'Twere task more hard by far
To guide the course of love.

Stop the meridian flight
Of Jove's proud plumy race;
Arrest the fiercest fight
When foe-men battle face.

Forbid the earth to turn,
Forbid the tides to flow,
Forbid the sun to burn,
Forbid the winds to blow.

Bid the fix'd orb of day,
Beyond his sphere to move,
Or cease th' attempt, I pray,
To stop the course of love. T F.

I'LL BE AT YOUR BALL.

(For the Mirror.)

Ah! ce n'est pas moi qui romprait la première l'union sacrée de nos cœurs; vous le savez bien que ce n'est pas moi, et je rougirais presque, d'assurer ce qui n'est que trop certain.—*Corinne, par* MADAME DE STAEL.

I'll be at your ball—dear Eliza,
Could you doubt of my wish to be there,
When ask'd by the maiden I prize a-
Bove all maidens, though e'er so fair?
Busy fancy brings back in my dreams
The walks, still enchanting, we took,
When the zephyrs scarce ruffled the streams,
No sound heard, save the murm'ring brook
The stars we together have watched—
What pleasure these thoughts do recall!
Believe that your truly attached,
Dear Eliza, will be at your ball.

Can study those feelings estrange,
Of affection so ardent and true?
Or absence or time ever change
A heart so devoted to you?
My voice may have altered its tone,
My brow may be furrow'd by care,
But, oh, dearest girl, there are none
Possess of my heart the least share.
You say that my hair is neglected,
That my dress don't become me at all;
Can you feel surprised I'm dejected,
Since I parted from you at your ball?

I listlessly turn o'er the pages,
So fraught with amusement before—
Tasso, Dante, and even the sages,
Once pleasing, are pleasing no more.
When I walk on the banks of the Mole,
Or recline 'neath our favourite tree,
As the needle is true to the pole,
So my thoughts still concentre in thee.
Old Time moves so slow, he appears,
"With age quite decrepit," to crawl;
And days seem now lengthen'd to years,
Before we shall meet—at your ball.

DAFT JAMIE.

Retrospective Gleanings.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING occasionally (during my lucubrations) marked out sundry choice excerpts, quips, and quiddities, from a variety of authors, I shall, with your permission, submit to the reader an occasional chapter, with a few original remarks, &c., which I hope will prove agreeable. JACOBUS.

POSTURE MASTERS.

IT is now a-days extremely common to style the tumble-down-dick exploits of posture masters, balancers, conjurers, &c. an art. To ridicule such an abuse of the term by applying it to mere adroitness, skill in trifles, and labour-in-vain performances, Quinctilian gives us this merry instance—"Qualis illius fuit, qui grana ciceris ex spatio distante missa, in acum continue, et sine frustratione inserebat; quem cum spectasset Alexander, donasse eum dicitur leguminis modio—quod quidem præmium fuit illo opere dignissimum." Translation — Of this kind of art, was his, who, standing at a certain distance, could continually, without missing, stick a small pea upon the point of a needle; which when Alexander had witnessed, he ordered him a bushel of that grain for his trouble, a reward quite adequate to such an exploit. We have a similar story related, I think, of Charles II.: a posture master climbed up Grantham steeple, and then stood on his head upon the weathercock. The facetious monarch, after witnessing his ascent, told him he might forthwith have a patent that none should do the like but himself.

TO MAKE BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

Published by request of the gentlemen of both Universities.

FIRST—Take of beef, or mutton, or lamb, or veal, or any other meat, two pounds and a half, or any other quantity; be sure to keep it in salt till the saline

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particles have locked up all the animal juices, and rendered the fibres hard of digestion; then boil it over a turf or peat fire, in a brass kettle, covered with a copper lid, until it is over much done.

Second—Take a large turned cabbage, and boil it in a bell metal pot until it is done enough, or (if you think proper) too much.

Thirdly—Slice the meat, and souse that and the cabbage both in a frying pan together, and let them bubble and squeak over a charcoal fire for half an hour, three minutes, and two seconds.

Lastly—Devour the whole, which will not weigh more than *four* pounds, for a quantum sufficit; drink *six* pints of good, fat ale; sit, smoke, sleep, snore, and forget your book.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In defence of the two Universities.

WE can assure the public that the malicious report of the Greek language being expelled from the abovenamed seats of Minerva, is entirely without foundation; there being, at this moment, many thousand volumes written in that tongue, actually extant, and quite unmolested in the several libraries.

HONEST PREJUDICES,

Or bona fide extracts from celebrated authors.

BEFORE the conquest of this country by the Normans, the land in Norfolk was so light and fine, that the farmers usually plowed with two rabbits and a case knife!—*Jones's Wonderful Changes*, p. 86.—Weep at this ye who are now racking your inventive powers for improvements in agricultural implements. See what your forefathers could accomplish by means the simplest.—*Risum teneatis?*

THERE are many stories told of the craft of the fox to compass his prey, of which Ol. Magnus hath many: such as feigning the bark of a dog to catch prey near the houses; feigning himself dead to catch such animals as come to feed upon him; laying his tail upon a wasp's nest and then rubbing it hard against a tree, thus catching the wasps so killed; ridding himself of fleas by gradually going into the water with a lock of wool in his mouth, and so driving the fleas up into it and then leaving it in the water; by catching crab fish with his tail, which he saith he himself was a witness of.—*Derham's Physico-Theology*, book iv. chap. 11., and *Ol. Mag. Hist.* lib. xviii. cap. 39, 40.—Peruse this ye incredulous lectors of Baron Munch-Hausen, and Colonel Nimrod. Talk no more of the fertile genius of our Yankee brethren, but candidly admit ye are blameworthy for withholding credence to matters which rather border on the marvellous.

HAD man been a dwarf he could not have been a rational creature; for he must then have had a jolt head, so there would not have been body and blood enough to supply his brain with spirits, or he must have had a small head answerable to his body, and so there would not have been brain enough for his business.—*Grew's Cosmol. Sacr.* book i. chap. v.

Had the calf of the leg been providentially and prominently placed *before*, instead of being preposterously and prejudicially placed *behind*, it had been evidently better; forasmuch as the human shin-bone could not then have been so easily broken.—*Dr. Moreton's Beauty of the Human Structure*, page 62.—What a pity it is that these two learned and self-sufficient authors, were not consulted in the formation of their own persons: doubtless they could have suggested many improvements, and would have felt all the advantages with due effect—probably they might have liked their heads to screw on and off like Saint Denis, of France, who frequently carried his under his arm.

THE City of London is the largest city in the world, and the people of London the wisest.—*Wilson's Candid Traveller*, page 42.—Mark this, ye who are levelling your *leaden* wit at the worthy aldermen and cits of this "large" and "wise" metropolis.

AT the famous battle of Crescy, gained by Edward III., notwithstanding a vast carnage of the French, and an infinite number of prisoners, the English lost only one 'squire, three knights, and a few of inferior rank.—*History of England, by Goldsmith.*

At the battle of Agincourt, gained by Henry V. the French lost ten thousand men, and fourteen thousand prisoners; the English (although enfeebled by disease, destitute of provisions, and harassed by fatigue) lost only forty men in all.—*Ibid.*—Hear these facts of ancient prowess, ye heroes of modern times; who among ye ever gained such signal advantages with losses so insignificant?—In good truth, I must admit, that even I was once inclined to cry out with Mr. Burchell, "fudge;" but the follow-

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ing morceaux have explained to me the (otherwise) mysterious relation :—

One Englishman can beat *five* Frenchmen. — *Williamson's Serious Propositions*, page 78. — One English man-of-war, will beat a Dutch fleet — *Nebolt's Naval Expeditions*, chap. iv. section 9.—Indeed! what a scandalous shame it is then to call Admiral Blake a naval hero; surely he could have been but a mere botch to make such a tough job of cutting up Van Tromp, the Dutch commander.

THOUGH I have examined what all other authors have written on this affair with great impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the least merit; nor do I find one man that has treated this subject sensibly, besides myself.— *Smithson's Amiableness of Candour and Diffidence*, page 3. — What modesty! what candour! amiable critic! doubtless your ingenuous style has obtained you a place on the shelves of the literati; and like Ovid and Horace you have secured as well as assigned yourself an immortality.

Select Biography.

MEMOIR OF BOLIVAR.

THE conspicuous part which Bolivar has acted throughout the revolution in Colombia, and at the close of that in Peru, renders it imperative on us to give some account of a character, identified with so many great and extraordinary events.

Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas on the 25th of July, 1783. He lost his parents at an early age; and, in his sixteenth year, was sent to Europe to finish his education. He made the tour of France and Italy. Having married at Madrid, he embarked for Venezuela, where his wife died a few months after her arrival. Bolivar went a second time to Europe, and was present at the coronation of Napoleon. He returned to Caracas in company with Emparan, appointed captain-general of Venezuela by the central junta at Seville. Soon after the raising of the standard of independence (19th April, 1810) in that country, he was sent to solicit the protection of Great Britain. He was well received by the Marquess Wellesley, then secretary for Foreign Affairs. The British government offered its mediation between Spain and her colonies, but the offer was rejected by the court of Madrid. Bolivar returned to his own country, accompanied by General Miranda, who was placed in command of the Venezuelan troops. But the revolutionary government was too feebly organized to give efficiency to the military force. Divisions arose, and the cause of independence was on the retrograde, when the dreadful earthquake of 1812, and the subsequent invasion by the Spanish force under General Monteverde, for the time, precluded all possibility of success.

Bolivar, alleging that Miranda had betrayed his country by capitulating to Monteverde, arrested him at La Guayra. Bolivar then demanded his passport, and when taken before Monteverde, the Spanish general said that Colonel Bolivar's request should be complied with, as a reward for his having served the king of Spain by delivering up Miranda. Bolivar answered that he arrested him to punish a traitor* to his country, and not to serve the king. This answer had nearly included him in the general proscription; but the good offices of Don Francisco Iturbe, secretary to Monteverde, procured the passport, and Bolivar was allowed to sail for Curaçoa. From that island he went to Carthagena, where he obtained the command of a small force, with which he proceeded up the Magdalena, and having beaten parties of the royalist troops at various points on that river, he continued his march from Ocana to Cucutá, and solicited assistance from the government of Cundinamarca. Five hundred men were placed at his disposal, and with these, added to his own small party, Bolivar undertook to effect the liberation of his country. Four thousand Spaniards, under General Correa, were then on that part of the Venezuelan frontier. A division of these was beaten by Bolivar, who pursued his march to Truxillo, defeating on the way several royalist detachments.

The Spaniards from the commencement of the war, had put to death all persons whom they found with arms in their hands. The South Americans, on the contrary, gave quarter to those royalists who fell into their power. The natives consequently preferred entering the royalist ranks, feeling secure that, in case of being made prisoners, their lives would be spared. Bolivar, perceiving the great disadvantage under which he laboured,

* Bolivar seems to have been hurried into dreadful error by the warmth of his feelings. Not only is the *expediency* of the capitulation admitted by eye witnesses of the first respectability, but also that Miranda had no other alternative. The rich and influential inhabitants withheld their support, not that their political sentiments had undergone a change but because they saw the uselessness of sacrificing property and life in a wild attempt to stem the stream of public opinion; the bulk of the people having become decidedly royalist in principle ever since the earthquake, which had been represented by the priesthood as a judgment of Heaven upon the insurgent cause.

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and as a retaliation for the horrid butcheries committed by the Spaniards, issued a proclamation at Truxillo, declaring, that from that time forward he should wage a war of extermination. This declaration of *guerra á muerte* on the part of the independents made the danger, in that respect, equal on both sides.

Bolivar, having separated his small corps into two divisions, entrusted the command of the second to the active General Rivas. Bolivar himself penetrated the Llanos, after having beaten the Spaniards at Niquitao, Carache, Varinas, Tahuana, and Torcones. He then advanced to Vitoria, within twenty leagues of Caracas, where he was met by Spanish commissioners, who sued for, and obtained, a capitulation. The conqueror entered his native city in triumph. But this did not put an end to the war. The Spaniards were faithless in the observance of the capitulation, and Monteverde, from within the walls of Puerto Cabello, fomented the discord which prevailed in the interior provinces. About this time a strong reinforcement arrived from Spain. Bolivar was obliged to evacuate Caracas; but the royalists were beaten at Viguirima, Barbula, and Las Trincheras. However, the Spanish general Cevallos had time to raise four thousand recruits in the province of Coro, which had always shown itself inimical to the cause of independence. Bolivar next gained the important battle of Araure, and repossessed himself of Caracas. On the 2nd of January, 1814, he assembled the public authorities of the city, and resigned to them the supreme authority he had exercised, and with which his triumphs had invested him. They, however, refused to admit his resignation; conferred upon him the title of LIBERATOR OF VENEZUELA; and named him dictator.

About this period a Spaniard, Don José Tomas Boves, succeeded in bringing about a counter-revolution in the Llanos, an immense tract of level country, which traverses the centre of Venezuela, and extends to the confines of New Granada. Boves organized a force, which consisted of men mostly chosen for their desperate character, whom he led on by promises of indiscriminate plunder, and lavishing the greatest rewards upon the perpetrators of the most revolting atrocities. The track of these ruffians, to Calabozo, was every where marked with the blood of the aged and the defenceless. Bolivar, who had detached a part of his force in pursuit of Cevallos, had not above two thousand men left to make head against Boves, who, with nearly five times that number, had possessed himself of the fertile valleys of Aragua, and destroyed some patriot divisions sent to check his progress. Bolivar took up a position at San Mateo, in order to cover Caracas. A series of attacks, in the space of forty days, reduced the number of Bolivar's force to four hundred. Cevallos had repaired the effects of his defeat at Araure, and, reinforced by General Cagigal, had penetrated to Valencia. The patriot division of the east having defeated Boves at Bocachica, and compelled him to retire to the Llanos, and having subsequently united with the remains of Bolivar's force, marched against Cagigal and Cevallos, whose well-organized troops amounted to six thousand. These were attacked and defeated by Bolivar, who then detached the greater part of his force to reduce the province of Coro to submission, and himself marched against Boves. Bolivar was overwhelmed by numbers at La Puerta. His division dispersed, and fled to Cundinamarca. He was then obliged to abandon Caracas. The same day witnessed the affecting spectacle of several thousand inhabitants leaving their homes and property at the mercy of the ruthless spoiler, while they themselves set out to face want, disease, and death, in distant provinces.

On the 17th of August, Bolivar lost the battle of Aragua. The subsequent affairs of Maturin, Cumaná, Carupano, Guiria, Urica, and El Caris, were fought, with varying success. All being lost in the east, Bolivar next proceeded to Carthagena, and offered his services to New Granada, then agitated by discordant parties of provincialists, centralists, metropolists, federalists, royalists, and independents. A congress assembled at Tunja conferred upon Bolivar the command of the forces of New Granada. Santa Fé de Bogotá submitted, the provinces acknowledged the congress, and an effort was made to establish a constitutional form of government.

Bolivar having proposed to take the town of Santa Marta, still held by the Spaniards, he was authorized by the government of Santa Fé to procure guns, &c., from the arsenals of Carthagena. The governor of that fortress refused to furnish the necessary supplies. In order to enforce compliance, Bolivar invested Carthagena, before which he remained a considerable time, when he heard of the arrival at Margarita of General Morillo, with ten thousand Spanish troops. Upon this, Bolivar placed his own investing force at the disposal of his rival, the governor of Carthagena; and, unwilling that the cause of his country should continue to suffer from the dissention which

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had arisen between himself and the governor, withdrew to Jamaica. Morillo, soon afterwards, laid siege to Carthagena, which, unfortunately, in consequence of the long investment it had already sustained, was nearly destitute of provisions. Bolivar sent from Jamaica some supplies for the besieged garrison; but before they could arrive, that important fortress was in possession of the Spaniards. This enabled them to reconquer New Granada, and the blood of its citizens was made to stream from the scaffold.

At Kingston, Bolivar narrowly escaped assassination. The casual circumstance of exchanging apartments with another person, caused the murderer's dagger to be planted in the heart of a faithful follower, instead of in that of Bolivar. The author of these memoirs happened to live, for a few days, in the same boarding-house. Some officers of a British line-of-battle ship, not speaking Spanish, requested him to invite Bolivar, in their name, to dine with them. This was only a few weeks previous to the intended assassination of Bolivar.

From Jamaica, Bolivar went to Hayti, and was received at Port-au-Prince by Petion with kind hospitality, and was assisted by him as far as his means would allow.

In April, 1816, he sailed with three hundred men to Margarita, which island had lately again shaken off the Spanish yoke. He arrived at Juan Griego, where he was proclaimed supreme chief of the republic. On the 1st of June he sailed, and on the 3rd landed at Campano, where he beat nine hundred Spaniards. He then opened a communication with patriot chieftains, who had maintained themselves in isolated parties dispersed over the *llanos* of Cumaná, Barcelona, and the Apure. It is a curious fact, that the isolation of several of these parties was so complete, that, for many months, they did not know of any other than themselves being in arms for the delivery of their country. It was only by their coming into accidental contact that they discovered that there was more than one patriot guerilla in existence.* Bolivar supplied some of them with arms, and at the same time augmented his own force to a thousand men. The Spaniards assembled in superior numbers to destroy them; but Bolivar embarked, and relanded at Ocumare, with an intention of taking Caracas: great part, however, of the Spanish army having by this time returned from New Granada to Venezuela, Bolivar was obliged to re-embark for Margarita.

* For the honour of the *llaneros*, this circumstance ought to be more distinctly detailed.

In 1817, he landed near Barcelona, where he collected seven hundred recruits, and marched towards Caracas; but, being worsted in an affair at Clarines, he fell back again upon Barcelona, where he shut himself up with four hundred men, and made a successful resistance against a superior force.

Bolivar received some reinforcements from the interior of the province of Cumaná, upon which he decided upon making the banks of the Orinoco the theatre of his future efforts. Having further augmented his force, and taken the necessary steps to keep alive the war in the districts on the coast, he marched to the interior, beating several small royalist parties which he encountered on his route.

Of the Spanish army which had returned from New Granada, a division, under the brave General La Torre, was destined to act against the patriots in Guayana. A division of the latter, under General Piar, having obtained a decisive victory, Bolivar was enabled to invest Angostura, and the town of old Guyana, which were successively taken on the 3rd and 18th of July.

In Angostura, Piar was found guilty, by a court-martial, of an attempt to excite a war of colour. Piar (a man of colour himself) was the bravest of the brave, and adored by his followers; but his execution stifled anarchy in the bud.

The rest of the year 1817 was actively spent in organizing a force to act against Morillo, who had lately been reinforced by two thousand fresh troops from the Peninsula, under General Canterac, then on his way from Spain to Peru. An abundant supply of arms, received from England, was sent to the patriot corps on the banks of the Apure.

(To be continued.)

LEDYARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

(For the Mirror.)

Dost wish to roam in foreign climes
Forget thy home and long past times?
Dost wish to be a wand'rer's bride,
And all thy thoughts in him confide?
Thou canst not traverse mountain seas,
Nor bear cold Lapland's freezing breeze;
Thou canst not bear the torrid heats,
Nor brave the toils a wand'rer meets;
Thou wouldst faint, dearest, with fatigue
Trav'ling the desert's sandy league.

Pale hunger with her sickly pains
Will silence thy heroic strains;
Thy heart—now warmly beats—will chill
And stop thy lover's wonted skill.
He could not see thee pine and weep
Nor could he ease thy troubled sleep—
'Twould quite unman his firm resolve,
And with grief thy love involve.

TERRENUS.

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Roman Altar.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

ENCLOSED I send you a drawing of a Roman votive altar, which was found in digging a cellar about six feet deep, in St. Sepulchre's Gate, Doncaster, in the year 1781. It is the oldest relic of antiquity which Doncaster has yet produced, and is of exquisite engraving and workmanship. Upon the capital, or top of the stone, a small space above the sculpture of the altar itself, is a crater or flowing bowl,* sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine; on the dexter, or right side of the altar, is a flower-pot, or cornucopiæ, with five branches in it, loaded with leaves and fruit, sacred to Ceres, or Terra-Mater, the goddess of plants; and on the sinister, or left side thereof, is a large jug or pitcher with a large handle, also sacred to Bacchus. It is about 2 feet 6½ inches in height, and 1 foot in breadth at the base. The corporation employed a Mr. Richard John Tetlow, of Ferry-bridge, a celebrated antiquary, to interpret the inscription, and give them his opinion on its age. They also sent it to the Antiquarian Society in London for inspection.

Interpretation of the Society.

Matribus magnis,† Nantonius‡ Orberthol, vota solvit lubens merito.

Translation.

To the great mothers, (goddesses,) Anthony Orberthol willingly and meritoriously has performed his vows or promises.

Interpretation of Mr. Tetlow.

Lunæ, Latonæ, Lucinæ, Matribus magnis Antonius Orbis Romani Imperator Bonis Oeis Altare. vota. solvit. lubens merito.

Translation.

To Luna, Latona, Lucina, the great good mothers, goddesses, Anthony, the emperor of the Roman empire, hath erected, or dedicated, this altar. Freely and fully he has discharged his vows and promises.

It is, reasonably enough, conjectured from several corroborative circumstances, that the altar above described is no less than 1,645 years old. One of these circumstances is its being similar in some respects to two other Roman altars which were found in England some years back, one of which is related to have been made in the year of Christ 161.

Near Sheffield. J. M. C—D.

* If not a flowing bowl, then it is the shield of Diana.

† Juno and Diana.

‡ For Antoninus, in the year of Christ 161. Antoninus Philosophus was the Roman emperor and succeeded Antoninus Pius, according to Dr. Littleton.

Notes of a Reader.

SUNSET.

DAY sets in glory, and the glowing air
Seems dreaming in delight; peace reigns around,
Save where some beetle starteth here and there
From the shut flowers that kiss the dewy ground—
A burning ocean, stretching vast and far
The parting banners of the king of light,
Gleam round the temples of each living star
That comes forth in beauty with the night:
The west seems now like some illumined hall,
Where beam a thousand torches in their pride,
As if to light the joyous carnival
Held by the bright sun and his dark-robed bride,
Whose cloudy arms are round his bosom press'd,
As with her thousand eyes she woos him to his rest.

The African, a Tale.

BEES.

ALTERNATIONS of torpor and animation cause greater exhaustion and loss of physical powers, than would be occasioned by a continuance of uniform torpor. This we infer from the fact, that in Russia, where the winters are uniformly cold, bees do not perish; and in the West Indies where there is perpetual verdure, they are never exhausted.

MAJOR RENNELL—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—now in his 87th year, possesses in full vigour, for the happiness of himself and friends, all those intellectual faculties which have so eminently distinguished his long and useful life; who, suffering little short of martyrdom,

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from the frequent attacks of gout, still devotes hours and days to his favourite pursuit; uniting with his studies all the playfulness and vivacity of youth.—*Quarterly Review.*

WAR.

WAR! what miseries are heaped together in the sound!—What an accumulation of curses is breathed in that one word. To us, happy in our insular position, we have, within existing memory, known chiefly of war, its pomp and circumstance alone; the gay parade, the glancing arms, the bright colours, the inspiring music—these are what we see of war in its outset;—glory, and praise, and badges of honour, these are what appear to us as its result. The favourite son, the beloved brother, he who, perhaps, is dearer still, returns to the home of his youth or of his heart, having sown danger and reaped renown. Thus do we look on war. But ask the inhabitant of a country *which has been the seat of war*, what is *his* opinion of it. He will tell you that he has seen his country ravaged, his home violated, his family —— But no! the tongue recoils from speaking the horrors and atrocities of war thus brought into the bosom of a peaceful home. All the amenities and charities of domestic life are outraged, are annihilated. All that is dearest to man; all that tends to refine, to soften him—to make him a noble and a better being—all these are trampled under foot by a brutal soldiery —all these are torn from his heart for ever! He will tell you that he detests war so much that he almost despises its glories; and that he detests it because he has known its evils, and felt how poorly and miserably they are compensated by the fame which is given to the slaughterer and the destroyer, because he is such!—*Tales of Passion.*

THE NEWSPAPERS.

THESE square pieces of paper are the Agoras of modern life. The same skilful division of labour which brings the fowl ready trussed to our doors from the market, brings also an abstract of the

Votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus,

which agitate the great metropolis, and even opinions, ready prepared, to the breakfast tables of our remotest farms, ere the controversial warmth has had time to cool. In the centre of this square, where you observe the larger character, a public orator, "vias et verba locans," takes his daily stand. One makes his speech in the morning, and another reserves his for the evening; a third class, either disposed to take less trouble, or, finding it convenient to construct their speeches from fragments of the daily orations, harangue once in two or three days; while a fourth waylay the people in their road to visit the temples on our hebdomadal festivals. But cast your eyes to another part of these our artificial forums, and observe the number of small divisions which fill up the space. There are stalls of merchandize. The ancient venders must have been noisy, and a frequent cause of annoyance to political speakers; but here the hawkers of wet and dry goods, the hawkers of medicine, the hawkers of personal services, the hawkers of husbands and wives, (for among us these articles are often cried up for sale,) and lastly, the hawkers of religions, moral, and political wisdom, all cry out at once, without tumult or confusion, yet so as to be heard in these days through the remotest corners of these islands. * * * If a peculiarly bloody murder has been tried, or if some domestic intrigue has produced a complicated love story, however offensive in its details, you will find our reading crowd stationary in that quarter, to enjoy the tragic stimulants of terror and pity. We have also a modest corner of the square appropriated to the use of our posts; but like Polydorus's ghost, they generally utter doleful soliloquies, which no one will stop to hear.—*London Review.*

BEAUTY.

IT is vain to dispute about the matter; moralists may moralize, preachers may sermonize about it as much as they please; still beauty is a most delightful thing,—and a really lovely woman a most enchanting object to gaze on. I am aware of all that can be said about roses fading, and cheeks withering, and lips growing thin and pale. No one, indeed, need be ignorant of every change which can be rung upon this peal of bells, for every one must have heard them in every possible, and impossible, variety of combination. Give time, and complexion will decay, and lips and cheeks will shrink and grow wrinkled, sure enough. But it is needless to anticipate the work of years, or to give credit to old Time for his conquests before he has won them. The edge of his scythe does more execution than that of the conqueror's sword; we need not add the work of fancy to *his*,—it is more than sufficiently sure and rapid already. *Tales of Passion.*

PRE-AUX-CLERCS.

IN 1559, the most frequented promenade in Paris was the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, situated

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where a part of the Faubourg St. Germain is at present. The students of the university were generally in favour of the reformed religion, and not only made a profession of it, but publicly defended its principles. They had been in the habit of meeting at this place for several years, and the monks of the Abbey St. Victor having refused to let them assemble in the Pré-aux-Clercs, a serious affair sprung out of the refusal, and several rencounters took place, in which blood was shed; the students, being the most numerous, carried their point, the monks resigned the field to them, and the Pré-aux-Clercs was more than ever frequented. It became the grand rendezvous of all the Protestants, who would sing Marot's psalms during the summer evenings; and such numbers giving confidence, many persons declared themselves Protestants, whose rank had hitherto deterred them from such a step. Among such, the most eminent was Anthony of Bourbon, first prince of the blood, and, in right of his wife, king of Navarre.—*Browning's History of the Hugonots.*

LOVE.

When she learned the vocabulary, she did not find that admiration meant love; she did not find that gratitude meant love; she did not find that habit meant love; she did not find that approbation meant love; but in process of time she began to suspect that all these put together produced a feeling very much like love.—*Rank and Talent.*

HUGONOTS.

Various definitions of this epithet exist. Pasquier says it arose from their assembling at Hugon's Tower, at Tours; he also mentions, that in 1540 he heard them called *Tourangeaux.* Some have attributed the term to the commencement of their petitions, "*Huc nos venimus.*" A more probable reason is to be found in the name of a party at Geneva, called *Eignots*, a term derived from the German, and signifying a sworn confederate. Voltaire and the Jesuit Maimbourg are both of this opinion.—*Browning's History of the Hugonots.*

A ROUT.

A great, large, noisy, tumultuous, promiscuous, crowding, crushing, perfumed, feathered, flowered, painted, gabbling, sneering, idle, gossiping, rest-breaking, horse-killing, panel-breaking, supper-scrambling evening-party is much better imagined than described, for the description is not worth the time of writing or reading it.—*Rank and Talent.*

PLEASURE.

We are mad gamesters in this world below,
All hopes on one uncertain die to throw;
How vain is man's pursuit, with passion blind,
To follow that which leaves us still behind!
Go! clasp the shadow, make it all thine own,
Place on the flying breeze thine airy throne;
Weave the thin sunbeams of the morning sky:
Catch the light April clouds before they fly;
Chase the bright sun unto the fading west,
And wake him early from his golden rest;
Seeking th' impossible, let life be past,
But never dream of pleasure that shall last.
The Ruined City.

GERMAN LIFE.

One day (says a late adventurer,) that I was quartered in a farm-house, along with some of our German dragoons, the owner came to complain to me that the soldiers had been killing his fowls, and pointed out one man in particular as the principal offender. The fact being brought home to the dragoon, he excused himself by saying, "One shiken come frighten my horse, and I give him one kick, and he die." "Oh, but," said I, "the *patron* contends that you killed more than one fowl." "Oh yes,; that shiken moder see me kick that shiken, so she come fly in my face, and I give her one kick, and she die." Of course I reported the culprit to his officer, by whom he was punished as a notorious offender.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures.*

THE HEIR.

Persons who are very rich, and have no legal heirs, may entertain themselves very much at the expense of hungry expectants and lean legacy-hunters. Who has not seen a poor dog standing on his hind legs, and bobbing up and down after a bone scarcely worth picking, with which some mischief-loving varlet has tantalized the poor animal till all its limbs have ached? That poor dog shadows out the legacy-hunter or possible heir.—*Rank and Talent*

The author of "*The Journal of a Naturalist,*" just published, relates the following incident that occurred a few years past at a lime-kiln, (on the old Bristol Road) because it manifests how perfectly insensible the human frame may be to pains and afflictions in peculiar circumstances; and that which would be torture if endured in general, may be experienced at other times without any sense of suffering. A travelling man one winter's evening laid himself down upon the platform of a lime-kiln, placing his feet, probably numbed with cold, upon the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation; the fire gradually rising and increasing until it ignited the stones up-

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which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth, he still slept; and though the fire increased until it burned one foot (which probably was extended over a vent hole) and part of the leg, above the ankle, entirely off, consuming that part so effectually, that no fragment of it was ever discovered; the wretched being slept on! and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey, but missing his shoe, requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg-bone, the tibia, crumbled into fragments, having been calcined into lime. Still he expressed no sense of pain, and probably experienced none, from the gradual operation of the fire and his own torpidity during the hours his foot was consuming. This poor drover survived his misfortunes in the hospital about a fortnight; but the fire having extended to other parts of his body, recovery was hopeless.

GAMING.

GAMBLING, the besetting sin of the indolent in many countries, is ruinously general throughout South America. In England, and other European states, it is pretty much limited to the unemployed of the upper classes, who furnish a never-ending supply of dupes to knavery. In South America the passion taints all ages, both sexes, and every rank. The dregs of society yield to the fascination as blindly as the high-born and wealthy of the old or of the new world. It speaks much in favour of the revolution, that this vice is sensibly diminishing in Peru, and to the unfortunate Monteagudo belongs the honour of having been the first to attempt its eradication. A noted gambler was once as much an object of admiration in South America as a six-bottle man was in England fifty years ago. The houses of the great were converted into nightly hells, where the priesthood were amongst the most regular and adventurous attendants. Those places are now more innocently enlivened by music and dancing. Buena Vista, a seat of the late Marquess of Montemira, six leagues from Lima, was the Sunday rendezvous of every fashionable of the capital who had a few doubloons to risk on the turn of a card. On one occasion, a fortunate player, the celebrated Baquijano, was under the necessity of sending for a bullock car to convey his winnings, amounting to above thirty thousand dollars: a mule thus laden with specie was a common occurrence. Chorillos, a fishing town, three leagues south of Lima, is a fashionable watering place for a limited season. Here immense sums are won and lost; but political and literary coteries, formerly unknown, daily lessen the numbers of the votaries of fortune.

So strong was this ruling passion, that when the patriot army has been closely pursued by the royalists, and pay has been issued to lighten the military chest, the officers, upon halting, would spread their ponchos on the ground, and play until it was time to resume the march; and this was frequently done even on the eve of a battle. Soldiers on piquet often gambled within sight of an enemy's advanced post.—*Memoirs of Gen. Miller.*

The Naturalist.

VOLCANIC ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

THIS island is entirely composed of volcanic matter, in some places alternating with submarine productions. The principal mountain is situated at the western end of the island; it is an exhausted volcano, called in books of navigation, charts, &c., Mount Misery. The summit of this mountain is 3,711 feet above the sea; it appears to consist of large masses of volcanic rocks, roasted stones, cinders, pumice, and iron-clay. The whole extent of land, to the sea-shore on either side, may be considered as the base of this mountain, as it rises with a pretty steep ascent towards it; but from the part which is generally considered the foot of the mountain, it takes a sudden rise of an average angle of about 50 degrees. To the east, another chain of mountains runs, of a similar formation, though of inferior height. On the summits of these there are no remains that indicate their having ever possessed a crater: so that whether any of them have originally been volcanoes, or whether they have been formed by an accumulation of matter thrown out of Mount Misery, it is difficult to decide. That the low lands have been thrown from the mouth of the volcano is evident, from the regular strata of volcanic substances of which they consist; these too are interspersed with masses of volcanic rock, and other stones, some of the lesser ones entirely roasted through, and some of the larger ones to certain depths from their surfaces. Masses, also, of iron-clay, enclosing various pebbles, which have been burnt into a kind of red brick, are abundantly found in many places. There is scarcely any thing that can be called a path, or even a track, to the mouth of the crater of Mount Misery; indeed, there

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are but few whose curiosity is sufficiently strong to induce them to undertake this expedition. The common course for those who do, is to take a negro man as a guide, with a cutlass, or large knife, to clear away the underwood, and form a kind of path as he goes on. The ascent is very irregular, in some places being gentle, in others almost perpendicular; in which case the hands are obliged to assist the operations of the feet. In wet weather, the ascent of this mountain is extremely laborious, as a great part of it consists of clay, which then becomes so slippery as to render the getting up almost impracticable. About half-way up on the south side, and in a very pretty, romantic situation, there is a natural spring of remarkably cool water. On the north side, at about the same height, there is a waterfall, which, though small and insignificant in itself, has a pleasing appearance, as it rushes over the rocks, and through the trees and shrubs. This mountain is thickly clothed with wood, which in many places not only excludes the rays of the sun, but produces a sombre, gloomy appearance; this, with the occasional plaintive coo of the mountain dove, (the only sound heard at this height,) creates in the mind sensations of pleasing melancholy. In some parts an open space suddenly appears, from whence the whole country below bursts unexpectedly upon the view, which has, as may be supposed, an extremely fine effect. The thermometer, on the top of the mountain when the writer visited it, stood at 65, being a difference of 15 degrees from the low lands, where it stood at 80 degrees. The descent into the crater on the north and east sides is perfectly perpendicular; on the south and west sides, it slopes at an average angle of not more than 18 or 20 degrees from the perpendicular; consequently, persons descending are often obliged to let themselves down by clinging to projecting corners of rocks, or the branches and roots of shrubs, which grow all the way down; nor is this mode of travelling particularly safe, for should any of these give way, the consequence would probably be highly dangerous. The bottom of the crater, which, as nearly as could be estimated, is about 2,500 feet below the summit of the mountain, and contains about forty-five or fifty acres, may be said to be divided into three parts: the lowest side (to the south) consists of a large pond or lake, formed entirely by the rain-water collected from the sides of the crater—accordingly its extent is greater or less, as the season is wet or dry; the centre part is covered with small ferns, palms, and shrubs, and some curious species of moss; the upper part, to the north, is that which is called the Soufriere. The ground here consists of large beds of pipe-clay, in some places perfectly white, in others of a bluish or black colour, from the presence of iron pyrites. These are intermixed with masses and irregular beds of gray cinders and scoriæ, pumice, various kinds of lava, lithomarge, and fuller's earth. Amidst these beds of clay there are several hot springs, small, but boiling with much violence, and emitting large quantities of steam. A rumbling noise is heard under the whole of this part of the crater. The hot springs are not stationary, but suddenly disappear, and burst up in another place. The ground in many parts is too hot to be walked upon: a great quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas is likewise emitted, which is exceedingly disagreeable to the smell; and occasionally such a volume of it arises, as is almost suffocating, and resembles much the smell of rotten eggs. The watches of the writer and his companion during his visit, and every article of gold or silver about their persons, were in a few moments turned perfectly black, from the effect of this gas.—*Brande's Journal.*

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ROYAL LIFE IN PERSIA.

THE religious duties of the king of Persia require him to rise early. As he sleeps in the interior apartments, which no male is allowed to approach, his attendants are either females or eunuchs. After he his dressed with their aid, he sits for an hour or two in the hall of the haram, where his levees are conducted with the same ceremony as in his outer apartments. Female officers arrange the crowd of his wives and slaves with the strictest attention to the order of precedency. After hearing the reports of the persons intrusted with the internal government of the haram, and consulting with his principal wives, who are generally seated, the monarch leaves the interior apartments. The moment he comes out, he is met by officers in waiting, and proceeds to one of his private halls, where he is immediately joined by some of his principal favourites, and enters into familiar conversation with them: all the young princes of the blood attend this morning levee, to pay their respects. After this is over, he calls for breakfast. The preparing his meals is superintended by the nauzir, or chief steward of the household. The viands are put into dishes of fine china, with silver covers, and placed in a close tray, which is locked and sealed by the steward. This tray

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is covered with a rich shawl, and carried to the king, when the steward breaks the seal, and places the dishes before him. Some of the infant princes are generally present, and partake in this repast. The chief physician is invariably in attendance at every meal. His presence is deemed necessary, the courtiers say, that he may prescribe an instant remedy, if any thing should disagree with the monarch; but this precaution, no doubt, owes its origin to that suspicion which is continually haunting the minds of such as exercise despotic power. When his public duties are performed, he usually retires to the haram, where he sometimes indulges in a short repose. Some time before sunset he always makes his appearance in the outer apartments, and either again attends to public business or takes a ride. His dinner is brought between eight and nine, with the same precautions and ceremonies as at breakfast. He eats, like his subjects, seated upon a carpet, and the dishes are placed on a rich embroidered cloth, spread for the occasion. Some of the former kings used to indulge openly in drinking wine; but none of the reigning family have yet outraged the religious feelings of their subjects by so flagrant a violation of the laws of Mahomed. Bowls filled with sherbet, made of every species of fruit, furnish the beverage of the royal meals; and there are few countries where more pains are bestowed to gratify the palate with the most delicate viands. After dinner, the king retires to the interior apartments, where it is said that he is often amused till a late hour by the singers and dancers of his haram. It is impossible, however, to speak of his occupations after he passes the threshold of his inner palace. He is there surrounded by a scene calculated, beyond all others, to debase and degrade the human character.

The harams are governed by the strictest discipline; and this must be necessary to preserve the peace of a community, where the arrogance of power, the pride of birth, the ties of kindred, the intrigues of art, and the pretensions of beauty, are in constant collision. The usual routine of the king's life is often interrupted by urgent public affairs, and sometimes by amusement. The reigning family has hitherto disdained those enervating and luxurious habits which led the last Seffavean monarchs to confine themselves to their harams. They not only attend personally to public business, but are continually practising manly exercises, and engage in field-sports with all the ardour of a race who cherish the habits of their Tartar ancestors. The present king is an expert marksman and an excellent horseman; few weeks pass without his partaking in the pleasures of the chase. The king has always a historiographer and a chief poet. The one writes the annals of his reign; the other, who has a high rank at court, composes odes in his praise, and, with grateful ardour, celebrates the munificence of his patron. A giant and a dwarf were at one period of the present reign part of the royal establishment; and it is never without a jester, who enjoys an extraordinary latitude of speech, and, both in his dress and manner, assumes the habit and appearance of folly. It is usual to laugh at the witticisms of these jesters, even when they are the most severe; and the sovereign himself respects their privilege. The tribe to which Kerreem Khan belonged, speak a language which, from its rudeness, is denominated "the barbarous dialect." As this prince was one day sitting in public, he commanded his jester to go and bring him word what a dog, that was barking very loud, wanted. The courtiers smiled at this sally of their monarch. The jester went, and, after appearing to listen for some time with profound attention, returned, and said, with a grave air, "Your majesty must send one of the chief officers of your own family to report what that gentleman says: he speaks no language except "the barbarous dialect," with which they are familiar, but of which I do not understand one word." The good-humoured monarch laughed heartily at this jest, and gave the wit a present. This anecdote, to which many similar might be added, shows that there is little difference between the office of jester at the modern court of Persia, and that which some centuries ago existed at every court in Europe. A resemblance even in trifling forms merits attention, as it may lead to conclusions on the progress of knowledge and the condition of society; and from the character of their amusements, we may perhaps judge as correctly as from their more serious occupations, of the degree of civilization which a people has attained. In the court there is always a person who bears the name of "story-teller to his majesty;" and the duties of his office require a man of no mean acquirements. Though passionately fond of public exhibitions, the Persians have none that deserve the name of theatrical entertainments; but though strangers to the regular drama, their stories are often dramatic; and those whose occupation is to tell them, sometimes display so extraordinary a skill, and such varied powers, that we can hardly believe, while we look on their

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altered countenances and listen to their changed tones, that it is the same person, who at one moment tells a plain narrative in his natural voice, then speaks in the hoarse and angry tone of offended authority, and next subdues the passions he has excited by the softest sounds of feminine tenderness. The art of relating stories is attended both with profit and reputation. Great numbers attempt it, but few succeed.

The person whose office it is to amuse his majesty with these stories is always in attendance. It is equally his duty to beguile the fatigue of a long march, and to soothe the mind when disturbed by the toils of public affairs; and his tales are artfully made to suit the disposition and momentary humour of the monarch. Sometimes he recites a story of the genii; at others he speaks of the warlike deeds of former sovereigns, or of the love of some wandering prince. Often the story is of coarser materials, and the king is entertained with low and obscene adventures. In no court is more rigid attention paid to ceremony. Looks, words, the motions of the body, are all regulated by the strictest forms. When the king is seated in public, his sons, ministers, and courtiers, stand erect, with their hands crossed, and in the exact place belonging to their rank. They watch his looks, and a glance is a command. If he speaks to them, you hear a voice reply, and see the lips move, but not a motion or gesture betrays that there is animation in any other part of the frame. The monarch often speaks in the third person: "The king is pleased," "The king commands." His ministers usually style him "The object of the world's regard." They are as particular in forms of speech as in other ceremonies; and superiority and inferiority of rank, in all their gradations, are implied by the terms used in the commonest conversations.

Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.

The Cosmopolite.

We love an occasional stroll into the environs of London—*on foot*—and *alone*. On foot, because we hate the machinery of a coach—and alone, because we have only our own leisure to consult, and there is no time lost in "making up minds." On such occasions we have no set object in view, but we determine to make "good in every thing." A book, great or small, is then to us a great evil; and putting a map into one's pocket is about as absurd as Peter Fin's taking Cook's Voyages on his journey to Brighton. We read the other day of a reviewer who started from Charing Cross with a blue bag filled with books for his criticship: he read at Camberwell, and he read at Dulwich—he wrote in the sanded and smoke-dried parlour of the Lion, the Lamb, or the Fox—and he wrote whilst his steak was grilling at the *auberge* at Dulwich—and he went home in a hackney-coach: "Lord how he went out—Lord how he came in." Another brother talks of rambling in a secluded village field with Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," or the "Journal of a Naturalist," in his hand. All this is very pleasant and mighty pretty; but it is not true; and we stake our critical character that neither Gilbert White nor our "Naturalist" did such things, or if they did, that they were not essential to their writings. Making notes and comparing them with others, after a long walk, is another matter; but to walk out into the country to read a book on natural philosophy is not indicative of a susceptible mind. For our own part, we want no book but the broad volume of Nature—but to derive profit as well as pleasure, we must go out with some of the philosophy of Nature in our hearts—for walking is like travelling, (which is only a long walk,)—"a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge." We think Mr. Hazlitt talks of lying a whole day on Salisbury Plain as one of his greatest enjoyments, and he is doubtless sincere. When we set out on such a walk as we are about to take, with the reader's consent, we quote Thomson for our exordium:—

> To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
> And to peruse its all instructive page,
> * * * *
> My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
> Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
> On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar;

—and starting from our metropolis, we love to watch the ebbing of population, the dwindling from groves of chimneys and worlds of bricks and mortar to tricksy cottages marshalled with the plumb-line, or sprinkled over "farmy fields" facing Macadamized roads, and collecting more dust in one month than would have ransomed all the captive kings of history, sacred or profane. There we love to trace the ramifications of art from the steam and gas chimneys of the metropolis to the quiet dell, in whose seclusion you might imagine yourself a hundred miles from town, were it not for the hum of the great tun that is fretting and working at a distance. On the road you enjoy scenes that are to be found in no printed book. Nay, every sign-board is a study. Those near

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the town would do honour to the President's pencil; as you advance, they retrograde—and as Art declines, Nature smiles still sweeter and softer in never-ending successions of woods and groves, hills and dales, glassy lakes and pebbly streams, with all the variegated charms of rustic life.

But we are getting too *rural*; for our "Suburban Stroll" extended but to Dulwich and back, about four miles south of London. Twenty years since, we remember, the parish of Camberwell (which includes Peckham and Dulwich) was a pleasant village, with several mansions inhabited by citizens of property, who retired hither for air and recreation; now the whole district is crowded with lath and plaster cottages, and sugar-bakers' boxes, which appear well adapted for twelfth-cake kings and queens.* Twenty years ago, we enjoyed the embowered walk of Camberwell Grove, and above all, *Grove Hill*, the retreat of Dr. John Coakley Lettsom, till his benevolence overmuch obliged him to part with this delightful residence. Well do we remember the picturesque effect of Grove Hill, the unostentatious, casino-like villa, ornamented with classic figures of Liberality, Plenty, and Flora—and the sheet of water whose surface was broken by a stream from a dank and moss-crusted fountain in its centre. Then, the high, overarching grove, and its summit, traditionally said to be the spot where George Barnwell murdered his uncle, the incident that gave rise to Lillo's pathetic tragedy. But the march of improvement has extended hither—the walk can scarcely be traced: still there is abundance of timber, for the grove has disappeared, and scores of new houses have sprung up with almost magical effect—and the whole scene reminds us of one of the change-scenes of a pantomime. The builder's *share* has turned over nearly every inch of the ground, and fresh gravel and loose loam remind the philosophical pedestrian that all is change beneath as well as on the surface. Of the mock villas that have been "put up" in this quarter, we must speak with forbearance. Their little bits of Gothic plastered here and there; their puny machicolations, square and pointed arches, and stained glass "cut out into little stars"—are but sorry specimens of taste, and but poor indications of comfort. They seem to totter like card-houses, and all their spick-and-span finery vanishes beside a wing of the picturesque—a cottage in true rustic taste, with rudely-arched virandahs, formed of limbs and trunks of trees, intermixed with evergreens, and reminding us of the "gnarled oaks and soft myrtles" of the poet's fancy; and with trimmed arches of thatch over little casements, with flowers

"Blinding the lower panes."

Now is the little hatch-gate slammed with the wind, contrasting its rude sound with the rusty creak of the "invisible" iron fence just set up, but already

So loose that it but wants another push
To leap from off its hinges;

—the milk-white window-sill, or painted flower-pots ranged on bars of cast-iron, like so many toys of Nature. Such was the contrast when we last visited the "Grove;" the picturesque cottage was then as we have described it, and its new-born neighbours were rising fast on every side, and we would not insure its existence for a week longer; for the slicing, cutting, and carving of this once beautiful spot, exceeds all credibility. With all these changes, however, the fine panoramic view of two hundred miles may still be enjoyed from this spot, and overlooking the meaner glories of the GREAT CITY at your feet, the eye rests on the "sister hills," Harrow spire, and where

Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow;

Shooter's Hill and Greenwich, with tower, dome, and turret; Sydenham and Norwood on the south; and Chelsea and the *unbridged* winding Thames on the west. Art has not yet thrown up her screens, so as to fence in this world of beauties from our enjoyment. Here we sit down and rest our recreant limbs, leaving the reader to enjoy the innumerable reflections which our poor mention has called up. Another fine day, and we may proceed in our stroll.

PHILO.

* In the neighbourhood of Dulwich, we remember the mansion of a retired confectioner, which wags styled *Lollipop Hall*.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

EPIGRAM.

The Division of Justice.

JOHN HOBBS, partridge-snaring, was
dragged to the 'Squire,
The Magistrate flamed, but the statute
hung fire.
"Burns states," says the Clerk, "that
tread-mill will do,
For two months, if the culprit's convicted
by two."
"Two months and two magistrates: I
sit alone.
Well, Clerk, we must *halve* it—commit
him for *one*."

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HUDSON AND HIS PIGS.

THE following is extracted from a recent American (private) letter :—

Hudson, who is a general dealer, purchased a cottage, to which pertained amongst other *furniture* a sty. As this was of course uninhabited, his first care was to supply it with inmates, and, having purchased a couple of fine pigs, he set off homewards with his bargains comfortably lodged in his cart. Upon arriving at Buenos Ayres, a part of the harness broke, down went the cart, and out shot Hudson and his bristly companions backwards; but unfortunately falling upon one of the poor animals, he crushed him to death. This was bad, Hudson looked blank, as who does not upon perceiving Dame Fortune playing him foul? and woeful was it indeed to witness death amongst his live stock; in this dilemma however, his wits did not utterly forsake him, and concluding that if he could make the animal bleed, it would probably be marketable and not prove a *dead* loss, he proceeded to act on this prudent supposition, and immediately cut its throat; which sanguinary act so alarmed the companion pig, that taking to his heels, he instantly made off (like his swinish brethren of old) towards the sea. Poor Hudson, between the dead and the living pig, was dreadfully distressed, being apprehensive of losing both; however being fortunate enough to engage a man to pursue the absconded delinquent, he proceeded home with the defunct, and by dint of ablutions, and scrapings, &c. really made of it "a very pretty pig." This done, it was hung up in the dairy or beer-cellar, I know not which, ready for market, and if Hudson plumed himself upon cheating fortune at least in one instance, he was not to blame; but, lo! in the morning, poor pig, presented a hideous and horrible spectacle, and poor Hudson stood aghast to behold it! The cats had made during the night so plentiful a repast upon his new purchase, so that instead of a handsome corpse there remained only a mangled assemblage of bloody bones, and fragments of flesh! Poor Hudson! but after all, these misfortunes were mainly attributable to his own carelessness, and as to whether he ever recovered his truant pig, I cannot say; perhaps the man may be in pursuit of him still. S. L.

ON A PERSON SAYING HE SPENT TOO MUCH TIME ON MUSIC.

On music that you spend your time,
You surely can't mean what you say,
For all who know you must allow
You keep time whilst you sing or play.

OLD PARR.

THOMAS PARR lived to the extraordinary age of 152 years. He was of the county of Salop, born anno 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten princes, viz. Edward IV., King Edward V., King Richard III., King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles, was buried at Westminster Abbey, November 15, 1635.

C. K. W.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

COLONEL DESPREAUX, in a late pamphlet on the Police of Paris, remarks, that there seem to be different periods for different crimes. He had always observed the summer months to be comparatively months of low riot. November began the burglaries, January and February the stealing of pocket-handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes, probably from the conflux to the theatres at that time. But, that swindling transactions, and all other frauds that require peculiar dexterity, were prevalent about *March*.

LONDON LEVELS.

THE most lofty site in the immediate vicinity of London is the tavern called Jack Straw's Castle, on the brow of Hampstead Heath, which is 433 feet above the Thames. The top of the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral is 407 feet, whilst its base, or ground-line, is 52 feet. The base of the lowest building is that of the Bricklayer's Arms, Kent Road, the sill of the south door of which is only six inches above the high-water mark. The sill of the north entrance-door of Westminster Hall is only 11 inches.

JUDGE JEFFERY'S SPEECH TO THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF BRISTOL.

I HAVE brought a brush in my pocket to rub off your dirt; I tell you, I have brought a stout besom, with which I will sweep every man's door, both within and without, for in good truth you want rubbing; the dirt of your ditch is in your nostrils. Where am I? in Bristol, a city in which it seems you claim the privilege of hanging, drawing, and quartering; a privilege you ought to enjoy at least once a month. I have a calendar of your city in my hands, and hope before I have done, to hang one half of you at least.

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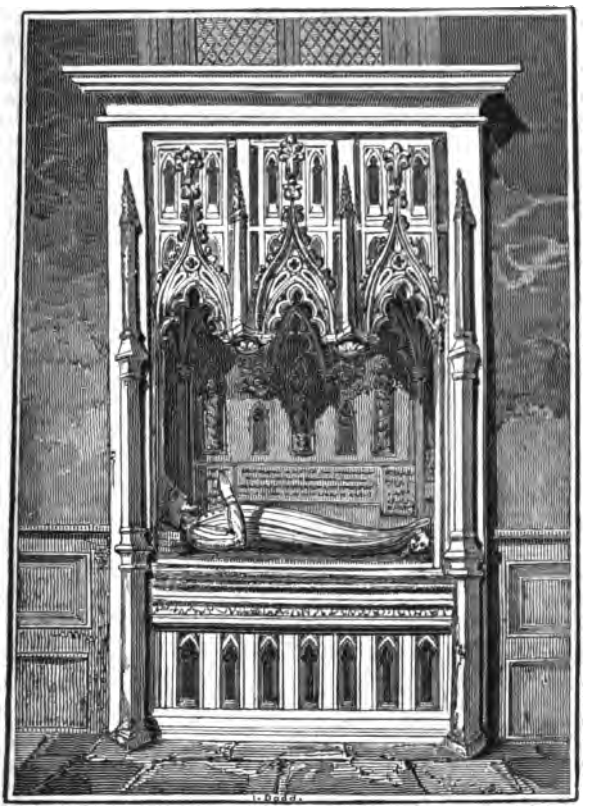
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 364.] SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1829. [Price 2d.

Tomb of Gower, the Poet.



JOHNSON has dignified Gower with character of "THE FATHER OF ISH POETRY; so that no apology uired for the introduction of the memorial in our pages. It stands north aisle of the church of St. Ovrie, or St. Saviour, Southwark; one of the richest monuments those hallowed walls. The tomb s of three Gothic arches, the roof ich springs into several angles. rches are richly ornamented with foil tracery, roses, and carved work uisite character. Behind these are two rows of trefoil niches; ween them also rises a square co- of the Doric order, surmounted ed pinnacles. On the extremity arches is placed richly carved foliage, of a similar character to that which ornaments the edges of the arches; and in the centre are circles enclosing quatrefoils. From the bases of the two middle square columns descend roses, and other foliage; and from the lower extremities of the interior arches descend cherubim. Within three painted niches, are the figures of Charity, Mercy, and Pity, round whom are entwined golden scrolls bearing the following inscriptions:

"Pour ta Pitie Jesu regarde.
Et tiens cest Ami en sauf'e Garde."

Jesu! for thy compassion's sake look down,
And guard this soul as if it were thine own.

On the second scroll is written:

"Oh, bon Jesu! faite Mercy,
Al' Ame dont le Corps gist icy."

Oh! good Jesu! Mercy shew
To him whose body lies below.

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On the third scroll is written:

" En toy qui es Fitz de Dieu le Pere,
Sauſve soit qui gist soure cest Pierre."

May he who lies beneath this stone,
Be sav'd in thee, God's only son!*

Between each of these figures are painted blank trefoil niches; and below the whole, on a plain tablet, the following inscription:

" Armiger scutum nihil a modo fat tibi tutum,
Reddidit immolutum, morti generali tributum,
Spiritus exutum se gaudeat esse solutum,
Est ubi vistutum, Regnum sive labe statutum."

On the left side:

" Hoc viri
Inter inclytos memorandi
Monumentum sepulchrali,
Restaurari propriis impensis
Parochia hujus meolæ
Curaverunt
A. D. MDCCXCVIII.

On the right side:

Capellaris { GULIELMO DAY & GULIELMO WINCKWORK.
Custodibus { GULIELMO SWAINE & DAVIDE DURIE.
Aotante humiblimo Pastore DAVIDE GILSON.

And below the effigy runs the following:—

" *Hic jacet JOHANNIS GOWER, Armiger, Anglorum Poeta celeberrimus, ac huic sacro Edificio Benefactor, insignis temporibus Edw. III. et Rich. II.*"

Here lieth John Gower, esq., a celebrated English poet, also a benefactor to this sacred edifice, in the time of Edward III. and Richard II.

The base of the monument has seven trefoil niches, within as many plain-pointed ones.

The effigy of the poet is placed above, in a recumbent posture, beneath the canopy just described. He is dressed in a gown, originally purple, covering his feet, which rest on the neck of a lion. A coronet of roses adorns his head, which is raised by three folio volumes, labelled on their respective ends, " Vox Clamantis," " Speculum Meditantis," and " Confessio Amantis." Round the neck hangs a collar of SSS. Over the lion, on the side of the monument, are the arms of the deceased, hanging, by the dexter corner, from an ancient French chappeau, bearing his crest. The dress of this effigy has, probably, given rise to the conjectures concerning the rank in life which Gower maintained; but that is too precarious a ground on which to form a decided opinion on such a point.

Gower's arms are, Argent on a cheveron, azure, three leopard's heads, Or. Crest. On a chappeau turned up with ermine, a talbot, serjant, proper.

* These translations are somewhat freely made.

A little eastward of Gower's monument is part of a pillar, descending from the roof, with a conical base. It is said to be hollow, and has, indeed, somewhat the appearance of a narrow chimney flue.

A biographical outline of Gower may not be unacceptable. He is said by Leland to have descended from a family settled at Sittenham, in Yorkshire. He was liberally educated, and was a member of the Inner Temple; and some have asserted that he became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; but the most general opinion is that the judge was another person of the same name. It is certain that Gower was a person of considerable weight in his time; even had he not given such ample proofs of his wealth and munificence in rebuilding the conventual church of St. Mary Ouvrie. If he did not actually rebuild the church, as has been asserted, it is well known that he contributed very largely to that undertaking. Perhaps the only fact in detail which it is now possible to ascertain with certainty is, that he founded a chantry in the chapel of St. John, now the vestry.

Gower is supposed to have been born before Chaucer, who flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century, and is believed to have contracted an acquaintance with Gower during his residence in the Middle Temple. Chaucer himself, after his travels on the continent, became a student of the Inner Temple. The contiguity of their inns of court, the similarity of their studies and pursuits, and particularly, as they both possessed the same political bias; Chaucer attaching himself to John of Ghent, Duke of Lancaster, by whom, as well as by the Duchess Blanche, he was greatly esteemed; and Gower giving his influence to Thomas of Woodstock, both uncles to King Richard II.—would naturally produce a considerable degree of friendship and esteem between the two poets.

Gower did not long survive his friend Chaucer. In the first year of the reign of Henry IV. he appears to have lost his sight; but whether from accident or from old age (for he was then greatly advanced in years) is not known. This misfortune happened but a short period before his death, which took place in the year 1402, about nine years after he had completed the " Confessio Amantis," a work from whence he derived the honour of being ranked among the English poets.

The " Confessio" of Gower is said to have owed its origin to a request made to the poet by King Richard II.; who, accidentally meeting Gower on the Thames, called him into the royal barge, and enjoined him " to booke some new thing."

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This, therefore, was not the first of his poetical productions, though it is universally admitted to have been his chief, and that on which his principal reputation depends; and into which "it seems to have been his ambition to crowd all his erudition." It is, however, the last of the volumes, the titles which are painted on his monument in this church, and is supposed to be the last he ever wrote, at least of any important extent.

The poetical histories of Gower and Chaucer are intimately connected; yet there is a remarkable difference of opinion and pursuit in their respective writings. It must be confessed that to Chaucer, and not to Gower, should be applied the flattering appellation of "the father of our poetry;" though, as Johnson says, he was the first of our authors who can be said to have written English. To Chaucer, however, are we indebted for the first effort to emancipate the British muse from the ridiculous trammels of French diction, with which, till his time, it had been the fashion to interlard and obscure the English language. Gower, on the contrary, from a close intimacy with the French and Latin poets, found it easier to follow the beaten track. His first work was, therefore, written in French measure, and is entitled "Speculum Meditantis." There are two copies of this book now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It contains ten books, and consists of a collection of precepts and examples, compiled from various authors, recommending the chastity of the marriage bed.

Gower's next work was a Latin production, entitled, "Vox Clamantis," of which there are many copies still extant. The unfortunate reign of the poet's royal patron, and the rebellion of Wat Tyler, furnished Gower with ample materials for this publication.—The "Confessio Amantis" was first printed in the year 1493, by Caxton

There is a MS. in Trinity College, Cambridge, consisting of several small poems by Gower; but they are nearly destitute of merit. The French sonnets, however, of which there is a volume in the Marquess of Stafford's library, are spoken of by Mr. Warton, who has given a long account of them, with specimens, as possessing more merit.

The "Boke of Philip Sparrow," by the witty, but obscene Skelton, who wrote towards the close of the fifteenth century, says that "Gower's Englishe is old;" but the learned Dean Collet, in the early part of the succeeding century, studied not only Gower, but Chaucer, and even Lydgate, in order to improve and correct his own style. By the close of that century, however, the language of these writers was become entirely obsolete.

The "Confessio Amantis" was printed, a second time, by Barthelet, in the year 1532; a third time in 1544; a fourth in 1554; and, lastly, in a very correct and worthy manner, in the year 1810, under the judicious inspection of Dr. Chalmers.

It were ungrateful to withhold from Gower some acknowledgment of the share he had in producing a beneficial revolution in the English language; as it would be absurd and untrue to attribute to him any great degree of praise, as an *inventor* in that important work.

The church of St. Saviour was founded before the conquest, but was principally rebuilt in the fourteenth century, since which time it has undergone many extensive reparations at different periods. The tower, which is surmounted by four pinnacles, was repaired in 1818 and 1819; and the choir has been recently restored in conformity with the original design, under the superintendence of that indefatigable architect, Mr. George Gwilt.* The dramatists, Fletcher and Massinger were buried in this church in one grave; and from the tower, Hollar drew his Views of London, both before and after the fire.

Besides the tomb of Gower, there are monuments to Launcelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester; Richard Humble, Alderman of London, erected in 1616; and several others. Gower's monument was once very splendid, but its present state is not very indicative of the gratitude of the parish in which he perpetuated his munificence by erecting one of the finest churches in the metropolis.

* Only the tower and the choir have yet been restored; but the fidelity with which these portions have been executed, heightens our anxiety for the renovation of the whole structure. The repairs of the south transept will, we believe, be shortly commenced; but the fate of the nave and aisles is not yet decided. These are in a dilapidated condition.

Mr. Gwilt has already expended much time and research into the history of this very interesting structure. On our last week-day visit to the church, we saw the fine arch of a Saxon door just uncovered after a concealment of many ages, in one of the surveys of this erudite artist, who is sedulously attached to the study of antiquities, and is an honour to his profession. We ought not to forget the altar-screen which has lately been restored under Mr. Gwilt's superintendence. Indeed, the inspection of this venerable fabric will repay a walk from the most remote corner of the metropolis.

In 1737, so slight and infrequent was the intercourse betwixt London and Edinburgh, that men still alive (1818) remember that upon one occasion the mail from the former city arrived at the General Post-Office in Scotland, with only one letter in it.—*Scott's Novels.*

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A SECOND CHAPTER ON KISSING.

BY A NOVICE IN THE ART.

(For the Mirror.)

——Our first father
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds,
That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
With *kisses* pure.
Par. Lost, b. 4, l. 499—502.

——Kissing the world begun,
And I hope it will never be done.
Old Song.

KISSING has been practised in various modes, and for various purposes, from a period of very remote antiquity. Among the ancient oriental nations, presents from a superior were saluted by kissing, to express gratitude and submission to the person conferring the favour. Reference is made to this custom, Genesis, ch. xl. v. 41, "According to thy words shall my people be ruled;" or, as the margin, supported by most eminent critics, renders it, "At thy mouth shall my people *kiss*." The consecration of the Jewish kings to the regal authority was sealed by a kiss from the officiator in the ceremony: 1 Sam. ch. x. v. 1. Kissing was also employed in the heathen worship as a religious rite. Cicero mentions a statue of Hercules, the chin and lips of which were considerably worn by the repeated kissing of the worshippers. When too far removed to be approached in this manner, it was usual to place the right hand upon the statue, and return it to the lips. That traces of these customs remain to the present day, kissing the Testament on oath in our courts of judicature, and kissing the hand as a respectful salute, afford sufficient evidence. But it is with kissing as a mode of expressing affection or endearment that we are principally concerned, and its use, as such, is of equal (perhaps greater) antiquity with any of the preceding usages. To the passage cited, MIRROR, No. 357, by *Professor Childe Wilful*, on this subject, may be added the meeting of Telemachus and Ulysses on the return of the latter from Troy, as described, Odyssey, lib. 16, v. 186—218; and the history of the courtship of the patriarch Jacob and the "fair damsel" Rachel, Genesis, ch. xxix. v. 11. This last authority, though it must be acknowledged not so classical as the foregoing, is nevertheless much more piquant, being perhaps the oldest record of amorous kissing extant. Thou seest, therefore, courteous reader, that this "divine custom," in addition to the claims upon thee which it intrinsically possesseth, and which are neither few nor small, hath moreover the universal suffrage of the highest antiquity; thou seest that its date, so far from being confined to the Trojan or Saxon age, can with certainty be traced to patriarchal times; yea, verily, and I cannot find it in me to rest here, without conducting thee to an era even more remote. Revert thine eye to the motto at the head of this chapter. Doth it not carry thee back in spirit to the very baby hours of creation, the "good old days of Adam and Eve?" and doth it not represent unto thee this delightful art as known and practised in full perfection, "when young time told his first birth-days by the sun?" I grant thee that such an authority is not sufficiently critical to fix with precision the "*ab initio*" of the custom; yet doth it not possess infinite claim upon thy credence? and more especially when thou considerest that our respectable progenitors, the antediluvians, were visited with the deluge of waters for little else than their license. Vide chap. vi. of the first book of Moses called Genesis, *passim*. In a world, of which almost all we know with certainty is its uncertainty, and that "the fashion thereof passeth away," it is only a natural inquiry whether the custom of kissing hath, like most others, undergone any material alteration. Perhaps from its nature, it is as little subjected to versatility from the lapse of ages as any; yet still, to say that it has experienced some change, would not be hazarding a very improbable opinion. Who knows but the "clamorous smack" wherewith the Jehu of an eight-horse wagon salutes the lips of his rosy inamorata, (scarcely less audible than the crack of his heavy thong on Smiler's dull sides,) may have been perfectly consistent with the acmé of politesse some centuries bygone. We speak here somewhat confidently. Hear what an amorous votary of the Muses in the olden time, Robert Herrick, saith with respect to kissing:—

"Pout your joined lips—then *speak* your kiss."

If this were the present orthodox creed of kissing, it would most woefully spoil the sport of many a gallant youth, who, with the most polite officiousness, extinguishes (by pure accident of course) while professing to snuff, the candles, only that he may snatch a hasty, unobserved kiss of the smiling maiden, whose proximity hath so irresistibly tempted him. I wish the professor who hath already obliged us with a chapter on kissing, would lay us under greater and more manifold obligations, by a course of lectures on the same subject; and if I laid wagers, I would wager my judgment to a cockle-shell, that Socrates' discourse on marriage did not produce a more beneficial effect than would

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his lecture; and that few untasted lips would be found, either among his auditors, or those whose fortune it should be to fall in the way of those auditors; but as it is at present, (for, alas! these are not the days of Polydore Virgil or Erasmus,) we are compelled, albeit somewhat grumblingly, to be content with but a very limited share of such blisses. Not that I doubt (heaven forbid that I should) the real inclination or the ability of at least the juvenile part of my fair countrywomen to be much more liberal than they generally are in this way; but, "dear, confounded creatures," as Will Honeycomb says, what with the trammels of education and domestic restraint, they are prevented from appearing, as they "really are, the best good-natured things alive." So much innocent hypocrisy, so much *mauvaise honte*, so many of "the whispered *no*, so little meant," that they are practical antitheses to themselves. "Can danger lurk within a kiss." But all fathers are not Coleridges, nor are all mothers Woolstonecrafts.

I plead not for libertinism, though only in so simple and innocent a form as kissing. I do not long for the repetition (or more properly commencement) of Polydore Virgil's days of "promiscuous" kisses. Let these remain, as heretofore, in fiction, and in fiction alone. "A glutted market makes provisions cheap," saith Pope. True, saith experience.

——"The lip that all may press,
Shall never more be pressed by mine,"

saith Moore. *Sic ego.* But there is a medium to be observed between gluttony and absolute starvation, and "*medio tutissimus ibis*," saith the proverb; and I do beg to tell those over cautious ladies and gentlemen, who seem to know no medium between the cloistered nun and the abandoned profligate, that Nature will prevail in their spite, or, as Obadiah wisely and truly said, "When lambs meet they will play." And now, reader, kind, courteous, gentle, or whatever thou art, I bid thee adieu, with the hope, that if we agree at this, we may meet again on some future occasion. IOTA.

The Sketch-Book.

THE GAY WIDOW.

A Leaf from the Reminiscences of a Collegian.

(For the Mirror.)

Why she came to the university was best known to herself. I cannot bring myself always to analyze the motives of people's actions; and if Mrs. Welborn *really* desired, in lieu of acting mamma to children she did not possess, to play the part of gouvernante to a couple of wild, uncouth lads, (her nephews,) during their residence in college, it speaks much for her good nature, at all events. They were not, I believe, grateful for the means she adopted to display this amiable trait in her disposition, nor did people in general appreciate it as they surely ought to have done. *Ill nature*—and there is often a frightful preponderance of *that* quality in a small town—did not hesitate to assert that the widow Welborn's motive for pitching her tent amid scholastic shades was *in toto* a *selfish* one; even that of a design, if she could but accomplish it, of adding *another* self to *self*. I dare not, in this era of refinement, speak plainer, but will take for granted that I am understood. The widow Welborn, or, as she was more commonly termed, "*The gay Widow*," from certain gregarious propensities, resided with a couple of female servants in a small house, situated in the most *public* street of the town; which I know, for this reason,—the principal court of our college was opposite to it, and its gateway was the approved lounge, from morning till night, of the most idle and impudent amongst us. Various were the surmises as to *who*, *what*, and from *whence* the gay widow was; by many she was supposed to be immensely rich; and by a few, some lady of quality *incog.* Many, however, asserted, that her jewels were glass; her gold, tinsel, and her glittering ornaments, beads sewed upon pasteboard. Nevertheless, in the very face of this shameful detraction, to her delightful little *soirées* flocked the best families in the town, (there were not many,) the heads of houses, (scarcely room had they in her mansion for their bodies,) and many a *fellow*, senior and junior, of many a college in ———. I had the honour of attending sometimes at these parties, of which all that I remember at present is, that the sugar was nipped into pieces so small, as to oblige those who liked their tea sweet to put in two or three spoonsfull, instead of an equal *quantum* of lumps, to the astonishment and visible dismay of the waiters. There was generally, too, a sad deficiency in cake; and, oh! when the negus was handed round, ——Well, perhaps her nephews drew largely upon her stock of wine; or the widow possibly thought her young men got too much of that commodity in *our* parties, and therefore needed it less in her own. As to the senior members of the university, I never could comprehend the reasons that induced their endurance of such an aqueous beverage. Sometimes I

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have attributed their visits to Mrs. Welborn's merely to a ramification of that system of espionage which she thought proper to employ upon her nephews, and they to extend indiscriminately towards every undergraduate; whereas being myself a well-intentioned, modest young man, mine own honour has seemed grievously insulted; but again, may not *vanity*, the hope, paramount in the breast of every individual, of being admired by "*a fortune*," have influenced these old gentlemen to swallow lukewarm potations, (*minus* wine, lemon, and sugar,) which were a kind of nutmeg broth? I can certainly aver, that old Rightangle, of our college, was, or pretended to be, desperately enamoured with the gay widow; indeed, his doleful looks at one period, and his shyness of the fair lady in question, were to me pretty evident proofs that he had made her an offer, which had been *rejected*. The gossips of —— had long set it down as a match, but were, it seems, doomed to be disappointed of their cake and wine. I honestly believe that the widow *hated* Rightangle; and conscientiously declare, to the best of my knowledge, that her antipathy towards my very excellent tutor arose from the circumstance of his having a large red nose, and winning her money whenever they played at the same card-table. Strange stories were afloat respecting the *menage of* Mrs. Welborn; my bed-maker affirmed, upon her (?) honour and veracity, that a lady and gentleman, who had favoured her with a visit, had quitted her residence thrice thinner than they were when they entered it; and that a gentleman had hastily departed from the shelter of her hospitable roof, upon her refusing him the indulgence of a *Welsh rabbit* at *breakfast!* These, and similar tales, were promulgated by the treacherous industry of the widow's maid-servants. Mrs. Welborn was fond of claiming an intimate acquaintance with people of rank. I never, however, met any titled person at her house. She was a kind of living peerage, and an animated chronicle of the actions of the great, virtuous and vicious: but, if the truth must be spoken,—and in a private memoir, why conceal it?—she *had* acquaintances of a grade far inferior! I *say* not that *I* saw it, because I was never accustomed to lounge at our college gate; but the men that were most frequently there, *insist* that they have many times beheld the gay widow steal forth in the dusk of the evening, dressed as for a party, and have tracked her to the house of a haberdasher in the vicinity! Well! she is married now, and is Mrs. Welborn — the *gay widow* no longer. How she accomplished this affair I know not; it broke like a thunder-clap upon the ears of the good people of ——. Suddenly, the widow was gone—her house and furniture were sold—*the* happy event was announced in the papers—no cake was sent out—so the gossips were disappointed; and as I have since learnt, that the lady has *thrice* undergone a separation from her husband, I imagine that she must have been so likewise.

M. L. B.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE SORROWS OF ROSALIE,

A Tale.

THIS beautiful little volume has, in less than six months, reached a fourth edition, which is to us a proof that the readers of the present day know how to discriminate pure gold from pinchbeck or *petit or*, and intense, natural feeling from the tinsel and tissues of flimsy "poetry." The booksellers, nevertheless, say that poetry is unsaleable, and they are usually allowed to speak feelingly on the score of popularity and success. Yet within a very short time, we have seen a splendid poem—the "Pelican Island," by (*the*) Montgomery; the "Course of Time," a Miltonic composition, by the Rev. Mr. Pollock; and now we have before us a poem, of which on an average, an edition has been sold in six weeks. The sweeping censure that poems are unsaleable belongs then to a certain grade of poetry which ought never to have strayed out of the album in which it was first written, except for the benefit of the stationer, printer, and the newspapers. Nearly all the poetry of this description is too *bizarre*, and wants the pathos and deep feeling which uniformly characterize true poetry, and have a lasting impression on the reader: whereas, all the "initial" celebrity, the honied sweetness, lasts but for a few months, and then drops into oblivion.

The story of the *Sorrows of Rosalie* (there's music in the name) is not of uncommon occurrence; would to heaven it were more rare. Rosalie, won by her omnipotent lover, Arthur, leaves her aged father; is deceived by promises of marriage, and at length deserted by her seducer. She seeks her betrayer in London, (where the many-headed monster, vice, may best conceal herself,) is repulsed, and after enduring all the bitterness

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of cruelty, hunger, and remorse, she returns to her father's house; but nothing of him and his remains but his memory and his tomb. She is then driven to dishonesty to supply the cravings of her child—is tried and acquitted. During her imprisonment, the child dies; distress brings on her temporary insanity; but she at length flies to a secluded part of the country, and there seeks a solace for her miseries in making peace with her offended Maker.

We can only detach a few portions of the poem, just to show the intensity with which even common scenes and occurrences are worked up. Here is a picture of Rosalie's happy home:

Home of my childhood! quiet, peaceful home!
Where innocence sat smiling on my brow,
Why did I leave thee, willingly to roam,
Lured by a traitor's vainly-trusted vow?
Could they, the fond and happy, see me *now*,
Who knew me when life's early summer smiled,
They would not know 'twas I, or marvel how
The laughing thing, half woman and half child,
Could e'er be changed to form so squalid, wan, and wild.

I *was* most happy—witness it, ye skies,
That watched the slumbers of my peaceful night!
Till each succeeding morning saw me rise
With cheerful song, and heart for ever light;
No heavy gems—no jewel, sparkling bright,
Cumbered the tresses nature's self had twined;
Nor festive torches glared before my sight;
Unknowing and unknown, with peaceful mind,
Blest in the lot I knew, none else I wished to find.

I *had* a father—a gray-haired old man,
Whom Fortune's sad reverses keenly tried:
And now his dwindling life's remaining span,
Locked up in me the little left of pride,
And knew no hope, no joy, no care beside.
My father!—dare I say I loved him well?
I, who could leave him to a hireling guide?
Yet all my thoughts were *his*, and bitterer fell
The pangs of leaving *him*, than all I have to tell.

And oh! my childhood's home was lovelier far
Than all the stranger homes where I have been:
It seem'd as if each pale and twinkling star
Loved to shine out upon so fair a scene;
Never were flowers so sweet, or fields so green,
As those that wont that lonely cot to grace
If, as tradition tells, this earth has seen
Creatures of heavenly form and angel race,
They might have chosen that spot to be their dwelling place.

The first approach of her lover is thus told:

He came—admired the pure and peaceful scene,
And offer'd money for our humble cot.
Oh! justly burn'd my father's cheek, I ween,
"His sires by honest toil the dwelling got;
Their home was not for sale." It matters not
How, after that, Lord Arthur won my love.
He smiled contemptuous on my humble lot,
Yet left no means untried my heart to move,
And call'd to witness *his* the glorious heavens above.

Oh! dimmed are now the eyes he used to praise,
Sad is the laughing brow where hope was beaming,
The cheek that blushed at his impassioned gaze
Wan as the waters where the moon is gleaming;
For many a tear of sorrow hath been streaming
Down the changed face, which knew no care before
And my sad heart, awakened from its dreaming,
Recalls those days of joy, untimely o'er,
And mourns remembered bliss, which can return no more.

It was upon a gentle summer's eve,
When Nature lay all silently at rest—
When none but I could find a cause to grieve,
I sought in vain to soothe my troubled breast,
And wander'd forth alone, for well I guess'd
That Arthur would be lingering in the bower
Which oft with summer garlands I had drest;
Where blamelessly I spent full many an hour
Ere yet I felt or love's or sin's remorseless power.

No joyful step to welcome me was there;
For slumber had her transient blessing sent
To him I loved—the still and balmy air,
The blue and quiet sky, repose had lent,
Deep as her own—above that form I bent,
The rich and clustering curls I gently raised,
And, trembling, kissed his brow—I turned and went—
Softly I stole away, nor, lingering, gazed;
Fearful and wondering still, at my own deed amazed

Her first pangs of sorrow at quitting home:

"Oh, Arthur! stay"—he turned, and all was o'er—
My sorrow, my repentance—all was vain—
I dreamt the dream of life and love once more,
To wake to sad reality of pain.
He spoke, but to my ear no sound was plain,
Until the little wicket-gate we passed—
That sound of home I never heard again,
And then "drive on—drive faster—yet more fast."
I raised my weeping head—Oh! I had looked my last.

One of those precious moments in which remorse overtakes the victims of crime, is thus finely drawn:

Months passed: one evening, as of early days,
When first my bosom thrilled *his* voice to hear,
And thought upon the gentle words of praise
Which forced my lips to smile, and chased my fear;
I sang—a sob, deep, single, struck my ear;
Wondering, I gazed on Arthur, bending low—
His features were concealed, but many a tear,
Quick gushing forth, continued fast to flow,
Stood where they fell, then sank like dew-drops on the snow.

Oh yes! however cold in after years,
At least it cost thee sorrow *then* to leave me;
And for those few sincere, remorseful tears,
I do forgive (though thou couldst thus deceive me)
The years of peace of which thou didst bereave me.
Yes—as I saw those gushing life-drops come
Back to the heart which yet delayed to grieve me,
Thy love returned a moment to its home,
Far, far away from me for ever then to roam.

He deserts her:

Still hope was left me, and each tedious hour
Was counted as it brought his coming near;
And joyfully I watched each fading flower:
Each tree, whose shadowy boughs grew red and sear;
And hailed sad Autumn, favourite of the year.
At length my time of sorrow came—'twas over,
A beauteous boy was brought me, doubly dear,
For all the fears that promise caused to hover
Round him—'twas past—I claimed a husband in my lover.

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On her return to her paternal cottage:

"My father! oh, my father!" vain the cry—
I had no father now; no need to say
"Thou art alone!" I *felt* my misery—
My father, yet return,—*return!* the day
When sorrow had availed is passed away;
Tears cannot raise the dead, grief cannot call
Back to the earthy corse the spirit's ray—
Vainly eternal tears of blood might fall;
One short year since, he lived—my hopes now perished all!

The tale then concludes:

Years have gone by—my thoughts have risen higher—
I sought for refuge at the Almighty's throne;
And when I sit by this low mould'ring fire,
With but my Bible, feel not quite alone.
Lingering in peace, till I can lay me down,
Quiet and cold in that last dwelling place,
By him o'er whose young head the grass is grown—
By him who yet shall rise with angel face,
Pleading for me, the lost and sinful of my race.

And if I still heave one reluctant sigh—
If earthly sorrows still will cross my heart—
If still to my now dimmed and sunken eye
The bitter tear, half checked, in vain will start;
I bid the dreams of other days depart,
And turn, with clasping hands, and lips compress'd,
To pray that Heaven will soothe sad memory's smart;
Teach me to bear and calm my troubled breast;
And grant *her* peace in Heaven who not on earth may rest.

The author of this exquisite volume is the daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, and is described as a young and lovely woman, moving in a fashionable sphere.

In this edition are several minor pieces, and others not before published, some of which are of equal merit with the specimens we have here quoted.

PILGRIMAGE TO MEKKA.

Of the numerous pilgrims who arrive at Mekka before the caravan, some are professed merchants; many others bring a few articles for sale, which they dispose of without trouble. They then pass the interval of time before the Hadj, or pilgrimage, very pleasantly; free from cares and apprehensions, and enjoying that supreme happiness of an Asiatic, the *dolce far niente* Except those of a very high rank, the pilgrims live together in a state of freedom and equality. They keep but few servants; many, indeed, have none, and divide among themselves the various duties of housekeeping, such as bringing the provisions from market and cooking them, although accustomed at home to the services of an attendant. The freedom and oblivion of care which accompany travelling, render it a period of enjoyment among the people of the East as among Europeans; and the same kind of happiness results from their residence at Mekka, where reading the Koran, smoking in the streets or coffee-houses, praying or conversing in the mosque, are added to the indulgence of their pride in being near the holy house, and to the anticipation of the honours attached to the title of hadjy for the remainder of their lives; besides the gratification of religious feelings, and the hopes of futurity, which influence many of the pilgrims. The hadjys who come by the caravans pass their time very differently. As soon as they have finished their tedious journey, they must undergo the fatiguing ceremonies of visiting the Kaaba and Omra; immediately after which, they are hurried away to Arafat and Mekka, and, still heated from the effects of the journey, are exposed to the keen air of the Hedjaz mountains under the slight and inadequate covering of the ihram: then returning to Mekka, they have only a few days left to recruit their strength, and to make their repeated visits to the Beitullah, when the caravan sets off on its return; and thus the whole pilgrimage is a severe trial of bodily strength, and a continual series of fatigues and privations. This mode of visiting the holy city is, however, in accordance with the opinions of many most learned Moslem divines, who thought that a long residence in the Hedjaz, however meritorious the intention, is little conducive to true belief, since the daily sight of the holy places weakened the first impressions made by them. Notwithstanding the general decline of Musselman zeal, there are still found Mohammedans whose devotion induces them to visit repeatedly the holy places.—*Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.*

RUSSIAN BOTANICAL GARDEN.

The botanical garden of St. Petersburg, like all the rest of the institutions, is of gigantic dimensions. It contains sixty-five acres: a parallelogram formed by three parallel lines of hot-houses and conservatories, united at the extremities by covered corridors, constitutes the grand feature of this establishment. The south line contains green-house plants in the centre, and hot-house plants at each end; the middle line has hot-house plants only, and the north line is filled with green-house plants. The connecting corridors are two hundred and forty-five feet. The north and south line contain respectively five different compartments of one hundred toises each, that is to say, they are together six thousand feet. The middle line has seven compartments, that is, three thousand more, making in the whole length nine thousand feet!—*Granville's Travels.*

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The Hirlas Horn.

THE engraving represents an elegant complimentary piece of plate, presented by the Committee for managing the Eisteddvod, held at Denbigh, September, 1828, to Dr. Jones, their Honorary Secretary, for his valuable services on that occasion.

Mr. Ellis, of John-street, Oxford-street, Medalist to the Royal Cambrian Institution, was requested to execute (for this purpose) after his own design, a drinking goblet of an ancient form. Mr. E. thought of the *Hirlas Horn*, and he has completed a beautiful and unique piece of workmanship. It is an elegantly carved horn, about eighteen inches long, brilliantly polished, and richly mounted, the cover highly ornamented with chased oak leaves, and the tip adorned with an acorn; the horn resting on luxuriant branches of an oaken tree, exquisitely finished in chased silver. Around the cover is engraved the following inscription:—"*Presented by the Cymmrodorion in Gwynedd, to* RICHARD PHILLIPS JONES, M. D. *for his unwearied exertions in promoting the Royal Eisteddvod, held at Denbigh*, 1828." The horn (the inside of which is lined with silver,) will contain about three half pints; and we doubt not that it will be often passed around, filled with *Cwrw da*, in remembrance of the interesting event which it is intended to commemorate—

"And former times renew in converse sweet."

The origin of the *Hirlas Horn* is as follows:—

About 1160, Owain Cyveiliog, one of the most distinguished Princes of Powis, flourished; he was a great warrior and an eminent poet; several specimens of his writings are given in the *Archaiology of Wales*, published by the late patriotic Owain Jones Myfyr. His poem called the *Hirlas Horn* (the long blue horn,) is a masterpiece. It used to be the custom with the prince, when he had gained a battle, to call for the horn, filled with metheglin, or mead, and drink the contents at one draught, then sound it to show that there was no deception; each of his officers following his example. Mrs. Hemans has given a beautiful song, in Parry's second volume of *Welsh Melodies*, on the subject, concluding thus:—

"Fill higher the HIRLAS! forgetting not those
Who shar'd its bright draught in the days which are fled!
Tho' cold on their mountains the valiant repose,
Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead!
While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
While regal ERYRI* with snow shall be crown'd—
So long by the bard shall their battles be sung,
And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound:
The free winds of Cambria shall swell with their name,
And OWAIN'S rich HIRLAS be fill'd to their fame!"

* Snowdon.

The Naturalist.

BIRDS OF LONDON.

IT may be observed, that although many of the bird tribe seem to prefer the vicinity of the residence of man for their domicile, yet they, for the most part, avoid cities and large towns, for one, among other reasons, because there is no food for them. There are, notwithstanding,

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some remarkable exceptions to this. The *House Sparrow* is to be seen, I believe, in every part of London. There is a rookery in the Tower; and another was, till lately, in Carlton Palace Gardens; but the trees having been cut down to make room for the improvements going on there, the rooks removed in (1827,) to some trees behind the houses in New-street, Spring-gardens. There was also, for many years, a rookery on the trees in the churchyard of St. Dunstan's in the East, a short distance from the Tower; the rooks for some years past deserted that spot, owing, it is believed, to the fire that occurred a few years ago at the old Custom House. But in 1827, they began again to build on those trees, which are not elm, but a species of plane. There was also, formerly, a rookery on some large elm trees in the College Garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court in Doctors' Commons, a curious anecdote concerning which has been recorded.

The *Stork*, and some other of the tribe of waders, are occasionally also inhabitants of some of the continental towns.

Rooks appear to be peculiarly partial to building their nests in the vicinity of the residence of man. Of the numerous rookeries of which I have any recollection, most of them were a short distance from dwelling houses. In March, 1827, there was a rookery on some trees, neither very lofty nor very elegant, in the garden of the Royal Naval Asylum, at Greenwich; and although many very fine and lofty elms are in the park near, which one might naturally suppose the rooks would prefer, yet, such is the fact, there is not even one rook's nest in Greenwich Park. Possibly the company of so large a number of boys, and the noise which they make, determine these birds in the choice of such a place for their procreating domicile.

There is also a remarkable fact related by Mr. French, on the authority of Dr. Spurgin, in the second volume of the *Zoological Journal*, which merits attention, in regard to the rook.

A gentleman occupied a farm in Essex, where he had not long resided before numerous rooks built their nests on the trees surrounding his premises; the rookery was much prized; the farmer, however, being induced to hire a larger farm about three quarters of a mile distant, he left the farm and the rookery; but, to his surprise and pleasure, the whole rookery deserted their former habitation and came to the new one of their old master, where they continue to flourish. It ought to be added, that this gentleman was strongly attached to all animals whatsoever, and of course used them kindly.

The *Swallow*, *Swift*, and *Martin*, seem to have almost deserted London, although they are occasionally, though not very plentifully, to be seen in the suburbs. Two reasons may be assigned for this relative to the swallow; flies are not there so plentiful as in the open country; and most of the chimneys have conical or other contracted tops to them, which, if they do not preclude, are certainly no temptation to their building in such places; the top of a chimney being, as is well known, its favourite site for its nest. The *Martin* is also scarce in London. But, during the summer of 1825, I observed a *Martin's* nest against a blind window in Goswell Street Road, on the construction of which the *Martins* were extremely busy in the early part of the month of August. I have since seen many *Martins*, (August, 1826,) busily engaged in skimming over a pool in the fields, to the south of Islington: most of these were, I conjecture, young birds, as they were brown, not black; but they had the *white* on the rump, which is characteristic of the species. A few days afterwards I observed several *Martin's* nests in a blind window on Islington-Green. And, Sept. 20, of the same year, I saw from the window of my present residence, in Dalby Terrace, City Road, many similar birds actively on the wing.

The *Redbreast* has been, I am told, occasionally seen in the neighbourhood of Fleet-market and Ludgate-hill. I saw it myself before the window of my present residence, Dalby Terrace, in November, 1825, and in Nov. 1826, the *Wren* was seen on the shrubs in the garden before the house at Dalby Terrace; it was very lively and active, and uttered its peculiar *chit, chit.*

The *Starling* builds on the tower at Canonbury, in Islington; and the *Baltimore Oride* is, according to Wilson, found very often on the trees in some of the American cities; but the *Mocking-bird*, that used to be very common in the American suburban regions, is, it is said, now becoming more rare, particularly in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia.

The *Thrush* was also often heard in the gardens behind York-place, during the spring of 1826. I heard it myself in delightful song early in March, 1826, among the trees near the canal, on the north side of the Regent's Park.

Some of the migratory birds approach much nearer to London than is generally imagined. The *Cuckoo* and *Wood-pigeon* are heard occasionally in Kensington-gardens. The *Nightingale* approaches also much nearer to London than has been

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commonly supposed. I heard it in melodious song at seven o'clock in the morning, in the wood near Hornsey-wood House, May 10, 1826, which is, I believe, the nearest approach to St. Paul's it has been for some time known to make. It is also often heard at Hackney and Mile-end. I have also heard it regularly for some years past in a garden near the turnpike-gate on the road leading from London to Greenwich, a short distance from the third mile stone from London-Bridge. This charming bird may be also heard, during the season, in Greenwich Park, particularly in the gardens adjoining Montagu-house; but never, I believe, on its lofty trees. The *Nightingale* prefers copses and bushes to trees; the *Cuckoo*, on the contrary, prefers trees, and of these the elm, from which it most probably obtains its food. The *Nightingale* is also common at Lee and Lewisham, Forest-hill, Sydenham, and Penge-wood; in all these places, except Hackney and Mile-end, I have myself often heard it, and in the day-time. Those who are partial to the singing of birds generally, will find the morning, from four to nine o'clock, the most favourable time for hearing them. — *Jennings's Ornithologia.*

MOCK SUNS.

In the centre of the heavens above us, the sun began to break through the mist, forming a clear space, which, as it grew wider by the gradual retreat of the mist and clouds, was enclosed or surrounded by a complete circle of hazy light, much brighter than the general aspect of the atmosphere, but not so brilliant as the sun itself. This circle was about half as broad as the apparent size of the sun, through which it seemed to pass, while on each side of the sun, at about the distance of a sixth of the circumference of the ring, which likewise traversed them, were situated two mock suns, resembling the real sun in everything but brightness, and on the opposite side of the circle two other mock suns were placed, distant from each other about a third of the circuit of the band of light, forming altogether five suns, one real and four fictitious luminaries, through which a broad hoop of subdued light ran round an area of slightly hazy blue sky. The centre of this area was occupied by a small segment of a rainbow, the concave side of which was turned from the true sun, while on its convex edge, in contact with it at its most prominent part, was stretched a broad straight band of prismatic colours, similar to the rainbow in all but curvature. Across the space, within the circle of light, there was a broad stream of dusky cloud, formed of three distinct streaks, and reaching from one of the most distant mock suns to another opposite to it, in the shape of a low arch; but in a little while one extremity of this bar moved away from its original position, while the other end remained stationary, leading me to suppose that it was merely an accidental piece of cloud.

As noon approached, or rather as the clouds dispersed, the blue hazy sky extended beyond the ring of light, and while the day advanced, and the heavens grew more clear, the whole meteor gradually disappeared, the circle vanishing first, and then the imitative suns. My companions assured me they had never before witnessed a similar exhibition during voyages in these seas; but more learned Thebans describe them as phenomena frequently witnessed in high latitudes, and have assigned them the designation of parhelia. There was, during this solar panorama, a large and complete semicircle of haze, lighter in colour than the surrounding fog, resting on the horizon perpendicularly, like a rainbow, but this appearance my associates informed me was familiar to their sight.—*Tales of a Voyager in the Arctic Ocean.*

The Anecdote Gallery.

BROILING STEAKS.

A Munchausen Story.

Talking of broiling steaks—when I was in Egypt we used to broil our beef-steaks on the rocks—no occasion for fire—thermometer at 200—hot as h-ll! I have seen four thousand men at a time cooking for the whole army as much as twenty or thirty thousand pounds of steaks at a time, all hissing and frying at a time—just about noon, of course, you know—not a spark of fire! Some of the soldiers who had been brought up as glass-blowers at Leith swore they never saw such heat. I used to go to leeward of them for a whiff, and think of old England! Ay! that's the country, after all, where a man may think and say what he pleases! But that sort of work did not last long, as you may suppose; their eyes were all fried out, —— me, in three or four weeks! I had been ill in my bed, for I was attached to the 72nd regiment, seventeen hundred strong. I had a party of seamen with me; but the ophthalmia made such ravages, that the whole regiment, colonel and all, went stone-blind—all, except one corporal! You may stare, gentlemen, but it's very true. Well, this corporal had a precious time of it: he was obliged

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to lead out the whole regiment to water —he led the way, and two or three took hold of the skirts of his jacket on each side; the skirts of these were seized again by as many more; and double the number to the last, and so all held on by one another, till they had all had a drink at the well; and, as the devil would have it, there was but one well among us all— so this corporal used to water the regiment just as a groom waters his horses; and all spreading out, you know, just like the tail of a peacock."—"Of which the corporal was the rump," interrupted the doctor. The captain looked grave. "You found it warm in that country?" inquired the surgeon. "Warm!" exclaimed the captain; I'll tell you what, doctor, when you go where you have sent many a patient, and where, for that very reason, you certainly will go, I only hope, for your sake, and for that of your profession in general, that you will not find it quite so hot as we found it in Egypt. What do you think of nineteen of my men being killed by the concentrated rays of light falling on the barrels of the sentinels' bright muskets, and setting fire to the powder? I commanded a mortar battery at Acre, and I did the French infernal mischief with the shells. I used to pitch in among them when they had sat down to dinner; but how do you think the scoundrels weathered on me at last? —— me, they trained a parcel of poodle-dogs to watch the shells when they fell, and then to run and pull the fusees out with their teeth. Did you ever hear of such villains? By this means they saved hundreds of men, and only lost half-a-dozen dogs—fact, by ——; only ask Sir Sydney Smith, he'll tell you the same, and a —— sight more." * * * * He continued his lies, and dragged in as usual the name of Sir Sydney Smith to support his assertions. "If you doubt me, only ask Sir Sydney Smith; he'll talk to you about Acre for thirty-six hours on a stretch, without taking breath; his cockswain at last got so tired of it, that he nick-named him 'Long Acre.'" * * * "Capital salmon this," said the captain; "where does Billet get it from? By the by, talking of that, did you ever hear of the pickled salmon in Scotland?" We all replied in the affirmative. "Oh, you don't take. Hang it, I don't mean dead pickled salmon; I mean live pickled salmon, swimming about in tanks, as merry as grigs, and as hungry as rats." We all expressed our astonishment at this, and declared we never heard of it before. "I thought not," said he, "for it has only lately been introduced into this country by a particular friend of mine, Dr. Mac—. I cannot just now remember his ——, jaw-breaking, Scotch name; he was a great chemist and geologist, and all that sort of thing—a clever fellow, I can tell you, though you may laugh. Well, this fellow, sir, took Nature by the heels, and capsized her, as we say. I have a strong idea that he had sold himself to the d—l. Well, what does he do, but he catches salmon and puts them into tanks, and every day added more and more salt, till the water was as thick as gruel, and the fish could hardly wag their tails in it. Then he threw in whole pepper-corns, half-a-dozen pounds at a time, till there was enough. Then he began to dilute with vinegar until his pickle was complete. The fish did not half like it at first; but habit is every thing; and when he showed me his tank, they were swimming about as merry as a shoal of dace: he fed them with fennel, chopped small, and black pepper-corns. 'Come, doctor,' says I, 'I trust no man upon tick; if I don't taste I won't believe my own eyes, though *I can* believe my *tongue*.' (We looked at each other.) 'That you shall do in a minute,' says he; so he whipped one of them out with a landing-net; and when I stuck my knife into him, the pickle ran out of his body like wine out of a claret-bottle, and I ate at least two pounds of the rascal, while he flapped his tail in my face. I never tasted such salmon as that. Worth your while to go to Scotland, if it's only for the sake of eating live pickled salmon. I'll give you a letter, any of you, to my friend. He'll be d—d glad to see you; and then you may convince yourselves. Take my word for it, if once you eat salmon that way, you will never eat it any other."—*The Naval Officer.*

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINBLEAU,

As related by De Bausset.

On the evening of April 8, 1814, De Bausset left Blois, commissioned by Josephine to deliver at Paris, a letter to the Emperor of Austria, and afterwards another at Fontainebleau to her husband. Having executed the first part of this commission, he set out at two in the morning of the 11th of April for Fontainbleau, and arrived at the palace about nine o'clock. He was introduced to Napoleon immediately, and gave him the letter from the empress. "Good Louise!" exclaimed Napoleon, after having read it, and then asked numerous questions as to her health and that of his son. De Bausset expressed his wish to carry back an answer to the empress, and Napoleon promised to give him a

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letter in the afternoon. He was calm and decided; but his tones were milder, and his manners more gentle than was his wont. He began talking about Elba, and showed to De B. the maps and books of geography which he had been consulting on the subject of his future little empire. "The air is good," said he, "and the inhabitants well-disposed: I shall not be very ill off there, and I hope Marie-Louise will put up with it as well as I shall." He knew that for the present they were not to meet, but his hope was that when she was once in the possession of the duchy of Parma, she and his son would be allowed to reside with him in the island. But he never saw either again. The prince of Neufchâtel, Berthier, entered the room to demand permission to go to Paris on his private affairs; he would return the next day. After he had left the room, Napoleon said with a melancholy tone:—"Never! he will never return hither!" "What, sire!" replied Maret, who was present, "can that be the farewell of your Berthier?" "Yes!" I tell you; he will not return." He did not. At two o'clock in the afternoon Napoleon sent again for De Bausset. He was walking on the terrace under the gallery of Francis I. He questioned De B. as to all he had seen or heard during the late events; he found great fault with the measure adopted by the council in leaving Paris; the letter to his brother, upon which they acted, had been written under very different circumstances; the presence of Louise at Paris would have prevented the treason and defection of many of his soldiers, and he should still have been at the head of a formidable army, with which he could have forced his enemies to quit France and sign an honourable peace. De B. expressed his regret that peace had not been made at Châtillon. "I never could put any confidence," said Napoleon, "in the good faith of our enemies. Every day they made fresh demands, imposed fresh conditions; they did not wish to have peace—and then—I had declared publicly to all France that I would not submit to humiliating terms, although the enemy were on the heights of Montmartre." De B. remarked that France within the Rhine would be one of the finest kingdoms in the world; on which Napoleon, after a pause, said—"I abdicate; but I yield nothing." He ran rapidly over the characters of his principal officers, but dwelt on that of Macdonald. "Macdonald," said he, "is a brave and faithful soldier; it is only during these late events that I have fully appreciated his worth; his connexion with Moreau prejudiced me against him; but I did him injustice, and I regret much that I did not know him better." Napoleon paused; then after a minute's silence—"See," said he, "what our life is! In the action at Arcis-sur-Aube I fought with desperation, and asked nothing but to die for my country. My clothes were torn to pieces by musket-balls—but alas! not one could touch my person! A death which I should owe to an act of despair would be cowardly; suicide does not suit my principles nor the rank I have holden in the world. I am a man condemned to live." He sighed almost to sobbing;—then, after several minutes' silence, he said with a bitter smile—"After all they say, a living camp-boy is worth more than a dead emperor,"—and immediately retired into the palace. It was the last time De Bausset ever saw his master.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

APRIL FOOLS.

This day, beyond all contradiction,
This day is all thine own, Queen Fiction:
And thou art building castles boundless
Of groundless joys, and griefs as groundless;
Assuring beauties that the border
Of their new dress is out of order;
And schoolboys that their shoes want tying
And babies that their dolls are dying.
Lend me, lend me, some disguise;
I will tell prodigious lies:
All who care for what I say
Shall be April fools to-day.

First I relate how all the nation
Is ruined by Emancipation:
How honest men are sadly thwarted;
How beads and fagrots are imported;
How every parish church looks thinner;
How Peel has asked the Pope to dinner;
And how the Duke, who fought the duel,
Keeps good King George on water-gruel.
Thus I waken doubts and fears
In the Commons and the Peers
If they care for what I say,
They are April fools to-day.

Next I announce to hall and hovel
Lord Asterisk's unwritten novel.
It's full of wit, and full of fashion,
And full of taste, and full of passion;
It tells some very curious histories,
Elucidates some charming mysteries,
And mingles sketches of society
With precepts of the soundest piety.
Thus I babble to the host
Who adore the "Morning Post;"
If they care for what I say,
They are April fools to-day.

Then to the artist of my raiment
I hint his bankers have stopped payment;
And just suggest to Lady Locket
That somebody has picked her pocket—
And scare Sir Thomas from the city,
By murmuring, in a tone of pity,
That I am sure I saw my Lady
Drive through the Park with Captain Grady.
Off my troubled victims go,
Very pale and very low:
If they care for what I say,
They are April fools to-day.

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I've sent the learned Doctor Trepan
To feel Sir Hubert's broken kneepan;
'Twill rout the doctor's seven senses
To find Sir Hubert charging fences!
I've sent a sallow parchment scraper
To put Miss Trim's last will on paper;
He'll see her, silent as a mummy,
At whist with her two maids and dummy.
Man of brief, and man of pill,
They will take it very ill;
If they care for what I say,
They are April fools to-day.

And then to her, whose smiles shed light on
My weary lot last year at Brighton,
I talk of happiness and marriage,
St. George's and a travelling carriage.
I trifle with my rosy fetters,
I rave about her witching letters,
And swear my heart shall do no treason
Before the closing of the season.
Thus I whisper in the ear
Of Louisa Windermere—
If she cares for what I say,
She's an April fool to-day.

And to the world I publish gaily
That all things are improving daily;
That suns grow warmer, streamlets clearer,
And faith more firm, and love sincerer—
That children grow extremely clever
That sin is seldom known, or never—
That gas, and steam, and education,
Are killing sorrow and starvation!
Pleasant visions—but, alas
How those pleasant visions pass!
If you care for what I say,
You're an April fool to-day.

Last, to myself, when night comes round me,
And the soft chain of thought has bound me,
I whisper, "Sir, your eyes are killing—
You owe no mortal man a shilling—
You never cringe for star or garter,
You're much too wise to be a martyr—
And since you must be food for vermin,
You don't feel much desire for ermine!"
Wisdom is a mine, no doubt,
If one can but find it out—
But whate'er I think or say,
I'm an April fool to-day.

London Magazine.

"WATER BEWITCHED."

A WIDOW of the name of Betty Falla kept an alehouse in one of the market-towns frequented by the Lammermuir ladies, (Dunse, we believe,) and a number of them used to lodge at her house during the fair. One year Betty's ale turned sour soon after the fair; there had been a thunder-storm in the interim, and Betty's ale was, as they say in that country, "strongest in the water." Betty did not understand the first of these causes, and she did not wish to understand the latter. The ale was not palatable; and Betty brewed again to the same strength of water. Again it thundered, and again the swipes became vinegar. Betty was at her wit's end,—no long journey; but she was breathless.

Having got to her own wit's end, Betty naturally wished to draw upon the stock of another; and where should she find it in such abundance as with the minister of the parish. Accordingly, Betty put on her best, got her nicest basket, laid a couple of bottles of her choicest brandy in the bottom, and over them a dozen or two of her freshest eggs; and thus freighted, she fidgetted off to the manse, offered her peace-offering, and hinted that she wished to speak with his reverence in "preevat."

"What is your will, Betty?" said the minister of Dunse. "An unco uncanny mishap," replied the tapster's wife.

"Has Mattie not been behaving?" said the minister. "Like an innocent lamb," quoth Betty Falla.

"Then —? said the minister, lacking the rest of the query. "Anent the yill," said Betty.

"The ale!" said the minister; "has any body been drinking and refused to pay?"

"Na," said Betty, "they winna drink a drap."

"And would you have me to encourage the sin of drunkenness?" asked the minister.

"Na, na," said Betty, "far frae that; I only want your kin' han' to get in yill again as they can drink."

"I am no brewer, Betty," said the minister gravely.

"Gude forfend, Str," said Betty, "that the like o' you should be evened to the gyle tub. I dinna wish for ony thing o' the kind.—"Then what is the matter?" asked the minister.

"It's witched, clean witched; as sure as I'm a born woman," said Betty. "Naebody else will drink it, an' I canna drink it mysel'."

"You must not be superstitious, Betty," said the minister. "I'm no ony thing o' the kin'," said Betty, colouring, "an' ye ken it yoursel'; but twa brousts wadna be vinegar for naething." (She lowered her voice:) "Ye mun ken, Sir, that o' a' the leddies frae the Lammermuir, that hae been comin' and gaen, there was an auld rudas wife this fair, an' I'm certie she's witched the yill: and ye mun just look into ye'r buiks, an' tak off the withchin!"

"When do you brew, Betty?"—"This blessed day, gin it like you, Sir."

"Then, Betty, here is the thing you want, the same malt and water as usual?"—"Nae difference, Sir?"

"Then when you have put the water to the malt, go three times round the vat with the sun, and in *pli's* name put in three shoolfu's of malt; and when you have done that, go three times round the vat, against the sun, and, in the devil's name, take out three bucketfuls of water; and take my word for it, the ale will be better."

"Thanks to your reverence; gude mornin."—*Ibid.*

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The Gatherer.

" A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

SONG

By Mr. Gay.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hills,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were pent within their fold:
When from the silence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the bare rock, or oozy beach,
Who from each barren weed that grows,
Expects the grape, or blushing peach.
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in woman-kind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No meadows green, or gardens fair
A damsel's venal heart to gain.
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
For I, alas! have naught but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold,
They ask no vows of sacred truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
But I, alas! have naught but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What gold, what treasure will suffice,
Not all their fire can ever boast
The living lustre of her eyes.
For thee the world too cheap must prove,
But I, alas! have naught but love.

O Sylvia! since no gems, nor ore
Can with thy brighter charms compare
Consider that I proffer more
More seldom found, a heart sincere
Let treasure meaner beauty's move,
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

MR. HOOD'S NEW SONGS

THE following "announcement" is so characteristic and amusing, that we copy it *verbatim et literatim*:—The author of "Whims and Oddities" has the honour of informing the public, that, encouraged by the popularity of the Ballads in the first and second series of that work, he intends to communicate a succession of similar vocal crotchets, to run alone without the help of an octavo. Sally Brown, Faithless Nelly Gray, and Mary's Ghost, have been patronised by many public and private singers; but unfortunately they were adapted to as many airs—sometimes even to jigs; and the natural result was an occasional falling-out between the words and the melodies. Judging that it would be better for those verses to be regularly married to music, than that they should form temporary connexions with any rambling tunes about town, Mr. J. Blewitt has at last kindly provided them with airs that are airs of *character*, and made their alliance with music of the correct and permanent kind. The same gentleman has undertaken the same good office for the forthcoming Comic Ballads; and his well-known skill and talent will insure that all unhappy differences between Sound and Sense will be amicably composed. In fact, the words and the airs will be intended for each other from the cradle—like Paul and Virginia. It is intended that the new Ballads shall start in couples. Two to make a Number, and a number of Numbers may be *bound* to the library, as a volume, for a term of years. The work will be set with variations. Occasionally there will be a duet or trio, to accommodate those timid vocalists who do not choose to make themselves particular in a solo, or those other singers of sociable habits who prefer giving tongue in a pack. One word about the words. They will be "merry and wise." Not a jest will be admitted that might be liable to misconstruction by the Council of *Nice*. The Comic Muse has been too apt to mistake liberty for *license*, and has been proportionably *licentious*; the Comic Ballads will be as particular as Seneca or Æsop in their regard for good morals. Nothing, in short, will be inserted but what is *cut out* for the female ear. To conclude—the said Melodies will be issued by Messrs. Clementi and Co., of Cheapside. Be sure to ask for "Comic Melodies," as all others are counterfeits, and not benefits, to the proprietors. The first Number is expected to commence, like Blue Bonnets, with "March;" and the work will be continued regularly through every other month in the calendar.

THE other day, a man of ninety-nine was buried at Père-la-chaise, at Paris, and was followed to his grave by twenty children, fifteen grand-children and great grand-children. Happily, such populators are not common! The deceased, it appears, had buried six wives, and married the seventh: he died in the full enjoyment of his senses, and assured his numerous progeny that he did not regret life, as he knew he was about to rejoin the six beloved partners of his days, who had gone before him. Few men, we fear, would be consoled by such an idea in their last moments, or at any moment of their existence!—*Literary Gaz.*

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ABERNETHYANA.

THE following is the last and best that we have heard of the above-named gentleman. We should premise, that, the details of it are a little altered, with the view of adapting it to "ears polite;" for without some process of this kind, it would not have been presentable. A lady went to the doctor in great distress of mind, and stated to him, that, by a strange accident, she had swallowed a live spider. At first, his only reply was, "whew! whew! whew!" a sort of internal whistling sound, intended to be indicative of supreme contempt. But his anxious patient was not so easily to be repulsed. She became every moment more and more urgent for some means of relief from the dreaded effect of the strange accident she had consulted him about; when, at last, looking round upon the wall, he put up his hand and caught a fly. "There, ma'am," said he, "I've got a remedy for you. Open your mouth; and as soon as I've put this fly into it, shut it close again; and the moment the spider hears the fly buzzing about, up he'll come; and then you can spit them both out together."

LISTON PLAYING MOLL FLAGGON.

An Acrostic.

LOVESICK people e'en will smile,
In spite of cares, and for the while
Sadness will not *lag on:*
Tic dolereux will lose its power
On facial nerves for half an hour,
Now Liston plays Moll Flaggon.

J. S. C.

INTENSE COLD.

AT Astracan, Feb. 19, the cold was 28 deg. below the zero of Reaumur.

ROYAL POET.

A VOLUME of poems by the King of Bavaria has just been published at Munich, the profits of which are to be given to an institution devoted to the blind.

THE late Mr. Henry Hase succeeded Abraham Newland, as cashier at the Bank of England. Newland is buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. The lyrical celebrity of Abraham Newland will not be forgotten in our times.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A FINE white lion and the largest bear died here last week. This bear was the largest of the three in the pit, and was considered to have been the finest in England. He usually seized the largest share of cakes and fruit, and snorted and snarled whenever his companions secured any. He had latterly grown so fat that he could with difficulty ascend the pole; and after eating his usual breakfast, he expired suddenly. Like many other animals we could name, his *greatness* was his mortal foe—and as Hume grew too pursy to write, so our four-footed friend became too gross to climb. Toby, with all his ill-treatment and attachment to strong ale, is still alive and well.

LIFE.

MAN is a glass, life is the water,
That's weakly walled about:
Sin brings in death, death breaks the glass,
So runs the water out. GEO. F.

LINES WRITTEN ON A LADY'S WEEPING AT HER MARRIAGE.

WHEN on her love, with heart sincere,
The maid bestowed her hand, she dropt a tear.
Delightful omen of her life s employ
For they who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

J. R. R.

OLD PRICES.

ECHARD, in his "History of England," gives us the rates or prices of the following provisions in the year 1299, being the 27th of Edward I.:—A fat cock, 1½*d.*; a goose, 4*d.*; a fat capon, 2½*d.*; 2 pullets, 1½*d.*; a mallard, 1½*d.*; a pheasant, 4*d.*; a heron, 6*d.*; a plover, 1*d.*; a swan, 3*s.*; a crane, 1*s.*; 2 woodcocks, 1½*d.*; a fat lamb, (from Christmas to Shrovetide,) 1*s.* 4*d.*, and all the year after 4*d.* only. Lastly, wheat was sold for 20*d.* the quarter, and in some places for 6*d.*, or 4*s.* of our money.

A STANDARD RULE.

AN officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed, "That those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword."—"By a similar rule," answered the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

A FOOLISH young fellow boasting in company of his travelling abroad, was asked by one present how he made his way. "By my wits," replied the other. "Indeed!" says he, "then you must have travelled *very cheaply.*"

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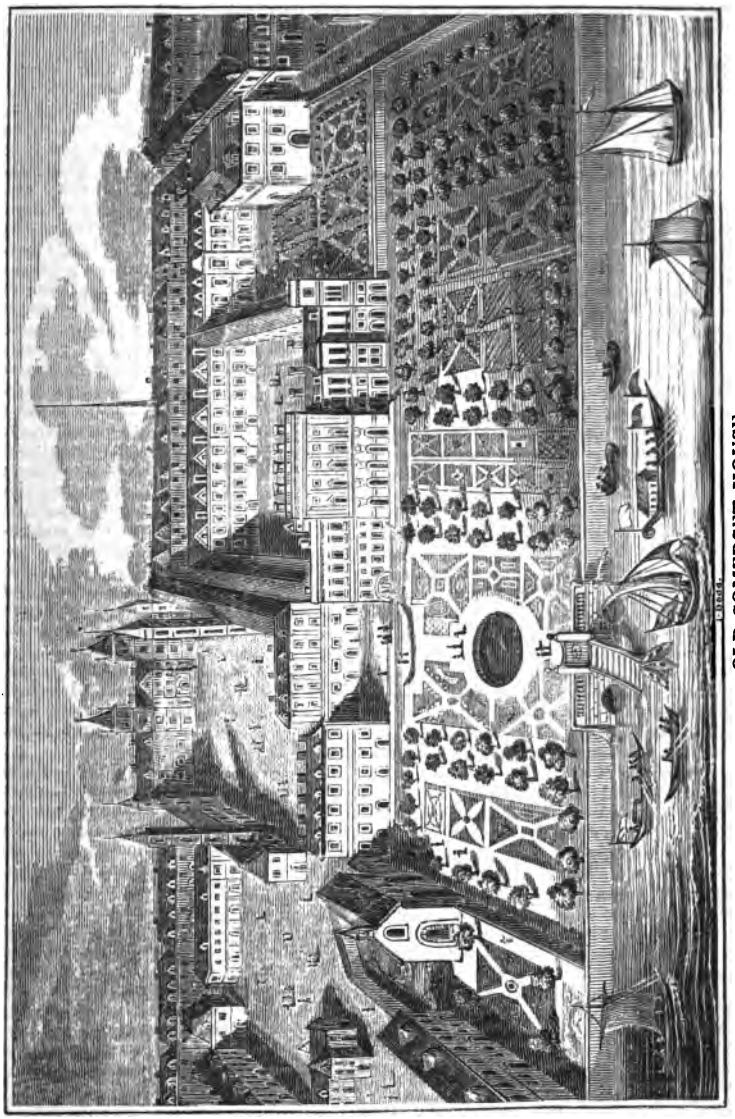
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 365.] SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1829. [Price 2d.



OLD SOMERSET HOUSE.

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OLD SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE Engraving on the annexed page is, perhaps, one of the greatest antiquarian treasures it has for some time been our good fortune to introduce to the readers of the MIRROR. It represents the original SOMERSET HOUSE, which derived its name from Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, maternal uncle to Edward VI., and Protector of the realm during most of the reign of that youthful sovereign. The time at which this nobleman commenced his magnificent palace (called *Somerset House*) has been generally fixed at the year 1549; but that he had a residence on this spot still earlier, is evident from two of his own letters, as well as from his "cofferer's" account, which states that from April 1, 1548, to October 7, 1551, "the entire cost of Somerset House, up to that period, amounted to 10,091*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*" By comparing this sum with the value of money in the present day, we may form some idea of the splendour of the Protector's palace, as well as from Stow, who, in his "Survaie," second edition, published in 1603, styles it "a large and beautiful house, but yet unfinished." The architect is supposed to have been John of Padua, who came to England in the reign of Henry VIII.—this being one of the first buildings designed from the Italian orders that was ever erected in this kingdom. Stow tells us there were several buildings pulled down to make room for this splendid structure, among which he enumerates the original parish church of St. Mary-le-Strand; Chester's or Strand Inne; a house belonging to the Bishop of Llandaff; "in the high street a fayre bridge, called *Strand Bridge*, and under it a lane or waye, down to the landing-place on the banke of Thames;" and the *Inne* or London lodging of the Bishop of Chester and the Bishop of Worcester. Seymour states, that the site of St. Mary's church became a part of the garden of Somerset House; and that when the Protector pulled down the old church, he promised to build a new one for the parishioners, but his death prevented his fulfilling that engagement. The Strand Bridge formed part of the public highway; and through it, according to Maitland, "ran a small watercourse from the fields, which, gliding along a lane below, had its influx to the Thames near Somerset Stairs."*

Besides the places above mentioned, the palace-building Protector pulled down part of the Priory church of St. John, Clerkenwell, a chapel and cloisters near St. Paul's cathedral, for the sake of the materials. He was, however, soon overtaken by justice, for in the proclamation, October 8, 1549, against the Duke of Somerset, previously to his arrest, he is charged with "enriching himselfe," and building "sumptuous and faire houses," during "all times of the wars in France and Scotland, leaving the king's poore soldiers unpaid of their wages." After the attainder and execution of the Protector, on Tower Hill, January 22, 1552-3, Somerset Place devolved to the Crown, and was conferred by the king upon his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who resided here during her short visit to the court in the reign of Queen Mary. Elizabeth, after her succession to the throne, lent Somerset Place to Lord Hunsdon, (her chamberlain,) whose guest she occasionally became. He died here in 1596. On the death of Elizabeth, it appears to have become a jointure-house, or dotarial palace, of the queens' consort; of whom Anne of Denmark, queen of James I. kept a splendid court here. Arthur Wilson, in his "History of King James," generally calls this mansion "the queen's palace in the Strand;" but it was more commonly called Denmark House; and Strype says that by the queen "this house was much repaired and beautified, and improved by new buildings and enlargements. She also brought hither water from Hyde Park in pipes." Dr. Fuller remarks that this edifice was so tenacious of the name of the Duke of Somerset, "though he was not full five years possessor of it, that he would not change a duchy for a kingdom, when solemnly proclaimed by King James, Denmark House, from the king of Denmark lodging therein, and his sister, Queen Anne, repairing thereof."

Pennant says, "Inigo Jones† built the back-front and water-gate about the year 1623;" but it may be questioned whether these were not the new buildings spoken of as having been previously raised by Anne of Denmark. Pennant likewise speaks of the chapel which was begun by Jones in the same year.

Denmark House was next fitted up for Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., and settled on her for life. By her marriage articles, extraordinary concessions were made in favour of the Catholics. The queen was not only allowed to have, herself, the free exercise of the "Roman Catholic Apostolic religion," but all her

* The present *Strand Lane* (as it would seem o have been called in Strype's time) skirts the eastern side of Somerset House, and forms a boundary between the parishes of St. Mary and St. Clement Danes. At its stairs, which are still, as formerly, "a place of some note to take water at," is the outlet of a small underground stream.

† Inigo Jones died at Somerset House, July 21, 1651.

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children were to be brought up in the same faith; she was to have a chapel in all the royal palaces; a bishop of her own faith was to be her almoner; twenty-eight priests, or ecclesiastics, were to serve in her chapel; the domestics of her household were to be French Catholics, &c. Thus, this mansion became the very focus of Catholicism, and a convent of Capuchin friars was established here by the queen. At length, in 1642, it was ordered by the Parliament that "the altar and chapel in *Somerset House* be forthwith burnt," and that the Capuchins be "sent into France."

In 1659, the Commons resolved that Somerset House, with all its appurtenances, should be sold for the partial discharge of the great arrears due to the army; and Ludlow states, that it was sold for 10,000*l.* except the chapel; but the restoration of King Charles prevented the agreement from being fulfilled.

This mansion was frequently used for the state reception of the remains of deceased persons of high rank previously to their interment. The Protector, Oliver Cromwell, was laid in state here; and Ludlow states, that the folly and profusion of this display so provoked the people, that they "threw dirt, in the night, on his escutcheon, that was placed over the great gate of Somerset House." After the restoration of Charles II. Somerset House reverted to the queen dowager, who returned to England in 1660; went back to France, but returning in 1662, she took up her residence at Somerset House; when Cowley and Waller wrote some courtly verses in honour of this edifice, the latter complimenting the queen with Somerset House rising at her command, "like the *first creation*."

In 1670, the remains of Monck, Duke of Albemarle, were laid here "for many weeks in royal state." For several years subsequently to this period the mansion was but little occupied; but in 1677, the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., resided here for a short period prior to his marriage. In 1678, Somerset House became the reputed, if not the real scene of the mysterious murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, which is attributed to the Papists connected with the chapel establishment of Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II.; to whom this mansion was destined, contingently, as a jointure-house, and who was occasionally lodged here when Charles's gallantries had rendered it incompatible for her to be at Whitehall. On the king's decease, in 1685, she removed hither entirely, and kept her court here till 1692, when she departed for Portugal, leaving her palace to the Earl of Faversham, who continued to inhabit it till after the decease of the queen dowager in 1705.

From a description about 1720, we learn that "the stately piles of new brick houses on both sides of Somerset House, much eclipse that palace." At the entrance from the Strand, "is a spacious square court, garnished on all sides with rows of freestone buildings, and at the front is a piazza, with stone pillars, and a pavement of freestone. Besides this court there are other larger ones, which are descended towards the river by spacious stairs of freestone. The outward beauty of this court appears by a view from the water, having a good front, and a most pleasant garden, which runs to the water side. More westward is a large yard adjoining to the Savoy, made use of for a coach-house and stables; at the bottom of which are stairs, much used by watermen, this being a noted place for landing and taking water at." The water gate was ornamented with the figures of Thames and Isis, and in the centre of the water-garden was a statue. The principal garden was a kind of raised terrace, (ascended by steps from the water side) in which there was a large basin, once dignified with a fountain. The ground was laid out in parterres, near the angles of which statues were placed; one of them a Mercury, in brass, had been appraised, in 1649, at 500*l.*

In the early part of the last century, Somerset House was occasionally appropriated to masquerades and other court entertainments. In the reign of George II. William, Prince of Orange, resided here a short time; and in 1764, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick became an inmate, prior to his nuptials with the Princess Augusta, sister to George III. In April, 1763, a splendid fete was given here to the Venetian ambassadors, who were entertained several days in this mansion.

In the year 1761, the second of his late majesty, Somerset House was settled on the queen consort, in the event of her surviving the king; but in April, 1775, in consequence of a royal message to Parliament, it was resolved, that "Buckingham House, now called the Queen's House," should be settled on her majesty in lieu of the former, which was to be vested in the king, his heirs and successors, "for the purpose of erecting and establishing certain public offices." An act was consequently passed in the same year, and shortly afterwards the building of the present stately pile was commenced under the superintendence of the late Sir William Chambers. Extensive, how-

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ever, as the buildings are, the original plan has never been fully executed, and the eastern side is altogether unfinished. The splendour of the building is, however, shortly to be completed by the erection of another wing, to be appropriated as the King's College; and surveys have already been made for this purpose.

The print represents the original mansion, or, we should rather say, city of mansions, with its monastic chapel, and geometrical gardens, laid out in the trim style of our forefathers. The suite of state apartments in the principal front was very splendid, and previously to their being dismantled by Sir William Chambers, they exhibited a sorry scene of royal finery and attic taste. Mouldering walls and decayed furniture, broken casements, falling roofs, and long ranges of uninhabited and uninhabitable apartments, winding stairs, dark galleries, and long arcades—all combined to present to the mind in strong, though gloomy colours, a correct picture of the transitory nature of sublunary splendour.

In the distance of the print is the celebrated Strand maypole, although its situation there does not coincide with that marked out in more recent prints. The original of our Engraving is a scarce print, by Hollar, who died in 1677.

In the year 1650, an act was passed for the sale of the "honours, manors, and lands heretofore belonging to the late king, queen, and prince," for the payment of the army; and under that act were sold several tenements, &c. "belonging unto Somerset House." In this list were several signs, and it is remarkable, that the *Red Lion*, (opposite the *Office of the Mirror*, and at the corner of Catherine-street, in the Strand) is the only one which now remains. The *Lion* may still be seen on the front of the house. The Red Lion wine vaults, three doors from this corner was probably named from the above, since nearly every house formerly had its sign.

JERUSALEM.

(For the Mirror.)

City of God—thy palaces o'erthrown—
Thy nation branded—tribes o'er earth dis ersed:
Thy temple ruin'd, and thy glory fled,—
Speak of thy impious crimes, thy daring guilt,
And tell a tale whose lines are traced in blood.

No more from hence ascends
The sacrificial smoke; the priest no more
Sheds blood of lambs, to expiate thy crimes—
Crimes foul as hell—crimes which the blood of Him,
Who came from heaven to die for guilty man,
Alone could purge,—and innocence impart.

Here holy David tuned his harp to strains
Sublime as those of angels, when he sung
In dulcet melody, the praise of Him
Who should redeem from guilt the sons of man,
And rescue who in Him believed from death—
That second death—of which the first is type.
Here lived—here died—whom prophets long foretold,
Whom angels worship and whom seraphs praise,
The Son of God, mysterious God-Man:
He was rejected by the Jew; and here—
To fill the awful measure of their guilt—
At noon, a deed was done, without a peer;
A deed, unequalled since the world began,
The masterpiece of sin, of crime the chief;
At which the sun grew dark, earth's pillars shook,
Chaotic gloom as erst o'erspread the land,
And nature frowned at insults paid her God—
The crucifixion of His only Son.

Here now the banner of the prophet false,
Unfolds its silken folds to taunt the Jew;
The moslem minarets lift high their heads,
And raise their summits in the placid sky—
As tho' to rouse from his deep lethargy
The hardened Jew: to wrest from Paynim hordes
The Holy City, once the abode of God.

But shall Mohammed's banner ever float
On Salem's ruins? Shall her sacred dust
Where Christ has shed His blood, by infidels
Be ever trodden down? Shall her temple
Prostrate lie, to cause the impious mock
Of Mussulmen for ever? It may not be.
Ere many years wane in eternity,
That banner shall be plucked from its proud height—
Those tow'ring minarets shall fall to earth:
And God again be worshipp'd thro' the land.
David's fair city shall be then rebuilt;
Her pristine beauty shall be far surpassed
By more than mortal splendour; her temple
Point high its turrets to the skies—and He,
The God of Hosts with glory fill the place!

S. J.

PARLIAMENTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

(For the Mirror.)

Chamberlayne in his *Notitia Angliæ*, says, "Before the conquest, the great council of the king, consisting only of the great men of the kingdom, was called *Magnatum Conventus*, or else *Prælatorum Procerumque Concilium*, and by the Saxons in their own tongue *Micel Gemote*,* the great assembly; after the conquest about the beginning of King Edward I., some say in the time of Henry I., it was called by the French word *Parlementum*, from *Parler*, to talk together; still consisting (as divers authors affirm) only of the great men of the nation, until the reign of Henry III. when the commons,

* Or Witteneagemote, i. e. assembly of wise men.

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also were called to sit in parliament; for divers authors presume to say, the first writs to be found in records, sent forth to them, bear date 49 Henry III. Yet some antiquaries are of opinion, that long before, nothing of moment wherein the lives or estates of the common people of England were concerned, ever passed without their consent."

In Edward the Third's time, an act of parliament, made in the reign of William the Conqueror, was pleaded in the case of the Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, and judicially allowed by the court. Hence it appears that parliaments or general councils are coeval with the kingdom itself.

Sir Walter Raleigh thinks the Commons were first called on the 17th of Henry I.

Parliamentum de la Blande, was a denomination to a parliament in Edward the Second's time, whereto the barons came armed against the two Spencers, with coloured bands on their sleeves for distinction.

Parliamentum Insanum, was a parliament held at Oxford, anno 41 Henry III. so called, because the lords came with great retinues of armed men to it; and many things were violently transacted therein against the king's prerogative.

Parliamentum Indoctorum, was a parliament held at Coventry, 6th Henry VI. whereunto by special precept to the sheriffs of the several counties, no lawyer, or person skilled in the law was to be called.

Parliamentum Diabolicum, was a parliament held at Coventry, 38th Henry VI. wherein Edward, Earl of March (afterwards king) and several others were attainted. The acts passed therein were annulled in the succeeding parliament.

"In 1524, April 15, (says Stowe) a parliament was begun at the Blacke Friers, wherein was demanded a subsidy of £800,000. to be raised of goods and lands, four shillings in every pound; and in the end was granted two shillings. This parliament was adjourned to Westminster, among the blacke monks, and ended in the king's palace there the 14th of August, at nine of the clocke in the night, and was therefore called the *Blacke Parliament*."

Parliaments formerly sat in Westminster Hall and the Chapter house. "In 1397, (says Pennant) when in the reign of Richard II. the hall was extremely ruinous, he built a temporary room for his parliament formed with wood, covered with tiles. It was open on all sides, that the constituents might see every thing that was said and done; and to secure freedom of debate, he surrounded the house with 4,000 Cheshire archers, with bows bent, and arrows knocked ready to shoot. This fully answered the intent, for every sacrifice was made to the royal presence."

The place where the commons of Great Britain, now hold their assemblies, was built by king Stephen, and dedicated to his namesake the proto-martyr. It was beautifully rebuilt by Edward III. in 1347, and by him made a collegiate church, and a dean and twelve secular priests appointed. Soon after its surrender to Edward VI. it was applied to its present use. The revenues at that period were not less than £1,085 a year.

When the royal assent (says de Lolme) is given to a public bill, the clerk says, *le Roy le veut*. If the bill be a private one, he says, *soit fait comme il est désiré*. If the bill has subsidies for its objects, he says, *le Roy remercie ses loyaux sujets, accepte leur bencvolence ainsi le veut*. Lastly, if the King does not think proper to assent to the bill, he clerk says, *le Roy s'en avisera*; which is a mild way of giving a refusal. This custom was introduced at the conquest, and has been continued, like other matters of form, which sometimes exist for ages after the real substance of things has been altered; and judge Blackstone expresses himself on this subject in the following words:—"A badge, it must be owned, (now the only one remaining) of conquest; and which one would wish to see fall into total oblivion, unless it be reserved as a solemn memento to remind us that our liberties are mortal, having once been destroyed by a foreign power." (De Lolme.) Under the walls of the *legal* parliament, there is held an *illegal* parliament, composed of *livery* men, who assemble in the members' servants waiting-room. Every year, a speaker or chairman is chosen, and each member addresses the other by the title his master bears. In case of disputes, &c., the speaker (who sits in an elevated chair) decides, and if there is any unparliamentary conduct, the party is fined.

This *ground* parliament has powers peculiar to itself, and never interferes with the *upper* parliament *under* the same roof, its powers not being so great as the "*Senatus populusque Romanus*." It is an annual parliament, but does not extend to universal suffrage. The members vacate their *seats* or *stands*, when discharged by their masters in the *upper*, or legal parliament. This parliament prints no journals, its *acts* not extending beyond the room, except when the *Irish members turn out* in palace yard. N. B. No member can be admitted till the fees

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are paid. For further information relating to this self-elected parliament, see the rules and regulations over the mantelpiece in the room. P. T. W.

Fine Arts.

THE COLOSSEUM.

(For the Mirror.)

THE legitimate name of Mr. Hornor's colossal edifice in the Regent's Park, we believe, was first set forth as the Γυρωραμα, Girorama, Panopticon, or General View. The Catholic Church of Berlin, although diminutive in proportion to the Marylebone wonder, is, with the solitary exception of the Pantheon at Rome, the only structure, perhaps, that bears any resemblance to it in form and feature.

The porch, or, more properly speaking, the προπυλαιον, or fore-temple, is about the height of our Pantheon facade in Oxford Street; and the apex of the dome may probably correspond in elevation with the roof of that building. The whole effect, however, when viewed from the great square in front of the opera house at Berlin, is extremely pleasing; and, associating itself by general outline with the ideas of the grand prototype of the eternal city, derives a degree of importance which a minuter inspection would not confer. There are numerous churches in Berlin, but three only which lay claim to particular notice, St. Nicolas, the French Church, (standing on one side of the above mentioned square) and the Catholic Church. The architecture of these is not pure in any single instance; it having been the prevailing taste of the period when they were erected to overcharge the building with ornament, and substitute one or more gorgeous embellishments as appendages to the design, for that chaste and elegant simplicity which is so essential a part of grandeur. Accordingly we find several of the largest ecclesiastical edifices, the site and contour of which would otherwise entitle them to distinction, disfigured by some overpowering frontispizio, and presenting a complication of decorative details which distort the outline, and, in spite of toilsome and finished sculpture, mar the truth and elegance of classic design.

There are seven doors surmounted by tablets of tolerably good sculpture from scriptural history, five in the front and two at the sides of the porch, the pediment of which rests on six columns of the Ionic order, and is enriched by alto relievos, illustrative of our Saviour's ministry, as also by marble statues representing the Virtues, &c. The entablature bears an inscription relative to the occasion and date of this building being erected in the last century. The interior is plain, and more conspicuous for an accumulation of dirt and dust (a very common characteristic of Berlin) than of ornament; the four-and-twenty Corinthian columns, however, which contribute their support to the dome are imposing in their appearance. The high altar and sacristy are constructed in a recess formed by the annexation of a small chancel to the rotunda. This church, built of free-stone, stands in an angle of the Place des Gens d' Armes, immediately behind the great Salle des Spectacles (schauspielhaus) or theatre, in one of the finest squares of Berlin. With the exception of a few small chapels, it is the only Catholic place of worship in that city, the religion of Prussia being chiefly Lutheran. J. R.

HOGARTH.

(For the Mirror.)

AN interesting discovery of paintings by Hogarth, viz. "The Modern Midnight Conversation," and the "Hudson's Bay Company's Porters going to Dinner," was made about three years' ago, upon the demolition of the old Elephant public-house, Fenchurch-street.* The pictures were the undoubted productions of Hogarth, something more than one hundred years since, at which time he lodged there. The house was known as the Elephant and Castle, where it had been customary for the parochial authorities to have an entertainment, the celebration of which, from some cause, was unexpectedly removed to Harry the Eighth's head, opposite, and still in the same line of business. This removal being mentioned to our artist on his return home at night, irritated him not a little, at what he considered the neglect with which he had been treated in not being invited as formerly. He therefore went over to the King's Head, where some discussion took place, which it is supposed was not very amicable, as he left them (as the clock indicates, at past four in the morning,) threatening to stick them all up on the walls of the tap-room in the Elephant and Castle, which, as an eminent modern artist said, most emphatically, upon his first seeing the picture after it had been removed and placed on canvass, — Hogarth had done *Con Amore*.

The proposition being made to the host, he agreed to wipe out Hogarth's score upon his completing the picture, which attracted much company; so that, although the house lost the dinner party, it

* Of this house, we have given an accurate Engraving at page 8 in the present volume.

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gained by persons coming to see the parochial authorities *stuck up on the walls*. Some time after, the score again raised its head, when mine host, for the purpose of clearing it off, and to make the tap-room more uniform, proposed to Hogarth the subject of the Hudson's Bay Company's porters going to dinner; they at that time, as they still do, frequenting the house. This picture represents Fenchurch-street as it appeared more than a century ago, with the old Magpie and Punch Bowl public-house in the distance, which house has not long since been taken down. The Elephant public-house was taken down and rebuilt in 1826, and is now occupied by Mrs. Eaton, in whose family the business has been for more than a hundred years, and from whom these particulars have been obtained. The first named picture is considered to be the original from which Hogarth afterwards painted the one known as the "Modern Midnight Conversation," in which there are one or two figures less than in the original. Orator Henley and the other principal characters, occupy the same situation in both performances.

Mr. Soane, the architect, upon hearing of the present condition of the pictures, said, that he in early life, while at Rome, knew that various attempts had been made for the purpose of removing oil paintings from walls, but without success, and expressed himself highly gratified at the result of the exertions of the persons who bought and removed them at no small risk and expense, viz. Mr. Lyon, 5, Apollo-buildings, East-street, Walworth, and Mr. H. E. Hall, a Leicestershire gentleman of great ingenuity; who have placed them for sale in the gallery of Mr. Penny, in Pall Mall.

A CONSTANT READER.

Old Poets.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is a vulture vile,
That feedeth on the heart of pride,
And finds no rest when all is tried,
For worlds cannot confine the one
Th' other lists and bounds hath none
And both subvert the mind, the state,
Procure destruction, envy, hate.

S. DANIELL.

HEAVEN.

In this great temple richly beautified,
Pav'd all with stars, dispers'd on Sapphire flower,
The clerk is a pure angel sanctified,
The Judge our High Messiah full of power,
The Apostles his assistants every hour,
The jury saints, the verdict innocent,
The sentence, come ye blessed to my tent.
The spear that pierc'd his side, the writing pen,
Christ's blood the ink, red ink for prince's name.
The vailes great breech, the miracles for men,
The sight is show of them that long dead came
From their old graves, restored to living fame.
And that last signet passing all the rest,
Our souls discharg'd by *consummatum est*.
Here endless joy is their perpetual cheer
Their exercise, sweet songs of many parts,
Angels their choir, whose symphony to hear
Is able to provoke conceiving hearts
To misconceive of all enticing art.
The ditty praise, the subject is the Lord,
That times their gladsome spirit to this accord.

TH. STOKER.

DEATH.

Is't not God's deed whatever thing is done
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? all ends that were begun;
Their times in his eternal books of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny,
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence or why.

SPENSER.

FRAUD.

FRAUD showed in comely clothes a lovely look,
An humble cast of eye, a sober pace;
And so sweet speech, a man might her have took
For him that said "*Hail Mary full of grace*;"
But all the rest deformedly did look,
As full of filthiness and foul disgrace;
Hid under long, large garments that she wore,
Under the which, a poisoned knife she bore.

SIR J. HARRINGTON

VIRTUE.

WHAT one art thou thus in torn weeds cylad?
Virtue, in price, whom ancient sages had—
Why poorly clad? for fading goods past care—
Why double fac'd? I mark each fortunes rare;
This bridle, what? mind's rages to restrain—
Why bear you tools? I love to take great pain—
Why wings? I teach above the stars to fly—
Why tread your death? I only cannot die.

WYAT.

TEMPERANCE.

Of all God's works which doth this world adorn,
There is none more fair and excellent
Than is man's body, both for power and form,
Whilst it is kept in sober government,
But none than it more foul and indecent,
Distempered through misrules and passions base,
It grows a monster and incontinent,
Doth lose his dignity and native grace.

SPENSER.

PLEASURE.

NEVER have unjust pleasures been complete
In joys entire: but still fear kept the door.
And held back something from that hell of sweet,
To intersour unsure delights the more
For never did all circumstances meet
With those desires that were conceiv'd before
Something must still be left to cheer our sin,
And give a touch of what should not have been.

DANIELL.

MAN.

He that compar'd man's body to a host
Said that the hands were scouts discovering harms,
The feet were horsemen thundering on the coast
The breast and stomach foemen, huge in swarms,
But for the head in sovereignty did boast,
It captain was, director of alarms,
Whose rashness if it hazarded any ill,
Not he alone, but all the host did spill.

MARKHAM.

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SOLITARINESS.

SWEET solitary life thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright,
In thee no dread of war or worldly foes,
In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight.
In thee no wanton cares to win with words,
Nor lurking toys which silly life affords.
D. LODGE.

REST.

WHAT so strong
But wanting rest, will also want of might?
The sun that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth bathe his steeds th' ocean wa es among
SPENSER.

WILL.

A STRONGER hand restrains our wilful powers.
A will must rule above the will of ours,
Not following what our vain desires do woo
For virtue's sake, but what we only do.
DRAYTON

CONTENT.

HE only lives most happily
That's free and far from majesty—
Can live content although unknown—
He fearing none, none fearing him—
Meddling with nothing but his own—
While gazing eyes at crowns grow dim.
KYD.

CONTENT feeds not on glory nor on pelf,
Content can be contented with herself.
BASTARD.

Notes of a Reader.

DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

WE trust we have consulted the profitable amusement of the reader, in condensing the following very interesting facts from the *Second Part of Sir Richard Phillips's Personal Tour through the United Kingdom*; since, as the author observes, "if the less active districts of the home counties afforded materials worthy of attention, the more industrious counties of DERBY and NOTTINGHAM are not less likely to add interest to the pen of an observer. In truth, the public spirit which more actively prevails in these counties, added facilities to inquiry; while the objects described have so many peculiar features, that a full and popular account of them must be as new to the nation at large as they were to the writer."

Derby.

After passing a pleasant night and morning near Swarkeston, I drove eight miles, through a country of limestone and gypsum; of activity and great beauty, to the centrical and classical town of Derby. In position, it is the centre of the kingdom, not only geographically, but commercially.—It is forty miles within the manufacturing circle, passing southward, and from forty to sixty miles around, there is the most industrious space on the globe; while no one can think about Derby, without associating the names of Darwin, in poetry and philosophy; of Wright, in painting; and of the Strutts, as the patrons of all the useful and elegant arts. I entered Derby, therefore, with agreeable associations, and they have since been realized.

Taken altogether, Derby is a medium town, between a manufacturing and a genteel one. This, in variety, is an advantage, for while the manufacturers are improved in manners, gentility is more substantial. It is neither wholly vulgar, like some places, nor poor and proud, like others. For its size, it is a rich town. I was told, there are five or six persons in it worth £100,000. and upwards, each, and as many more worth 30 or £40,000. In most country towns there are fewer such, but Derby is fortunate in its geographical and natural position, and in the prudence of its genius and industry.

Cotton Spinning.

I proceeded to Belper, eight miles, to view the superb establishment of the Messrs. Strutt, as cotton spinners. The excellent road, which continues to Matlock, and the north, lay through the most delightfully variegated country which I had seen since I left Hertfordshire. The village of Duffield, in a valley of the Derwent, with houses on the steep eastern bank, and woods to the top, is one of the prettiest to be seen. On crossing the river, I beheld long lines of cottages, built for the residence of the families employed in Messrs. Strutts' smaller factory at Melford. Passing this, the extensive but straggling and picturesque town of Belper, covered the eastern hill. What remains of the old town, is not a tithe of the present one, and the whole is now supported by Messrs. Strutts' gigantic mills.

I approached these with mingled pleasure and astonishment A manufactory, in such hands, presented none of the usual drawbacks on one's feelings. They never discharge their workmen; and good conduct is a life interest in comfort! The picturesque beauty of the situation, the height and extent of the buildings, and the increase of the busy throng, as I entered the yard, was exhilarating. The effect grew as I approached, for the distance of two or three hundred yards, the noise, produced by the united rattling of thousands of small wheels, was like the sound of a hail storm on a large skylight, or the fall of an immense sheet of water.

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There are five oblong factories and two circular ones. The five are six stories high, with ten or twelve windows on each story, so that in the five there are, at least, as many regular windows as days in the year. The circular buildings have forty or fifty more.

In this establishment, and at Melford, Messrs. Strutt employ, at present, about 1,300 hands of both sexes and different ages, and spin about 18 tons, or 40,000 lbs. of cotton per week. The average fineness may be taken at 20 hanks to the pound, and hence, as each hank is 840 yards, or nearly half a mile, every pound is nearly ten miles, and the whole, about 400,000 miles are produced in about sixty-six working hours. In round numbers, this is 6,000 miles per hour, or 100 miles a minute. What an astonishing effect of the combination of mechanism! What an inconceivable miracle, if it might not be witnessed by their favour at any time!

Nor should it be forgotten, that every fibre passes through no less than ten sets of machinery, hence, the united spindles and threads travel through 1,000 miles a minute. The noise of their united frictions and collisions, and the united hum of thousands of little spindles, each revolving 4,000 times a minute, may, therefore, be accounted for, but can never be conceived, unless heard in the midst of them.

It would be tedious to dwell on the well-known process of cotton spinning; but as this manufactory produces the cleanest and most perfect yarn made in England, of its numbers from 6 to 100, it may be worth while to state, that this perfection appears to arise, from the systematic perfection of all the machines, and from the astonishing cleanness of every part of this great factory. The wheels are as bright as the grate of a good housewife's drawing-room; every action is complete in its way, and though cotton is a dusty article, yet I no where saw either dirt or dust. At the same time, order prevails throughout, for as the main shaft gives no respite to the carding, roving, and spinning machines, so every attendant diligently and silently watches the lines of bobbins which are performing their miraculous evolutions, while the other apparatus are correcting and regulating the stages and steps of the production.

The whole is turned by eight or nine water wheels, of about twenty-four feet diameter, and twenty feet in length. The fall is about twenty feet, and the admirable contrivances of revolving balls (adopted in the steam-engine) are affixed, to render the power uniform, by varying the depth of the falling stream. In truth, it is one of the features of the entire establishment, that all, that can be performed by machinery, is so performed, and that the machinery is the very best for its purpose, and in many instances which I witnessed, as true, as decided in its action.

After the thread is wound into hanks, it is bleached at a distinct manufactory for that purpose; but as bleaching is a mere chemical operation, and the means are either known and not curious, or secret, and not proper to inquire about, I did not visit this branch of the establishment.

The first of the works on this spot, was built by Mr. Jedediah Strutt, father of the brothers, William, George, and Joseph, about fifty years since. Arkwright invented the spinning machines, while a barber's apprentice. He was joined by one Need, and they expended £14,000. with uncertain success. Wright, the banker, of Nottingham, hesitated to make further advances, and, at this juncture, they were joined by Mr. Jedediah Strutt, a careful man, with the necessary credit or capital, and the result was, the realization of princely fortunes, and the enriching even the nation itself. On the expiration of their partnership, Arkwright went on by himself at Cromford, and the Strutts for themselves at Belper. A spirit of detraction would make it appear that Arkwright stole the invention of another, but Mr. William Strutt, who knew him well, and is a competent judge on such subjects, assured me that Arkwright was a man of very superior talents as a mechanic, and quite equal to such an invention. I saw two portraits of him in Mr. Strutt's house, and no higher proof could be given of his personal respect for Arkwright, while he never failed to speak of him with enthusiasm, as a man of original talents.

Derby Silk Trade.

Silk throwing is a considerable trade in Derby. Sir Thomas Lombe's famous machinery has not, however, been used for some years, but improved machinery, which performs twice the work, in less room, is now adopted. The chief throwsters are Messrs. Bridget, Taylor, Adcock, Butterworth, Moore and Gibson, Devenport and Forster. The silks, as imported, chiefly from Bengal and China, are in what are called books of 10 lb. or which ten form a bale, and the business of the throwster is to wind it, from the plats or skeins upon bobbins; and from these, it is twisted into two, three, or

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more threads. The price for throwing is from 1*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* for Bengals, and from 2*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* per lb. for China. About 1,500 lbs. a week are thrown, employing from 1,000 to 1,200 men, women, and children. The price used to be 4*s.* a lb. but a fall has taken place, within the last fifteen years, in this article of labour, as well as in every other.

I heard much from all the manufacturers of Derby, of the mechanical ingenuity of Mr. James Fox, of Chester Road, on the banks of the Derwent. I paid him a visit, and beheld his powerful iron lathes, twenty-four feet long, used by machine makers for planing iron. Here I saw iron cut in groves or squared with great simplicity, by duly adjusting the velocity so as to generate no heat, for a velocity, which generates heat, destroys the tool. These lathes, Mr. Fox makes for machinists in all parts of the kingdom, and gets from £200. to £700. for them. The castings are made at Morley Park; and I was sorry to learn that they are now delivered at £7. a ton instead of £30. the usual and legitimate price. In truth, the depression of the iron trade is as great or greater than that of the other staples of the kingdom.

The number of cotton frames employed by the above, is from 3,000 to 4,000 dispersed over the town and country; and the number of silk frames is about 1,000. The average earnings of the cotton hands are from 7*s.* to 10*s.* per week, but many frames are worked by young persons both male and female. The silk hands earn about 12*s.* or 15*s.*

Petrifaction Manufactory.

A manufactory, at once local and elegant, exists at Derby, which excites the attention and loosens the purse-strings of most strangers. It is the spar-manufactory of Mr. Hall, and in it, he converts the petrified sports of nature, in the Derbyshire hills, into the luxuries of civil life. Those in London, who desire to see the products of these works, may behold them at Mawe's, in the Strand; but all, who visit Derby, will not fail to call upon Mr. Hall, who is as courteous as he is ingenious. Amythistine and other spars, white and variegated marble, alabaster, &c. are here formed in a series of workshops, aided by a steam engine, into vases, columns, obelisks, &c. &c. Tasteful statuaries are also employed, in converting the same materials into dogs, horses, sheep, cows, &c. for chimney ornaments; and Mr. Hall has likewise imitated the best vases, and some of the structures of Egypt, with exact transcipts of their inscriptions. In these works, in polishing, sawing, fashioning, &c. he employs numerous hands; and persons, whom he may indulge, with a view of the details, will be instructed and gratified.

The Arkwrights

Cromford is an immense establishment; but being inferior in magnitude to Belper, and of the same description, I forbear to enlarge upon it. Here the late Sir Richard Arkwright established the first cotton-spinning mill, and from the poverty of a barber's apprentice, became one of the wealthiest merchants in the united kingdom. The concern is now carried on by his son, and I found that his work-people were in the same state of comfort, as those of the Messrs. Strutt.

The present Mr. Arkwright, son of Sir Richard, is between seventy and eighty, and by the power of unparalleled capital and habits of frugality, he is considered the most wealthy person in Europe. I heard his accumulations estimated at six, eight, and even ten millions; and he spends but 2 or £3,000. per annum. He has eight children, and provides liberally for them, and I heard some anecdotes of his munificence to the deserving, but do not consider myself at liberty to repeat them. His habits lead him to continue in business, though the profits are now trifling. Those of his father and his own, formerly, were 2 or 300 per cent. but competition has now rendered them nearly nominal.

A Village Funeral

At Ashford, my sympathy was strongly excited by the procession of a village funeral, in which the affections of the people seemed concerned. I found on inquiry, that the corpse was the wife of the schoolmaster, who, in her prime, and in the enjoyment of general esteem, had been cut off in childbirth. The clergyman headed the procession. The coffin was borne by eight females, in white hoods and scarfs, and was followed by the unhappy husband, who conferred great effect, in the display of his grief, by carrying in his arms two young children, the offspring of the deceased. A long train of mourners followed, and I question whether more tears are shed, or more sensibility exhausted, at funerals accompanied with heraldic pomp, than in this simple display of natural affection. I drew up my horse as the procession passed, and the affair threw a gloom over my spirits, in which it seemed as though the village at large partook. The funeral group, with the father and his children, and the sorrowful countenances of the

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well disposed population, would have made a beautiful subject for a sentimental painter.

Leicester, Derby, and Nottingham.

The present population of these triangular midland towns, are, Leicester, 35,000; Derby, 22,000; and Nottingham, 50,000, in round numbers, and this adds sufficiently to the last population returns. The proportional comfort in each, respectively is 8, 10, and 5—the good taste, 6, 7, and 4—the manners, 5, 8, and 4—the wealth, 4, 6, and 5—the style of the towns, 4, 8, and 2—the industry, 6, 5, and 8—the political spirit, 4, 3, and 10—the religious fervour, 5, 4, and 10—the returns in trade, 5, 6, and 10—the superfices, 6, 4, and 6—the poverty, 6, 2, and 10—the literarure, 4, 5, and 4—the musical taste, 5, 3, and 2. Of course, in assigning these numbers, I may err in a fraction; but I make my determinations on my own observations and personal impressions, after diligently observing each place.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

Mr. Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs (or as he distinguished himself on his new visiting cards, H. A. C. Stubbs) had taken up his abode in one of the demi-fashionable squares, among judges, physicians, barristers, and merchants, at the north side of the metropolis. Being the only lawfully begotten issue of his father, when the frail Angelina made it impossible he should have any brothers and sisters, he succeeded, by will, to three-fourths of the late Mr. Jonathan Stubbs's property, and, by oxalic acid, to the remaining fourth;* the affair being too sudden to permit of any further testamentary dispositions, or of any of those benevolent codicils, which sometimes have the effect of tapering down primary bequests, like Prior's Emma, "fine by degrees and beautifully less." Upon a fair computation, after a few trifling legacies were paid, and all debts satisfied, young Mr. Stubbs might calculate his inheritance, in India stock, Bank stock, houses, canal shares, and exchequer bills, at nearly eighty thousand pounds.

His education had not been neglected; that is to say, his father sent him, at nine years old, to one of those suburban seminaries for "*young gentlemen*," usually kept by elderly gentlemen, who know what it is to have been deprived of similar advantages in their own youth. They feel, therefore, a laudable gratification in enabling the rising generation to pluck some of that fruit from the tree of knowledge which they themselves never tasted at all. Here he remained till he was nearly seventeen; and here he acquired a little French, a little Greek, a little Latin, a little mathematics, a little logic, and a little geography, "with the use of the globes." In short, he brought away with him a little learning, for the obtaining of which his father had not paid a little money. He subsequently enlarged his Lilliputian stock of ideas, by assiduously prosecuting his studies at home, three days a-week, and three hours a-day, when he was attended by masters in elocution, Italian, boxing, fencing, and the other sciences. This eager cultivation of his mind he pursued till he was two and twenty, and then took his station in about the third degree of fashionable society, as a scholar and a man of taste. His father had determined he should be a *gentleman*, and therefore very properly guarded against the "anachronism," as he used to call it, of giving him a profession. It is believed, (at least it has been inculcated,) that there exists, in every human mind, a master, or ruling passion—a predominating inclination towards some particular object or pursuit Mr. Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs, was in this respect, as well as in many others, like the rest of his species. He had his ruling passion, and, but that his father had made him a GENTLEMAN, he was sure nature had intended him for the Roscius of his age. From his earliest childhood, when he used to recite, during the Christmas holidays, "*Pity the sorrows of a poor old man*," and astonish his father's porter (who had a turn that way himself) with his knowing, *all by heart*, "My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills,"—to his more matured efforts of, "Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," or, "My liege, I did deny no prisoners,"—the idea of being an actor had constantly fascinated his imagination.

It was a natural consequence of this

* Mr. Jonathan Stubbs retired from business long before he reached his grand climacteric, to his country house at Newington Butts, with the solid dignity of at least half a plum. What length of years might have been in store for him, if he had regularly taken Dr. James's analeptic pills, it is impossible to say; but not doing so, he had occasion to send the coachman one night for an ounce of Epsom salts. They proved to be oxalic acid: and stomach-pumps not being then in existence, there was an inevitable termination to the existence of Mr. Stubbs. An "extraordinary sensation," as the newspapers have it, was produced in Newington Butts by this dreadful catastrophe.

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theatrical ardour, that Mr. Stubbs eagerly cultivated the acquaintance of tragedians, comedians, managers, and dramatic writers. It was his supreme delight to have them at his table; and as he kept a good table, gave good wines, and excelled in his *cuisine*, it was a delight he could command whenever he chose. He had the *entrée*, also, of the green-room at both theatres, and acquired an intimate knowledge of all the feuds, rivalries, managerial oppressions, intrigues, burlesque dignity, and solemn plausibilities, of that mimic world. Living thus in an atmosphere electrical, as it were, with excitement, it is no wonder that, by degrees, he became less and less sensitive with regard to that ambiguous difficulty which had hitherto impeded the gratification nearest his heart.

It happened one morning while Mr. Stubbs was sipping his chocolate and reading, in the Morning Post, a criticism upon a new tragedy which had been most righteously damned the night before, that his intimate friend Mr. Peaess, the manager of ——— theatre dropped in. After the usual salutations were exchanged, and Mr. Peaess had remarked that it was a fine morning, and Mr. Stubbs had added that it was a windy one, Mr. Stubbs fell into a brown study. His mind laboured with a gigantic purpose. It was a moment on which hung indescribable consequences.—Shall I? Will he? Yes!—yes!—And he did! He imparted to his friend, the manager, his resolution to make his FIRST APPEARANCE. He fixed upon Hamlet, chiefly because the character was so admirably diversified by Shakspeare, that it presented opportunities for the display of an equal diversity of talent in its representative.

He made no secret of his intention among his friends, and one, in particular, was privy to his whole course of preparation. This was Mr. M'Crab, a pungent little personage, whose occasional petulance and acrimony, however they might rankle and fester in more sensitive natures, were never known to curdle the bland consciousness of self-esteem which dwelt, like a perpetual spring, upon the mind of Mr. Stubbs. Mr. M'Crab was himself an amateur actor; he had also written a tolerably successful comedy, as well as an unsuccessful tragedy; and he was, besides, a formidable critic, whose scalping strictures, in a weekly journal, were the terror of all authors and actors who were either unable or unwilling to dispense turtle and champagne.

Mr. Stubbs, it should be mentioned, considered himself a profound reader of Shakspeare, and believed he had discovered many hitherto concealed beauties in the wonderful productions of that writer. He prided himself, too, upon the critical acumen and philosophical penetration with which he had elicited various qualities intended by the poet to belong to his characters; and he had often said if he had been an actor he should have established quite a new method of playing several of them. He was now about to become an actor, and he resolved, in his very first essay, to introduce one of his novelties, or new readings. What this was, will be best explained in the following conversation, which took place between himself and Mr. M'Crab upon the subject.

"Depend upon it, my dear M'Crab," said Stubbs, taking down a volume of Shakspeare from his shelves, "depend upon it, I am borne out in my opinion, novel as it is, by the text of the immortal author himself; and I shall *stuff* the character when I play it. I maintain Hamlet ought to be"—— "A Falstaff in little, I suppose," interrupted M'Crab. "No," rejoined Stubbs, "he should not be exactly corpulent—but rather *embonpoint*, as the saying is—sleek—plumpish—in good condition as it were."

"You talk of the text of Shakspeare as your authority," replied M'Crab,—"I will appeal to the text too—and I will take the description of Hamlet by Ophelia, after her interview with him. What is her language?

'Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The expectancy and rose of the fair state:
The *glass* of *fashion*, and the *mould* of *form*,
The *observed* of all *observers*.

This eulogium paints in distinct colours what should be the personation of Hamlet on the stage. It demands, not a little fellow, five feet five, by three feet four, as you will be, if you *stuff* the character as you call it, but rather what Hamlet himself describes his father to have been,

'A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

"Never mind my height," said Stubbs, elevating his head, and raising his chin an inch or two out of his neckcloth.—"Garrick, you know, was none so tall; and yet I fancy he was considered a tolerably good actor in his day. But you remember the lines of Charles Churchill,

'There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like a hero if he is not tall.
The feeling sense all other wants supplies—
I rate no actor's merit from his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?'"

"Very true," answered M'Crab, "and,

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to follow up your theory, were I asked, what is an actor? I should answer,

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains;
Can make me *feel* each passion that he *feigns;*
Enrage, compose with more than magic art,—
With pity and with horror tear my heart.'

But, come; let me hear your reasons for believing that Hamlet ought to be a portly gentleman. I see you are ready with them."

"I am," said Stubbs, "and I'll bet the receipts of the house, on my first appearance, against those of your next comedy, that I convince you I am right before I have done. Now, mark,—or, as Horatio says,

'season your admiration for awhile,
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these same pages,
This marvel to you.'

Ha! ha! that is apt," continued Mr. Stubbs, with a simper.

"For God's love, let me hear," added M'Crab—"I hope that's apt too."

"If," said Mr. Stubbs, looking exceedingly grave, "if, I say, we take the first soliloquy of Hamlet—almost the first words he utters—we shall find a striking allusion to his habit of body; and not only shall we be struck by the allusion, but, I contend, the whole force and meaning of the passage are lost, unless the speaker can lay his hands upon a goodly paunch, as he exclaims,

'Oh! that this *too too solid flesh* would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.

We are not to suppose Hamlet speaks metaphorically, but physically; and his corporeal appearance should be an illustration of his words. He is already weary of the world—he wishes to die—but 'the Everlasting has fixed his canon against *self*-slaughter,' and, therefore, he prays for natural dissolution, by any wasting disease, which may 'thaw' and dissolve his 'too too solid flesh.' This, perhaps, you will consider merely conjectural criticism: plausible, but not demonstrative. I own it has a higher character in my eyes; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, even the ghost of his own father glances at his adipose tendency, when he says,

'I find thee apt
But duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this.'

That is, according to my reading, 'fat as thou art, thou wouldst be duller than the fat weed of Lethe if you did not bestir yourself in this business.' Observe, too, with what propriety Shakspeare has here employed the word 'stir,' it being a well-known fact that corpulent persons have a strong disinclination to locomotion. And Hamlet himself, (in his interview with *Rossiecrantz* and *Guildenstern,*) makes a pointed allusion to the indolence and lethargy which so commonly accompany obesity. 'I have of late,' he says, 'but wherefore I know not, *lost all my mirth,* foregone all *custom of exercises,* and, indeed, it goes so *heavily* with my disposition,' &c. &c. Now what is this, I would fain know, if it be not the natural complaint of a man suffering under the oppression of too much flesh? or, as he afterwards expresses it, with another allusion to his fatness, 'to *grunt* and *sweat,* under a weary life?' You have quoted the language of Ophelia in support of the common notions with regard to the personation of this character; but you forget the remarkable expression she uses when describing to her father the unexpected visit of 'Lord Hamlet,' while she was 'sewing in her closet:

'At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all *his* bulk,
And end his being.'

What say you to this?—*His* bulk! The sigh was so profound, that it seemed to shatter even *his* bulk! I fancy I might rest my case here, and win my wager, eh? But I am too skilful a general to throw away my strength at the beginning of a battle. If I have not already beaten you from your last strong hold—from your last defence—I have a *corps de reserve,* which will at once decide the victory. You remember the concluding scene, I suppose—the fencing bout between Hamlet and Laertes? What do you think of the following little bit of dialogue?

'*Laertes.*—A touch—a touch,—I do confess.
King.—Our son shall win.
Queen.—He's fat and scant of breath. Here, Hamlet, take my napkin—rub thy brows
——— Come, let me wipe thy face!'

Do you not imagine you see the pursy Prince, puffing and blowing and sweating with the exertion he had made, and 'larding the lean earth,' like another Falstaff almost? Nay, the very words, 'Come let me wipe thy face,' are addressed by Doll Tearsheet to Falstaff, when he was heated by his pursuit of Pistol:—'Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! Come, let me wipe thy face.' Hem!" (quoth Mr. Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs) "I have done—and pause for a reply."

"You'll be horribly laughed at," said M'Crab, "if you do make Hamlet a fat little fellow."

"Shall I?" exclaimed Stubbs, with a contented chuckle, and rubbing his hands "shall I be horribly laughed at?"

"Ay," replied M'Crab, "and gloriously gibbetted the next day, in all the

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papers, for your Sancho Panza exhibition."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Stubbs, "pooh! pooh! what care I for the rascally papers? Don't I know what sort of critics they are who guide the public taste, and fulminate their mighty WE in the columns of a newspaper."

(To be concluded in our next.)

LONDON LYRICS.

THE AUCTIONEER'S ODE TO MERCURY.

Air.—A German Bravura.

HERMES, god of cheats and chatter,
Wave thy smooth caduceus here—
Now that, pulpit-propp'd, I flatter;
Hermes, god of cheats and chatter,
Smile, oh smile on Mr. Smatter,
Aid an humble Auctioneer!
Wave thy smooth caduceus here,
O'er an humble Auctioneer!
With its virtues tip my hammer,
Model my Grammar,
Nor let me stammer.

First, here's Sackbut's Song of Slaughter;
Verse and prose, the Laureat Otter,
Floats along, diluting song
In milk and water.
Next (who'll buy?) here's Love in Little,
Smooth as glass and eke as brittle;
Here are posies, lilies, roses,
Cupid's slumbers—out in numbers,
Pouting, fretting, fly-not-yet-ing,
Rosa's lip and Rosa's sigh—
For one pound six—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Doctor Aikin, Sims on Baking,
Booth in Cato quoting Plato,
Jacob Tonson, Doctor Johnson,
Russia binding, touch and try—
Nothing bid—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Mr. Hayley, Doctor Paley,
Arthur Murphy, Tommy Durfey,
Mrs. Trimmer's little Primer,
Buckram binding, touch and try—
Nothing bid—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Colley Cibber, Bruce the fibber,
Plays of Cherry, ditto Merry,
Tickle, Mickle,
When I bow and when I wriggle,
With a simper and a giggle,
Ears regaling, bidders nailing,
Ladies utter in a flutter—
"Mister Smatter, how you chatter,
Dear, how clever! well, I never
Heard so eloquent a man!"

Tropes purloining, graces coining,
Glibly I, without repentance,
Clip each sentence.
But, to give each lot its station,
Ere from pulpit I dismount
God of recapitulation,
Hermes, aid me while I count—
Aikin, Baking, Cato, Plato,
Cibber, Fibber—Cherry, Merry,
Hayley, Paley—Secker, Decker,
Tickle, Mickle—Tonson, Johnson,
Literary Caliban.
Forty-seven! Oh, far too thrifty—
Thank'ee, Ma'am—two places—fifty!
Must it go? oh, surely no!
Only eye me, then deny me.
When I bow and when I wriggle,
With a simper and a giggle,
Ears regaling, bidders nailing,
Ladies utter in a flutter—
"Mister Smatter, how you chatter—
Dear, how clever! well, I never
Heard so eloquent a man!"
Tongue of Mentor, lungs of Stentor,
Hermes, thou hast made mine own.
Cox and Robins own, with sobbings,
I'm the winner: Dyke and Skinner
Never caught so glib a tone.
Dull and misty, Squibb and Christie,
When I mount look pale and wan—
Going, going, going—gone!

New Monthly Magazine.

Spirit of Discovery.

Altitude of certain Buildings.

	metres.
The highest Pyramid in Egypt	146
The Cathedral at Anvers	144
The Cathedral at Strasburg	142
The Steeple of St. Stephen, at Vienna, (Austria)	138
The Steeple of St. Martin, at Landshut	137
St. Peter's, at Rome	132
The Steeple of St. Michael, at Hamboro'	130.5
The Steeple of St. Peter, at Hamboro'	119
St. Paul's Cathedral, at London	109.7
The Cathedral of Ulm	109.4
The Cathedral of Milan	109
The Tower of the Asinelli, at Bologna	107
The Dome of the Invalids, at Paris	105
The Cathedral of Magdebourg	101.6
The Cupola of the Pantheon, at Paris	79
The Balustrade of Notre Dame, at Paris	66

The metre is 39.37 inches.—*From the French.*

Prevention of Fire in Theatres.

In consequence of the frequent occurrence of fires in theatres, particular precautions have been taken with the theatre of the Port St. Martin, at Paris. A thick wall of hewn stone separates the audience part from the scenic part of the house; all the doors in it are of iron, and may be shut instantly, in case of fire; finally, the insulation of the spectators from the stage is made perfect by means of a screen of plates of iron, which falls down before the stage. This screen, which weighs between 1,200 and 1,300 pounds, is easily worked by two men, and slides up and down upon guides, so as readily to take its place. Besides these precautions, reservoirs of water are established in the roof, which may be connected, when necessary, with vessels of compressed air, and made to throw a powerful jet over a very large part of the building.—*French Paper.*

Tanning.

A tanner, named Rapedius, of Bern Castel, on the Moselle, has discovered a

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new species of tan proper for dressing leather. It is the plant known by the name of Bilberry or Whortleberry, (Vaccinium Myrtilus or Myrtillis,) which should be gathered in spring, because at this season it dries more readily, and is more easily ground. Three pounds and a half of this tan suffice for dressing a pound of leather, while six pounds are required from the oak to produce the same effect. By this new process, tanners can gain four months out of the time required for preparing strong leather. A commission having been appointed at Treves to examine the leather so prepared, reported, that they had never seen any as good, and that every pair of shoes made therefrom lasts two months more than what are manufactured from common leather; that the skin of the neck, which it is difficult to work, becomes strong and elastic like that of the other parts. The shrub should not be pulled up, but cut with a bill, to obtain the reproduction of the plant the following year. When cut, damp does not deteriorate it, which is not the case with oak bark, which loses ten per cent. of its value by being wetted.—*From the French.*

Spiders.

It would be very interesting to know whether the gossamer threads thrown out by these insects are in an excited state of electricity: their divergent state would seem to imply they were; for there seems to be no other natural cause which could prevent them from coming together, especially before the insect had left its resting-place. If electric, then neighbouring bodies, as the hand or branches of a tree, or a stick, &c., would attract them; but care would be required in making the experiment, from the readiness with which these threads would move upon disturbance of the air. If electric, then it would be important to know whether they were positive or negative; which their attraction, or repulsion, by a stick of sealing-wax rubbed on the sleeve of a coat, would at once determine. It is well known that these threads are almost perfect insulators of electricity, and would retain a charged state for a long time in a dry sunny atmosphere.—*Brande's Journal.*

Method of obtaining Roses of all kinds twice in the Year.

The following directions, by M. Douette Richardot, are to enable the amateur to gather as fine roses in September as he did in the preceding June:—1. Immediately after the first flowering, the shrub is to be deprived of every leaf, and those branches which have borne roses cut so that only two or three buds shall remain. The cutting of the weaker branches may be in a less degree. If the weather be dry when the leaves are removed, it will be necessary to thoroughly water the stem, for several days, with the rose of the watering-pot: in this way the sap will not be arrested. 2. Then the brush is to be used, and the rose tree well cleansed by it, so that all mouldiness shall disappear: this operation is very easy after an abundant rain. 3. The earth about the rose tree is to be disturbed, and then twenty-four sockets of calves' feet are to be placed in the earth round the stem, and about four inches distant from it. The hoofs of young calves are the best, and give a vivid colour and agreeable perfume to the roses. These are to be placed with the points downwards, so that the cups shall be nearly level with the surface of the earth, and the plant well surrounded. This operation is to be repeated in the November following. These hoofs, dissolved by the rain or the waterings, form an excellent manure, which hastens the vegetation, and determines the reproduction of flowers. 4. Two waterings per week will suffice in ordinary weather, and they should be made with the rose of the watering-pot, so that the hoofs may be filled; but, if the atmosphere is dry, it will be necessary to water the plants every evening; and in the latter case it will be necessary, from time to time, to direct the stream of water on to the head of the tree. —*From the French.*

American Sea-Serpent.

Mr. Samuel Mitchell has, in his "Summary of the Progress of Natural Science for the last few Years," given an amusing account of the progress of sea-serpentism. It was read before the New York Lyceum, and is inserted in the American Journal of Science, although not thought conclusive by its learned editor, Dr. Silliman. The first sea-serpent was a steam-boat, which, being established at Boston to coast along the shore, and from its powers and capabilities competent to injure the business of small boats, was described as a sea-serpent that had been seen off Nahant and Gloucester, and had probably come there to consume all the small fish in the place. This was received by many as a serious account, and believed accordingly.

Another sea-serpent history arose from the circumstance, that a small sloop, called the Sea-Serpent, having been passed by another vessel, the captain of the latter, when asked, upon his arrival at home, for news, said he had seen a sea-serpent, and then described its bunches on the back,

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the action of its tail, and other parts; all of which being understood literally, actually appeared in print, as evidence for the existence of the animal.

Then a piece of the skin of the bony scaled pike was taken for part of a sea-serpent's hide. A speckled mother duck, with a numerous brood of young ones swimming after her in a line on Lake Ontario, was described as the sea-serpent itself. And from such occurrences as these, perhaps, mingled with careless observation of the motions and appearances of porpuses, basking sharks, and balænopterous whales, appears to have originated every thing that has been said about American sea-serpents.—*Brande's Jour.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

A FRENCH officer, having arrived at the court of Vienna, the empress, knowing that he had seen the Princess de ***, asked him if he thought this princess was, as reported, the handsomest person in the world? "Madam," replied the officer, "I thought so yesterday."

SHOULD women sit in parliament,
A thing unprecedented,
A great part of the nation, then
Would be Miss-Represented.

ON A STONE IN THE WALL OF CHISWICK CHURCHYARD.

THIS wall was made at ye charges of ye Right Honorable and *trulie pious* Lorde Francis Russell, Earle of Bedford, out of true zeale and care for ye keeping of this church-yard, and ye *wardrobe of Godd's saints*, whose bodies lay *theirin* buried from *violation by swine*, and other prophanation.—So witnesseth William Walker, Vo. A.D. 1623. O. W.

A SINGULAR custom was formerly observed in the city of Middelburg, in the Netherlands. When any inhabitant died, a bundle of straw was placed before the house, with the ears towards the street, if the deceased was a man; but towards the house, if a woman. G. W. N.

SINGULAR SUICIDE.

IN 1767, a gentleman, named Davers, (who was descended from Sir Robert Davers, of Roughham, in the county of Suffolk, bart.) died at the Angel Inn, Islington, by poison. A card, which he was seen to write a few hours before his death, contained the following words:—"Descended from an ancient and honourable family, I have, for fifteen years past, suffered more indigence than ever gentleman before submitted to. I am neglected by my acquaintance, traduced by my enemies, and insulted by the vulgar." Beneath the above was written:—

"Of laudanum, an ample dose
Must all my present ills compose;
But the best of laudanum all,
I want; not resolution, but a ball."
G. W. N.

POLYGAMY.

IT is well known that the Turks avoid answering questions put to them concerning their religion, to prevent being exposed to criticism and raillery. A lady of quality reproached a Turkish ambassador, on the Mahometan religion allowing them to have several wives. The ambassador, without entering into any discussion, replied, "It permits it, that we may be able to find in several, all the graces which are concentrated in you alone."

JOHN DAENS, merchant and citizen of Antwerp, having lent the Emperor Charles V. a million of gold, invited his majesty to dinner. After a royal entertainment, he threw the emperor's bond into a fire made of cinnamon. G. W. N.

IDIOTISM.

A COUNTRY clergyman, by his dull monotonous discourse, set all the congregation asleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth listening. The parson, enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot."—"Ay," quoth the natural, "and if I had not been a poor idiot, I would have been asleep too."

DR. SOUTH.

DR. SOUTH visiting a gentleman one morning, was asked to stay dinner, which he accepted of; the gentleman stepped into the next room and told his wife, and desired she would provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till, at length, her husband, provoked at her behaviour, protested, that, if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped out, crying, "*I beg, Sir, you will make no stranger of me.*"

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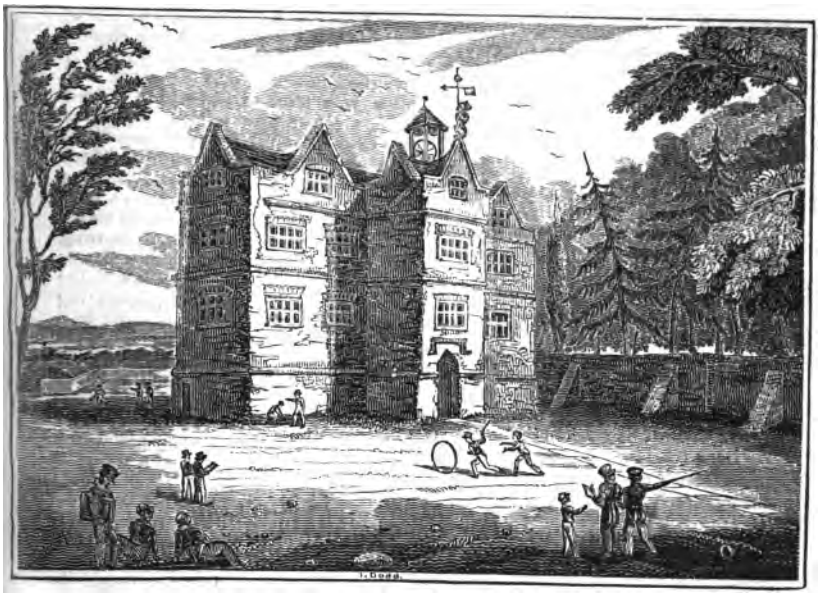
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 366.] SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

Harrow School.



To lofty Harrow now.—Thomson

Harrow-on-the-Hill was a place of some consideration, even before the foundation of the scholastic establishment which now forms its principal boast. The Archbishops of Canterbury had an occasional residence here, in the centuries briefly succeeding the Norman Conquest; and they obtained for the inhabitants a weekly market, long since fallen into disuse.

The *Free Grammar School* of Harrow, which now ranks amongst the eight great schools of England,* like most foundations of a similar nature, proceeded from a small beginning. In the 14th year of Elizabeth, John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman, of Preston, in this parish, procured letters patent, and special license from the crown, for the foundation of the school, to which for many years, he only contributed the sum of 30 marks annually; but in the year 1590, he developed his full intentions, provided for their observance, and drew up a code of regulations for the foundation. Among these provisions the following are curiously characteristic of the times:—The founder expresses his intention to build "meete and convenient Roomes for the said Schoole Mr and Usher to inhabite and dwell in; as also a large and convenient Schoole House, with a chimney in it. And, alsoe, a cellar under the said Roomes and Schoole House, to lay in wood and coales;" the master's salary he fixes at £26. 13*s*. 4*d*. per annum, besides £3. 6*s*. 8*d*. on the 1st of May, towards his provision of fuel; the usher's at £13. 6*s*. 8*d*. with £3. 6*s*. 8*d*. for fuel. The founder declares his desire that the School shall consist of a "meete and convenient number of schollers, as well of poor, to be taught freely," (which privilege he confines to the children of the inhabitants of Harrow;) "as of others, to be received for ye further profitt and commoditie of the schoole-master." The regulations provide for the government of the school with curious minuteness, and describe the number of forms; the books

* The eight principal public schools of the kingdom are considered to be those of Winchester; Westminster; Eton; Harrow; the Charter House; Merchant Tailor's; St. Paul's; and Rugby.

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and exercises allotted to each; the mode of correction; the hours of attendance; and the vacations and play days. They extend even to the amusements of the scholars, which are confined to "driving a top, tossing a hand-ball, running and shooting." For the purpose of this latter exercise, all parents are required to furnish their children with "bowstrings, shafts, and bresters." In consequence of this regulation it was usual to hold an annual exhibition of Archery, on August 4, when the scholars contended for a silver arrow.* Within the last fifty years this custom has been abolished, and in its room has been substituted the delivery of annual orations before the assembled Governors.

Such was the establishment of this celebrated seminary; and in the humble character of a parochial Free School it long remained, unknown except in its own immediate neighbourhood. The buildings appertaining to the School are not of an ornamental character. The original School-house represented in our engraving, has undergone no external alteration except the necessary repairs. It is a building of red brick, having on the top a lion, the rebus of the founder's name. In the original arrangement of the interior, the lower portions only were used as school-rooms; the middle floor formed the residence of the master and usher, then the only teachers; whilst the upper story consisted of writing schools. The whole of the building is now appropriated to the exercises of the school, the pupils studying their lessons at the houses of their tutors, and assembling here for the purpose of examination.

HARROW is consecrated ground; and we could easily select a long list of illustrious men educated within its walls. The first classical mention of Harrow as a school, is by William Baxter, the learned author of the Glossary, and editor of several of the classics, who was educated here. Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne; Sir William Jones; Dr. Parr, who was born at Harrow; Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan; Mr. Perceval, and Lord Byron—shine forth in this list. Earl Spencer; the Marquess of Hastings; the Earl of Aberdeen; and Mr. Peel were likewise educated here.

The greatest number of scholars who have been at any one time at Harrow, was in the year 1804, when the number of students amounted to 353. The present master is the Rev. Dr. Butler.

* We have often seen an etching of this exhibition.

DR. JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE, IN BOLT COURT.

(For the Mirror)

IT perhaps is not generally known, that the residence of the great "leviathan of literature," situate in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, was consumed by the fire which destroyed Messrs. Bensley's premises a few years ago; and that there are now no ostensible traces of the doctor's city retreat, save the site. The only vestige of the house is a piece of grotesquely carved wood, which ornamented the centre of the doorway, and which is now in possession of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. Part of the new printing-office, belonging to Messrs. Mills and Co., occupies a portion of the site, and the remainder forms a receptacle for coals. As if learning loved to linger amidst the forsaken haunts of departed genius, the place is still the scene of those efforts in propagating knowledge, without which it would be a sealed book. When looking upon the scene which has been consecrated by the presence and labours, the joys and sorrows, of such a man, how interesting are our reflections, marred as they may be by mournful impressions of "the mutability of human affairs." We feel a romantic regret that the genius of Johnson could not bestow an imperishability upon the spot; and preserve it from the casualties and decay of fire, and storm, and time. Here the unfortunate Savage has held his intellectual "*noctes*," and enlivened the old moralist with his mad philosophy. It was from this mansion that "the Bastard" roused the doctor on the memorable night (or morn) when they set out on one of those frolicsome perambulations, which genius, in its weakness and misgivings, sometimes indulges, and which was worthy of the days of modern Corinthianism. We can imagine the sleepy, solemn face of Johnson, the meagre phiz of Savage, and the more rotund features of Boswell, around the board, and the doctor's beloved tea-kettle singing its harmonious and solacing solo on the blazing "ingle." Inspecting more minutely the features of the visionary picture, we might behold the oracle of learning when about to deliver his opinion, perhaps, on the artificial fire of Gray, or the feeling and simplicity of Goldsmith: his opening eyes and unclosing lips; the "harsh thunder" of his articulation, and the horrisonous stamp of his ample foot, impress us with the same reverence which was felt by his literary visitants. It was here, doubtless, where the Herculean task of compiling his dictionary was achieved; the monotony of which was relieved by writing the

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periodical papers of his Guardian, and the more flowery composition of poetry and biography. But he is gone, and though the mist of years may obscure his personal history, and vicissitudes annihilate his household memorials, yet his morality and piety, his unparalleled labour and patient endurance, but chief of all, his brilliant and versatile genius, will perish but with the annals of humanity. His fame

"From sire to son shall speed; from clime to clime,
Outstripping death upon the wings of time!"

** H.

COMMON RIGHTS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As the columns of your MIRROR are a treasury of instruction, perhaps it may not be thought amiss, or unworthy its pages, to record the advances of science in the land we live in. I have long since heard of our American brethren possessing the wonderful art of "launching" as the term is, their habitations; but I was not aware that my friends on this side the water had arrived at such a height on the hill of invention, until a few weeks back, when travelling in the western part of Dorsetshire, through the small village of *Pulham*, in that county; a neat, comfortable-looking cottage was pointed out for my observation, and which I was assured by many creditable persons, who had witnessed the performance, was, in the year 1826, chimneys, windows, and altogether, removed, without sustaining any injury, the distance of nearly two miles. The power employed was that of ten horses. The spot where it was intended originally to stand, was pointed out to me, being a piece of waste land called *Lydlinch Common*. I inquired what motive could have induced the proprietor to coach it off in such a novel manner, and the following account I received "under the rose."

The brother of the person whose ingenuity has thus exerted itself, possessed a small property bordering on the aforesaid common. But to understand my story, you must know that the peasantry of the west of England, imbibe a notion, whether erroneous or not, I am not learned enough to say, that if a person builds on waste lands, and is permitted to proceed uninterrupted by the Lord of the Manor, or any other person, until he has roofed and occupied it, or as they express it "made a smoke in it" that the builder has an indisputable right to it. Now the man willing to act on this principle, set his wits to work and constructed a house on his brother's property beforementioned, on a movable foundation, such as I am unable to describe; and when completed, he, in the course of one night launched it over the hedge fairly into the common, and the next morning found him busily employed in making the smoke that was, according to village laws, to establish him in his newly acquired habitation; and no doubt he would have continued quietly in the same place to this day, had not a neighbouring 'squire took it into his head to teach this commentator on the law, another version of its intricacies, and finally caused him to set his house a-going once more, which it did in the manner aforesaid, to a bit of land to which he had a more legal right, and where it now stands.

Wonderful as this relation may seem, its truth may be relied on, and any reader of the MIRROR, travelling, or having friends in that part of the country, may easily ascertain the truth of my statement. The house at present stands near the highway leading from Sturminster to Sherborne, about five or six miles from the former, and six or seven from the latter. RURIS.

Blandford, April 9, 1829.

ORIGIN OF SIGNS.—CAT AND THE FIDDLE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

No part of the history of civilized nations is involved in such deep obscurity as the origin and progress of their names. I do not mean their names of men and women, the etymology of which are easy; for any stupid fellow can see with half an eye that Xisuthrus and Noah are one and the same person; and that Thoth can only be Hermes; nor is there any discernable difference between Pelagius and Morgan; *tout celà va sans se dire*, but when we come to account for the names of places or of signs, then indeed are we lost in a vast field of metaphysical disquisition and conjectural criticism. The *Spectator*, your worthy predecessor, threw much light upon the science, but still he left it in its infancy. To be sure, he traced the Bull and Mouth to the Boulogne Mouth, but I don't remember that he made many other discoveries in this *terrâ incognitâ*. However, he hinted that the roots of most of these old saws were to be found in the French language, or rather in the jargon spoken by the would-be-fine people, in imitation of the court, and by them called French. Neither the *Spectator*, however, nor any of his periodical imitators have ever found

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cut why a certain headland, bare as the back of my hand, should be dignified with the appellation of Beechey Head; unless indeed, according to the Eton grammar, our ancestors used the rule of *lucus a non lucendo*. The reason, however, is to be found in the French language, and Beechey Head is the present guide of the old *beau chef*, whereby this point was once known. The *Spectator* also, if I remember right, declared the old sign of the *Cat and the Fiddle* to be quite beyond his comprehension. In truth, no two objects in the world have less to do with each other than a cat and a violin, and the only explanation ever given of this wonderful union, appears to be, that once upon a time, a gentleman kept a house with the sign of a Cat, and a lady one, with the sign of a Fiddle, or *vice versâ*. That these two persons fell in love, married, and set up an Inn, which to commemorate their early loves, they called the Cat and the Fiddle. Such reasoning is exceedingly poetical, and also (mind, *also*, not *therefore*) exceedingly nonsensical. No, Sir, the Cat and the Fiddle is of greater antiquity. Did you ever read, the History of Rome? Of Rome! yes, of Rome. Thence comes the Cat and the Fiddle, in somewhat a roundabout way perhaps, but so it is:

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

Cato was faithful to the sacred cause of liberty, and disdained to survive it; and now for the fiddle. In the days of good Queen Bess, when those who had borne the iron yoke of Mary, ventured forth and gloried in that freedom of conscience which had lately been denied them, a jolly innkeeper having lately cast off the shackles of the old religion, likened himself to the old Roman, and wrote over his door *l'Hostelle du Caton fidelle*. The hostelle and its sign lasted longer than the worthy gentleman, and having gone shockingly to decay, was many years after re-established. But alas! the numerous French words once mixed with our language had vanished, barbarized, and ground down into a heterogeneous mass of sounds; and *le Caton fidelle* was no longer known to his best friends when resuscitated under the anomalous title of the Cat and Fiddle!!

XX.

THE BLIND GIRL.

(For the Mirror.)

As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.
BYRON.

Sweet wanderer—we have known her long!
And often on our ear,
Has gush'd the cadence of her song,
As if some stream were near.

Her path was through our tranquil dell,
When breezes kiss'd the curfew bell.

We gaz'd upon the golden hair,
That o'er her white brow shone,
And beauty's tinge had cluster'd there,
A grace unlike its own.
We call'd it beautiful—that brow!
But rayless were the eyes below.

These pale dim eyes, we would have given
Our flowers to see them glow—
They slept, as sleeps the summer heaven,
When the sun waxeth low:
And soft her glossy lashes were,
As stars within the crystal air.

Oh, call her not a phantom form,
Of deep sepulchral spells;
Her maiden lips with life are warm,
And thought within her dwells—
Thought, holy as the light that lies
In the rapt martyr's lifted eyes.

Her home—'tis far away from her,
Its quiet porch is lone,
And the sunny wind no more shall stir
Its streamlet's silver tone.
The zephyrs there, their incense wreathe,
But, o'er her hair they shall not breathe.

Her sire reposeth in the wave,
Beneath an Indian sky;
The violets fringe her mother's grave,
And there, her sisters lie!
And we will waft to heaven our prayers,
When her pure dust is mix'd with theirs.

Deal. REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

WINE.

(For the Mirror.)

Sir,—I am induced to send you the following, in consequence of reading an article upon *wine* in No. 352, page 45 of your interesting work.

The article appears to have been written with a view of inducing a more frequent use of that wholesome and invigorating beverage by adducing a host of respectable names of antiquity. But I am somewhat inclined to believe, that notwithstanding the classic lore and learned style in which the article appears, that many there are, whose adverse temper, and whom the present "march of intellect" has so far rendered callous to *authoritative* conviction, that they still remain sceptics of the extraordinary good qualities and virtues, which the ancients believed this beverage to contain; only because they have thought fit to adhere to the common adage, that no opinion ought to be received upon men's authority, without a sufficient reason assigned for its correctness. It is with this view of the subject then, that I venture to make the few following observations. In the first place, we will briefly consider the nature and chemical properties of wines,

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and then their tendency and action upon the constitution.

The characteristic ingredient of all wines is alcohol, the proportion and quality of which, and the state and combination in which it exists, constitute the essential properties of the numerous kinds of wines. The colour of the red wines is produced from the husk of the grape, they being used during fermentation; on the contrary, the colourless wines are those where the husk of the grape is not used during the process of fermentation. The colouring matter produced from the husks is highly astringent, consequently the red and white wines are very different in their qualities, and very different in their effect on the stomach.

All wines contain more or less acid; for British wines are considered less salubrious than those of foreign, from their having an excess of malic acid, which our fruits contain. The foreign wines are reckoned superior in quality, in consequence of their containing an excess of tartaric acid, their fruit containing a greater portion of this acid than does ours. Wines during fermentation, if improperly managed, will produce *acetic acid*, which will greatly deteriorate their quality.

Various have been the opinions of eminent men on the effects of wine upon the constitution. It would be needless to enter into a detailed account of all those who have written for or against its utility; the following, from a modern eminent writer *against* the use of wines will suffice, and serve to show that the opponents to wine-drinking have at least some reason on their side. Mr. Beddoes, states, in his "Hygeia," vol. ii, p. 35, that an ingenious surgeon tried the following experiment:—He gave two of his children for a week alternately after dinner, to the one a full glass of sherry, and to the other a large China orange; the effects that followed were sufficient to prove the *injurious tendency* of vinous liquors. In the one the pulse was quickened, the heat increased; whilst the other had every appearance that indicated high health; the same effect followed when the experiment was reversed. This certainly is a formidable objection, but let us before drawing a final conclusion, examine the opposite arguments.

Wines, and, indeed, all fermented liquors have an antiseptic quality. They act in direct opposition to putrefaction, and in proportion to the quantity of alcohol which they contain, so will be their value and beneficial tendency. Now the circulating fluids of our system have a continual tendency to putrefaction; and the food we take, both animal and vegetable, tends to produce this effect; if, therefore, something of an antiseptic nature, or of a nature in direct opposition to this principle be not received, the fluids would ultimately become a mass of corruption, with the extinction of life. If we meet with an individual whose habits are abstemious, as regards the drinking of wines or fermented liquors, we generally discover him to have a great predilection for that valuable commodity *salt*, which article being in its nature antiseptic, answers the same purpose as wine. Therefore, the labouring man, whose narrow circumstances prohibit him from the advantage of a daily use of wine, by taking with his food a sufficient quantity of salt, and his apportioned quantity of malt liquor, retains his vigour and strength of body equally with those whose more ample means render them capable of acquiring the necessary quantity of wine daily. Doctor Barry mentions an experiment made on a soldier, who was hired to live entirely for some days on wild fowl,* with water only to drink; he received in the beginning his reward and diet with great cheerfulness, but this was soon succeeded by nausea, thirst, and disposition to putrid dysentery, which was with some difficulty prevented from making further progress, by the physician who made the experiment. Again, he remarks, "I knew a person who, by the advice of his physician abstained for some years entirely from *salt*, drank chiefly *water*, and used freely an animal diet, and by that means acquired a violent scurvy; he was, after some time, relieved by a strict regimen of diet and medicine, and as he afterwards used salt and vegetables with animal food, and drank wine more freely, never had a return of the disorder." It is therefore evident, that a *moderate* use of wine tends to promote health, and keeps off the numerous train of disorders, to which the constitution of man is subject, thereby lessening the evils incidental to human nature. We can then exclaim with Virgil of wine,

"Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat."

S. S. T.

* It must be recollected that wild fowl in consequence of their living on animal diet, give more readily a putrid disposition to the fluids.

The Sketch-Book.

MY FIRST LOVE.

(For the Mirror.)

SHE was amiable, accomplished, fascinating, beautiful; yet her's were beauties

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which description cannot heighten; fascinations which language were vain to embellish. There was soul in her deep hazel eye as its flashes broke through their long, dark, encircling fringe; her jetty locks waved harmoniously, contrasting with the virgin snow of the forehead they wreathed in glossy luxuriance, the unclouded smile played on her lip like the zephyr over a bed of gossamer, or a sunbeam on the cheek of Aurora.

Scarce eleven summers had passed over my head when I first saw Annette. She was by about three years my elder. Young, though I was, I was not insensible; she rivetted my gaze, I felt an emotion I could not comprehend—cannot describe—as it were love in the germ just beginning to expand, waiting but for the genial warmth of a few summer suns to nourish and bring it to maturity. We parted, still her image pursued me, the recollection was sweet, and I loved to cherish it.

Four years had elapsed; we again met. My soul thrilled with delight in beholding, in contemplating, her perfections! How was that delight increased when I saw her countenance shed its loveliest smiles, her eye pour its heavenliest beams — on *me*—happy presumption—I loved. *We* loved; but words spoke not our love. No, each read it in the burning glances that were reciprocated—in the spirit-breathing sighs that would ever and anon steal forth—spite of suppression. Let me shorten the tale of rapture. She was mine; Annette was mine—mine undividedly. SHE IS MINE NO LONGER. Ask not the cause. I was infuriated, befooled, infatuated; my own "hands threw the pearl away;" my own lips gave, sealed the sentence, that robbed me for ever, ay, for ever, of a heart—a treasure, it had been heaven to possess. SHE IS MINE NO LONGER—yet a pleasure it is, a melancholy pleasure, how I love it, to recall those moments of refined, of voluptuous enjoyment, my sole remaining happiness, that they *were*, my bitterest pang, that they *are not*—moments, when amid the busy circle—scarce could the eagle glance of surrounding observation control the bursting emotions of the soul, or, oh, more blest—moments of solitude—where those motions broke forth, unobserved, unrestrained. SHE IS MINE NO LONGER. Yet Annette sleeps not in the sombre grave. A blast, not of death, but more dire, hath scattered those hopes, too unsubstantially fond to be realized; a chill not of the grave, but more piercing, hath nipped those blossoms of happiness, too etherealy delicate for earth. Still Annette lives, beautiful as ever, enchanting as ever, lives, but for another. Stay, let me recall that word, I wrong her; it must not, cannot be; her *heart* is not, never shall be his; with mine it hath lost its *one* resting place, and like the dove, seeks not another. Cruel fate, but I have ceased to repine—ceased to regret. IOTA.

Select Biography.

MEMOIR OF BOLIVAR.

(*Concluded from page* 213.)

EARLY in 1818, the supreme chief, after concentrating his forces, marched rapidly to Calabozo, and arrived before Morillo was aware that he had quitted Angostura. The Spanish general effected his retreat to Aragua. The supreme chief came up with him at La Usirrael, but could make but a slight impression on the enemy, on account of the strength of his position. Another rencontre occurred at Sombrero. Morillo retired to Valencia; and Bolivar took possession of the valleys of Aragua. Thence he detached a strong division to take San Fernando de Apure, in order to complete the conquest of the Llanos. Upon this the Spaniards advanced. The two armies met at Semen. Morillo was wounded, and the royalist army put to flight. The pursuit being indiscreetly conducted by the patriots, and a fresh royalist division arriving to support Morillo, the fortune of the day was changed. Each party was alternately defeated, and both rallied their dispersed corps to re-engage at Ortiz.

The division which succeeded in capturing San Fernando had an indecisive affair at Cojedes. Others of the same character took place at El Rincon del Toro, and other places. At the close of this campaign, the Spaniards held Aragua, and the patriots San Fernando. Thus the former possessed the most fertile provinces of Venezuela, and all New Granada; while the latter were reduced to the Llanos and Guayana. Arms were sent to General Santander, who was endeavouring to raise a division in Casanare.

In 1819, the various corps united in San Fernando, where the supreme chief devoted his labours to the regulation of civil affairs. He invited the provinces to send deputies to Angostura, to form a general congress, and then delegated his powers to a council of government to act in his absence.

With four or five thousand men, the supreme chief opened the campaign against Morillo, who had six or seven thousand. Twelve hundred British troops arrived at

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Margarita from England. They had been engaged in London by Colonel English, and were equipped and sent out by Messrs. Herring and Richardson; besides these, eight hundred others also arrived at Angostura. The latter were engaged by Captain Elsom, and sent out by Messrs. Hurry, Powles, and Hurry; the greater part were disbanded soldiers from the British army, reduced on the return of the troops from France.* These volunteers were equipped in the most efficient manner. With these expeditions large supplies of spare arms were sent to assist the cause of independence. Bolivar, in his speech to congress, thus expresses himself on this subject:—

"For these important advantages we are indebted to the unbounded liberality of some generous foreigners, who, hearing the groans of suffering humanity, and seeing the cause of freedom, reason, and justice ready to sink, would not remain quiet, but flew to our succour with their munificent aid and protection, and furnished the republic with every thing needful to cause their philanthropical principles to flourish. Those friends of mankind are the guardian geniuses of America, and to them we owe a debt of eternal gratitude, as well as a religious fulfilment of the several obligations contracted with them."

Bolivar, leaving the army in command of General Paez, repaired to Angostura. As Morillo advanced, Paez, agreeable to orders, retired towards the Orinoco, detaching a few guerillas to harass the Spaniards in the rear.

General Urdaneta was appointed to command the recently arrived British legion in Margarita, which was to act on the side of Caracas, in order to draw off the attention of Morillo from the Llanos.

On the 15th of February, 1819, congress was installed at Angostura. The supreme chief pronounced an eloquent discourse, and resigned his authority. Congress immediately, and unanimously, elected him president of the republic.

Early in March, the president rejoined the army, which was very much reduced by sickness. On the 27th, he defeated the vanguard of the Spaniards. Adopting a desultory system of warfare, he obliged them to recross the Apure, having lost half their original numbers.

While Morillo remained in winter quarters, the president traversed the vast plains of the Apure and Casanare, which are rendered almost impassable by inundations from the month of May to the end of August. In Casanare, the president formed a junction with the division of Santander, two thousand strong. Santander had, from the commencement of the revolution, dedicated himself with enthusiastic constancy to the cause of his country. He now expelled the Spaniards from their formidable position of Paya, and opened the way for the president to cross the terrific Andes, in effecting which, nearly a fourth of his army perished from the effects of cold and excessive fatigue.

On the 11th of July, the president attacked the royal army at Gamarra. After a long engagement, the Spanish general Barrero retired, and did not again offer battle, except in positions almost inaccessible. Bonza was invested by the patriots for some days in sight of both armies. The president, by a flank movement, brought the Spaniards to action on the 25th of July, at Bargas. The Spaniards, though superior in numbers, and advantageously posted, gave way, and the president obtained a complete victory. His inferior forces, however, and the nature of the country, did not allow him to make the most of this glorious success; but he obtained a thousand recruits, and marched to interpose between the defeated Barrero and the viceroy Samano, who, with all the disposable force south of Bogota, was about to support Barrero. The result of the president's daring and masterly movement was the battle of Boyaca, fought on the 7th of August, and which has been called the *birth of Colombia*. In this battle, the English troops, under the command of Major Mackintosh, greatly distinguished themselves. The gallant major was promoted by the liberator on the field. In three days afterwards the president entered Bogota in triumph, and, within a short period, eleven provinces of New Granada announced their adhesion to the cause of independence.

Bolivar repaired to Angostura, where he once more resigned his authority to the representatives of the people, and laid on their floor the trophies of the last campaign. On the 25th of December, 1819, congress, at the suggestion of the president, decreed that thenceforth Venezuela and New Granada should form one republic, under the denomination of COLOMBIA. At the same time it conferred upon Bolivar the title of LIBERATOR OF COLOMBIA, and re-elected him president of the republic.

In March, 1820, he arrived at Bogota, and occupied himself until August in the

* Colonel Macirone also sent out above two thousand men, who were employed in the capture of Porto Bello and Rio de la Hacha. This caused a very favourable diversion for Bolivar in Venezuela, as it distracted the attention of the royalists, and but for the pusillanimous conduct of Macgregor, who commanded the expedition, might have proved of lasting advantage.

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organization of the army cantoned at various points between Cucuta and San Fernando de Apure.

The Spanish revolution, which originated in the Isla de Leon, inspired the South Americans with new hopes. These were raised still higher by the solicitude of Morillo to negotiate an armistice; but Bolivar, refusing to treat upon any other basis than that of independence, marched to the department of the Magdalena, reviewed the besieging force before Carthagena, and reinforced the division of the south, destined to act against Popayan and Quito. The president drove the Spaniards from the provinces of Merida and Truxillo, and established his winter headquarters at the latter town.

On the 26th of November, the president concluded an armistice of six months with Morillo, who engaged that, on the renewal of hostilities, the war should be carried on, conformably to the practice of civilized nations

In the beginning of the year 1821, the liberator went to Bogota, to attend to the affairs of the south; when hearing of the arrival at Caracas of Spanish commissioners to treat for peace, he returned to Truxillo; but no terms were then agreed upon. In the meanwhile, the province of Maracaybo shook off the Spanish yoke. Morillo having departed for Europe, General La Torre, a brave and very superior man, succeeded to the command of the royal army, and made strong remonstrances against the movement in the province of Maracaybo, which he deemed an infraction of the armistice, and hostilities in consequence recommenced. The liberator concentrated his forces in Varinas; he detached a division to the coast under General Urdaneta, and another to the east, under General Bermudez, to divide the attention of the enemy, and marched himself against Caracas. On the 24th of June, the liberator attacked and defeated the Spaniards, who had taken up a strong position at Carabobo. The numbers on both sides were nearly equal. This battle decided the fate of Colombia. The victorious liberator entered Caracas on the 29th. On the 2nd of July, La Guayra also surrendered to him.

Leaving a besieging division before Puerto Cabello, the liberator went to Cucuta, where he resigned once more the office of president of the republic, which, in admiration of his disinterestedness, instantly re-elected him.

When the province of Guayaquil declared itself independent, it solicited the assistance of Bolivar against the Spaniards in Quito. A small division was accordingly sent there.

The liberator, having signed the constitution sanctioned by congress, obtained leave to direct the war in the south. In January, 1822, he put himself at the head of the army in Popayan, and sent a reinforcement to General Sucre in Guayaquil.

In the month of March, the liberator moved against the province of Pasto, the inhabitants of which country are surpassed in bravery by no people in the world, but who adhered with blind attachment to the ancient regime. The liberator, having overcome the obstacles presented by nature in the valleys of Patia, and the formidable river Guanabamba, arrived in front of Bombona. The *Pastusos* (inhabitants of the province of Pasto) had here taken up a strong position, supported by the Spanish troops. They were vigorously attacked; but every charge made in front was repulsed. It was not until the rifle battalion, commanded by the able Colonel Sands, outflanked the *Pastusos*, that victory declared for Bolivar; but his army had suffered so severely, that, instead of immediately following up the fugitives through a hostile country, it fell back a short distance.

Whilst these operations were going on, Sucre liberated the provinces of Loja and Cuenca, and, on the 24th of May, gained the victory of Pinchincha, which gave independence to Quito. In the same year Carthagena and Cumaná surrendered to the liberating forces in Venezuela.

The liberator entered Quito on the 16th of June. His attention was soon attracted to the discontents which had arisen at Guayaquil, where the Colombians had become unpopular. His excellency proceeded to that town, and, under his auspices, the provisional government annexed the province to Colombia.

One of the results of the interview which took place between the protector of Peru and the liberator of Colombia was the sending of an auxiliary force of two thousand Colombians to Lima; but the junta, which proceeded to the protectorate, ordered the Colombian troops to return to Guayaquil. The president Riva Aguero, who succeeded to the junta, applied for an auxiliary Colombian division of six thousand men, and invited Bolivar to take the command of all the military forces in Peru. The Colombian troops were sent to Lima. General Bolivar obtained leave from the congress at Bogotá to go to Peru—the grand scene of his subsequent triumphs.

The person of Bolivar is thin, and somewhat below the middle size. He dresses in good taste, and has an easy military walk. He is a very bold rider, and capable of undergoing great fatigue. His

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manners are good, and his address unaffected, but not very prepossessing. It is said that, in his youth, he was rather handsome. His complexion is sallow; his hair, originally very black, is now mixed with gray. His eyes are dark and penetrating, but generally downcast, or turned askance, when he speaks; his nose is well formed, his forehead high and broad, the lower part of the face is sharp; the expression of the countenance is careworn, lowering, and sometimes rather fierce. His temper, spoiled by adulation, is fiery and capricious. His opinions of men and things are variable. He is rather prone to personal abuse, but makes ample amends to those who will put up with it. Towards such his resentments are not lasting. He is a passionate admirer of the fair sex, but jealous to excess. He is fond of waltzing, and is a very quick, but not a very graceful dancer. His mind is of the most active description. When not more stirringly employed, he is always reading, dictating letters, &c., or conversing. His voice is loud and harsh, but he speaks eloquently on most subjects. His reading has been principally confined to French authors; hence the Gallic idioms so common in his productions. He is an *impressive* writer, but his style is vitiated by an affectation of grandeur. Speaking so well as he does, it is not wonderful that he should be more fond of hearing himself talk than of listening to others, and apt to engross conversation in the society he receives. He entertains numerously, and no one has more skilful cooks, or gives better dinners; but he is himself so very abstemious, in both eating and drinking, that he seldom takes his place at his own table until the repast is nearly over, having probably dined in private upon a plain dish or two. He is fond of giving toasts, which he always prefaces in the most eloquent and appropriate manner; and his enthusiasm is so great, that he frequently mounts his chair, or the table, to propose them. Although the cigar is almost universally used in South America, Bolivar never smokes, nor does he permit smoking in his presence. He is never without proper officers in waiting, and keeps up a considerable degree of etiquette. Disinterested in the extreme with regard to pecuniary affairs, he is insatiably covetous of fame. Bolivar invariably speaks of England, of her institutions, and of her great men, in terms of admiration. He often dwells with great warmth upon the constancy, fidelity, and sterling merit of the English officers who have served in the cause of independence, under every varying event of the war. A further proof of his predilection towards England is that he has always had upon his personal staff a number of British subjects. —*Memoirs of General Miller.*

Fine Arts

EXHIBITIONS AT THE BAZAAR, *Oxford Street.*

THE BRITISH DIORAMA.

On Saturday, the 11th, there was a private view of four new pictures, by Stanfield and Roberts, at this very interesting lounge. They consist of

1. *The City of York, with the Minster on fire*—a picturesque view of the cathedral, with a mimic display of the conflagration, the accuracy of which will make the property-man of the Opera tremble.

2. *The Temple of Apollinopolis, in Egypt*, a magnificent picture of Egyptian architecture—"noble in decay." The splendid leaved capitals of the pillars reminded us of the following, which we had that morning read in the *Journal of a Naturalist:*—"No portion of creation," says the author, "has been resorted to by mankind with more success for the ornament and decoration of their labours, than the vegetable world. The rites, emblems, and mysteries of religion; national achievements, eccentric marks, and the capricious visions of fancy, have all been wrought by the hand of the sculptor, on the temple, the altar, or the tomb; but plants, their foliage, flowers, or fruits, as the most graceful, varied, and pleasing objects that meet our view, have been more universally the object of design, and have supplied the most beautiful, and perhaps the earliest, embellishments of art. The pomegranate, the almond, and flowers, were selected even in the wilderness, and by divine appointment, to give form to the sacred utensils; the rewards of merit, the wreath of the victor, were arboraceous; in later periods, the acanthus, the ivy, the lotus, the vine, the palm, and the oak, flourished under the chisel, or beneath the loom of the artist; and in modern days, the vegetable world affords the almost exclusive decorations of ingenuity and art."

3. *Entrance to the Village of Virex, in Italy*—a pleasing picture of what may be termed *an architectural village;* for some of the dwellings almost approach to palaces, and others have a conventual character, which harmonizes with the sublime beauties of nature which rise around them.

4. *Interior of St. Saveur, in Normandy.* As an architectural picture we are not disposed to rate this so highly as the two preceding.

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The alternations of light and shade are admirably managed in all of them, among which a flood of light streaming through one of the cathedral windows will be much admired. The size of each picture is 70 feet by 50—and the four may be seen for *one shilling!*

Below stairs, the fine group from Reubens's Descent from the Cross, and Albert Durer's Carvings of the Life of the Virgin Mary, still continue open.

Another exhibition, *Trepado, or Cut-Paper Work*, to use a vulgar phrase, "cut out" all the work of the kind we have ever seen. We have a sister very ingenious in these matters; but her productions, compared with the cuttings of the Oxford-street Bazaar, are as John Nash with Michael Angelo. These cuttings are in imitation of Line Engraving, comprising sixteen pictures, cut with scissars, among which are the Lord's Supper —Conversion of St. Paul—The Battle of Alexander—A Portrait of his Majesty George IV., &c. They are almost the counterfeit presentment of pencil-drawings, such as Varley and Brookman and Langdon could not excel. Yet these are cut with scissars! A greater exercise of patience, to say the least of it, we scarcely know. Every one who wishes to cut a figure in the world ought to learn this art; and certain fair cutters may by this means spread even stronger meshes than these paper nets. We mean to see them again, although we have too many *cuttings* to make for the gratification of our readers to allow us to enter into the *Trepado* study *con amore*—and so with this recommendation, we *cut* the subject. We, however, expect to meet scores of our Easter friends in the Bazaar; and there is no similar establishment in London where so much may be seen for so little money.

The Bazaar has lately been extended for a suite of rooms for the exhibition of Household Furniture, for sale. There are already several handsome specimens—many of them fit for the splendid palaces building in the Regent's Park. If the reader be one of those who "meditate on muffineers and plan pokers," he will enjoy this part of the Bazaar. In all the Parisian bazaars, there is an abundance of *meubles*, and you get accommodated with a newspaper and a chair, as the street-publishers say, "for the small charge of one penny:" might it not be so here, or is an Englishman obliged to read and drink (not think) at the same time?

The counters of the Bazaar are abundantly stocked with *bijouterie* and nicnacs, the *Nouveautes de Paris* and Spitalfields—Canton in China, and Leather-lane in Holborn—toy-carts for children, and fleecy hosiery for old folks—puffs and pastry, and the last new song—inkstands, taper-lights, pen-wipers, perfumed sealing-wax, French hair-paper, curling-wheels—and all the fair ammunition of love and madness. If you leave your purse at home, or, what is worse, if you have left your money, you know not where, remember Bishop Berkley, and console yourself with the reflection that all these things were made for your enjoyment, and that all around are striving to please you. This will be no trifling source of pleasure—it will fill your head and fill your heart with joy—leave the *pockets* to grosser minds.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL-MALL, EAST.

By a Correspondent.

THE sixth exhibition of this society is now open to the public, and the display of talent fully equals, or, perhaps, excels, that of former seasons. The society, since its commencement, has realized twelve thousand pounds from the sale of the works of British artists, who, thus stimulated by the disposal of their performances, have exerted their utmost ability in contributing specimens of their art to the present exhibition. We can, however, only notice a few of those artists who have been particularly successful; our limits not allowing us to extend justice to *all*.

The most splendid painting in the gallery is No. 7, *The Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt*, by Mr. Roberts. In the performance of this work, the painter has evidently endeavoured to imitate Martin's compositions. The picture, viewed at a little distance, is certainly grand and imposing; on a near inspection, however, we look in vain for the exquisite finish, and the characteristic expression so universally admired in Mr. Martin's works. We advise Mr. Roberts, if he pursues this class of painting, to unite finish with his bold effects—for attention in this respect will prove the *denouement* of his pictures. No. 188, *Erle Stoke Park, the seat of G. Watson Taylor, Esq. M.P.* by Mr. Stanfield, is a very delightful picture, being remarkably chaste and clear in the colouring. No. 404, *Matlock High Tor*, by Mr. Hofland, and No. 440, *A Party crossing the Alps*, by Mr. Egerton, are works of high merit; as are the performances of Messrs. Wilson, Blake, Glover,* Knight, Nasmyth, Farrier, Gill, Novice, Stevens, Turner, Holmes, and Pidding.

* *Apropos*, there are twenty-three pictures by this gentleman in the gallery.

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The engravings and sculpture are likewise very creditable to the institution this season. Mr. Quilly has executed an excellent print from Stanfield's fine picture, *The Wreckers*, which was exhibited last year at the British Institution.

Among the busts in the sculpture-room we notice those of Lord Eldon, Sir F. Burdett, Sir H. Davy, the late Lord Bishop of Salisbury, &c. G.W.N.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

(Concluded from page 254.)

"*N'importe!* exclaimed Stubbs, gaily; "there are more admirers, in this world, of the ridiculous than of the true, that let me tell you. But I must to my studies, for the night approaches. Next Monday—and this is Thursday—and I am by no means *au fait* yet in my part. So good morning—let me see you soon again—and meanwhile adieu! adieu! remember me!"

Mr. M'Crab departed; and Mr. Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs prepared to go through the soliloquy of "To be —or not to be," before a mirror which reflected the whole of his person.

Monday came, and oh! with what a flutter of delight Mr. Stubbs cast his eyes upon that part of the paper, where the play for the evening was announced, and where he read, "*This evening will be acted the tragedy of Hamlet: the part of Hamlet by a gentleman, his first appearance on any stage.*"

* * * *

His carriage was at the door—and he told the coachman to drive down ——— street, that he might see in passing along, whether the crowd at the pit and gallery doors, would obstruct his progress. It was not quite so large as to stretch across the carriage road; but he was sure there were some hundreds, though so early, and he thought they must have heard who the "gentleman" was, that was then rolling by. He would not be positive, too; but he could almost swear he heard an huzza, as he passed along. There were above a dozen persons collected round the stage door; and he plainly perceived that *they* drew back with respectful admiration, as the new Hamlet stepped out of his carriage.

He hastened to his dressing-room, where he found his friend, the manager, Mr. Peaess, who shook him by the hand, as he informed him that they had an excellent box-book. Stubbs smiled graciously; and the manager left him with his dresser, to attire himself in his "customary suit of solemn black." Mr. Stubbs had kept his intention of stuffing the character a profound secret, fearful lest any technical objections should be made by Mr. Peaess, and desirous also of making the first impression in the green-room. When he entered it, therefore, in the likeness of a chubby undertaker, ready for a funeral, rather than in that of the "unmatched form and feature of blown youth" —in short, the very type and image of poor Tokely in *Peter Pastoral*,—his eyes and ears were on the alert to catch the look of surprise, and buzz of admiration, which he very naturally anticipated. He was a little daunted by a suppressed titter which ran round the room; but he was utterly confounded when his best and dearest friend, Mr. Peaess himself, coming up to him exclaimed,—"Why, zounds! Mr. Stubbs, what have you been doing? By ——, the audience will never stand this."

"Stand what?" replied Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs.

"What!" echoed the manager; "why this pot-belly, and those cherub cheeks."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Stubbs, "it's Shakspeare's, and I can prove it."

"You may pooh! pooh! as much as you like, Mr. Stubbs," rejoined the manager; "but, by ——, you've made a mere apple-dumpling of yourself."

"Do you think so," exclaimed Stubbs, glancing in one of the mirrors—"Well; I do assure you it is Shakspeare, and I'll prove it. But what shall I do?" and he looked imploringly round upon the broad, grinning countenances of the other performers.

"Do?" ejaculated Mr. Peaess; "you can do nothing now—the curtain has been up these ten minutes; Horatio and Marcellus are coming off, and you must go on."

At this moment the ghost of Hamlet's father entered the room, but before he had time to look upon his son, the call-boy's summons was heard for the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, &c., to be ready, and forth sallied poor Mr. Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs, to prove, if he could, to the audience, that his rotundity was perfectly Shakspearian.

The awful flourish of drum and trumpet was sounded;—their majesties of Denmark, attended by their train of courtiers, walked on. There is a pause! All eyes are bent in eager gaze to catch the first glimpse of the new Hamlet—all hands are ready to applaud. He appears —boxes, pit, and gallery, join in the generous welcome of the unknown candidate. He revives—hastens to the foot-

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lights—bows—another round of applause—bows again—and again—and then falls back, to let the business of the scene proceed. He looks round, meanwhile, with the swelling consciousness that he is that moment "the observed of all observers," and tries to rally his agitated spirits; but just as he is beginning to do so, his wandering eye rests upon the ill-omened face of M'Crab, seated in the front-row of the stage-box, who is gazing at him with a grotesque smile, which awakens an overwhelming recollection of his own prediction, that he "would be horribly laughed at, if he did make Hamlet a fat little fellow," as well as a bewildering reminiscence of the manager's, that, "by ——, the audience would not stand it."

It was soon evident they would not, or rather that they could not stand it. But it was not alone his new reading in what regarded the person of Hamlet, that excited astonishment. Mr. Stubbs had so many other new readings, that before he got to the end of his first speech, beginning with, "Seems, madam! nay, it is," they were satisfied of what was to follow. When, however, Mr. Stubbs stood alone upon the stage, in the full perfection of his figure, and concentrated upon himself the undivided attention of the house—when he gathered up his face into an indescribable aspect of woe—but, above all, when, placing his two hands upon his little round belly, he exclaimed, while looking sorrowfully at it,

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
(Pat, went the right hand,)
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"
(Pat, went the left hand,)

the effect was irresistible. One roar of laughter shook the theatre, from the back row of the shilling gallery to the first row of the pit, mingled with cries of *bravo! bravo! go on, my little fellow—you shall have fair play—silence—bravo! silence!* — Stubbs, meanwhile, looked as if he were really wondering what they were all laughing at; and when at length silence was partially restored, he continued his soliloquy. His delivery of the lines,

"Fye on't oh fye! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature," &c.

was one of his new readings—for holding up his finger, and looking towards the audience with a severe expression of countenance, it appeared as though he were chiding their ill manners in laughing at him, when he said, "Fye on't—oh, fye!"

He was allowed to proceed, however, with such interruptions only as his own original conceptions of the part provoked from time to time; or when any thing he had to say was obviously susceptible of an application to himself. Thus, for example, in the scene with Horatio and Marcellus, after his interview with the ghost:—

"*Ham.* And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is it, my lord? We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night."

"Let him, if he likes," exclaimed a voice from the pit—"he'll never see such a sight again."—Then, in his instructions to the players, his delivery of them was accompanied by something like the following running commentary:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, (*that is impossible!*) trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, (*laughter,*) I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. * * * Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwigpated fellow (*like yourself*) tear a passion to tatters, &c.—I would have such a fellow whipped (*give it him, he deserves it*) for o'erdoing Termagant. * * * Oh, there be players that I have seen play, (*no, we see him,*) and heard others praise, and that highly, (*oh! oh! oh!*) not to speak it profanely, that, having neither the accent of Christians, (*ha! ha! ha!*) nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted (*bravo! little 'un!*) and bellowed, (*hit him again!*) that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, (*who made you?*) and not made them well, (*no, you are a bad fit,*) they imitated humanity so abominably." (*Roars of laughter.*)

It was thus Mr. Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs enacted Hamlet; and it was not till the end of the fourth act that he suffered a single observation to escape him, which indicated he thought any thing was amiss. Then, indeed, while sitting in the green-room, and as if the idea had just struck him, he said to Mr. Peaess, "Do you know, I begin to think I have some enemies in the house, for when, in the scene with Ophelia, I said, 'What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven?' somebody called out, loud enough for me to hear him, 'Ay! what, indeed?' It's very odd. Did you notice it, ma'am?" he continued addressing the lady who performed Ophelia. "I can't say I did," replied the lady, biting her lips most unmercifully, to preserve her gravity of countenance.

This was the only remark made by the

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inimitable Mr. Stubbs during the whole evening, and he went through the fifth act with unabated self-confidence. His dying scene was honoured with thunders of applause, and loud cries of *encore*. Stubbs raised his head, and looking at Horatio, who was bending over him, inquired, "Do you think they mean it?"

"Lie still, for God's sake!" exclaimed Horatio, and the curtain slowly descended amid deafening roars of laughter, and shouts of hurrah! hurrah!

The next morning, at breakfast, Stubbs found all the daily papers on his table, pursuant to his directions. He took up one, and read, in large letters—"THEATRE. FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE OF MR. HENRY AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE STUBBS IN HAMLET."

He read no more. The paper dropped from his hands; and Mr. Stubbs remained nothing but a GENTLEMAN all the rest of his life.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

LINES WRITTEN AT WARWICK CASTLE.*

BY CHARLES BADHAM, M.D. F.R.S.

Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow.

I.

Save thee, Warwick, and thy precincts grey,
Amidst a thousand winters still the same,
Ere tempests rend thy last sad leaves away,
And from thy bowers the native rock reclaim;
Crisp dews now glitter on the joyless field,
The sun's red disk now sheds no parting rays,
And through thy trophied hall the burnish'd shield
Disperses wide the swiftly mounting blaze.

II.

Thy pious paladins from Jordan's shore,
And all thy steel-clad barons are at rest;
Thy turrets sound to warder's tread no more;
Beneath their brow the dove hath hung her nest;
High on thy beams the harmless falchion shines;
No stormy trumpet wakes thy deep repose;
Past are the days that, on the serried lines
Around thy walls, saw the portcullis close.

III.

The bitter feud was quell'd, the culverin
No longer flash'd its blighting mischief round,
But many an age was on those ivies green,
Ere Taste's calm eye had scann'd the sifted ground;
Bade the fair path o'er glade or woodland stray,
Bade Avon's swans through new Rialtos glide,
Forced through the rock its deeply-channell'd way,
And threw, to Arts of peace, the portals wide.

IV.

But most to Her, whose light and daring hand
Can swiftly follow Fancy's wildest dream!
All times and nations in whose presence stand,
All that creation owns, her boundless theme!

V.

Ye that have linger'd o'er each form divine,
Beneath the vault of Rome's unsullied sky,
Or where Bologna's cloister'd walls enshrine
Her martyr saint—her mystic Rosary—
Of Arragon the hapless daughter view!
Scan, for ye may, that fine enamel near!
Such Catherine was, thus Leonardo drew—
Discern ye not the "Jove of painters" here?

VI.

Discern ye not the mighty master's power
In yon devoted Saint's uplifted eye?
That clouds the brow and bids already lour
O'er the First Charles the shades of sorrows nigh?
That now on furrow'd front of Rembrandt gleams,
Now breathes the rose of life and beauty there,
In the soft eye of Henrietta dreams,
And fills with fire the glance of Gondomar?

VII.

Here to Salvator's solemn pencil true,
Huge oaks swing rudely in the mountain blast;
Here grave Poussin on gloomy canvass threw
The lights that steal from clouds of tempest past;
And see! from Canaletti's glassy wave,
Like Eastern mosques, patrician Venice rise;
Or marble moles that rippling waters lave,
Where Claude's warm sunsets tinge Italian skies!

VIII.

Nor let the critic frown such themes arraign,
Here sleep the mellow lyre's enchanting keys;
Here the wrought table's darkly polish'd plain,
Proffers light lore to much-enduring ease;
Enamelled clocks here strike the silver bell;
Here Persia spreads the web of many dies;
Around, on silken couch, soft cushions swell,
That Stambol's viziers proud might not despise.

IX.

The golden lamp here sheds its pearly light,
Within the cedar'd panels, dusky pale;
No mirror'd walls the wandering glance invite,
No gauzy curtains drop the misty veil.
And there the vista leads of lessening doors,
And there the summer sunset's golden gleam
Along the line of darkling portrait pours,
And warms the polish'd oak or ponderous beam.

X.

Hark! from the depths beneath that proud saloon
The water's moan comes fitful and subdued,
Where in mild glory yon triumphant moon
Smiles on the arch that nobly spans the flood—
And here have kings and hoary statesmen gazed,
When spring with garlands deck'd the vale below,
Or when the waning year had lightly razed
The banks where Avon's lingering fountains flow.

XI.

And did no minstrel greet the courtly throng?
Did no fair flower of English loveliness
On timid lute sustain some artless song,
Her meek brow bound with smooth unbraided tress?
For Music knew not yet the stately guise,
Content with simplest notes to touch the soul,
Not from her choirs as when loud anthems rise,
Or when she bids orchestral thunders roll!

XII.

Here too the deep and fervent orison
Hath matron whisper'd for her absent lord
And with her came the maid of Attic stole,
Untaught of dazzling schools the gauds to prize,
Who breathes in purest forms her calm control,
Heroic strength, and grace that never dies!

---

* These lines will form a beautiful pendant to the picturesque Engraving of WARWICK CASTLE, in No. 357 of the MIRROR—as well as to the very interesting antiquarian description by our esteemed correspondent *L. L.*

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Peril'd in civil wars, that shook the throne,
When every hand in England clench'd the sword:—
And here, as tales and chronicles be deem'd sincere,
If tales and chronicles be deem'd sincere,
Fair Warwick's heiress smiled at many a plea
Of puissant Thane, or Norman cavalier.

XIII.

Or dost thou sigh for theme of classic lore
Midst arms and moats, and battlements and towers?
Behold the Vase! that, erst on Anio's shore,
Hath found a splendid home in Warwick's bowers:
To British meads ere yet the Saxon came,
The pomp of senates swept its pedestal,
And kings of many an Oriental name
Have seen its shadow, and are perish'd all!

XIV.

Haply it stood on that illustrious ground
Where circling columns once, in sculptur'd pride,
With fine volute or wreath'd acanthus crown'd,
Rear'd some light roof by Anio's plunging tide;
There, in the brightness of the votive fane
To rural or to vintage gods address't,
Those vine-clad symbols of Pan's peaceful reign
Amidst dark pines their sacred seats possess'd.

XV.

Or, did it break with soft and silvery shower
The silence of some marble solitude,
Where Adrian, at the fire-fly's glittering hour,
Of rumour'd worlds to come the doubts review'd?
Go mark his tomb!—in that sepulchral mole
Scowls the fell bandit:—from its towering height
Old Tiber's flood reflects the girandole,
Midst bells, and shouts, and rockets' arrowy flight!

XVI.

Warwick, farewell! Long may thy fortunes stand,
And sires of sires hold rule within thy walls,
Thy streaming banners to the breeze expand,
And the heart's griefs pass lightly o'er thy halls!
May happier bards, on Avon's sedgy shore,
Sustain on nobler lyre thy poet's vow,
And all thy future lords (what can they more?)
Wear the green laurels of thy fame, as now!

NOTES.

One of the towers of Warwick Castle is complimented with the name of Guy's Tower; certain ponderous armour and utensils preserved in the lodge are also attributed to Guy; nobody, in short, thinks of Guy without Warwick, or of Warwick without Guy; "Arms and the Man" ought to have been emblazoned on the castle banner; and why should I hesitate to say, that one of the most amiable of children perpetuates the heroic name within its walls? Had this renowned adventurer been ambitious of patriarchal honours, his descendants might have extended the ancestral renown, and have furnished many a ballad of those good old times; but when the Saxon Ulysses had returned from his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and made an end of Colbrand and the Dun Cow, his fancy was to take alms in disguise from his own fair lady, at his own castle gate, and then retire *(tous les goûts sont respectables)* to a certain hole or cave called Guy's Cliff, where he amused himself (in the intervals of rheumatism) for the rest of his natural life in counting his beads and ruminating on his sins, which, as he was a great traveller and a hero, might have been considerable.

STANZA III.

The following interesting passage is copied from a book of ordinary occurrence, in which it is cited without stating the authority. It is more than doubtful if any other nobleman in the kingdom, at that time or since, has projected or executed so much on his own property as the late Earl of Warwick:—

"I purchased a magnificent collection of pictures by Vandyke, Rubens, &c. The marbles are not equalled, perhaps, in the kingdom. I made a noble approach to the castle through a solid rock, built a porter's lodge, and founded a library full of books, some valuable and scarce, all well chosen. I made an armoury, and built walls round the court and pleasure gardens. I built a noble green-house, and filled it with beautiful plants. I placed in it a vase, considered the finest remain of Grecian art, for its size and beauty. I made a noble lake, from 3 to 600 feet broad, and a mile long. I planted trees, now worth 100,000*l.*, besides 100 acres of ash. I built a stone bridge of 105 feet in span, every stone from 2,000 to 3,800 lbs in weight. The weight of the first tier on the centre was estimated at 1,000 tons. I gave the bridge to the town with no toll on it. I will not enumerate a great many other things done by me. Let Warwick Castle speak for itself."

STANZA X.

There is a *feeling of respect* inspired by ancient buildings of importance. Such a castle as Warwick, which has lodged a succession of generations of the most opposite characters—at one time the "dulcis et quieti animi vir, et qui, congruo suis moribus studio, vitam exit et clausit;" at another by the assassin of Piers de Gaveston, the king's favourite, "whose head he cut off upon Blacklow Hill, and gave the friars preachers the charge of his body, inasmuch as he had called the said earl the Black Dog of Arderne"—is not to be approached as one visits a handsome stone house of Palladian architecture! —such a house we know can never have been the scene either of council or conspiracy; within such walls there can never have been "latens odium inter regem et proceres, et præcipuè inter comitem de Warwick et adhærentes ejusdem."

As to the river and its swans, I have learned from the bard to whom it has been long since consecrated, (although he may not have had the right of fishing in it when alive,) that "discretion is the better part of valour."

If I were to describe the walks, I should only say that they were contrived, as all walks ought to be, to let in the sun or to shut him out by turns. Here you rejoice in the fulness of his meridian strength, and here in the shadows of various depth and intensity, which a well disposed and happily contrasted sylvan population knows how to effect. The senatorial oak, the spreading sycamore, the beautiful plane, (which I never see without recollecting the channel of the Asopus and the woody sides of Œta,) the aristocratic pine running up in solitary stateliness till it equal the castle turrets—all these, and many more, are admirably intermingled and contrasted, in plantations which establish, as every thing in and about the castle does, the consummate taste of the late earl, although it must be admitted he had the finest subjects to work upon, from the happy disposition of the ground. I shall never forget the first time I walked over them; a pheasant occasionally shifting his quarters at my intrusion, and making his noisy way through an ether so clear, so pure, so motionless, that the broad leaves subsided, rather than fell to the ground, without the least disturbance; the tall grey chimneys just breathing their smoke upon the blue element, which they scarcely stained; every green thing was beginning to wear the colour of decay, and many a tint of yellow, deepening into orange, made me sensible that "there be tongues in trees," if not "good in every thing." But Montaigne says nothing is useless, *not even inutility itself*.

STANZA XIII.

This superb work of antiquity must indeed be seen, to be sufficiently estimated: the great failure of that branch of the fine arts which is

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employed to represent all the rest, is in the inadequate idea of size which it must necessarily give where the objects to be represented are large.

The marble vases now extant are, of course, comparatively few in number, and this is, perhaps, excepting the Medicean, the finest of them all. The best representations of it are those in Piranesi, three in number. One great and conspicuous beauty of this vase consists in the elegantly formed handles, and in the artful insertion of the extreme branches of the vine-stems which compose them, into its margin, where they throw off a rich embroidery of leaves and fruit. A lion's skin, with the head and claws attached, form a sort of drapery, and the introduction of the thyrsus, the lituus, and three bacchanalian masks on each side, complete the embellishments. The capacity of this vase is 163 gallons, its diameter 9 feet, its pedestal of course modern. It was discovered in 1770, in the draining of a mephitic lake within the enclosure of the Villa Adriana, called Laga di Pantanello. Lord Warwick had reason to be proud of his vase, which had this peculiarity, that, whereas almost every other object of art in the kingdom has been catalogued and sold over and over again, this vase passed (after a sufficiently long parenthesis of time) *immediately from the gardens of Adrian to his own!*

[*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

HEAVING.

(For the Mirror.)

THEY have a ludicrous custom in Staffordshire, at Easter, which they call heaving. The males claim Easter Monday, and the females Tuesday, and on this day a group of the latter assemble, and every male they meet with they seize, and one of them salutes him with a kiss, after which they all lay hold of him and heave him up as high as they can, for this they require some donation, which, if refused, they will seize his hat, handkerchief, or any thing they can lay hold of. This lasts till twelve o'clock. Sometimes old women collect together, and then woe be to the person who does not present them with a trifle, and thus stop their proceedings; for if not, their snuffy beaks might come in contact with their prisoners' lips. They often collect 10 or 12*s.* and spend it in carousing at night.

W. H.

CONVICTS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE regular hours of work are from sun-rise to sun-set; but so few settlers get up to see that this time is kept, that a much shorter period is generally employed in labour. The expense of maintaining a convict is rather a difficult calculation: where there are many men, they are, of course, supported at much less per man than where there are but few, from being able to buy slop clothes, tea, and the other necessaries, at wholesale prices, of the importing merchant. The waste, also, made by the convicts in their meat, &c. is a serious consideration: the head and entrails of animals slaughtered for their use, and which an English labourer would be glad of, are thrown away as only fit for the dogs; nothing but the body and legs are deemed sufficiently good for these dainty characters. Taking all expenses into consideration, I think that from 25*l.* to 30*l.* per man may be estimated as the annual cost.—*Widowson's Present State of Van Dieman's Land.*

THROWING STONES AT THE DEVIL.

ON arriving at Wady Muna, each nation encamped upon the spot which custom has assigned to it, at every returning Hadj. After disposing of the baggage, the hadjys hastened to the ceremony of throwing stones at the devil. It is said that, when Abraham or Ibrahim returned from the pilgrimage to Arafat, and arrived at Wady Muna, the devil Eblys presented himself before him at the entrance of the valley, to obstruct his passage; when the angel Gabriel, who accompanied the patriarch, advised him to throw stones at him, which he did, and after pelting him seven times, Eblys retired. When Abraham reached the middle of the valley, he again appeared before him, and, for the last time, at its western extremity, and was both times repulsed by the same number of stones. According to Azraky, the Pagan Arabs, in commemoration of this tradition, used to cast stones in this valley as they returned from the pilgramage; and set up seven idols at Muna, of which there was one in each of the three spots where the devil appeared, at each of which they cast three stones. Mohammed, who made this ceremony one of the chief duties of the hadjys, increased the number of stones to seven. At the entrance of the valley, towards Mezdelfe, stands a rude stone pillar, or rather altar, between six or seven feet high, in the midst of the street, against which the first seven stones are thrown, as the place where the devil made his first stand: towards the middle of the valley is a similar pillar, and at its western end a wall of stones, which is made to serve the same purpose. The hadjys crowded in rapid succession round the first pillar, called "Djamrat el Awla;" and every one threw seven small stones successively upon it; they then passed to the second and third spots (called "Djamrat el Owsat," and "Djamrat el Sofaly," or "el Akaba," or "el Aksa,") where the same ceremony was repeated. In throwing the stones, they are to exclaim, "In the name of God; God is great (we do this) to secure ourselves from the de-

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vil and his troops." The stones used for this purpose are to be of the size of a horse-bean, or thereabouts; and the pilgrims are advised to collect them in the plain of Mezdelfe, but they may likewise take them from Muna; and many people, contrary to the law, collect those that have already been thrown.—*Burckhardt's Travels.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE COACHMAN.

THE moment he has got his seat and made his start, you are struck at once with the perfect mastership of his art. The hand just over his left thigh, the arm without constraint, steady, and with a holding command that keeps his horses like clock-work; yet to a superficial observer quite with loose reins; so firm and compact he is, that you seldom observe any shifting, only to take a shorter purchase for a run down hill; his right hand and whip are beautifully in unison; the crop, if not in a direct line with the box, over the near wheel, raised gracefully up as it were to reward the near side horse; the thong—the thong after three twists, which appears in his hand to have been placed by the maker never to be altered or improved . . . . . and if the off-side horse becomes slack, to see the turn of his arm to reduce a twist, or to reverse, if necessary, is exquisite: after being *placed under the rib*, or upon the shoulder point, up comes the arm, and with it the thong returns to the elegant position upon the crop! I say elegant! the stick, highly polished yew—rather light—not too taper—yet elastic; a thong in clean order, pliable. All done without effort—merely a turn of the wrist!

AT twelve o'clock at noon, on the day before Easter, the resurrection service begins at the Quirinal Chapel at Rome; when a curtain is drawn back, which conceals a picture of our Lord: bells ring, drums are beaten, guns are fired, and joy succeeds to mourning.

ACROSTIC ON "THE MIRROR."

MIRROR! methinks your name indeed is true
In every other point, except that you,
Resplendent with the wisdom of mankind,
Reflect not to the *sight*, but to the *mind*.
Oh! may success then to your pains accrue,
Rewarding all your merit with its due.

D.

LOVE.

LOVE reigns the lord of every mortal heart;
He wounds the beggar, wounds the king,
And is the fairest, falsest thing,
That e'er excited joy, or bade a bosom smart.
Light as the wind, rough as the wave,
He's both a tyrant and a slave;
A fire that freezes, and a frost that's hot,
A bitter sweet, a luscious sour,
Wretched is he who knows his pow'r,
But far more wretched still is he who knows it not.

TRUTH, A FABLE.

AT the gates of Sorbonne, Truth one day showed her face. The syndic met her. "What," said he, "do you want?" "Alas! hospitality." "Your name?" "My name is Truth." "Flee," said he, in anger, "flee, or I seek vengeance on your profaneness." "You chase me away," answered Truth; "but I live in hope to have my turn, being the spoiled child of Time, and gaining every thing by the means of my father."

THE initial letters of the Latin names of the kings of Bonaparte's family form the Latin word *Nihil*, (nothing;) and this used to be called the genealogical acrostic:

Ludovicus.
Iosephus.
Hieronymus.
Ioachim.
Napoleo. T. B.

THE SUBTERFUGE.

"I vow, my dear Strephon," said Chloe one day,
While Damon lay hid in the bower,
"Yon sun that now gazes shall see a kiss given
To no one but thee from this hour."
Now Strephon is gone—and with mournful eye
Poor Damon upbraided the fair.
"Hush! blockhead," said Chloe, "the sun's now on high,
But d'ye think it will always be there?"

TABLE WIT.

A NOBLEMAN once in a large company, and expatiating about himself, made the following remark:—"When I happen to say a *foolish thing*, I always burst out *laughing*."—"I envy you your happiness, my lord, then," said one of the party, "for you must certainly live *the merriest life* of any man in Europe."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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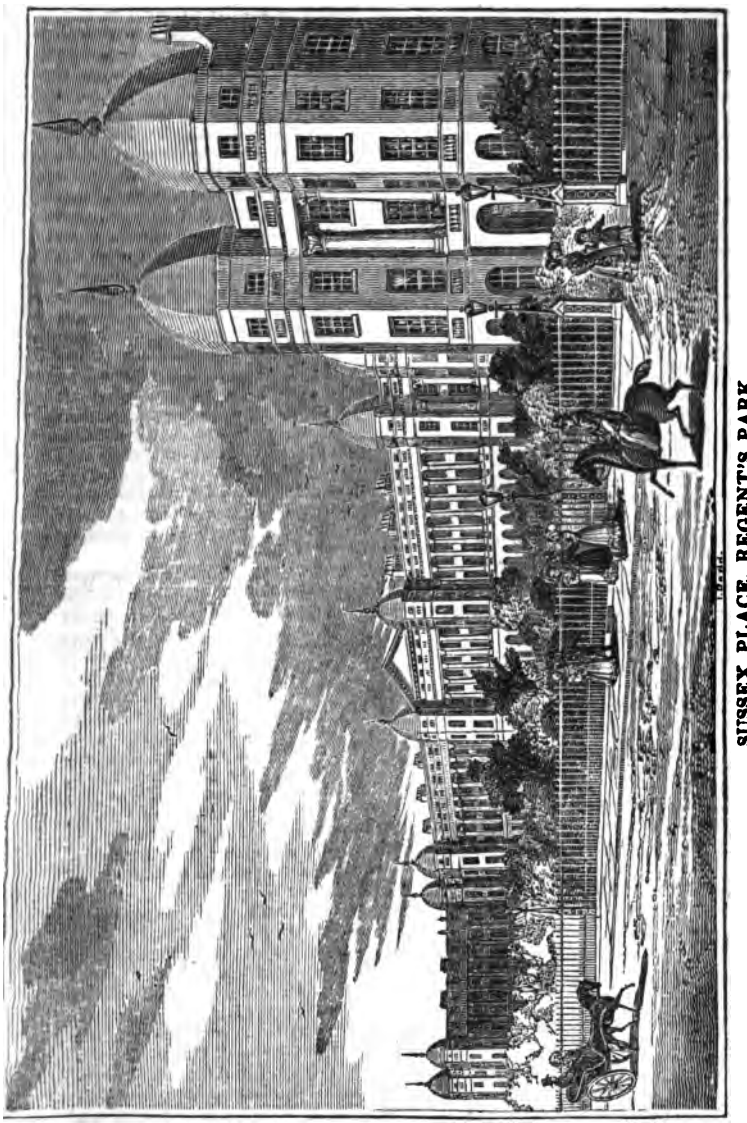

SUSSEX PLACE, REGENT'S PARK.

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SUSSEX PLACE.

Is said to have been erected from the designs of Mr. Nash, but is considered as one of the least successful of his productions. It was among the earliest of the terraces in the Park, and its whimsical contrast with the chaster beauties of the adjoining structures soon became the signal for critical pasquinade.

It consists of an extensive range of residences, a centre with a pediment, with two octagonal towers, and wings with four other towers in each, all the towers being finished with cupola tops and minarets. Probably the architect was tempted to this introduction for the sake of picturesque variety, since it is not justifiable on the score of architectural beauty or good taste. Indeed, it is an attempt at magnificence which, on so small a scale, is not deserving of imitation, and has not been followed. The general effect is far from pleasing; but the eye of the landscape painter will probably enjoy an assemblage of picturesque outlines in grouping Sussex Place with its adjacent scenery and accessories. The gardens to this terrace are tastefully disposed, and the situation commands some of the most fascinating prospects of the Park. Before the façade the lake spreads its silvery sheet, and reflects the oriental cupolas with charming effect; and the varied plantations of the Park, especially on the opposite margin of the lake, group with peculiar felicity, and render Sussex Place one of the most delightful sites in this paradisaical region.

TRANSLATION OF AN IRISH DEED OF GIFT.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The original deed, of which the subjoined is a translation, was found among some old records in Birmingham Tower, Castle of Dublin, when that building was taken down in the year 1772. It is in Irish, neatly written on a long scroll of parchment; forty-two seals are attached to the side, but the only signature is that of the chief at bottom. This document, among other curious matter, furnishes us with a proof, that the chiefs of clans were *elective*, contrary to the opinions of modern authors, and more especially of our modern historical novelists; which latter speak of them as *hereditary feudal lords*, and even talk of their estates descending to their daughters; although under the system of clanship, females could not inherit, and no man could have more than a life interest in his estate. Here we have an instance of a chief divesting himself of his dignity of office, and joining in the transfer of it to another, when such transfer was considered likely to further the interests of the clan. It is also interesting, as showing the manner in which the English government in Dublin proceeded in the subjugation of Ireland, by embroiling its septs with one another.

The *Mac Ranalds*, or *Magranals*, (as the name was usually written,) in English, Reynolds, the principal parties to the deed, were a clan who possessed the territory of *Munterolish*, in the county of Leitrim, subordinate to O'Rourke, who was lord paramount of the county; and the lords justices having, by this deed, detached them from the interest of the latter, immediately marched an army into his country. O'Rourke, after a protracted, but ineffectual resistance, was made prisoner and sent to London, where he was executed, in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; "going to death," says Camden, "with as little concern, as if he had been merely a spectator." The county was then declared a forfeiture to the crown, and the estates of its old proprietors (including those of the Magranals among the rest) parcelled out among a colony of English settlers, then for the first time seated in the county. This is the first document known, in which Leitrim is spoken of as a county; and it is generally said not to have been made such till the time of James I.; it was more anciently known as the territory of *Briefné O'Rourke*.

Although Henry II. is said to have conquered Ireland, the dominion of the English monarchs there was little better than nominal prior to the reign of James I. Great pains had been taken by different sovereigns to reduce the Irish to a perfect submission to the English crown; and English colonies had, from time to time, been planted, with that view, in different parts of the country; these colonies, however, in a generation or two, had uniformly "degenerated," as the phrase was; that is, had become Irish, both in manners and feelings, using the Irish tongue, and even coining for themselves Irish surnames, as if desirous of forgetting their English origin. Henry VIII. was the first English monarch who assumed the title of *king of Ireland*; and his daughter Mary set about the conquest of the country in earnest, by reducing the countries of *Ive Faily and Leix*, which were formed into the King's and Queen's Counties, so called in compliment to the queen, and her husband, Philip of Spain. Her lord deputy, Sir Anthony Bellingham, writing on this occasion to her highness, says that he "had made good progress

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in *civilising* the barbarous inhabitants of those counties, having reduced their numbers to less than one hundred fighting men."

The territory of Leitrim, though as yet uninvaded, was at the same time declared a county; and the Magranals, who had probably no wish to be "civilized" on Sir Anthony's plan, appear to have endeavoured to avert the coming storm, by employing an agent in Dublin, at an immense expense, considering the scarcity of money in Ireland in those days, "to advocate their cause with the lords justices and council;" or, in plain English, to crave permission to be allowed to remain in quiet. The person chosen was one of their own sept, John Magranal, a soldier of fortune, who, having served in the English army in the subjugation of the King's and Queen's counties, had been rewarded with a grant of the forfeited lands of Cladduff, in the former county, and was supposed to stand well with the lords justices. Him they elected their chief. With what success he advocated their cause has been already stated.

The late George Nugent Reynolds, the dramatist, was a member of the sept of the Magranals; as was the notorious Tom Reynolds, the informer, well known in the history of the rebellion of 1798.

There is a copy of this deed in the library of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stow. H. S.

TRANSLATION.

This is the deed of gift of the two* Mac Ranalds; to wit, Cahal, son of Conachar Mac Ranald, Toraylach and Gerald Magranal, heads and chiefs of their kindred, with the consent of their brethren and followers in Munterolish, to John Magranal, of Cladduff, in the King's county, and to his heirs:—

KNOW all men, now and in the time that is yet to come, that we, Cahal, son of Conachar Magranal, of the Hill of Innis Morrin, in the county of Leitrim; Toraylach Magranal, of Drumard, *chiefs of our kindred;* Ferdorcha Magranal, of Drumsna, and of Lochdaw; Melachlin, son of Hubert Magranal, of Corsparrow; Morcch, son of Teig, of Cloondaa; Ir, son of Donal, of Dulach; Teig, son of William, of Screbach; Toraylach Magranal, of Loch Connow; Owen Magranal, of Loch Sea; Toraylach O'Mulvey, of Loch Crew, *chief of his kindred;* Teig, son of John, of Acha Cashel; Dermid Magranal, of Cool Cadarna; Cormac Magranal, of Loch Cool da 'Iach; Dermid Magranal, of Mongoarsach; Edmond Magranal, of Mohill; Jeffrey, son of Conachar, of Aiagh Kinca; Toraylach Magranal, of Loch Irill; Brian Gruama, the son of Hugh, of Drumlara; Farrell Duff, the son of Hugh, of Corleib; Donacha Grana, son of Giolla Gruama, of Stookisha; Conachar, son of Giolla Gruama, of Duffcarrick; Rurie Og O'Moran, of Ty-Rurie; Toraylach O'Beirne, of Mullanmoy; Gerald, son of Moylan Magranal, of Clooncalry; Melachlin, son of Conachar Magranal, of Cloonclyfa; Cahal, son of Dermid Magranal, of Rusc, *alias* Gort an Yure; Ir, son of Edmond, of Rathbeh; Melachlin Modara Magranal, of the Point; Edmond Mac Shanly, of Drumode Mac Shanly; Moroch, son of Melachlin, of Drumkeely; Dermid, son of the Prior, of Clonee and of Innis Rusc; Moroch Magranal, of Drumherk; Teig O'Histellan, of Drumeen; Teig Roe Magarry, of Towlag; with the consent of our kinsmen and followers in Munterolish, for many reasons, for ourselves and our heirs, HAVE GIVEN to John Magranal, of Cladduff, in the King's county, and to his heirs for ever, the yearly sum of forty-two pounds, money of England, to be raised and levied upon our aforesaid lands in Munterolish, and upon any other lands claimed by us, or in our occupation, to be paid at two terms in the year, to wit, one half on the first of May, (*Beillin,*) and the other half at All Hallowntide, (*Samhan;*) and in case of any delay occurring as to the full payment of the aforesaid sum at the time specified, then this is our agreement with the said John, for ourselves and our heirs, with John and his heirs, that he and they, or the attorneys sent by them, shall have power to enter into our said country of Munterolish, and into our aforesaid lands, and to levy a distress, (pledge,) and to take the same with them, and to keep it until full payment is made, to wit, of forty-two pounds, and of arrears, if any such should be—ON CONDITION, that he, the said John, shall be our protector *and chieftain over us;* and also that he shall repair from time to time to Dublin, to advocate our cause before the lords justices and council, at our sole charge, over and above the aforesaid sum, which we give him on account of his services; and on condition that the said John shall not put any of us out of our lands; and we promise to behave ourselves most dutifully to him, and *not to*

* The preamble speaks of *two* Mac Ranalds, (chiefs,) and then enumerates *three*. It is probable there were two families who had been usually elected to the chieftaincy, and that Cahal, the son of Conachar, represented one family, Toraylach and Gerald the other. I give this, however, only as a conjecture. Perhaps the safest way will be to set it down as an *Irish bull*, the earliest upon record.

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adhere to any of the O'Rourkes. In witness whereof we have put our hands and seals to this writing the 5th day of December, 1556.

CAHAL MAC CONOCHAR.

There were present at this agreement, when it was ratified, and when it was interchanged, and when the seals were put upon it, to wit, God in the first place; Richard O'Hivganane; Anlan O'Molloy; Toraylach Mac Ranald; the two sons of Teig, the son of Ayan, to wit, Owen and William; Kiruah Mac Manus; Gerald, deacon of Feana; Cormac, deacon of Cloon; Conachar Mac Giolla Sooly; Manus Mac Giolla Roe; Owen O'Colla.

From the avowed object of the above deed, to detach the Magranals from the interest of O'Rourke, against whom war was at that time in preparation, as well as from the deed itself having been found *in the Castle of Dublin*, more than two hundred years afterwards, there can be little doubt that the whole affair was got up by the lords justices, and that Magranal of Claduff was an agent in their pay. The Magranals, however, *took nothing by their motion*; for although they were arrayed under their new chief against O'Rourke in the war which followed, their estates were confiscated at the same time with his, the lawyers having discovered, that as O'Rourke was their feudal lord, they were partakers in the guilt of his rebellion, although they had been fighting against him.

DISCOVERY OF THE MINES OF HAYNA,

FROM AN INCIDENT IN IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh, go not yet, my lord, my love, lie down by Zenia's side,
And think not for thy white men friends, to leave thy Indian bride,
For she will steer thy light canoe across Ozuma's lake,
To where the fragrant citron groves perfume the banyan brake;
And wouldst thou chase the nimble deer, or dark-eyed antelope,
She'll lead thee to their woody haunts, behind the mountain's slope,
And when thy hunter task is done, and spent thy spirit's force,
She'll weave for thee a plantain bower, beside a streamlet's course,
Where the sweet music of the leaves shall lull thee to repose,
Hence in Zenia's watchful love, from harmful beast, or foes,
And when the spirit of the storm, in wild tornades rides by,
She'll hide thee in a cave, beneath a rocky canopy.

Look, Zenia look, the fleecy clouds move on the western gales,
And see the white men's moving home, unfurls her swelling sails,
So farewell India's spicy groves, farewell its burning clime,
And farewell Zenia, but to love, no farewell can be mine;
Not for the brightest Spanish maid, shall Diez' vow be riven
So if we meet no more on earth, I will be thine in heaven.

Oh, go not yet, my godlike love, stay but a moment more
And Zenia's step shall lead thee on, to Hayna's golden shore,
No white man's foot has ever trod, the vale that slumbers there,
Or forced the gold bird from its nest, or Gato from his lair;
But cradled round by giant hills, lies many a golden mine,
And all the treasure they contain, shall be my Diez thine,
And all my tribe will be thy friends, our warrior chief thy guard,
With Zenia's breast thy faithful shield, thy love her sweet reward.

The valley's won, the friends are true, revealed the golden tide,
And Diez for Hispania's shore, quits not his Indian bride.

D. A. H.

RECENT VISIT TO POMPEII.

(For the Mirror.)

FOR the following details respecting a city, accounts of which, (although so many are already before the public,) are always interesting, I am indebted to the oral communication of a friend which I immediately committed to paper.

M. L. B.

My object in visiting Naples was to view that celebrated relic of antiquity — the city of Pompeii, of which, about one half is now supposed to be cleared. The workmen proceed but slowly, nevertheless something is always being done, and some new remnant of antiquity is almost daily brought to light; indeed, a fine statue was discovered, almost immediately after my visit to this interesting place, but as I had quitted Naples I could not return to see it. A stranger, is I think, apt to be much disappointed in the size of Pompeii; it was on the whole, not more than three miles through, and is rather to be considered the model of a town, than one in itself. In fact, it is merely an Italian villa, or properly, a collection of villas; and the extreme smallness of what we may justly term the citizens' *boxes*, is another source of astonishment to those who have been used to contemplate Roman architecture

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in the magnificence of magnitude. Pompeii however, must always interest the intelligent observer, not more on account of its awful and melancholy associations, than for the opportunity which it affords, of remarking the extreme similarity existing between the modes of living *then*, and *now*. "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!" for in truth, we are enabled to surmise, from the relics of this buried and disinterred town, that manners and customs, arts, sciences, and trades, have undergone but little change in Italy since the period of its inhumation until now. In Pompeii, the shops of the baker and chemist are particularly worthy of attention, for you might really fancy yourself stepped into a modern *bottéga* in each of these; but, the museum of Naples, wherein are deposited most of the articles dug from Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Pæstum, is a most extraordinary lion, and one which cannot fail to affect very deeply the spectators; there you may behold furniture, arms, and trinkets; and the jewellery is, I can assure you, both in materials, pattern, and workmanship, very similar indeed to that at present in fashion, and little injured by the lapse of years, and the hot ashes under which it was buried.* There too, you may behold various domestic and culinary utensils: and there it is quite curious to observe various jars and bottles of fruits, and pickles, evidently preserved then, the same as they are by our notable housekeepers now; of course they are blackened and incinerated, nevertheless, the forms of pears, apples, chestnuts, cherries, medlars, &c. &c. are still distinguishable. Very little furniture has been found in Pompeii; probably, because it was only occasionally resorted to as a place of residence, like our own summer haunts of the drinkers of sea and mineral waters; or, the inhabitants might have had warning of the coming misfortune, and conveyed most of their effects to a safer place; a surmise strengthened by the circumstance of so few human skeletons having been found hitherto in the town; in the museum, however, is a specimen of the inclined couch or sofa, used at meals, with tables, and other articles of furniture. The method of warming apartments by flues, and ventilating them, as now practised, was known to the inhabitants of Pompeii. Of this town, amongst public buildings, the Forum, the Theatre, and the Temple of Isis, have been discovered; and the latter has revealed, in a curious manner, the iniquitous jugglery of the heathen priests. The statue of Isis, was, it seems, oracular, and stood on a very high pedestal, or kind of altar in the temple of the goddess. Within this pedestal a flight of steps has been discovered, ascending to a metal tube or pipe; which, fixed in the hollow body of the statue, and attached to its lips, the priest of Isis was enabled by speaking through this tube, to make the poor deluded multitude believe that their idol gave articulate answers to their anxious queries! We have heard of similar delusions being practised by *Christian* priests, in days comparatively modern! But, only let us conceive, the shame and dismay which would *now* suffuse the countenance of one of these worshippers of Pompeian Isis, could he but behold the deception which had been practised upon him unsuspectedly! I have said, that but few skeletons have been found in Pompeii; all that have been met with are covered with ornaments, and appear as in the act of escaping from their hapless town, with what they could carry off of their most valuable possessions; from which death would not relinquish his hold. More wealth is supposed to have been buried in Herculaneum, from that which has already been found therein; but owing to the excessive difficulty, time, and expense, which the attempt to bring it to light would occasion, excavations in this city, are now almost, if not entirely, abandoned; for it is to be remembered, that Herculaneum was destroyed by a flood of liquid lava, which as it cools, hardens into solid and impenetrable *rock*; whereas the hot ashes of Vesuvius overwhelmed Pompeii, and consequently it is much less difficult to clear.

* "Witness," said my friend, "the bracelets which I am now wearing: they are modelled from a pair found in Pompeii." These were made of gold, quite in the fashion of the present day; beautifully chased, but by no means of an uncommon pattern.

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

(For the Mirror.)

"A wreck of crime upon his stony bed."
R. MONTGOMERY.

He who would learn the true remorse for crime
Should watch (when slumbers innocence, and guilt
Or wakes in sleepless pain, or dreams of blood)
The convict stretched on his reposeless bed.
Then conscience plays th' accusing angel;
Spectres of murder'd victims flit before
His eyes, with soul-appalling vividness;
Hideous phantasma shadow o'er his mind;
Guilt, incubus-like, sits on his soul
With leaden weight,—types of the pangs of hell.
His memory to the scene of blood reverts;
He hears the echo of his victims' cry,
Whose agonizing eyes again are fixed
Upon his face, pleading for mercy.

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See! how he writhes in speechless agony.
As morning dew-drops on the face of nature,
So hangs upon his brow the clammy sweat.
Each feature of his face, each limb, each nerve,
Distorted with remorse and agony,
Is fraught with nature's speechless eloquence,
And is a faithful witness to his sin.
It is not *all* a dream, but memory holds
Before the sleeper's eyes her magic glass,
In which he sees the image of the past.

Huddersfield. S. J.

ANTICIPATION.

(For the Mirror.)

'Twixt th' appointment and the day
Ages seem to roll away—
Lingering doubts and cares arise,
Fancy glows with sweet surmise;
Now a hope—and now a fear,
First a smile—and then a tear;
But that day may never come,
Death may seal thine earthly doom,
Or that day may prove unkind,
Thine anticipation blind!
The best pleasure thou wilt know
May be to brood upon thy woe:
Wailing happy days gone by,
When fancied pleasures mock'd thine eye:
Days that never shall return.
Mortal, then, this lesson learn—
Struggle not against thy fate,
For thy last day hath its date!
It is written in the skies,
And a guardian angel cries,
Dream no more of earthly joys,
They are fleeting, fickle toys.

CYMBELINE.

The Topographer.

ROAD BOOK OF SCOTLAND.

TOURISTS will never cease to remember their obligations to Mr. Leigh, the publisher of this pretty little volume. He has done so much for their gratification in his New Pocket Road Books, (of which series the present work is one,) that their success ought to be toasted in all the delightful retreats to which they act as *ciceroni*. In his Road Book of England and Wales, he has done what Mr. Peel is now doing with our old Acts of Parliament—consolidating their worth, and rejecting their obsoleteness. For our own part, one of the greatest bugbears of books is the Road Book on the old system: it is all long columns of small type, in which we lose our way as in the cross-roads of the last century—all direction-posts and "*Vides*," puzzle upon puzzle, Pelion on Ossa, and Ossa on Pelion—crabbed and complex abbreviations, with which we get acquainted at the end of our journey. They contain nothing like direct information, and the only people who appear to understand them are postmasters and inn-keepers, and some old-established bagmen, whose interests and heads will give you a clearer view of the roads than all the itineraries ever printed. It was, however, but reasonable to expect that the Macadamization of roads, or the mending of ways, should be followed up by the improvement of Road Books, since greater facilities and inducements were thereby afforded to the tourist for the detection and exposure of blunders—such as placing a hall on the wrong side of the road, or recording some relic which had never existed but in the book.

The arrangement of the *Road Book of Scotland* is clear and intelligible, and, moreover, it is a book which may be read in the post-chaise or the parlour, on or off the road, before or after the journey, with equal pleasure. It is so portable, that the pedestrian will not complain of its weight, for it bears the same proportion to an old Road Book that a Prayer Book does to a Family Bible. The picturesque charms of Scotland, and its connexion with eminent individuals, and memorable events of love, war, and chivalric renown, all combine to render a Scottish Road Book attractive and interesting; but the editor prudently observes, that "long descriptions of scenery, except in some few cases, have not been introduced, as they are totally inadequate to convey to the reader any definite idea of the beauties they attempt to portray." Plans of Pleasure Tours are likewise appended, together with a useful Appendix; and, what is indispensable in a work of this description, a good Index, is added.

As might be expected, nearly every page bears the record of some spot consecrated by hoar antiquity, or in the inspirations of olden or modern genius. Sir Walter Scott has probably monopolised every inch of his native country, and invested each memorable spot with the enchantment of his pen; so that little more than reference is necessary to enable the tourist to identify such sites as the novelist has not distinguished in his writings by actual name. Such information is requisite, for as we are reminded by Kett, who observes, "We are told of a noble Roman, who could recollect all the articles that had been purchased at an auction, and the names of the several buyers. The memory of our travellers ought to be of equal capacity and retentiveness, considering the short time they allow themselves for the inspection of curiosities." As books and broad-cloth are now bought by the pattern, we cannot do better than substantiate what we have said by a few quotations from the *Road Book of Scotland*:—

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Falkirk.

THE view from the hill of Falkirk, immediately behind the town, is remarkably extensive, varied, and beautiful. Hence, the spectator may behold the Ochil Hills, forming part of the ridge which extends from the German Ocean to the banks of the Clyde; and through an opening in the chain for the passage of the Forth, may discover, in fine weather, several isolated rocks, on the highest of which stands Stirling Castle. Beyond, over the Vale of Monteith, appear the Grampian Hills, including the conical-shaped summit of Benledi, as well as Benvoirlich; and further to the west, the lofty Benlomond. To the north are seen the rich valley of the Carse, the Forth, with the towns of Culross, Kincardine, Clackmannan, and Alloa, on the opposite shore, and the country reaching to the foot of the Ochils. To the north also may be seen the village of Larbert, as well as several seats, the most conspicuous of which are Carron Hall, Carron Park, Kinnaird, which once belonged to Bruce the traveller, Stenhouse, the property of Sir W. Bruce, and Dunmore House, belonging to the earl of that name. Immediately below the spectator is Falkirk, and beyond it, the Carron Iron Works. At the further extremity of the valley may be seen the shipping of Grangemouth, and lower down, that of Bo' Ness.

The church of Falkirk was founded in 1057, by Malcolm Canmore, but rebuilt in 1809. In the churchyard are the graves of Sir John Graham and Sir John Stewart, both of whom were killed in 1298, when Edward I. obtained the famous victory over the Scots, under Sir W. Wallace. The battle took place halfway between Falkirk and the river Carron. A stone, called Wallace's Stone, denotes the spot which his division occupied previous to the contest. The tomb of Sir J. Graham bears an inscription. Here also is the monument of Sir R. Munro, who was killed in 1746, when General Hawley was defeated by the Pretender. The scene of this second battle was the Moor of Falkirk, about a mile S. W. of the town.

Immense Plane Tree.

AT Kippenross is an immense plane tree. It is 27 feet in circumference at the ground, and 30 at the part from which the branches shoot out.

Environs of Callander.

THE vicinity of Callander is famous as the scene of Sir W. Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The prospects are beautiful, and there are several objects worthy of being visited. On the banks of the Teith, about a quarter of a mile below the village is the Camp, a villa supposed to occupy the site of a Roman intrenchment. Hence there is a magnificent prospect of Ben Ledi, which rises 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and bounds the horizon to the N.W. Its name signifies *Hill of God*, and it is probable that it was formerly the scene of Druidical rites. According to tradition, it was held sacred by the inhabitants of the surrounding country, who annually assembled on the first of May to kindle the sacred fire in honour of the sun, on its summit. Near the summit of Ben Ledi is a small lake, called Loch-au-nan Corp, the Lake of Dead Bodies, a name which it derived from an accident which happened to a funeral here. The lake was frozen and covered with snow; and when the funeral was crossing it, the ice gave way, and all the attendants perished.

About a mile N. E. of Callander is Bracklin Bridge, a rustic work only three feet broad, thrown across a deep chasm, along the bottom of which rolls the river Keltie. The torrent, after making several successive cataracts, at length falls in one sheet about 50 feet in height, presenting from the bridge an appalling spectacle.

Another curiosity near Callander is the Pass of Leney, a narrow ravine, skirted with woods, and hemmed in with rocks; through which a stream, issuing from Loch Lubnaig, rushes with amazing force, forming a series of cascades.

Linlithgow.

THE palace, which forms the chief object of curiosity in Linlithgow, is a majestic ruin, situated on the margin of a beautiful lake, and covering more than an acre. It is entered by a detached archway, on which were formerly sculptured the four orders borne by James V., the Thistle, Garter, Holy Ghost, and Golden Fleece; but these are now nearly effaced. The palace itself is a massive quadrangular edifice of polished stone, the greater part being five stories in height. A plain archway leads to the interior court, in the centre of which are the ruins of the well.

The west side of the quadrangle, which is the most ancient, was originally built and inhabited by Edward I., and is also interesting as the birth-place of Queen Mary. The room in which she first saw the light is on the second story. Her father, James V., then dying of a broken heart at Falkland, on account of the disaster at Solway Frith, prophetically exclaimed. "It came with a lass," alluding to his family having obtained the crown by marriage, "and it will go with a lass."

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The east side, begun by James III., and completed by James V., contains the Parliament Hall. This was formerly the front of the palace, and the porch was adorned with a statue of Pope Julius II., who presented James V. with a consecrated sword and helmet for his resistance to the Reformation. This statue escaped the iconoclastic zeal of the Reformers; but at the beginning of the last century was destroyed by a blacksmith, whose anger against the Papal power had been excited by a sermon.

On an inn-window at Tarbet, in Dunbartonshire, is perhaps the longest specimen of brittle rhymes ever written. They are signed "Thomas Russell, Oct. 3, 1771," and extend to thirty-six lines, being a poetical description of the ascent to Ben Lomond. What would Dr. Watts have said to such a string of inn-window rhymes!

Ossian.

THE principal curiosity in the environs of Dunkeld is the Cascade of the Bran at Ossian's Hall, about a mile distant. This hermitage, or summer-house, is placed on the top of a perpendicular cliff, 40 feet above the bottom of the fall, and is so constructed, that the stranger, in approaching the cascade, is entirely ignorant of his vicinity to it. Upon entering the building is seen a painting, representing Ossian playing on his harp, and singing to a group of females; beside him is his hunting spear, bow and quiver, and his dog Bran. This picture suddenly disappears, and the whole cataract foams at once before you, reflected in several mirrors, and roaring with the noise of thunder. A spectacle more striking it is hardly possible to conceive. The stream is compressed within a small space, and at the bottom of the fall has hollowed out a deep abyss, in which its waters are driven round with great velocity. A little below the hall is a simple arch thrown across the chasm of the rocks, and hence there is a good view of the fall.

Half a mile further up the Bran is Ossian's Cave, part of which has been artificially made; and about a mile higher is the Rumbling Bridge, thrown across a chasm of granite about 15 feet wide. The river for several hundred feet above the arch is crowded with massive fragments of rock, over which it foams and roars; and, approaching the bridge, precipitates itself with great fury through the chasm, making a fall of nearly 50 feet.

Returning to Ossian's Hall, the tourist may continue his excursion along the face of Craig Vinean, the summit of which commands one of the finest prospects in this vicinity. Hence he may form some idea of the extent to which the Duke of Atholl has carried his system of planting. His Grace is said to have planted more than thirty millions of trees in the neighbourhood of Dunkeld.

Loch Katrine.

WE need scarcely remind the tourist, that the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is laid in this spot. The following description is from the pen of Dr. Graham, the minister of the parish:—"When you enter the Trosachs there is such an assemblage of wildness and of rude grandeur, as fills the mind with the most sublime conceptions. It seems as if a whole mountain had been torn in pieces, and frittered down by a convulsion of the earth, and the huge fragments of rocks, woods, and hills scattered in confusion at the east end, and on the sides of Loch Katrine. The access to the lake is through a narrow pass of half a mile in length. The rocks are of stupendous height, and seem ready to close above the traveller's head, and to fall down and bury him in the ruins. A huge column of these rocks was, some years ago, torn with lightning, and lies in very large blocks near the road. Where there is any soil, their sides are covered with aged weeping birches, which hang down their venerable locks in waving ringlets, as if to cover the nakedness of the rocks.

"Travellers who wish to see all they can of this singular phenomenon, generally sail westward, on the south side of the lake, to the Rock and Den of the Ghost, whose dark recesses, from their gloomy appearance, the imagination of superstition conceived to be the habitation of supernatural beings. In sailing, you discover many arms of the lake;—here, a bold headland, where black rocks dip into unfathomable water;—there, the white sand in the bottom of a bay, bleached for ages by the waves. In walking on the north side, the road is sometimes cut through the face of a solid rock, which rises upwards of 200 feet perpendicular above the lake. Sometimes the view of the lake is lost, then it bursts suddenly on the eye, and a cluster of islands and capes appear at different distances, which give them an apparent motion, of different degrees of velocity, as the spectator rides along the opposite beach. At other times his road is at the foot of rugged and stupendous cliffs, and trees are growing where no earth is to be seen. Every rock has its echo; every grove is vocal, by the melodious harmony of birds, or by the sweet airs of women and children gather-

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ing filberts in their season. Down the side of the mountain, after a shower of rain, flow a hundred white streams, which rush with incredible velocity and noise into the lake, and spread their froth upon its surface. On one side, the water-eagle sits in majesty, undisturbed, on his well-known rock, in sight of his nest, on the face of Ben Venue; the heron stalks among the reeds in search of his prey; and the sportive ducks gambol on the waters or dive below. On the other, the wild goats climb, where they have scarce ground for the soles of their feet; and the wild fowl, perched on the trees, or on the pinnacle of a rock, look down with composed defiance at man. In a word, both by land and water, there are so many turnings and windings, so many heights and hollows, so many glens, capes, and bays, that one cannot advance twenty yards without having the prospect changed by the continual appearance of new objects, while others are retiring out of sight. The scene is closed by a west view of the lake, for several miles, having its sides lined with alternate clumps of wood and arable fields, and the smoke rising in spiral columns through the air from villages which are concealed by the intervening woods; the prospect is bounded by the towering Alps of Arrochar, which are checkered with snow, or hide their heads in the clouds.

"In one of the defiles of the Trosachs, two or three of the natives met a band of Cromwell's soldiers coming to plunder them, and shot one of the party dead, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to the pass. In revenge for this, the soldiers resolved to attack an island in the lake, on which the wives and children of the men had taken refuge. They could not come at it, however, without a boat; one of the most daring of the party undertook to swim to the island and bring away the boat; when, just as he was catching hold of a rock to get ashore, a heroine, called Helen Stuart, met him and cut off his head with a sword; upon which the party, seeing the fate of their comrade, thought proper to withdraw."

Loch Katrine is about ten miles long, and one broad. Its depth in some parts is nearly 500 feet. Its temperature, at the surface, is 62°, and at the bottom 40°. The lake never freezes, and in winter is much resorted to by swans.

PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

PAINTERS of history make the dead live, and do not live themselves till they are dead, I paint the living, and they make me live.—*Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

PRACTICE OF COOKERY, *Adapted to the Business of every day Life. By Mrs. Dalgairns.*

WE like the title of this book—there is promise in it, for practice is better than profession in any thing but the law of arrest. We are gross enough too, in our hearts, not to like the name of a professed cook—thank our stars, now nearly forgotten. There is so much science implied in the name, so much theory, that which alone in cookery, at least, nothing is less inviting. We should conceive the intention of this book to bring cookery home to the business of every man's mouth—his breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper practice, and heartily do we wish that all mankind were in a condition to avail themselves of these four quotidian opportunities of testing Mrs. Dalgairns's book.

"A perfectly original book of Cookery," says Mrs. D. "would neither meet with, nor deserve, much attention; because, what is wanted in this matter, is not receipts for new dishes, but clear instructions how to make those already established in public favour." This reasoning is very just, for none but the most thankless of *gourmands*, or the *gourmet* who wished to affect the sorrows of the great man of antiquity,—would sit down and weep for new worlds of luxury. Good cookery is too rarely understood and practised to justify any such wishes; and to prove this, let the sceptic go through Mrs. Dalgairns's 1,434 receipts, and then "tire and begin again." Our respected editress assures us that "every receipt has either been actually tried by the author, or by persons whose accuracy in the various *manipulations** could be safely relied on."

From a table of contents we learn that among them there are the following methods:—

Soups	105
Fish	115
Beef	70
Mutton	31
Veal	60

* This is an unlucky word for a cookery book. Why not say operations? Mrs. D. Mrs. D! you have not escaped the scientific mania that is mounting from area to attic throughout this country. Such a term as *manipulation* sounds well enough in Mr. Brande's laboratory at the Royal Institution, but would be quite out of place in the kitchen of either of the hotels in the same street. A footman might as well study the polarization of light whilst cleaning the drawing-room windows.

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Gravies, Sauces, &c. 104
Puddings, Pies, and Tarts 263
Creams, Custards, &c. ... 134
Cakes and Preserves 182

—what more can mortal man desire, "nay, or women either." Appended to them is much valuable information concerning the poultry-yard, dairy, brewery, kitchen-garden, bees, pigs, &c. so as to render this *Practice of Cookery* a truly useful and treasurable system of domestic management, and a book of matters-of-fact and experience. The subject is too melting—too tempting for us to resist paying this tribute to Mrs. Dalgairns's volume.

"CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE."

AN appropriate *April* book, too controversial for extensive quotation in our pages, as the enumeration of its contents will prove. They are half-a-dozen gracefully written sketches, viz. the Gipsy Girl, Religious Offices, Enthusiasm, Romanism, Rashness, and De Lawrence. Half of these papers, as will readily be guessed from their titles, bear upon "the question," and are consequently, as the publishers say, "not in our way." We are, nevertheless, proud to aver that the sentiments of these chapters are highly honourable to the heart of the writer as they are creditable to his good taste and ability. He is, to judge from his book, a good man, one who is not so willing as the majority of us, to let his philanthropy remain

"Like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall;"

and we hope the forcible positions of the truths he has here inculcated, will bestir others from their laxity. The most attractive sketches in the series are the Gipsy Girl and De Lawrence. In the latter there are scenes of considerable energy and polish. The hero, a profligate, after abusing all the advantages of fortune, commits a forgery, and is executed. The sympathies of an affectionate wife, in his misery and degradation, tend to heighten the interest, and point the moral of the story; his last interview with the partner of his woe is admirably drawn, as are some caustic observations on that most disgusting of all scenes—a public execution and its repulsive orgies. We give a portion of the interview, which appears to us to contain some fine touches of deep remorse:—

"Accompanied by her parents and her infant, she alighted at the tavern which adjoined the prison-house. Her father went immediately to arrange for the interview; which, as the time of execution drew nigh, must take place instantly or not at all. Habited in deep black, which, from the contrast, made the pale primrose of her cheek still paler, entered his drooping wife; bearing on her bosom, "cradled on her arm," their child, happily unconscious alike of its father's ignominy—its mother's sorrows. With uncertain steps she tottered towards him. He advanced to her embrace, at first, with coolness and deliberation; but when her altered look, on which care had engraven an accusation that smote with the chill of death his guilty heart—her lack-lustre eye—her form almost reduced to a shadow—met his glance, his resolution dissolved before them: the better feelings of his nature, long lulled by habitual vice, and fixed in inertion by the flattering commendations of his spiritual guide, burst forth afresh like a stream long pent up, and overwhelmed him with their gush. He sank upon one knee, and received his wife and child falling into his embrace. His haughty spirit was humbled, was softened. He could have borne her curses with indifference, he could have returned a formal adieu with equal formality—he had expected to encounter a scene, and was made up accordingly: but to look upon her thus—her days gone like a shadow—to witness her sunken eye filled with beamings in which he alone was enshrined—to see her meek and forgiving, whose light heart had been turned to sorrow, whose gay morning dreams had been turned to sad realities, whose confidence had been abused and happiness wrecked, —all, all by his baseness and treachery: —to behold his forsaken wife, superior to all this, clinging to him for his last farewell, as if she and not himself were the offender, was beyond his expectation. He knew he had merited curses and hate, and he met with affection and tenderness; his heart yearned—a sensation of admiration for her virtues and constancy came over him, and, ere it had possessed him entirely, it humbled his proud spirit—it undeceived his false expectations. "My God, I have not deserved this!" burst from his swelling heart. A tear, such as he had not shed since he left the paths of innocence, stole down his cheek. Fervently, truly, affectionately, he blessed his wife and child.

"They are gone. Was it a vision that had visited his waking dreams? The spell is dissolved; he is still on earth, and earthly thoughts and worldly crimes return and weigh down his soul.

"The fetters of vice are not broken in a moment; they may yield sometimes like wax, but they close again, and the link is adamant. His foster-mother came to say her last farewell. He shuddered as she entered. He felt the presence of his evil

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genius, and wished she had spared him this. This, too, was transient; her influence, though disarranged by the vision of the last few moments, was not broken. He was again enslaved. The summons for execution was answered by her hysteric sobs and wild ravings, and her loud shrieks rang through the cell as De Lawrence impressed his last kiss."

The incidents of the previous sketch contain little, if any, extravagance or affectation, and it would be better for men, if we could charge the author of "Clouds and Sunshine" with overcolouring the sufferings which await the spendthrift. It is painful to own that such cases are but too common in society. Think of an extravagant man married to an extravagant woman—the mean and contemptible conduct to which they are driven—the insolence and cruelty with which they are baited through large towns, hunted down into an obscure cottage in the country, or chased into exile. Think of the hateful reflections which, sooner or later, must overtake such sufferers—either in their moody solitude in the country, or amidst the forced delights of a crowded city on the continent. In the one all nature is free, whilst the debauchee frowns on her laughing landscapes; in the other, conscience and her busy devils are at work—yet thousands thus embitter life's cup, and then repine at their uncheery lot. With such men, all must be *Clouds*—a winter of discontent—for who will envy their *Sunshine*.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

NOSES.

Observations on the Organ of Scent. By William Wadd, Esq., F.L.S.

"Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum."
MARTIAL.

"I have a nose."—PROBY.

It has often struck me as a defect in our anatomical teachers, that in describing that prominent feature of the human face, the organ of scent, they generalize too much, and have but one term for the symmetrical arch, arising majestically, or the tiny atom, scarcely equal to the weight of a barnacle—a very dot of flesh! Nor is the dissimilarity between the invisible functions of the organ, and the visible varieties of its external structure, less worthy of remark. With some, the sense of smelling is so dull, as not to distinguish hyacinths from assafœtida; they would even pass the Small-Pox Hospital, and Maiden-lane, without noticing the knackers; whilst others, detecting instantly the slightest particle of offensive matter, hurry past the apothecaries, and get into an agony of sternutation, at fifty yards from Friboerg's.

Shakspeare, who was a minute observer of the anatomical and physiological varieties of the human frame, did not allow this dissimilarity to pass unnoticed; and, moreover, he starts a query that has never been satisfactorily answered, from his time to the present; viz. "Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face?"* And his nice discrimination about noses extends also to shape and colour.—from the "Red-nosed innkeeper of Dav'ntry,"† and the "Malmsy-nosed knave, Bardolph,"‡ to him in Henry V., "whose nose was sharp as a pen!"

This celebrated "Malmsy-nose" possessed properties unknown to the same feature now-a-days. It was adapted to practical utility, in its application to domestic purposes, and moral instruction, by that great admirer and competent judge of its virtues, Sir John Falstaff, to whose sheets it did the office of a warming-pan;"§ and who made as good use of it as some men do of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: "I never see it," said he, "but I think upon hell fire." It stands almost unrivalled in history, and ranks at least with that which gave a cognomen to Ovid,‖ and the one to which the celebrated violoncello player, Cervetto, owed the *sobriquet* of *Nosey*. This epithet reminds me of another nose of theatrical notoriety, whose rubicund tint, when it interfered with the costume of a sober character which its owner was enacting, was moderated by his wife, who, with laudable anxiety to keep down its "rosy hue," was constantly behind the scenes with a powder puff, which she was accustomed to apply, ejaculating, "'Od rot it, George! how you do rub your poor nose! Come here, and let me powder it. Do you think Alexander the Great had such a nose?"

Nor would I omit to mention one, contemporary almost with the above, by which the public peace was said to be endangered, as recorded by a poet of the day, who states,—

"Amongst the crowds, not one in ten
Ere saw a thing so rare;
Its size surpriseth all the men,
Its charms attract the fair.

'Tis wonderful to see the folk,
Who at the nose do gaze;
All grin and laugh, and sneer and joke,
And gape in such amaze.

* Lear. † 1 Henry IV. iv. 2.
‡ 2 Henry IV. ii. 1. § Henry V. ii. 1.
‖ "Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy?" says Holofernes, the schoolmaster, in Love's Labour Lost.

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The children, whom the sight doth please,
Their little fingers point;
Wishing to give it one good squeeze,
And pull it out of joint."

Much more is said by the poet in its praise; at last he falls into a moral strain:

"For many, as you may suppose,
'Gainst nature loudly bawl,—
That one man should have such a nose,
Whilst some have none at all."

And then concludes with some excellent sentiments:—

"Though ev'ry man's a nat'ral right
To shew a moderate nose,
Yet surely 'tis a piece of spite
To spoil the world's repose.

'Tis wrong t' exhibit such a show,
Though you may think it fun
Yet still, good Sir, you little know
What evil it has done.

What quarrels have from hence begun!
What anger and what strife!
What blows have pass'd 'tween man and man!
What kicks 'tween man and wife!

No longer, then, thyself disgrace,
In quest of beauty's fame;
No longer, then, expose thy face,
To get thy nose a name.

Take it away, if thou art wise,
And keep it safe at home,
Amongst thy curiosities
Of ancient Greece and Rome."

Shakspeare would have thought it high treason, for he says,—

"Down with the nose, take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to forefend
Smells from the general weal."

There may have been many other such noses that have escaped observation,—"born to *blush* unseen:" enough, however, I have here stated of those my recollection furnishes me with at the moment, to establish the fact of variety, and to lead curious physiologists to a scientific classification of this *prominent* and well-deserving feature of the human face. I would recommend a proper distinction being observed between functional varieties, and those which arise from size, shape, or colour, of which, in a cursory way, may be enumerated first,—

*Shape.**

Roman.	Snub.	Flat.	Bottle nose.
Grecian.	Pug.	Sharp.	Parrotical nose.

Colour.

Red.	Malmsey.	Purple.
Ruby.	Claret.	Copper.

Now, what does all this come to? *Cui bono?* A great deal for surgery; let us examine what may be done;—we know that noses may be supplied,—may not, therefore, a small one be enlarged, and a large one made small? We have seen a person with a *bunch* of *noses*, but can only, on the authority of Shakspeare, quote one "who had a thousand."

For a great length of time nothing was admired in the world but Roman noses,—and then not a word was heard about them, till William III. brought them again into fashion.

People occasionally possess the power of voluntary action with the muscles of the nose, and can move it horizontally, or to the right and left,—draw it up or protrude it,—so as to make it take any position they please. Painters have been provokingly deceived by this stratagem, and have in vain attempted the portraits of such persons, who were able at every instant to produce a new physiognomy.

One of the qualifications for the Ugly Club was a nose eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth,—the thickest skin had preference.

Hitherto we have only considered external appearances; we must now notice its functional and other properties.

With some persons, the nose is a sort of barometer,—a certain state of the atmosphere is invariably announced to them by an agreeable sensation of coldness at the tip.

Zimmerman used to draw conclusions, as to a man's temperament, from his *nose!* Not indeed from its size or form, but from the peculiar sensibility of the organ.

Cardan considered acuteness of smell as a proof of penetrating genius, and a lively imagination.

Haller could distinguish perspiration at ten yards' distance.

There have been instances on record of blind people who were able to discover colours by the touch; and deaf and dumb, who could feel sounds by placing their hand upon the speaker's mouth: this, however, is not more astonishing, than that the sense of smelling should be so acute, as to enable some persons to judge by it the quality of metals. Martial mentions a person, named Mamurra, who consulted only his nose, to ascertain whether the copper that was brought him were true Corinthian. There have been Indian merchants who, if a piece of money were given them, by applying their nose to it, defined its quality to a nicety, without touchstone, balance, or aqua-fortis. Europeans, also, are to be found whose sense of smelling is equally delicate and perfect.

Marco-Marci speaks of a monk at Prague, who, when any thing was brought

* Lavater considers the nose as the fulcrum of the brain; and describes it as a piece of Gothic architecture. "It is in the nose that the arch of the forehead properly rests, the weight of which, but for this, would mercilessly crush the cheeks and the mouth." He enters into the philosophy of noses with diverting enthusiasm, and finally concludes, "Non cuique datum est habere nasum:"—it is not every one's good fortune to have a nose! A sharp nose has been considered the visible mark of a shrew.

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him, distinguished, by its smell, with as much certainty as the best nosed dog, to whom it belonged, or by whom it had been handled. It was also said of him, that he could accurately distinguish, in this manner, the virtuous from the vicious. He was much devoted to the study of natural philosophy; and, among other things, had undertaken to oblige the world with precepts on the sense of smelling, like those we have on optics and acoustics, by distributing into certain classes a great number of smells, to all of which he had given names; but an untimely death cut him off in the midst of these curious researches.

The guides who accompany travellers on the route from Smyrna or Aleppo, to Babylon, have no other signs in the midst of the deserts, to discover their distance from the place of destination, than the smell of the sand alone, by which they determine with certainty. Perhaps they judge by the odour exhaled from small plants, or roots, intermixed with the sand.

Physicians, in visiting the sick, have been known to form a prognostic, before having seen the patient, from the effluvia of the sick-room. Those who are in the habit of visiting the insane, know the peculiar odour that characterises that dire calamity; and it was remarked of the plague, that it had "a scent of the flavour of mellow apples."

It is said that monkeys possess this power of discrimination in a very eminent degree. A story is told of a lady who had a pet of this description, whom she made her constant companion, and who suddenly, without any apparent cause, forsook her, and could not be persuaded to re-enter her chamber. The lady was at that time infected with measles, which shortly after appeared upon her; but, on her perfect recovery, the monkey returned to her with his usual familiarity. Some time after, the same lady caught cold, and was apparently very ill, but without fever. The monkey, as far as might be judged from his appearance, seemed to condole with his sick mistress, and to understand the difference of her distempers, by the confidence with which he remained in attendance upon her.

It has even been said, that the sagacity of some dogs has led them to prognosticate the fatal termination of disease. "Whilst I lived at Ripon," says a learned doctor, "I took notice of a little dog, of a chestnut colour, that very often boded the death of sick persons, without being once, for aught I could learn, mistaken. Every time he barked in the night under the windows of any one whose sickness did not even appear dangerous, it happened, infallibly, that the sick person died that week. I knew also," observes the same author, "a man bit by a mad dog, who could distinguish his friends at a considerable distance by the smell, before even he could distinguish them by sight."

So early as the second century, the supplying the deficiency of a lost nose became an object of professional consideration; and the Greeks gave the name Κολοβώματα, to those who required such an operation. Taliacotius was the first who treated it scientifically; and, from his time, the art of Addition became one of the branches of surgery; and, under the title "*De Decorationes*," formed a very interesting chapter.

Although Taliacotius has the credit of bringing the art of nose-making into fashion, and being the first to write on the mode and manner of performing the operation, yet it appears that one Branca had been in the habit of performing it long before, as we learn from an ancient author, whose name must, in this instance, be considered as the highest authority, being no less a person than NOSORENUS.

Why the magistracy of Bologna should have conferred the high honour of a statue on Taliacotius it is difficult to understand,—unless the loss of the nose was of more frequent occurrence than in these days, from the barbarity of warfare and civil punishment; for an old law of the Lombards assigned the loss of the nose as a punishment for theft; and the captives in war were equally spoiled for snuff-takers.

That this was no uncommon dilemma with Italian gentlemen in the fifteenth century, appears by the style in which a Neapolitan poet writes to the *nosseless* Orpianus:—"If,' says he, "you would have your nose restored, come to me—truly the thing is wonderful. Be assured that, if you come, you may go home again with as much nose as you please."

It does not, however, appear that the nasal operation made any impression on our ancient English surgeons. Wiseman does not even mention it, though slitting the nose, and cutting off the ears, was a common mode of punishing political delinquents in his time; and it is said that Prynne, whose ears were cut off, had new ones made, "*à la* Taliacotius." The fact is, that the operation was misunderstood, and disbelieved; as we know by the jocose manner in which it is alluded to by Butler. It has, however, been successfully revived, and performed, by Mr. Carpue.

Connected with the varieties of the or

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gan of scent, is the well-known story of that extraordinary lusus, the *Pig-faced Lady.—Brande's Journal.*

The Anecdote Gallery.

ARCTIC ADVENTURES.

From the Tales of a Voyager. Second Series.

THE MORSE, OR SEA HORSE.

After a long and tedious interval of misty, dripping weather, we obtained sufficient sun at noon, to find ourselves in latitude 72.19; but a discovery that afforded me most pleasure was the appearance of a sea-horse, lying at some distance from us, on an elevated piece of ice. This animal was first perceived by the captain, from the mast-head, whence he immediately descended, and ordered a boat to be lowered, inviting William and myself to join him in trying to make the monster our prey. When we drew near to its station, it raised its head and displayed one formidable tusk, projecting downwards from its upper jaw towards its breast, whilst part of another, broken by some accident or encounter, offered a less menacing weapon to our view. The beast itself was about the size of a large bullock, and lay upon the ice like a huge mass of animated matter, which seemed to possess no means of locomotion. Its head was disproportionably small to the size of its body, judged according to our usual ideas of the relative difference of bulk between these parts, while its whiskers were evidently larger and stronger than those of any other animal. These singularities gave it a grotesque appearance, not lessened by an approximation in its square short countenance to a caricatured resemblance of the human face, while the half stolid half ferocious stare, with which it regarded us, contributed to render it one of the most strange beings of earthly mould on which I had ever set my eyes.

While I was making these observations, we were rapidly advancing towards the object of them, which, seemingly in doubt whether to take our visit in enmity or friendship, continued to gaze at our approach as it lay (standing not being one of its faculties) at its full height upon a block of ice, about eight feet above the surface of the sea. It must have climbed this elevation by crawling up one side of the frozen mass, which was shelving and easy of access, by means of its tusks and flippers; but, whatever was its way of mounting the acclivity, it quickly showed us how it managed to descend; for, upon a couple of bullets passing through its neck, it gave itself a heave backward, rolled over head and heels down the slope of the hummock, and was launched violently into the water by the precipitate rush of its heavy body. No sooner did it find itself in its most natural element, than it prepared to dive; but this manœuvre had been foreseen, and the stern of the boat was on its back at the moment it was about to disappear, and the captain exerting all his force, after striking the weapon with a sudden plunge against its tough hide, drove the harpoon through its skin, and allowed it to make its vain attempt at escape. It then dived and took out several fathoms of line like a whale, but it soon rose to the surface, and reared its frightful head and shoulders above the waves, with the most threatening aspect of deadly warfare. Evidently eager to revenge itself upon its enemies, the morse began to take hasty strokes towards us, yet in a state of hurry and confusion which impressed us with a belief that the balls had inflicted desperate, if not immediately mortal wounds. Nevertheless, it displayed determination enough to enter into close conflict with its foes, and came on, puffing and snorting, with a savage though bewildered look. Seeing this disposition to assail us, we backed astern; but before the walrus had made much progress, the guns were reloaded, and another bullet struck it on the head, which sent it down immediately; however, it quickly appeared again, raising itself high above the water, and looking furiously around for its antagonists. When it perceived our position, it resumed its endeavour to attack us; but during its approach it stopped short, infirm of purpose, probably exhausted with loss of blood, or growing giddy from the shock of the last ball, and allowed us time to discharge a musket once more, and with fatal effect; its head dropped suddenly upon the water, and we pulled up and took it in tow. When we had hoisted it on board, a proceeding that required pretty strong tackle and several hands, it was flayed, yielding a hide of extraordinary thickness, lined on the inside with blubber, and scantily covered externally with short reddish brown hair, the greatest part of its skin appearing to have been denuded of this clothing by eruptive blotches, such as I presume disfigure a measly hog. Although incomparably larger, the general contour of its body resembled the figure of a seal; its frame being of the same description, though differently moulded. It was considerably more bulky in proportion to its length, its chest and back more elevated, its fore-

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flippers thicker and more rounded, and its hind quarters less tapering to the tail. Altogether, it impressed upon the mind a strong idea of a formidable monster, in spite of its relatively diminutive head; for its fearful tusks, and thick-set projecting whiskers, gave its visage a most truculent expression; and with its grotesquely fashioned ponderous carcass, provided with fin feet of strange formation, seemed to mark it as a personification of one of the fabulous conceptions of mythology.

The morse is said to roar or bellow loudly, but the animal we slew made no outcry, for the half sneezing, half snorting sounds it uttered I conceive to have been the consequence of its hasty dive, which had apparently prevented its taking in sufficient breath, and occasioned it to admit some water down its windpipe. Nevertheless, the immense size of its larynx or thropple, which William dissected out and brought with him to England, seems to indicate vast powers of voice in this animal; but I am at a loss to conjecture why it should be provided either with this unusual capability of "blaring," or with the exceedingly strong whiskers that arm its muzzle, organs which, though nominally of little or no importance except in Bond-street, must really be of consequence to the walrus, since their roots are imbedded in two thick cushions of tough blubbery substance, so large as to give a marked character to the countenance, and evidently pointing out the growth and nourishment of these whiskers as a matter of some consideration in the eye of nature.

SEAL'S WEDDING.

JUST as we had made fast to a floe, to take in water from a bright blue pool which slept on its hollow surface, I was called upon deck to witness "a seal's wedding." This ceremony was performed in a manner which, however nuptial it may have appeared to seamen, was not quite in accordance with my ideas of the hymeneal contract. A "seal's wedding" seems to be a seal's dance, or a combination of gambols, which these animals act together, while swimming rapidly forward in company, leaping above the surface of the water, rolling, tumbling, going "tail up" after each other, and enacting a thousand wild freaks, as unexpected from such grave-looking and clumsy-built harlequins as can be imagined. Yet why should not the solemn visaged, double-chinned phoca partake of one of the most universal habits of animal life—the love of frolic?—a desire which is equally as diffused throughout the living creation as the inclination for fighting. A shoal or "school" of beautiful unicorns also swam past our vessel at this time; they were particularly large, and, from the numerous horns projected from the water, there must have been many males amongst them. They swim, dive, rise, and blow, much like other whales, throwing up their tails when scared, or when intending to take a deep dive, in the same manner, but exhibiting far greater quickness in foreseeing and avoiding the approach of enemies. No satisfactory use has been assigned for the horn that arms the male narwal, nor should any reason be conjectured for its presence that involves its possessor's mode of procuring food, since the same necessity would be unprovided for in the female; yet I have sometimes thought the horn was employed to dislodge the flat-fish, on which the unicorn feeds, from the recesses of the bottom, where they would naturally conceal themselves at the sight of their enemy; and if the narwal seeks its prey in company, as, from its constant appearance in a shoal, may be concluded, the raking of the horns amidst the weeds and ooze would be as serviceable to the unarmed females as to their gallant consorts.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

OLD LOVE SONG.

WHEN the bright God of day
Drove to westward his way,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
When the swallows amain,
Nimbly skimm'd o'er the plain,
And the shadows like giants appear.

In a jessamin bower,
When the bean was in flower,
And the zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lovely Cœlia she sat,
With her song, and spinnet,
To charm all the grove with the sound.

Rosy bowers she sung,
While the harmony rung,
And the birds did all flutt'ring arrive,
The industrious bees
From the flowers and trees,
Gently humm'd with their sweets to the hive.

Now the gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,

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By zephyrs conducted along,
While she play'd on the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And an echo repeated the song.

Oh ye mortals beware
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound;
From her eyes if you run,
You are surely undone
If she reach but your ears with the sound.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

THE following inscription is taken from a tomb in St. Pancras churchyard, Middlesex. It is a flat stone, which some years since lay even with the ground, but was, about 1815, raised on a few tier of bricks, (to prevent obliteration by footsteps,) by order of the churchwardens, as I was informed by the grave-digger, and which, no doubt, was done on account of the singularity of the lines. The situation of the tomb is not far from the east corner of the church, a little beyond a lofty tomb with a monument. The inscription, from time, has been much defaced, and the verse is not easily made out by a stranger; but I have recollected it since about the year 1778, when it was very perfect. I saw the same in 1817, and took a copy as under:—

"This stone is inscribed to the memory of Mr. Thomas Abbott, of Swaffham, in the county of Norfolk, attorney-at-law, who died lamented by his friends, (enemies he had none,) after a painful and tedious illness, which he bore with patience, resignation, and fortitude becoming a man. Departed this life August the 16th, Anno Domini 1762, aged 48.

"Here lieth one, (believe it if you can,)
Who, though an attorney, was an honest man.
The gates of heaven for him shall open wide,
But will be shut against all the tribe beside."

T. R.

A CELEBRATED gunaiphillist having asked a friend with whom he was walking, if the woman they had just met was not very *passable*, the other replied, "Undoubtedly she was, or I had never *got by her*, while you were with me at least."

HEBES.

A WEDDING.

A TRAGIC-COMIC meeting, compounded of favours, footmen, faintings, farewells, prayers parsons, plumcakes, rings, refreshments, bottles, blubberings, God bless-ye's, and gallopings away in a post-chaise and four.

CHARADE.

A NATURAL production, neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral, neither male nor female, yet often produced between both; it exists from two to six feet high, is often spoken of in romances, and strongly recommended by precept, example, and Holy Writ.—*A kiss.*

EXTEMPORE written during the time some medical pupils were considering how they should remove the heart of a young woman deceased, whom the friends allowed them to open, on condition that they took no part away:—

St. Thomas's pupils, I cannot help grieving,
To think it should ever be said,
That we, who so oft steal girls' hearts whilst they're living,
Should steal them as well when they're dead.

We're admitted in confidence, and with reliance
The friends on our honour depend;
We have given the pledge, then disgrace not the *science*,
By stealing the heart from a friend.

E. C.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was, it is well known, extremely fond of employing his leisure hours in fishing. Being one day asked by a fellow-collegian how it happened that so vast a genius could stoop to a pursuit so trifling at the best, replied, "How is it possible that you should be surprised at my being *a lover of the angle?*

HEBES.

A LEFT-HANDED EXCUSE.

A SERVANT girl, who could not read, had, from constant attendance, got the church-service by rote. But a few Sundays previous to her marriage, she was accompanied by her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer-book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also, but, unfortunately for her, she held it upside down. The man, astonished, says, "Good Heaven! why you have the book wrong side upwards."—"I know it, Sir," said she, confusedly, "I always read so, for I am *left-handed.*"

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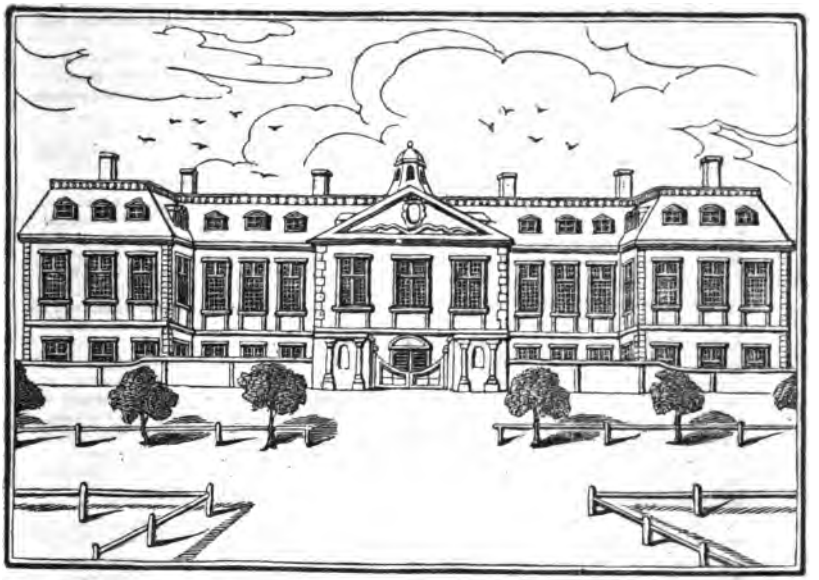
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 368.] SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1829. [Price 2d.

Clarendon House, Piccadilly.



The virtuous and uncompromising chancellor, the Earl of Clarendon, had a splendid mansion facing the upper end of St. James's-street, on the site of the present Grafton-street. Of this princely pile, the above is an accurate engraving. It was built by Clarendon with the stone intended for the rebuilding of St. Paul's. "He purchased the materials," says Pennant, "but a nation soured with an unsuccessful war, with fire, and with pestilence, imputed everything as a crime to this great and envied character; his enemies called it Dunkirk House, calumniating him with having built it with the money arising from the sale of that town, which had just before been given up to the French, for a large sum, by his master."

It is true that Clarendon built this mansion in a season of discontent; but so sensible was he of his vanity and imprudence in building so large a house, and of the envy it drew upon him, that he afterwards apologized for the act; which he declares, so far exceeded the proposed expense, as to add greatly to the embarrassment of his affairs.

This mansion cost £50,000. and 300 men were employed in the building. It was purchased from his lordship by George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards by another nobleman, inferior indeed in abilities, but not inferior in virtues. In 1670, James, Duke of Ormond, resided at Clarendon House; and on his way thither, he was one day dragged out of his coach by the infamous Blood and his associates, who intended to hang his Grace at Tyburn, in revenge for justice done, under his administration in Ireland, on some of their companions. "This refinement in revenge," says Pennant, "saved the duke's life; he had leisure to disengage himself from the villain on horseback, to whom he was tied; by which time he was discovered by his servants, and rescued from death."

The original of our Engraving was copied from a rare print, which, in the year 1790, was in the collection of Thomas Allen, Esq. Appended to the former is a section, showing the relative situation of Clarendon House, which was taken from a map of London (supposed to be unique) in an illustrated *Clarendon's*

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History, in the possession of John Charles Crowle, Esq. By the section, the entrance-gate to the court-yard of the house appears to have been in Piccadilly, in a direct line with St. James's Street, and the grounds to have extended to Bruton Street at the back, where there was likewise a communication. The site of the front gate is now, therefore, the commencement of *Albemarle Street*, named after one of the distinguished occupants of Clarendon House.

Notwithstanding the revolutions of time and fashion in this quarter, the illustrious name of the founder of Clarendon House is still preserved in the "*Clarendon Hotel*," which occupies a portion of the original ground already described. One of the changes is, that instead of the Chancellor meditating upon his dismissal from office, which his very virtues and stately dignity, and a weak king, and a more wicked and envious faction had brought about,—we have well-living twos and fours hob-nobbing over Chateau-Margaux, or yielding to the delightful inspirations of Ay Champagne. Not a few more of the good things of this great town are assembled near the same spot. Albemarle Street has many first-rate hotels, and two handsome club-houses; while on the Bond Street side of the quadrangle are two or three extensive libraries, an immense porcelain repository, and a score of fashionable *artistes*. What idle delights are all these compared with the wisdom and virtue which once dwelt on the same spot. But had Clarendon lived to see Crockford's splendid subscription-house rise after a golden shower, in St. James's Street, (and this he might have done from the front-windows of Clarendon House) he would, perhaps, have given us an extra volume of *Essays*. We would that he *had* so lived, if only that his sublime truths might thus have been multiplied for the good of mankind, if not for the weak heads of St. James's Street.

THE GLANCIN' E'E.

Oh lassie tell me can'st thou lo'e,
I hae gaz'd upon thy glancin' e'e;
It soars aboon, it rolls below,
But, ah, it never rests on me.

Oh lassie I hae sechs the hour
When pity wak'nin' lo'e might be,
Tell my sair heart a fauldin' flower
Has droopit in thy glancin' e'e.

Oh lassie, turn not sae awa'
Disdainfu', gie na death to me;
Does pity mark the tears that fa'?
Exhale them wi' thy glancin' e'e.

C. C.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(For the Mirror.)

"There is a voice from the grave sweeter than song."—*Washington Irving.*

Illustrious dead! one tributary sigh,
In that great temple where the mighty lie,
I breath'd for you—a magic charm was there
Where rest the great and good, the wise and fair;
Their glittering day of fame has had its close
And beauty, genius, grandeur, there repose.
Immortal names! kings, queens, and statesmen rise
In marble forms before the gazer's eyes.
Cold, pale, and silent, down each lessening aisle
They clustering stand, and mimic life awhile.
The warrior chief, in sculptur'd beauty dies,
And in Fame's clasping arms for ever lies.
"Each in his place of state," the rivals stand,
The senators, who saved a sinking land;
Majestic, graceful,—each with "lips apart"
Whose eloquence subdued and won the heart.
Pitt! round thy name how bright a halo burns,
When memory to thy day of glory turns;
And views thee in life's bright meridian lie,
And victim to thy patriot spirit die!
Round Fox's tomb, what forms angelic weep,
And ever watch that chill and marble sleep!
Silence, how eloquent! how deep—profound—
She holds her reign above the hallow'd ground.
Here sceptred monarchs in death's slumbers lie,
Tudors, Plantagenets—they too could die!
Beneath a 'scutcheon'd arch, with banners spread,
Unhappy, murdered, Richard rests his head.
While Pomfret's walls in "ruin greenly tell,"
How fought the brave and how the noble fell!
Pale rose of York! thy sanguine rival rears
Full many a tomb, and many a trophy bears.
But who lies here? in marble lovely still,
Here let me pause, and fancy take her fill.
Poor ill-starr'd Mary; Melancholy gloom
And fond regrets are waking o'er thy tomb.
Bright was thy morn of promise, dark the day,
That clos'd thy fate in murderous Fotheringay
How near thee lies that "bright star of the west,"
Elizabeth, of queens the wisest, best:
Her "lion port," and her imperial brow,
The dark grey stone essays in vain to show.
Ye royal rivals of a former day,
How has your love and hatred pass'd away!
To future times how faint the voice of fame,
For greatness here but "stalks an empty name."
Around, above, how sorrow builds her throne,
To snatch from death's embrace each treasure gone.
See, how the horrid phantom bends his bow,
And points his dart to lay that victim low!*
She sinks, she falls, and her fond husband's breast
Is the cold pillow to that marble rest!
But softly tread upon the sacred ground,
Where Britain's bards lie sepulchred round.
Sons of the muse, who woke the magic spell,
From the deep windings of "Apollo's shell!"
Mute is each lyre, their silent strings are bound
With willow, yew, and cypress wreath'd around.

* The tomb of Mrs. Nightingale.

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Their hopes, joys, sorrows, rest within the grave
Admiring nations to their relics rave.
Hail, mighty shades! bright spirits of the past;
Here may your ashes sleep while time shall last.
Let kindred genius shed the pensive tear,
And grace with votive elegy each bier.
While far beyond this melancholy vale,
When faded sorrow tells her mournful tale,
"O'er this dim spot of earth," in regions fair
Your spirits dwell, and joys eternal share.

Kirton Lindsey. ANNIE R.

The Cosmopolite.

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

WE are not about to write an advertisement for this advertised of all advertisers — nor to talk of its square feet — its crowded broadside — or the myriads of letters that make it resemble a sea of animalculæ. We are content to leave all the pride of its machinery to Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, and the clang of its engine to the peaceful purlieus of Printing-house Square. Yet these are interesting items in the advancement of science, and in the history of mankind; for whether taken mechanically or morally, the *Times* is, without exception, the newspaper of all newspapers, "the observed of all *observers*," and altogether, the most extraordinary production of this or any other age.

But we are more anxious to reach what may be called the philosophy of a newspaper—that broad volume of human life, in which "the follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes are displayed." To prove this, only let the reader glance over the twenty-four columns of a Times newspaper, and attempt a calculation of the many thousand events that spring from and are connected with their contents. Yet this sheet is but as it were a day in the life of man—a mere thread of the mingled yarn of his existence—and 313 such sheets, or 1,252 such folios make but a year of his history. The subject is too vast and comprehensive for continued contemplation, for it is like all other wheels of vicissitude; we become giddy by looking too steadfastly on its twinings.

Let us take one side of any recent *Times* newspaper—say that of *Thursday last*—and attempt something like an abstract of its *memorabilia*. This may appear for us a toilsome task, but if the reader be not fatigued also, our time will not be misspent. Begin "at the beginning" with the old English title, broken by the royal arms—like a blocking-course; and the No. and date in a sort of typographical entablature. The first side is filled by 188 advertisements, for the most part, classed according to their objects.

Thus, we start, and not unappropriately, with notices of vessels *to sail* for India and the new settlement on *Swan River*. What temptations for adventure and avarice—what associations of industry and indolence—luxury and squalid misery—do these announcements create in the reflective mind. The nabob in his chintz—the speculator with his last hundred—and the half-starved agriculturist—are but sorry portraits beside the class to whom the next notice is addressed.—Packets to Calais, Dieppe, and Margate—necessity on her last leg, and luxury on the fantastic toe—the wasted mind and famished visage beside hoyden mirth and bloated luxury. Then the South American Mining Association Deed "lies for signature:"—what a relief in this sheet of *chiaro-scuro*—a kind of tinsel to set off its grave parts, with gold dust enough to blind half its readers. To this little flash of golden light succeeds shade—Chancery and creditors' notices—proving debts and consciences—followed by civil contracts for Bridewell and building a Lunatic Asylum in Kent. The association is too obvious, and verily, the maker-up of the Times newspaper is a Hogarth in his way; for what Hogarth did with pencil and brush, he does with metallic types. Next is a Saw Mill to be sold cheap, constructed for the express purpose of being sent to the Swan River settlement—how fortunate—for surely any idle wight would make his way with such assistance, especially as the machine is "on improved principles." *Luxury* again—paper-hangings, French lamps, and French roses—*necessity* again—Money on mortgage, and bills discounted: how obvious the connexion—the very cause and effect—the lamps will not burn without oil, and the roses will not bloom without money—at least they will only waste their fragrance in the desert air of the nursery-ground.

The *second column* begins with a solicitor's inquiry for a person long unheard of, who, if alive, "may hear of somewhat very considerably to his advantage"—any person proving his death, shall be rewarded. Next is a notice from the City Chamber Court of Stralsund, of a man who has been missing twenty years, and unless he informs the court of his existence on or before Lady-day, 1830, he will be declared dead—poor fellow—yet how many would rejoice at such an opportunity of escaping from their worldly cares. Next comes a little string of Anniversaries of Charities—followed by Exhibitions of the Fine Arts—had their

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position been reversed, the effect would have been better; for fine painting prepares the heart for acts of benevolence, and kindleth all its best feelings. Portraits of the Rev. Matthew Wilks and Pope Pius VII. (the latter a splendid mezzotinto from Sir T. Lawrence's picture) are followed by a "*Speaking* French Grammar," a very good companion for any Englishman about to visit the continent; for with many, their stock of French does not last out their cash. Next is fourteen years of the Morning Post to be sold—a bargain for a fashionable novelist, and in fact, a complete stock-in-trade for any court or town Adonis; a perfect vocabulary of fashion, detailing the rise and progress of all the fashionable arts since the peace — the gazette appointments and disappointments —and elopements and *faux pas*, sufficient for all the comedy-writers of the present century—the respective claims of Spanish Refugees and Spitalfields Weavers—charitable concerts and opera benefits—and all the lumber and light artillery of the *grand monde*.

The *third column* is almost entirely occupied by "Wanted" advertisements and we had resolved to pass over all their "Wants;" had not some of them occurred to us as rather singular, even in these times of general distress. The first of these is for a respectable middle-aged woman, as lady's maid—"to understand dress-making, millinery, hair-dressing, getting-up fine linen, and to be useful and obliging." All this is reasonable enough; but mark the inducement: "a clever person fond of the country, and who can bear confinement, will find this a comfortable situation!" "This is too much." Another is for a butler and a valet, to "undertake the care and responsibility of a numerous family:" another is a young man for "a situation in any shop or warehouse, not particular what:" another of "a nurse, who can cut and make children's *dresses*, and instruct *them* in reading and spelling;" a school-assistant "to fill the second desk," &c. Next come a few characteristics of a scientific age—as patent trouser-straps, to "prevent the dirt getting between the strap and the boot, &c.;" and patent springs for waistcoat backs—to cause the clothes to fit well to the shape, &c.—and, above all, a legitimate, scientific *Diaphane* parasol.

The "Wants" are resumed in the *fourth column*. One is a young man to be able to walk well; "it is immaterial what he has been accustomed to."

In the fourth column we find "a family grave to be sold, unused for nearly 50 years at that period, but partly occupied. *To save trouble*, price 25*l*." Another advertisement—"to small capitalists" is a perfect puzzle; for the advertiser will not describe the "ready-money concern" to be disposed of, but says, "the principal article of sale is what is consumed, either in a greater or less degree, by almost every individual." Next is a tallowchandler's business in a situation which "will command an extensive trade immediately the new Fleet Market is erected"—rather anticipatory, to be sure. Another, "worthy of notice," offers for 260 guineas, seven houses, which cost 800 in building—a tolerable speculation.

The *last column* commences with a fine brown gelding, (like most friends parted with for no fault, free from vice, although, "a *trial* will be granted." Another announces for sale, several "*bays*, greys, roans, *creams*, and *duns*:" a chaise "parted with for no other fault than the present owner having purchased a four-wheeled one;" and "a house near the church, commanding extensive and pleasing prospects."

The fourth folio, or side of the paper, is nearly filled with advertisements of *sales by auction*, a single glance at which would convince us of the instability of human affairs, even if we did not read in one corner, of a theatrical wardrobe, containing five splendid new court dresses, trimmed with gold and silver (except the pockets,) and 52 very fine wigs.

The inner, or second and third folios of the paper, present still finer studies for our reflection. The eye almost instinctively lights on the "Foreign Papers," detailing the progress of war and the balance of power — Francfort Fair, and English manufactures. Below is the well-known graphic relief—a clock, and two opened and one closed book, with "The Times"—past and future, decorated with oak and laurel. Then come the theatrical announcements teeming with novelty and attraction, which stand like the sauces, savoury dishes, and sweetmeats of the day's repast.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Old Poets.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE following song is said to be the most ancient in the English language, and to have been written so early as the year 1250, almost a century before Geoffrey Chaucer, (who is styled the father of English poetry,) produced his *Court of Love*, which was written at the early age of eighteen.

CHAS. COLE.

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THE CUOCU.

Sumer is icumen in;
Lhude sing cuccu:
Groweth sed and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb;
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth,
Buck verteth,
Murie sing cuccu,
Cuccu, cuccu,
Wel singes thu cuccu;
Ne swik thu naver.

Glossary—Sumer, summer—icumen, a coming—lhude, loud—sed, seed—med, mead—wde, wood—nu, new—awe, ewe—lomb, lamb—lhouth, loweth—cu, cow—murie, merry—singes, sing'st—thu, thou—Ne swik thu naver, May'st thou never cease.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

MAY DAY.

It would seem that among our Pagan ancestors, before the introduction of Christianity, the *first day of May* was the great festival in honour of the sun, and that fires were then kindled and rejoicings made, in honour of that great luminary. The first day of May is still called *Beltan, or Baal-tein*, "the fire of Baal." In some parts of the country the shepherds still make festivals of milk and eggs on that day, but the custom is rapidly declining. In the Highlands the festival is still continued with singular ceremonies. On Beltan day all the boys in a township or hamlet meet in the moors; they cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company; they kindle a fire, and dress a meal of eggs and milk of the consistence of a custard; and then knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into as many portions, similar in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They then daub over one of these portions with charcoal until it is perfectly black; they put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet; when each of the company, blindfolded, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black piece is the devoted person to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they mean to implore in rendering the season productive. There is little doubt but that such inhuman sacrifices were once offered in this country as well as in the east; although the act of sacrifice is now dispensed with, the devoted person being only compelled to leap three times through the flames, with which the ceremony of the festival is closed.

That the Caledonians paid a superstitious respect to the sun, as was the practice among many other nations, is evident, not only from the sacrifice of Beltan, but from many other circumstances. When a Highlander goes to bathe, or to drink water out of a consecrated fountain, he must always approach by going round the place from east to west on the south side, in imitation of the apparent diurnal motion of the sun. When the dead are laid in the earth, the grave is approached by going round in the same manner. The bride is conducted to her future spouse in the presence of the minister; and the glass goes round in company in the course of the sun. This is called in Gaelic, going round in the right or lucky way; the opposite course is the wrong or unlucky way. FHAOLAIN.

ABORIGINES OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

So little is known of these children of nature, and still less has been done to gain any knowledge of them, that not much can be offered as to their present numbers or condition. From what I have seen and read, the natives of Van Dieman's Land are unlike any other Indians, either in features, their mode of living, hunting, &c. There are many hundreds of people who have lived for years in the colony, and yet have never seen a native. * * * The features of these people are any thing but pleasing: a large flat nose, with immense nostrils; lips particularly thick; a wide mouth, with a tolerably good set of teeth; the hair long and woolly, which, as if to confer additional beauty, is besmeared with red clay (similar to our red ochre) and grease. Their limbs are badly proportioned; the women appear to be generally better formed than the men. Their only covering is a few kangaroo skins, rudely stitched, and thrown over the shoulders; but more frequently they appear in a state of nudity; indeed, so little knowledge have they of decency or comfort, that they never avail themselves of the purposes for which apparel is given to them. Lieut. Collins, in his account of the natives of New South Wales, describes their marriage ceremonies as being most barbarous and brutal; and I have also heard from individuals who have visited New South Wales, that it is not uncommon to see a poor woman almost beaten to death by her lover, previous to his marrying her. From the shyness of the natives of Van Dieman's Land, and the constant warfare that has been carried on between them and the remote stock-keepers, (which is not likely to render them more familiar, I have never been able to ascertain whether there is any trace of religion among

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them, or if they have the slightest idea of a Supreme Being. I believe, and it is generally supposed, they have not. It is but fair to remark, however, that nothing has been done for them; the few that can speak a little English, only curse and swear, and this they catch up very readily from the different convicts they meet with.

* * * *

There are but few instances of any native having entirely forsaken his tribe, however young he may have been taken away; they appear to dislike any thing in the shape of labour, although, if they take to cattle, they are, beyond any thing, quick in tracing and finding those lost. So acute is their power of discrimination, that they have been known to trace the footsteps of bush-rangers over mountains and rocks; and, although the individual they have been in pursuit of has walked into the sides of the river as if to cross it, to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, and has swam some distance down and crossed when convenient, yet nothing can deceive them. Indeed, so remarkable is their discernment, that if but the slightest piece of moss on a rock has been disturbed by footsteps, they will instantly detect it. The aborigines of this island have no appointed place or situation to live in; they roam about at will, followed by a pack of dogs, of different sorts and sizes, but which are used principally for hunting the kangaroo, opossum, bandicoot, &c. They are passionately fond of their dogs; so much so, that the females are frequently known to suckle a favourite puppy instead of the child. They rarely ever move at night, but encircle themselves round a large fire, and sleep in a sitting posture, with their heads between their knees. So careless are they of their children, that it is not uncommon to see boys grown up with feet exhibiting the loss of a toe or two, having, when infants, been dropped into the fire by the mother. The children are generally carried (by the women) astride across the shoulders, in a careless manner. They live entirely by hunting, and do not fish so much, or use the canoe, as in New South Wales, although the women are tolerably expert divers; the craw-fish and oyster, if immediately on the coast, are their principal food. Opossums and kangaroos may be said to be their chief support; the latter is as delicious a treat to an epicure, as the former is the reverse. The manner of cooking their victuals is by throwing it on the fire, merely to singe off the hair; they eat voraciously, and are very little removed from the brute creation as to choice of food; entrails, &c. sharing the same chance as the choicest parts. They are extremely expert in climbing, and can reach the top of the largest forest-trees without the aid of branches; they effect this by means of a small sharp flint, which they clasp tightly in the ball of their four fingers, and having cut a notch out of the bark, they easily ascend, with the large toe of each foot in one notch, and their curiously manufactured hatchet in the other. Their weapons of defence are the spear and waddie; the former is about twelve feet long, and as thick as the little finger of a man; the tea-tree supplies them with this matchless weapon; they harden one end, which is very sharply pointed, by burning and filing it with a flint prepared for the purpose. In throwing the spear they are very expert; indeed, of late, their audacious atrocities have been lamentably great, although, at the same time, I have little hesitation in saying, they have arisen from the cruel treatment experienced by some of their women from the hands of the distant stock-keepers. Indeed, these poor mortals, I know, have been shot at merely to gratify a most barbarous cruelty. * * *

After killing a white man, the natives have a sort of dance and rejoicing, jumping, and singing, and sending forth the strangest noises ever heard. They do not molest the body when dead, nor have I ever heard of their stripping or robbing the deceased. Among themselves they have no funeral rites; and those who are aged or diseased are left in hollow trees, or under the ledges of rocks, to pine and die. These people are subject to a disease, which causes the most loathsome ulcerated sores; two or three whom I saw were wretched-looking objects. I remember a very old man, who was thus affected, being tried and hung, for spearing one of Mr. Hart's men; the culprit was so ill and infirm as to be obliged to be carried to the place of execution. I think the colonial surgeons call the disease the "bush scab;" and that it is occasioned by a filthy mode of life. The population of natives is very small in proportion to the extent of the island: several causes may be alleged for their smallness of numbers; the principal one is their having been driven about from place to place, by settlers taking new locations; another cause is the great destruction of the kangaroo, which obliges the natives to labour hard to procure food sufficient for their sustenance: this, and their having no means of procuring vegetables, besides being constantly exposed to the weather, together with their offensive habits of living, produce the disease above mentioned, with its fatal consequences.

Widdowson's Van Dieman's Land.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

OLD ROSE.

WALTON, in his "Angler," makes the hunter, in the second chapter, propose that they shall sing "Old Rose," which is presumed to refer to the ballad, "Sing, old Rose, and burn the bellows," of which every one has heard, but much trouble has been taken, in vain, to find a copy of it.

AUCTIONS.

ELIHU YALE was remarkable for his auctions. The first of these was about the year 1700. He had brought such quantities of goods from India, that, finding no one house large enough to stow them in, he had a public sale of the overplus; and that was the first auction of the kind in England.

LILLY, THE ASTROLOGER.

WHILE this impudent cheat is ridiculed for his absurdities, let him have credit for as lucky a guess as ever blessed the pages even of "Francis Moore, physician." In his "Astrologicall Predictions for 1648," there occurs the following passage, in which we must needs allow that he attained to "something like prophetic strain," when we call to mind that the great Plague of London occurred in 1665, and the great Fire in the year following:

"In the year 1656 the aphelium of Mars, who is the generall significator of England, will be in Virgo, which is assuredly the ascendant of the English Monarchy, but Aries of the kingdom. When this absis, therefore, of Mars shall appear in Virgo, who shall expect less than a strange *catastrophe* of human affairs in the commonwealth, monarchy, and kingdom of England? There will then, either in or about these times, or neer that year, *or within ten years, more or less, of that time*, appear in this kingdom so strange a revolution of fate, *so grand a catastrophe*, and great mutation unto this monarchy and government, as never yet appeared; of which, as the times now stand, I have no liberty or encouragement to deliver any opinion. *Only, it will be ominous to London, unto her merchants at sea, to her traffique at land, to her poor, to her rich, to all sorts of people inhabiting in her or her liberties*, BY REASON OF SUNDRY FIRES AND A CONSUMING PLAGUE."

This is the prediction which, in 1666, led to his being examined by a Committee of the House of Commons; not, as has been supposed, that he might "discover by the stars who were the authors of the Fire of London," but because the precision with which he was thought to have foretold the event, gave birth to a suspicion that he was already acquainted with them, and privy to the (supposed) machinations which had brought about the catastrophe. Curran says, there are two kind of prophets, those who are really inspired, and those who prophesy events which they intend themselves to bring about. Upon this occasion, poor Lilly had the ill-luck to be deemed one of the latter class.

WHIGS AND TORIES.

WHENEVER these terms were first introduced, and whatever might be their original meaning, it is certain that in the reign of Charles the Second they carried the political signification which they still retain. Take, as a proof, the following nervous passage from Dryden's Epilogue to "The Duke of Guise," 1683:

"Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring:
Nor whigs, nor Tories they; nor this nor that;
Not birds, not beasts, but just a kind of bat:
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With *Tory* wings, but *Whiggish* teeth and claws."

OTWAY'S "CAIUS MARIUS."

WHEN poor Otway's "unpardonable piracy," in taking part of this play from "Romeo and Juliet," was reprobated so severely, the critic might have done him the justice to mention, that, instead of attempting to pass off the borrowed beauties as his own, he, in the prologue, fully avowed his obligations. It contains an animated eulogy on Shakspeare, which thus concludes:—

"Though much the most unworthy of the throng,
Our this day's poet fears he's done him wrong.
Like greedy beggars, that steal sheaves away,
You'll find he's rifled him of half a play;
Among his baser dross you'll see it shine,
Most beautiful, amazing, and divine."

NANCY DAWSON

WAS a dancer at Covent Garden Theatre, previous to the accession of his late majesty; and in 1760 transferred her services to the other house. On the 23rd of September, in that year, the "Beggar's Opera" was performed at Drury Lane, when the play-bill thus announced her: "In Act III, a hornpipe by Miss Dawson, her first appearance here."—It seems she was engaged to oppose Mrs. Vernon in the same exhibition at the rival house. That her performance of it was somewhat celebrated, may be inferred from the circumstance of there being a full-length print of her in it.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

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Relic of John Bunyan.

THE cut represents the vessel from which John Bunyan, the author of that popular allegory, "the Pilgrim's Progress," was accustomed to drink syllabub, during his incarceration in Bedford County Gaol. The original is in the possession of the correspondent who has furnished us with the sketch for the engraver. It is of common earthen-ware, 7½ inches in height, and will contain 3½ pints; one of the handles is partly broken off; the glaze is of a light flesh tint; and the vessel is a fair specimen of pottery in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Bunyan, it will be recollected, was born in 1628, at Elstow, near Bedford, where the cottage stood in its original state till within these few years. It has latterly been new fronted, but the interior remains nearly as in Bunyan's time. He was the son of a tinker, and followed his father's trade; and at Elstow are the remains of a closet in which, in early life, he carried on business. During the civil war he served as a soldier in the parliament army; and subsequently joined a society of Anabaptists at Bedford, and became their public teacher. Soon after the Restoration, he was indicted for "abstaining from coming to church," and holding "unlawful meetings and conventicles," for which he was sentenced to transportation, which was not executed, as he was detained in prison upwards of twelve years, and at last liberated through the charitable interposition of Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln.

Sir Richard Phillips, in his recent "Personal Tour," says, "on inquiring for relics of honest Bunyan, I was introduced to Mr. Hilyard, the present amiable and exemplary pastor of the large Independent Congregation, which 150 years since was under the spiritual care of Bunyan. Mr. H. at his meeting-house, showed me the vestry-chair of Bunyan; and the present pulpit is that in which Bunyan used to preach. At his own house he preserves the records of the establishment, many pages of which are in a neat and very scholastic hand by Bunyan, and contain many of his signatures."

Bunyan's imprisonment gave rise to "The Pilgrim's Progress," a work, which like "Robinson Crusoe," has remained unrivalled amidst a host of imitators. He was too, a wit as well as a preacher. Towards the close of his imprisonment a Quaker called on him, probably to make a convert of the author of the Pilgrim. He thus addressed him:—"Friend John, I am come to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched for thee in half the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee at last." "If the Lord had sent you," sarcastically replied Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains, for the Lord knows that I have been a prisoner in Bedford Gaol for these twelve years past."

SKELETON OF AN ELEPHANT.

THE bones of poor Chunee, the stupendous elephant shot at Exeter 'Change, in 1826, have, at a considerable expense, been accurately articulated, and the entire skeleton is now exhibiting in one of the chambers at "the Egyptian Hall," in Piccadilly. We remember the interest, the "sensation," which the death of Chunee occasioned: it was a fertile incident—for we gave an engraving of the enormous deceased in his den at Exeter 'Change. It is little more than three years since, and probably in three years more, Chunee will figure in books of Natural History, and Exeter 'Change in the antiquarian's portfolio.

We recommend the Naturalist and all such as delight in contemplating sublime objects of nature, to see this skeleton; and there can scarcely be an exhibition better calculated to impress the youthful mind with the vastness of creation. It stands nearly 13 feet high, and the clear space beneath the ribs is 6 feet.

It would, we think, suit the Zoological Society, and make a fine *nucleus* for their Museum.

ROYAL VISITS TO THE THEATRES.

WHEN the King visited the Opera in 1821, the preparations cost upwards of £300. The ante-room and the box were hung with satin, and festoons of gold lace.

When his Majesty visited Covent Garden Theatre in 1823, there were 4,255 persons present, and the receipts were £971. 18*s.* 6*d.*—*Companion to the Theatres.*

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Spirit of Discovery.

EMIGRATION.

New Colony on Swan River.

We have abridged the following very important and interesting information respecting the New Settlement on the Western Coast of Australia, from the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*. The writer appears to have profited by access to official sources, and thus enhanced the value of his paper; but, disposed as we are, generally, to coincide with his views on the subject of *Emigration*, we do not think it necessary to detail them in this place. We have, however, retained the "Regulations," as issued from the Colonial Office, and made occasional quotations from Captain Stirling's Report; besides availing ourselves of a pamphlet lately published, entitled "Hints on Emigration to the New Settlement on the Swan and Canning Rivers."* The Report of Mr. Fraser, the government botanical surveyor, from Sydney, who accompanied Captain Stirling, is not so easy of access. The *Quarterly* writer, by some coincident opinions and references, appears to be acquainted with the above pamphlet, although it is not mentioned in the review. The official Regulations are as follow:—

1. His majesty's government do not intend to incur any *expense* in conveying settlers to the New Colony on the Swan River; and will not feel bound to defray the expense of supplying them with provisions or other necessaries, after their arrival there, nor to assist their removal to England, or elsewhere, should they be desirous of quitting the Colony.

2. Such persons who may arrive in that settlement before the end of the year 1830, will receive, in the order of their arrival, grants of land, free of quit rent, proportioned to the capital which they may be prepared to invest in the improvement of the land, and of which capital they may be able to produce satisfactory proofs to the Lieutenant Governor (or other officer administering the Colonial Government,) or to any two officers of the Local Government appointed by the Lieutenant Governor for that purpose, at the rate of forty acres for every sum of three pounds which they may be prepared so to invest.

3. Under the head of investment of capital will be considered stock of every description, all implements of husbandry, and other articles which may be applicable to the purposes of productive industry, or which may be necessary for the establishment of the settler on the land where he is to be located. The amount of any half-pay or pension which the applicant may receive from Government, will also be considered as so much capital.

4. Those who may incur the expense of taking out labouring persons, will be entitled to an allowance of land at the rate of fifteen pounds, that is, of two hundred acres of land, for the passage of every such labouring person, over and above any other investment of capital. In the class of "labouring persons," are included women, and children above ten years old. Provision will be made by law, at the earliest opportunity for rendering those capitalists, who may be engaged in taking out labouring persons to this settlement, liable for the future maintenance of those persons, should they, from infirmity, or any other cause, become unable to maintain themselves there.

5. The license of occupation of land will be granted to the settler, on satisfactory proof being exhibited to the Lieutenant Governor (or other officer administering the Local Government,) of the amount of property brought into the colony. The proofs required of such property will be such satisfactory vouchers of expenses as would be received in auditing public accounts. But the full title to the land will not be granted in fee simple, until the settler has proved, to the satisfaction of the Lieutenant Governor (or other officer administering the Local Government,) that the sum required by Article 2 of these regulations (viz. one shilling and sixpence per acre) has been expended in the cultivation of the land, or in solid improvements, such as buildings, roads, or other works of the kind.

6. Any grant of land thus allotted, of which a fair proportion, of at least one fourth, shall not have been brought into cultivation, otherwise improved or reclaimed from its wild state, to the extent of one shilling and sixpence per acre, to the satisfaction of the Local Government, within three years from the date of the license of occupation, shall, at the end of three years, be liable to a payment of sixpence per acre, into the public chest of the settlement; and, at the expiration of seven years more, should the land still remain in an uncultivated or unimproved state, it will revert absolutely to the crown.

7. After the year 1830, land will be disposed of to those settlers who may resort to the colony, on such conditions as his Majesty's Government shall see occasion to adopt.

8. It is not intended that any convicts, or other description of prisoners, be transported to this new settlement.

9. The government will be administered by Captain Stirling, of the Royal Navy, as Lieut. Governor of the settlement; and it is proposed that a bill should be submitted to parliament, in the course of the next session, to make provision for the civil government of the New Settlement.

Downing Street, 13th January, 1829.

The intended settlement is designated, in the "Regulations," as the "New Colony on the Swan River;"† but this is a name, we think, not sufficiently comprehensive for the extent of territory meant to be occupied. What its future designation is meant to be, we pretend not to know, but if its soil should prove as fruitful as its climate is fine, the position and aspect of this part of the coast might justify the name of Southern, or Australian, *Hesperia*; under which might be included all that line of coast from Cape Leuwin, the southernmost point of New Holland, in lat. 34 deg. 30 min., long. 115 deg. 12 min. east, to the lat. 31 deg. (or a degree or two more northerly) long. 115 deg. 15 min. east; and from the former point easterly to King George's Sound, where an English colony has already been established. This extent of territory, between the sea-coast and a range of mountains parallel to it, hereafter to be described, may be esti-

* Published by J. Cross, 18, Holborn, opposite Furnival's Inn.

† The *Rivière de Cygnes* of the French is a translation of the *Zwanen Riviere* of Vlaming.

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mated to contain from five to six millions of acres, the greater part of which, from the general appearance of the two extreme portions (the only ones examined) may be considered as land fit for the plough, and, therefore, fully capable of giving support to a million of souls. The description we are about to give of this territory is mainly derived from Captain Stirling, the intelligent officer who explored the country, and of which he has been appointed the Lieutenant Governor, and from Mr. Fraser, an excellent botanist, who accompanied him, and who was well acquainted with the soil and products of New South Wales, on the opposite side of Australia.

Captain Stirling, when commanding the Success frigate, was sent to New South Wales on a particular service, which the state of the monsoon prevented him from carrying into immediate execution. He determined, therefore, on the recommendation of General Darling, the governor, to explore, in the meantime, this western part of Australia, which was omitted to be surveyed by Captain King, on the ground that it had been *visited* by the French in the expedition of Captain Baudin: the result of that visit, however, is so unsatisfactory, and so very inaccurate, that we are rather surprised that Captain King should have passed over so interesting a portion, geographically considered, as the south-western angle of this great country. Captain Stirling arrived at Cape Leuwin on the 2nd of March, 1827, stood along the coast, and anchored in Gage's Roads, opposite Swan River, which he afterwards ascended to its source in boats, and sent out exploring parties to ascertain the nature of the surrounding territory.

"We found," he says, "the country in general rich and romantic, gained the summit of the first range of mountains, and had a bird's-eye view of an immense plain, which extended as far as the eye could reach to the northward, southward, and westward. After ten days' absence, we returned to the ship; we encountered no difficulty that was not easily removable; we were furnished with abundance of fresh provisions by our guns, and met with no obstruction from the natives."

Captain Stirling describes the weather as very different from that which the French experienced; but the latter were on the coast at the commencement of the winter season. They were apparently so alarmed at the gales of wind, the rocks, and the reefs, and the banks, that they hastened to leave behind them this part of the coast unexamined, with all convenient speed. The strong westerly winds that prevail throughout the year in the southern ocean to the southward of the tropic, appear to assume a northern direction near this part of the Coast of Australia. These winds are here found to be cool and pleasant, and were generally accompanied by clear and serene weather. The summer winds from the N. W. are not infrequent; and, coming charged with moisture from a warm region into a colder one; they are invariably accompanied by rain; but, in the immediate vicinity of the shore, land and sea breezes are constant and regular. The climate appears to be delightful. While the Success was on the coast—that is, in the autumn—the average height of the thermometer was 72 deg., the extremes being 84 deg. and 59 deg., the first occurring before the sea-breeze set in, the latter at midnight. The French found the temperature when at anchor, in June, from 14 deg. to 17 deg. of Reaumur, or 63 deg. to 70 deg. of Fahrenheit. On the mountains, Captain Stirling says, the temperature appeared to be about 15 deg. below that of the plain. The alternate land and sea breezes create a moisture in the atmosphere which renders the climate cool and agreeable; the mornings and evenings are particularly so; and the nights are almost invariably brilliant and clear. Such a climate, it is almost unnecessary to say must be highly favourable to vegetation, which was accordingly observed to be most luxuriant. "The verdant appearance," says Captain Stirling, "and almost innumerable variety of grasses, herbaceous plants, shrubs, and trees, show that there is no deficiency in the three great sources of their sustenance, soil, heat, and moisture."

The general structure and aspect of the country may be thus described:—from Cape Leuwin to Cape Naturaliste (the southern head of Baie Géographe,) which is not quite a degree of latitude, the coast is formed of a range of hills, of uniform and moderate elevation. From Geographer's Bay to the northward of Swan River, the whole coast line is a limestone ridge, varying in height from twenty to six hundred feet, and extending inward to the distance of from one to five miles. Behind this ridge (whose occasional naked and barren appearance Captain Stirling also thinks may have caused the early and continued prejudice against the fertility of this western coast) commences a great plain, which occupies a space, from south to north, of undetermined length, (reaching, perhaps, to King George's Sound,) and varying, in breadth, from twenty to fifty miles. The eastern boundary of this plain skirts the base of an almost

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continuous and abrupt chain of mountains, to which Captain Stirling gave the name of "General Darling's Range." One of the points, the highest seen and measured by him, was about three thousand feet high. The average height is stated to be from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet. The base is granite; the sides, in many parts, naked; and the soil supports but little vegetation, except the Stringy-bark and some hardy plants.

Captain Stirling observes, that coal was not found, because it was not particularly sought for; but he is of opinion that the general character of the country is such as to warrant the belief that it might be found; "for," he observes, "all the concomitant strata or members of the coal formation are exposed on different parts of the surface, below which I had no opportunity to explore. Indeed, the carboniferous order of rocks is that which is most frequently exhibited throughout this territory; and I have no doubt important results would arise from a proper examination into its mineralogical resources."

With reference to a supply of fresh water, so indispensably necessary in every settled country, the researches made by Captain Stirling and Mr. Fraser were attended with the most satisfactory results. The former observes, that the clouds which are impelled against the western side of the range of mountains are condensed into rain, the water of which is conducted across the plain to the sea, in numerous streams, but chiefly by three principal rivers, terminating in estuaries, or salt-water lakes. These are—the Swan River, opposite the Island Rottenest; the Rivière Vasse, and Port Leschenault, in Geographer's Bay. "We found," says Captain Stirling, "a great number of creeks, or rivulets, falling into Swan River, more particularly on the eastern side; and I am inclined to think, that the country generally is much divided by such water-courses. Its supply of fresh water, from springs and lagoons, is abundant; for we found such wherever we thought it necessary to ascertain their existence. At Point Heathcote," he adds, "we met with a remarkable instance; for there the beach of a narrow rocky promontory is a bed of springs, and by tracing the finger along any part within four inches of the edge of the salt water, pure and fresh water instantly occupied the trace."

Mr. Fraser's testimony leaves no doubt of the abundance of fresh water. "I was astonished," he says, "at the vivid green of the Eucalyptus, and other trees and shrubs, so distinct from those of New South Wales; but, on digging the soil to the depth of two feet, I found the cause to arise apparently from the immense number of springs with which this country abounds; for, at the depth above mentioned, I found the soil quite moist, although evidently at the latter end of an exceedingly dry season; and from the same cause must arise the great luxuriance of the herbaceous plants on the banks, which exceeds any thing I ever saw on the east coast. They consist principally of the *senecio* and the *senebiera*, which here attain the height of nine feet."

He further observes, that numerous active springs issue from the rocks of the limestone ridge, and particularly in Geographer's Bay, the whole coast of which, he says, "is a perfect source of active springs, discharging themselves on the beach in rapid rills of considerable extent, every six or seven yards."

Between the two heads which form the entrance into Swan River, there is, unfortunately, a bar, made by the continuity of the limestone ridge. Over this bar, the depth, at low water, is but six feet, and is therefore practicable only for boats or rafts. About a mile inside the heads, the water deepens; and then commences a succession of cliffs, or natural wharfs, with four, five, and six fathoms at their bases. The same depths are extended over a magnificent expanse of salt water, to which Captain Stirling has given the name of "Melville Water;" and which, in his opinion, wants only a good entrance to make it one of the finest harbours in the world, being seven or eight miles in length, by three or four in width, and having a depth of water from four to seven fathoms. This narrow entrance of the river, he thinks, might be made navigable by ships of burthen, without difficulty or great expense.

When the town begins to rise, and substantial buildings are required, the blocks of stone procured by quarrying this entrance will go far towards paying the expense of excavation.

Into this expansive sheet of water fall two rivers; one from the north-east, which is properly the Swan River; the other from the south-east, called Canning's River. Captain Stirling examined them both: the former to its source, the latter beyond the point where the water ceased to be brackish. They are both sufficiently convenient for boat navigation, even at the end of the dry season; and any obstruction might easily be removed to make them more so, by which the productions of an immense extent of country might be transported by water-carriage.

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Mr. Fraser remarks that nothing of the mangrove appears along the banks of the Swan River, the usual situation of this plant being here occupied by the genus Metrosideros. The first plain, or flat, as it is called, contiguous to the river, commencing at Point Fraser, is fosmed of a rich soil, and appears, by a deposit of wreck, to be occasionally flooded to a certain extent. Here are several extensive salt marshes, which Mr. Fraser thinks are admirably adapted for the growth of cotton. The hills, though scanty of soil, are covered with an immense variety of plants; among others, a magnificent species of Angophera occupied the usual place of the Eucalyptus, which, however, here as on the eastern side, generally forms the principal feature in the botany of the country, accompanied by Mimosa, Correa, Melaleuca, Casuarina, Banksia, and Xanthorea. The brome, or kangaroo grass, was most abundant. On a more elevated flat, a little further up the river, the botanist observes that the "magnificence of the Banksia and arborescent Zamia, which was here seen thirty feet in height, added to the immense size of the Xanthorea near this spot, impart to the forest a character truly tropical." He says that about five miles to the eastward of the river, there is an evident change in the character of the country: extensive plains of the richest description, consisting of an alluvial deposit, equalling in fertility those of the banks of the River Hawkesbury in New South Wales, and covered with the most luxuriant brome grass. The Casuarina, so common near the limestone ridge of the coast, here disappears, and is succeeded by a pendulous species of Metrosideros, which continues to the source of the river.

"From this point," says Mr. Fraser, "the country resembles, in every essential character, that of the banks of those rivers which fall to the westward of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, varying alternately on each bank from hilly promontories of the finest red loam, and covered with stupendous Angopheras, to extensive flats of the finest description, studded with magnificent blue and water gums, and occasional stripes of Accacias and papilionaceous shrubs, resembling the green wattle of New South Wales."

The higher the river is ascended, the more extended the flats become, and the better is the quality of the soil. Here the country is said to resemble in character that on the banks of the Macquarrie River, west of Wellington valley; and though marks of occasional floods appeared on the lower plains, the upper flats had evidently never been flooded. The sides of the mountains were bare of underwood, and their summits covered with large masses of iron stone, among which were growing enormous trees of Angophera, and some straggling plants of Hakea. On a careful examination of this part of the country bordering the two rivers from the sea-coast to the mountains, Mr. Fraser says, "In giving my opinion of the land seen on the banks of the Swan River, I hesitate not in pronouncing it superior to any I ever saw in New South Wales, east of the Blue Mountains, not only in its local character, but in the many existing advantages which it holds out to settlers. These advantages I consider to be,

"First, the evident superiority of the soil.

"Secondly, the facility with which a settler can bring his farm into a state of immediate culture, in consequence of the open state of the country, which allows not a greater average than two trees to an acre.

"Thirdly, the general abundance of springs, producing water of the best quality, and the consequent permanent humidity of the soil; two advantages not existing on the eastern coast. And,

"Fourthly, the advantages of water carriage to his door, and the non-existence of impediments to land carriage."

(To be concluded in our next.)

St. Paul's Cathedral

Our readers are aware that the interior of the cupola of this magnificent cathedral, represents the life of St. Paul, painted by Sir James Thornhill; but the neglect and decay of this grand specimen of pictorial decoration may not be so well known. The great expense of erecting a scaffold sufficient for its restoration, appears to have been the principal difficulty, added to the want of artists experienced in this department of art. These obstacles, however, we trust have been surmounted by Mr. E. T. Parris, of whose talents we spoke in our account of the Colosseum, and who has just completed a model of an apparatus for getting at large domes. The model has already been approved by an experienced architect, and submitted to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's; so that the restoration of Sir James Thornhill's labours presents an excellent opportunity for the immediate application of Mr. Parris's machinery; whilst its accomplishment would be the means of rewarding individual ingenuity, and rescuing from decay a valuable triumph of British genius.

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Instantaneous Lights.

Oxymuriate matches must "hide their diminished heads" before the recent invention of a method of obtaining light, by merely compressing a match, which inflames instantaneously. These matches are called *Prometheans*, and comparing small things with great, we know not a better name to imply the scientific age to which the invention belongs.

Fossil Fish.

Mr. Mantell, of Lewes, has lately added to his museum a fine specimen of a fossil fish, discovered in a bed of clay belonging to the Hasting sand formation. Similar remains are abundant in the strata of Tilgate Forest, in the white rock at Hastings, and in the sandstone quarries near Tunbridge Wells; but they consist, for the most part, of detached scales only.

Wonders of Art.

Among the last we notice the model of a boat for aërial navigation, lately sent to the French Academy from Rome; and the patent taken out at Paris for a coach with one wheel only, to accommodate 30 or 40 passengers. The perfection of the latter scheme in England would render indispensable a complete revision of our Turnpike Acts.

Notes of a Reader.

SCOTTISH INNS.

By Sir Walter Scott.

THE courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland, even in the youth of the author. In requital, mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humourist to boot. The devolution of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gudewife was very common among the Scottish bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B——; while her husband amused himself with field-sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time the premises having taken fire, the husband was met walking up the High Street, loaded with his guns and fishing-rods, and replied calmly to some one that inquired after his wife, "that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery, and some trumpery books;" the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house. There were many elderly gentlemen in the author's younger days, who still held it part of the amusement of a journey "to parley with mine host," who often resembled, in his quaint humour, mine Host of the Garter, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; or Blague of the George, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton. Sometimes the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case, the omitting to pay them due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion:—A jolly dame who, not "sixty years since," kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls; be it said in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. "Here sit I," he said, "a placed minister of the kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk. — Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before." The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs B. answered drily, "Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; *and deil a spring they could play amang them!*"—*Notes to the New Edition of the Waverley Novels.*

CATCHING TIGERS.

IN some parts of South America, a great many tigers are caught with the lasso by the Indian and Creole inhabitants for the sake of their skins. They are also sometimes entrapped in the following manner: a large chest, or wooden frame, is made, supported upon four wheels, and is dragged by oxen to a place where the traces of tigers have been discovered. In the furthest corner of the chest is put a putrid piece of flesh, by way of bait, which is no sooner laid hold of by the tiger than the door of the trap falls; he is killed by a musket ball, or a spear thrust through the crevices of the planks.—*Memoirs of General Miller.*

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ODE.

(From the Persian.)

The joys of love and youth be mine,
The cheerful glass, the ruby wine,
The social feast, the merry friend,
And brimming goblets without end.

The maid whose lips all sweets contain,
The minstrel with bewitching strain,
And, by my side, the merry soul
Who briskly circulates the bowl!

A maiden full of life and light,
Like Eden's fountains pure and bright;
Whose sweetness steals the heart away,
Mild, beauteous, as the moon of May.

A banquet-hall, the social room,
Cool, spacious, breathing rich perfume,
Like that fair hall where, midst the roses,
Each saint in heaven above reposes!

Servants in briskness who excel,
Friends who can keep a secret well,
And merry men who love their lass,
And drink your health in many a glass.

Wine, sparkling like the ruby bright,
Neither too sweet, nor yet too light;
One draught from purple wine we'll sip,
And one from beauty's rosy lip!

A maid, whose joyous glances roll
To cheer the heart and charm the soul;
Whose graceful locks, that flow behind,
Engage and captivate mankind!

A noble friend, whose rank is grac'd
By learning and poetic taste;
Who, like my Patron, loves the bard,
Well skill'd true merit to reward!

Breathes there a man too cold to prove
The joys of friendship or of love?
Oh, let him die! when these are fled
Scarce do we differ from the dead!

Gentleman's Magazine.

LITERARY GAZETTES.

As one of the signs of the times we notice the almost simultaneous appearance of three new Literary Gazettes, at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Manchester. One of the latter contains a wood-cut of the Manchester Royal Institution, and eight quarto pages for three-pence. Among the original articles is a sketch of Mr. Kean, in which the writer says, "Mr. Kean's countenance was some years since, one of the finest ever beheld, and his eye the brightest and most penetrating. Without ever having seen Lord Byron, we should say there must have been a great similarity of features and expression between them."

DUELLING CODE.

People talk about the voluminous nature of our statute-books, forsooth. Nonsense! they are not half large or numerous enough. There is room and necessity for hundreds and thousands of new laws; and if duelling cannot be prevented, it might at least be regulated, and a shooting license regularly taken out every year; and the licenses only granted to persons of a certain rank, and property, and age. Say, for instance, that none under fifteen years shall be allowed a license; that livery servants, apprentices, clerks in counting-houses, coach and wagon offices, hair-dressers, and tailors who use the thimble in person, should be considered as unqualified persons. This would render duelling more select and respectable. —*Rank and Talent.*

SOUTH AMERICAN BANDITTI.

The vicinity of Lima is occasionally infested by banditti, carrying on their operations in open day with so much system, that all who chance to travel at that time are sure to be relieved of their valuables. These robbers are composed chiefly of free mulattoes and others of a mixed race. The evil has existed from time immemorial, and is of purely Spanish origin; for Indian honesty, in retired villages, is so great, that when a family for a time leaves its cage-like hut, the latchless wicket is left ajar; a brush is placed on the sill, and it would be worse than sacrilege for any one to cross the threshold under any pretence. It has happened that the brigands, well armed and well mounted, have assembled at distant and uncertain periods within a mile of Callao. They direct their course towards Lima, stop all whom they meet, and having very civilly lightened them of their purses, oblige the plundered persons to accompany the robbers, till all arrive near to the city gate, when the banditti disperse. Some ride boldly into the town; many conceal themselves in the thickets of canes; whilst others cut across the country, and return quietly to their homes, to enjoy the spoil, or follow their usual occupations. The banditti, on such extraordinary occasions, amount to twenty or thirty in number; and it has happened that they have had about twenty carriages, besides persons dismounted and made to lead their own horses, in the train, which was regularly brought up by a rear-guard, while the advanced scouts pushed on to secure fresh booty. They seldom commit murder; and whenever it is possible, they avoid robbing officers of the army, or civilians in the employment of government. Neither do they, when acting in small parties, attack persons of note. Foreigners and strangers are in general their usual victims.—*Memoir of General Miller.*

STEALING A SHEET.

A bet was laid by a gentleman that he would procure an Indian thief who should steal the sheet from under a person without waking him. The thing was effected in the following manner:—the thief approaching the person, who lay on his side,

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from behind, carefully folded up the sheet in small compact plaits till it reached his back; then, taking a feather, he tickled the nose of the sleeper, who immediately scratched his face and rolled over on the other side, when with a slight effort he completely released the sheet, and bore it off in triumph.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures.*

EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener's Magazine* observes that "next to the existing school societies, there is nothing I am more anxious to see, or would more gladly contribute to, than a *Society for promoting the Rational Amusements of the Lower Classes*, the first aim of which should be to instruct itinerant teachers of music, singing, and dancing, in improved modes of imparting their arts, and thus fairly set the plan agoing, when it would soon work its own way, and might then be extended to higher objects. The taste for flowers among the Paisley weavers, for gooseberry-growing at Manchester, and for music among the west of Yorkshire clothiers, originally sprang up from imitation of one or two amateurs of each pursuit; and there only needs a similar *first impulse*, which a society with a few thousands a year might give, to spread a general taste for music, singing, and dancing, and ultimately for other branches of the fine arts, as drawing and painting, as well as for natural history, and the cultivation of flowers and fruits, &c.

The lower classes in England, thus improved in morals and manners by a better education and more humanising amusements, might be safely left to choose their time of contracting marriage, and would then no more make beasts of themselves by drinking fermented liquors, than do the lower classes in the city from which I write, (Brussels) where probably more beer (and that by no means weak) is drank than in any town of similar size in England, every street being crowded with *cabarets* (public-houses,) and these in the evening almost always filled. But how filled? Not with rioters and noisy drunkards, but with parties at separate tables, often consisting of a man, his wife and children, all sipping their pot of beer poured into very small glasses to prolong the pleasure, and the gratification of drinking seeming less than that of the cheerful chit-chat, which is the main object of the whole assemblage. Deep-rooted national bad habits can be eradicated only by the spread of knowledge, which will ultimately teach our lower classes, as it has already done the bulk of the higher, that *moderation* is the condition of real enjoyments, and must be the motto even of the sensualist who aims at long-continued indulgence."

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

TOAST.

THE Parting toast at one of the old gaming-houses in *Marybone* was "*May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring, meet here again.*"

EPIGRAM

Translated from the French of Mr. Patris, who composed it a few days before his death. By J. C.

LAST night I dreamt that worn away
With sickness, I was dead,
And that my carcass, cheek by jowl,
Was by a poor man's laid.

My stomach rose, methought, to see
The wretch so near me lie,
And straight his sauciness I chid,
Like corpse of quality.

Scoundrel, cried I, move farther off,
And give your betters room,
Avaunt, you scrub, and rot elsewhere,
Foh! how you stink and fume.

Scrub! quoth the saucy dog, that's well,
Pray who's more scrub than you?
Bethink you, Mr., where you are,
And do not rant it so.

Hither on equal terms all come,
Here's neither rich nor poor,
My muck's my own, and be assur'd,
That your's can be no more.

SONG.

OH, yes! I always dream of her,
But never breathe her name;
Her spirit always dwells with me,
By night, by day the same!
The cheerful smile no more is mine;
I sorrow and regret;
I strive in vain to banish love,
But still I can't forget.

My friends may try to rally me,
And chase my grief away;
I smile in sadness while they laugh,
But heed not what they say.
They *must* not know how deep I love,
Nor win my secret yet;
And when I smile amid the scene,
'Tis not that I forget.

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My lips can never break the spell;
Her name is buried here!
And yet perchance she may bedew
My coffin with a tear!
But if in climes away from her
The sun of life should set,
Her name will quiver on my lip,
When I the world forget. Z.

EPITAPH IN AWLISCOMBE CHURCH-YARD, DEVONSHIRE.

HERE lie the remains of James Pady, *brickmaker*, late of this parish, in hopes that his *clay* will be *remoulded* in a workmanlike manner, far superior to his former perishable materials.

Keep death and judgment always in your *eye*,
Or else the devil off with you will fly,
And in his *kiln* with brimstone ever fry.
If you neglect the narrow *road* to seek,
Christ will reject you like a *half-burnt brick*.

Awliscombe. J. S.

IN the sea-fight off Minorca, in 1756, a gunner had his right hand shot off, just as he was going to fire off a gun. The brave fellow took up the match, saying, quite unconcernedly, "So then you thought that I had but one arm."

FLOWERS.

WITH each expanding flower we find
Some pleasing sentiment combin'd;
Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
Remembrance to the violet clings,
Peace brightens in the olive green,
Hope from the half-closed iris springs,
Victory from the laurel grows,
And woman blushes in the rose.

GOOD MORROW, A SONG.

FLY, night, away!
And welcome day!
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft,
Sunshine aloft,
To give my love good morrow!

Wings from the wind
To please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Lark, stretch thy wing,
And tow'ring sing,
To give my love good morrow!

Ye violets blue,
Sweet drops of dew,
That shine in every furrow,
Fresh odours fling
On zephyr's wing,
To give my love good morrow!

Bright Venus, spare
Awhile thy car,
Thy Cupid, dove, and sparrow
To waft my fair,
Like my own star,
To give the world good morrow!

G. R.

THE great Duke of Marlborough, who was, perhaps, the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obscenity in his presence; and it was said, by Lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the speaker, but resented it as an indignity to himself; and it is evident, that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy, or treason, must degrade not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character, which a man ought always to sustain, is in danger, when he is made the confidant of treachery, detraction, impiety, or lust; for he who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts of a robbery to another, presupposes that he is a thief.—*Hawkesworth.*

SILENCE in love bewrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Sir W. Raleigh.

NONSENSE *v.* SENSE.

WHEN Wilkes was confined in the King's Bench, he was waited upon by a deputation from some ward in the city, when the office of alderman was vacant. As there had already been great fermentation on his account, and much more apprehended, they who were deputed undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed the hope that he would at least wait till some more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mistook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After much useless conversation, one of the deputies at length exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the *sense* of the ward." "With all my heart," replied Wilkes, "I will take the *nonsense*, and beat you ten to one."

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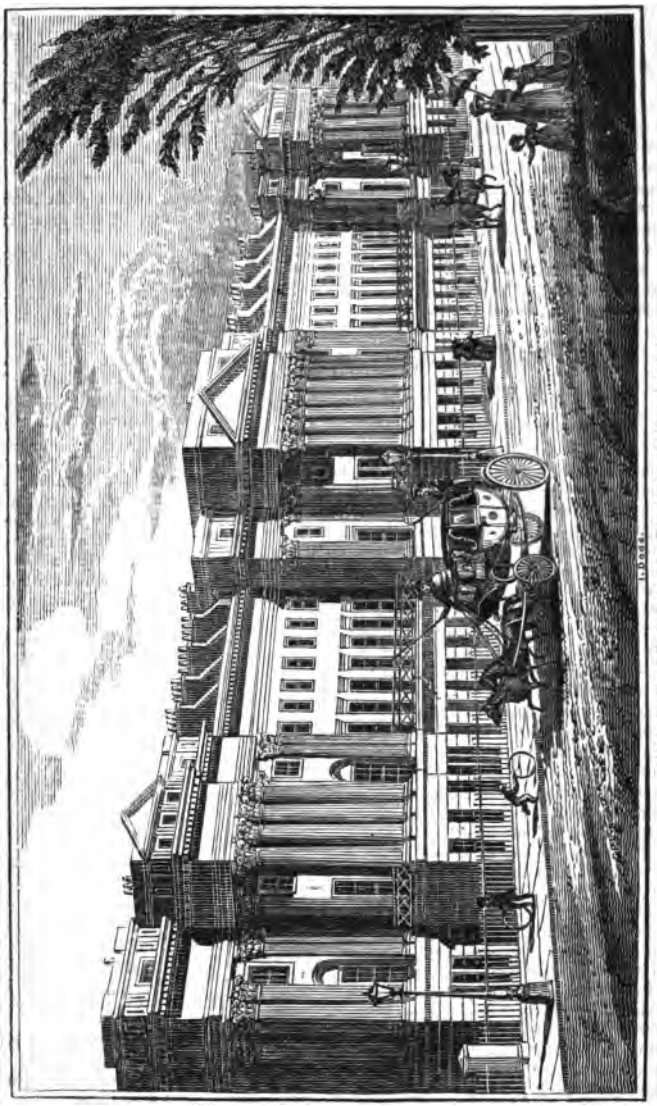
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 369.] SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1829. [Price 2d.



CORNWALL TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK.

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CORNWALL TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK.

ADJOINING *York Terrace*, engraved and described in No. 358, of the MIRROR, is *Cornwall Terrace*, one of the earliest and most admired of all the buildings in the Park; although its good taste has not been so influential as might have been expected, on more recent structures. It is named after the ducal title of the present King, when Regent.

Cornwall Terrace is from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton, and is characterized by its regularity and beauty, so as to reflect high credit on the taste and talent of the young architect. The ground story is rusticated, and the principal stories are of the Corinthian order, with fluted shafts, well proportioned capitals, and an entablature of equal merit. The other embellishments of Cornwall Terrace are in correspondent taste, and the whole presents a façade of great architectural beauty and elegance.

The Cosmopolite.

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

(*Concluded from page* 292.)

PASSING over the leading articles, and some news from the seat of war, next is the Court Circular, describing the mechanism of royal and noble etiquette in right courtly style. The "Money Market and City Intelligence"—what a line for the capitalist: only watch the intensity with which he devours every line of the oracle, as the ancients did the *spirantia exta*—and weighs and considers its import and bearing with the Foreign News and leading articles. What rivets are these—"risen about ¼ per cent"—and "a shade higher;" no fag or tyro ever hailed an illustration with greater interest. Talk to him whilst he is reading any other part of the paper, and he will break off, and join you; but when reading this, he can only spare you an occasional "hem," or "indeed"—his eyes still riveted to the column. This has been satirically termed "watching the turn of the market;" although every reader does the same, and first looks for those events in the paper which bear upon his interests or enjoyments; for pleasure, as well as industry, has her studies. Thus the lines "Drury Lane Theatre," and "Professional Concert" are 'Change news to a certain class—and a long criticism on Miss Phillips's first appearance in Jane Shore will ensure attention and sympathy, from anxiety for an actress of high promise, and the pathos of the play itself; and we need not insist upon the beneficial effect which sound criticism has on public taste. To pass from an account of a Concert at the Argyll Rooms, with its fantasias and *concertanti*, to the fact of 940 weavers being at present unemployed in Paisley,—and the death of a young man in Paris, from hydrophobia, is a sad transition from gay to grave—yet so they stand in the column. A long correspondence on Commercial Policy, Taxation, Finance, and Currency — we leave to the capitalist, the "parliament man," and other disciples of Adam Smith; whilst our eye descends to the right-hand corner, where is recorded the horrible fact of a mother attempting to suffocate her infant at her breast! Humanity sickens at such a pitch of savage crime in the centre of the most refined city in the world!

The commencement of the third folio is a gratifying contrast to the last horrible incident. It describes the Anniversary of St. Patrick's Charity Schools, with one of the King's brothers presiding at the benevolent banquet, and records an after-dinner subscription of 540*l*.! What a delightful scene for the philanthropist—what a blessed picture of British beneficence! Yet beneath this is a piracy—a tale of blood, whose very recital "will harrow up thy soul"—the murder of the captain and crew of an American brig, as narrated by one man who was concealed. In the next column are two reports of Parish Elections, which afford more speculation than we are prone to indulge, as the turning-out of old parties and setting-up of new, and many of the petty feuds and jealousies that divide and distract parishes or large families, the little circles of the great whole. At the foot of this column a paragraph records the death of a miserly bachelor schoolmaster, who had worn the same coat twenty years, and on the tester of whose bed were found, wrapped up in old stockings £1,600. in interest notes, commencing thirty-five years since, the compound interest of which would have been £4,000.; and for what purpose was this concealment?—a dread of being required to assist his relatives! Yet contrast this wicked abuse with a few of the incidents we have recorded—the dinner of St. Patrick's, for instance, and is it possible to conceive a more despicable situation (short of crime) than this poor miser deserves in our chronicle.

The third column opens to us a scene of a very opposite character, the Newmarket Craven Meeting—the most brilliant assemblage ever known there; the town crammed with the children of

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chance, the innkeepers trebling their charges, and like the Doncaster people, doing "noting widout the guinea." What an heterogeneous mixture of fine old sport, black legs and consciences, panting steeds and hearts bursting with expectation and despair, and the grand machinery of chance working with mathematical truth, and not unfrequently beneath luxury and the mere show of hospitality.

The moralist will turn away from this rural pandemonium with disgust; but what will he say to the records of wretchedness and crime that fill up nearly the remainder of the folio. A Coroner's Inquest upon a fellow creature who "died from neglect, and want of common food to support life"—and another upon a poor girl, whose young and tender wits being "turned to folly,"—died by a draught of laudanum—are still more lamentable items in the calendar.

Beneath these inquests is a brief tale of a romantic robbery in an obscure department of France. The priest of a village, aged 80, lived in an isolated cottage with his niece. About midnight, he was disturbed, and on his getting out of bed, was bound by two men, whilst a third stood at the door. The robbers then proceeded to the girl's chamber, very ungallantly took her gold ear-rings, and by threatening her and her uncle with death, got possession of 300 francs. Two of the ruffians then proceeded to the church, broke open the poor-box, and took about 30 francs. They then bound again the old man and his niece, and departed. One of the robbers, however, left an agricultural tool behind him, which led to the discovery of two of the thieves, who are committed for trial. This is a perfect newspaper gem.

The fifth column has terror in its first line "Law Report," and commences with an action in the Court of King's Bench, against the late Sheriffs of London for an illegal seizure—one of the glorious delights of office. The next portion relates to an illustrious foreigner, who stated that he professed to swallow fire and molten lead, "but he only put them into his mouth, and took them out again in a sly manner, for they were too hot to eat." (Much laughter.) He could swallow prussic acid without experiencing any ill effects from it; that was what he called *pyrotechny;* "he had no property except a wife and child, &c."

Next are the Police Reports, sometimes affording admirable studies of men and manners. The first is a case of a man being locked up for the night in a watch-house, "on suspicion of ringing a bell"—and brings to light a most outrageous abuse of petty power. In another case, a gang of robbers pursued by one set of watchmen, were suffered to escape by another set, who would not stir a foot beyond their own boundary line! Neither Shakspeare, Fielding, nor Sheridan have given us a better standing jest than this incident affords. It reminds us of the fellow who refused to take off Tom Ashe's coat, because it was felony to strip an *ash;* or the tanner who would not help the exciseman out of his pit without twelve hours' notice.

The Births, Marriages, and Deaths—and the Markets, and Price of Stocks, in small type, which well bespeaks their crowded interest, wind up the sheet. Yet what thrilling sensations does this small portion of our sheet often impart. What hopes and expectations for heirs and legacy hunters—people who want the "quotation" of Mark Lane and the Coal Market—and others whose daily tone and temper depends on the little cramped fractions in the "Stocks" and "Funds." Another catches a fine frenzy from the "Shares," and regulates his day's movements "the very air o' the time" by their import—and hence he dreams of gold and gossamer, or sits torturing his imagination with writs and executions that await adverse fortune.

Such are but a few of the pleasures and pains of a newspaper. Shenstone says the first part which an ill-natured man examines, is the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality; but, to prove that our object is any thing but ill-natured, we have glanced last at the Deaths. The paper over which we have been travelling, wants the Gazette and Parliamentary News, and a Literary feature. The Debates would have enabled us to illustrate the rapid marches of science and intellect in our times, as displayed in the present perfect system of parliamentary reporting. But enough has been said on other points to prove that the *physiognomy* of a newspaper is a subject of intense interest. In this slight sketch we have neither magnified the crimes, nor sported with the weaknesses; all our aim has been to search out points or pivots upon which the reflective reader may turn; the result will depend on his own frame of mind.

There is, however, one little paragraph, one pearl appended to the Police Report which we must detach, viz. the acknowledgment of £2. sent to the Bow Street office poor-box, the *seventh* contribution of the same amount of a benevolent individual (by the handwriting, a lady) signed "A friend to the unfortu-

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nate." Read this ye who gloat over ill-gotten wealth, or abuse good fortune; think of the delights of this divine benefactress—silent and unknown—but, above all, of the exceeding great reward laid up for her in heaven. PHILO.

CAT AND FIDDLE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

YOUR correspondent, double X has furnished us with a well written and whimsical derivation of the above ale-house sign, and partly by Roman patriotism and French "lingo," he traces it up to "*l'hostelle du Caton fidelle.*" But I presume the article is throughout intended for pure banter—as I do not consider your facetious friend seriously meant that "no two objects in the world have less to do with each other than a cat and violin."

How close the connexion is between fiddle and *cat-gut*, seems pretty well evident—for a proof, I therefore refer double X to any *cat-gut scraper* in his majesty's dominions, from the theatres royal, to Mistress Morgan's two-penny hop at Greenwich Fair. JACOBUS.

THE ROUE'S INTERPRETATION OF DEATH.

(For the Mirror.)

"Death! who would think that five simple letters, would produce a word with so much terror in it."—*The Roué.*

DEATH! and why should it be
That hideous mystery
Is with those atoms integral combin'd?
Alas! too well—too well,
I've prob'd unto the spell
In each dark imag'd sound, that lurks entwin'd!

Eternity, implied
In Death, and long denied.
Now sacrifices my tortur'd mental gaze!
Whilst, with its lurid light
Heart-burnings fierce unite
And what may quench, the guilty spirit's blaze?

Annihilation!—this,
Was once, the startling bliss
I forc'd my soul to fancy Death should give!
But, whilst I shudd'ring bless
The hopes—of—nothingness,
A something sighs: "Beyond th' grave I live!"

Tophet! I thrill! for scorn'd
Was the sere thought, though warn'd
Oftimes that Death, enclos'd that dread abyss!
Now, by each burning vein
And venom'd conscience—pain
I know the terrors of that world, in this!

Heaven! ay, 'tis in Death
For him, whose fragile breath
Wends from a breast of piety and peace,
But darkness, chains, and dree
Eternal, are for me
Since Death's tremendous myst'ries never cease! M. L. B.

TO JUDY.

(For the Mirror.)

I HAVE thought of you much since we parted,
And wished for you every day,
And often the sad tear has started,
And often I've brush'd it away;
When the thought of thy sweet smile come o'er me
Like a sunbeam the tempest between,
And the hope of thy love shone before me
So brilliantly bright and serene,
I remember thy last vow that made me
Forget all my sorrow and care,
And I think of the dear voice that bade me
Awake from the dream of despair.

I regard not the gay scene around me,
The smiles of the young and the free,
Have not *now* the soft charm that once bound me,
For *that* hath been broken by *thee*;
And tho' voices, *dear* voices are teeming,
With friendship and gladness, and wit,
And a welcome from bright eyes is beaming,
I cannot, I cannot, forget—
I may join in the dance and the song,
And laugh with the witty and gay,
Yet the heart and best feelings that throng
Around it, are far, far away.

Dost remember the scene we last traced, love,
When the smile from night's radiant queen
Beamed bright o'er the valley, and chased love
The spirit of gloom from the scene?
And the riv'let how heedless it rushed, love,
From its home in the mountain away,
And the wild rose how faintly it blush'd, love,
In the light of the moon's silver ray:
Oh, that streamlet was like unto me,
Parting from whence its brightness first sprung,
And that sweet rose was the emblem of thee.
As so pale on my bosom you hung.

Dearest, *why* did I leave thee behind me,
Oh! why did I leave thee at all,
Ev'ry day that dawns, only can find me
In sorrow, and tho' the sweet thrall
Of my heart serves to cheer and to check me
When sorrow or passion have sway,
Yet I'd rather have thee to *hen-peck** me,
Than be from thy bower away;
And, dear Judy, I'm still what you found me,
When we met in the grove by the rill,
I forget not the spell that first bound me,
And I shall not, till feeling be still.

F. BERINGTON.

ANCIENT PLACES OF SANCTUARY IN LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

"No place indeed should murder sanctuarise."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE principal sanctuaries were those in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, Salisbury-court, White Friars, Ram-alley, and Mitre-court; Fulwood's-rents, in Holborn, Baldwin's-gardens, in Gray's-

* *Hen-pecked*, to be governed *by a wife*, (see Johnson.)

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inn-lane; the Savoy, in the Strand; Montague-close, Deadman's-place, the Clink, the Mint, and Westminster. The sanctuary in the latter place was a structure of immense strength. Dr. Stutely, who wrote about the year 1724, saw it standing, and says that it was with very great difficulty that it was demolished. The church belonging to it was in the shape of a cross, and double, one being built over the other. It is supposed to have been built by Edward the Confessor. Within this sanctuary was born Edward V., and here his unhappy mother took refuge with her son, the young Duke of York, to secure him from the villanous proceedings of his cruel uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, who had possession of his elder brother. The metropolis at one time (says the Rev. Joseph Nightingale,) abounded with these haunts of villany and wretchedness. They were originally instituted for the most humane and pious purposes; and owe their origin to one of the sacred institutions of the Mosaic law, which appointed certain cities of refuge for persons who had accidentally slain any of their fellow creatures. The institution, as Marmonides justly observes, was a merciful provision both for the manslayer, that he might be preserved, and for the avenger, that his blood might be cooled by the removal of the manslayer out of his sight. In the year 1487, during the Pontificate of Innocent VIII. a bull was issued, and sent here, to lay a little restraint on the privileges of sanctuary. It stated, that if thieves, murderers, or robbers, registered as sanctuary-men, should sally out and commit fresh nuisances, which they frequently did, and enter again, in such cases they might be taken out of their sanctuaries by the king's officers. That as for debtors, who had taken sanctuary to defraud their creditors, their persons only should be protected; but their goods out of sanctuary, should be liable to seizure. As for traitors, the king was allowed to appoint them keepers in their sanctuaries, to prevent their escape. After the Reformation had gained strength, these places of sanctuary began to sink into contempt, and in the year 1697, it became absolutely necessary to take some legislative measures for their destruction. P. T. W.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

A FOOTMAN who had been found guilty of murdering his fellow-servant, was engaged in writing his confession: "I murd—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered?*"

The Selector,
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

TIMBER TREES.

IN the last volume of the MIRROR, we gave several extracts from a delightful paper on *Landscape Gardening*, contained in a recent Number of the *Quarterly Review;* with an abstract of Sir Henry Steuart's new method of transplanting trees, and a variety of information on this interesting department of rural economy. We are therefore pleased to see that the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, have appropriated the second part of their new work to what are termed "Timber Trees and their applications;" and probably few of their announced volumes will exceed in usefulness and entertainment that which is now before us. Indeed, the Editor could scarcely have devised a more successful means of impressing his readers with a sincere love of nature and her sublime works, than by introducing them to the history of vegetable substances in their connexion with the useful arts.

We subjoin a few specimens, with occasional notes, arising from our own reading and personal observation.

Picturesque Beauty of the Oak.

A fine oak is one of the most picturesque of Trees. It conveys to the mind associations of strength and duration, which are very impressive. The oak stands up against the blast, and does not take, like other trees, a twisted form from the action of the winds. Except the cedar of Lebanon, no tree is so remarkable for the stoutness of its limbs: they do not exactly spring from the trunk, but divide from it; and thus it is sometimes difficult to know which is stem and which is branch. The twisted branches of the oak, too, add greatly to its beauty; and the horizontal direction of its boughs, spreading over a large surface, completes the idea of its sovereignty over all the trees of the forest. Even a decayed oak,—

"——— dry and dead,
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old,
Lifting to heaven its aged hoary head,
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold—"

—even such a tree as Spenser has thus described is strikingly beautiful: decay in this case looks pleasing. To such an oak Lucan compared Pompey in his declining state.

The Cedar.

The cedar of Lebanon, though it has been introduced into many parts of England as an ornamental tree, and has

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thriven well, has not yet been planted in great numbers for the sake of its timber. No doubt it is more difficult to rear, and requires a far richer soil than the pine and the larch; but the principal objection to it has been the supposed slowness of its growth, although that does not appear to be very much greater than in the oak. Some cedars, which have been planted in a soil well adapted to them, at Lord Carnarvon's, at Highclere, have grown with extraordinary rapidity. Of the cedars planted in the royal garden at Chelsea, in 1683, two had, in eighty-three years, acquired a circumference of more than twelve feet, at two feet from the ground, while their branches increased over a circular space forty feet in diameter. Seven-and-twenty years afterwards the trunk of the largest one had extended more than half a foot in circumference; which is probably more than most oaks of a similar age would do during an equal period. The surface soil in which the Chelsea cedars throve so well is not by any means rich; but they seem to have been greatly nourished from a neighbouring pond, upon the filling up of which they wasted away.

Various specimens of the cedar of Lebanon are mentioned as having attained a very great size in England. One planted by Dr. Uvedale, in the garden of the manor-house at Enfield, about the middle of the seventeenth century, had a girth of fourteen feet in 1789; eight feet of the top of it had been blown down by the great hurricane in 1703, but still it was forty feet in height. At Whitton, in Middlesex, a remarkable cedar was blown down in 1779. It had attained the height of seventy feet; the branches covered an area one hundred feet in diameter; the trunk was sixteen feet in circumference at seven feet from the ground, and twenty-one feet at the insertion of the great brances twelve feet above the surface. There were about ten principal branches or limbs, and their average circumference was twelve feet. About the age and planter of this immense tree its historians are not agreed, some of them referring its origin to the days of Elizabeth, and even alleging that it was planted by her own hand. Another cedar, at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, had, at the presumed age of 116 years, arrived at the following dimensions; its height was fifty-three feet, and the spread of the branches ninety-six feet from east to west, and eighty-nine from north to south. The circumference of the trunk, close to the ground, was thirteen feet and a half; at seven feet it was twelve and a half; and at thirteen feet, just under the branches, it was fifteen feet eight inches. There were two principal branches, the one twelve feet and the other ten feet in girth. The first, after a length of eighteen inches, divided into two arms, one eight feet and a half, and the other seven feet ten. The other branch, soon after its insertion, was parted into two, of five feet and a half each.*

The Yew Tree

(Called *Taxus*, probably from the Greek, which signifies swiftness, and may allude to the velocity of an arrow shot from a yew-tree bow,) is a tree of no little celebrity, both in the military and the superstitious history of England. The common yew is a native of Europe, of North America, and of the Japanese Isles. It used to be very plentiful in England and Ireland, and probably also Scotland. Cæsar mentions it as having been abundant in Gaul; and much of it is found in Ireland, imbedded in the earth. The trunk and branches grow very straight; the bark is cast annually; and the wood is compact, hard, and very elastic. It is therefore of great use in every branch of the arts in which firm and durable timber is required; and, before the general use of fire-arms, it was in high request for bows: so much of it was required for the latter purpose, that ships trading to Venice were obliged to bring ten bow staves along with every butt of Malmsey. The yew was also consecrated—a large tree, or more being in every churchyard; and they were held sacred.† In funeral processions the branches were carried over the dead by mourners, and thrown under the coffin in the grave. The following extract from the ancient laws of Wales will show the value that was there set upon these trees, and also how the consecrated yew of the priests had risen in value over the reputed sacred mistletoe of the Druids:—

"A consecrated yew, its value is a pound.

"A misletoe branch, threescore pence.

"An oak, sixscore pence.

* We believe the finest cedars in England to be those at Juniper Hall, between Leatherhead and Dorking.

† Yew trees—those gloomy tenants of our churchyards—appear to have been planted there in ancient times. In the will of Henry VI. there is the following item:—"The space between the wall of the church and the wall of the cloyster shall conteyne 38 feyte, which is left for to sett in certayne trees and flowers, behovable and convenient for the custom of the said church." Several reasons may be assigned for giving this tree a preference to every other evergreen. It is very hardy, long-lived, and, though in time it attains a considerable height, produces branches in abundance, so low as to be always within reach of the hand, and at last affords a beautiful wood for furniture.—The date of the yews at Bedfont is 1704.

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"Principal branch of an oak, thirty pence.

"A yew tree, (not consecrated) fifteen pence.

"A sweet apple, threescore pence.

"A sour apple, thirty pence.

"A thorn-tree, seven pence halfpenny. Every tree after that, fourpence."

By a statute made in the 5th year of Edward IV., every Englishman, and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, was directed to have a bow of his own height made of yew, wych-hazel, ash, or awburne—that is, laburnum, which is still styled "awburne saugh," or awburne willow, in many parts of Scotland. His skill in the use of the long bow was the proud distinction of the English yeoman, and it was his boast that none but an Englishman could bend that powerful weapon. It seems that there was a peculiar art in the English use of this bow; for our archers did not employ all their muscular strength in drawing the string with the right hand, but thrust the whole weight of the body into the horns of the bow with the left. Chaucer describes his archer as carrying "a mighty bowe;" and the "cloth-yard shaft," which was discharged from this engine, is often mentioned by our old poets and chroniclers. The command of Richard III. at the battle which was fatal to him, was this:

"Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head."

The bowmen were the chief reliance of the English leaders in those bloody battles which attended our unjust contests for the succession to the crown of France. Some of these scenes are graphically described by Froissart.

Box

Is a native of all the middle and southern parts of Europe; and it is found in greater abundance and of a larger size in the countries on the west of Asia, to the south of the mountains of Caucasus. In many parts of France it is also plentiful, though generally in the character of a shrub. In early times it flourished upon many of the barren hills of England. Evelyn found it upon some of the higher hills in Surrey, displaying its myrtle-shaped leaves and its bright green in the depth of winter; and, till very recently, it gave to Boxhill, in that county, the charms of a delightful and perennial verdure. The trees have now been destroyed, and the name, as at other places called after the box, has become the monument of its former beauty.*

Yet no tree so well merits cultivation—though its growth be slow. It is an unique among timber, and combines qualities which are not found existing together in any other. It is as close and as heavy as ebony; not very much softer than *lignumvitæ*; it cuts better than any other wood; and when an edge is made of the ends of the fibres, it stands better than lead or tin, nay almost as well as brass. Like holly, the box is very retentive of its sap, and warps when not properly dried, though when sufficiently seasoned it stands well. Hence, for the wooden part of the finer tools, for every thing that requires strength, beauty, and polish in timber, there is nothing equal to it. There is one purpose for which box, and box alone, is properly adapted, and that is the forming of wood-cuts, for scientific or other illustrations in books. These reduce the price considerably in the first engraving, and also in the printing; while the wood-cut in box admits of as high and sharp a finish as any metal, and takes the ink much better. It is remarkably durable too; for, if the cut be not exposed to alternate moisture or heat, so as to warp or crush it, the number of thousands that it will print is almost incredible. England is the country where this economical mode of illustration is performed in the greatest perfection; and just when a constant demand for box was thus created, the trees available for the purpose had vanished from the island.

Mahogany

Is of universal use for furniture, from the common tables of a village inn to the splendid cabinets of a regal palace. But the general adoption of this wood renders a nice selection necessary for those articles which are costly and fashionable. The extensive manufacture of piano-fortes has much increased the demand for mahogany. This musical instrument, as made in England, is superior to that of any other part of Europe; and English piano-fortes are largely exported. The beauty of the case forms a point of great importance to the manufacturer. This circumstance adds nothing, of course, to the intrinsic value of the instrument; but it is of consequence to the maker, in giving an adventitious quality to the article in which he deals. Spanish mahogany is decidedly the most beautiful; but occasionally, yet not very often, the Honduras wood is of singular brilliancy; and it is then eagerly sought for, to be employed in the most expensive cabinet-work. A short time ago, Messrs. Broad-

* In the twelfth volume of the MIRROR, we gave an accurate picture of the past and present celebrity of *Box Hill*, especially with respect to the quantity of box grown there. The box trees on the hill are again flourishing, and with these and other evergreens the chief part of Box Hill is still covered.

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wood, who have long been distinguished as makers of piano-fortes, gave the enormous sum of 3,000*l.* for three logs of mahogany. These logs, the produce of one tree, were each about fifteen feet long and thirty-eight inches wide. They were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood, of which we have seen a specimen, was peculiarly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish; and, when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal; and, from the wavy form of the fibres, offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed. A new species of mahogany has been lately introduced in cabinet-work, which is commonly called Gambia. As its name imports, it comes from Africa. It is of a beautiful colour, but does not retain it so long as the Spanish and Honduras woods.

Planting.

The publication of his Sylva, by Evelyn,* gave a considerable impulse to planting in the time of Charles II.; but in the next century that duty was much neglected by the landed proprietors of this country. There is a selfish feeling, that the planter of an elm or an oak does not reap such an immediate profit from it himself, as will compensate for the expense and trouble of raising it. This is an extremely narrow principle, which, fortunately, the rich are beginning to be ashamed of. It is a positive duty of a landed proprietor who cuts down a tree which his grandfather planted, to put a young one into the ground, as a legacy to his own grand-children: he will otherwise leave the world worse than he found it. Sir Walter Scott, who is himself a considerable planter, has eloquently denounced that contracted feeling which prevents proprietors thus improving their estates, because the profits of plantations make a tardy and distant return; and we cannot better conclude than with a short passage from the essay in which he enforces the duty of planting waste lands:—

"The indifference to this great rural improvement arises, we have reason to believe, not so much out of the actual lucre of gain as the fatal *vis inertiæ*—that indolence which induces the lords of the soil to be satisfied with what they can obtain from it by immediate rent, rather than encounter the expense and trouble of attempting the modes of amelioration which require immediate expense—and, what is, perhaps, more grudged by the first-born of Egypt—a little future attention. To such we can only say that the improvement by plantation is at once the easiest, the cheapest, and the least precarious mode of increasing the immediate value, as well as the future income, of their estates; and that therefore it is we exhort them to take to heart the exhortation of the dying Scotch laird to his son: 'Be aye sticking in a tree Jock—it will be growing whilst you are sleeping.'"

* Evelyn passed much of his time in planting; and his *Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees*, is one of the most valuable works in the whole compass of English literature. He describes himself as "borne at *Wotton*, among the woods," situate about four miles from Dorking, in a fine valley leading to Leith Hill. In book iii. chap. 7, of his *Sylva*, he says, "To give an instance of what store of woods and timber of prodigious size were grown in our little county of Surrey, my own grandfather had standing at Wotton, and about that estate, timber that now were worth £100,000. Since of what was left my father (who was a great preserver of wood) there has been £30,000 worth of timber fallen by the axe, and the fury of the hurricane in 1703, by which upwards of 1,000 trees were blown down. Now, no more Wotton! stript and naked, and ashamed almost to own its name." The Wotton woods are still flourishing, and within the last fourteen years we have passed many delightful days beneath their shade. Many a time and often in our rambles have we met the venerated Sir Samuel Romilly in one of the most beautiful ridges of the park, called the *Deer-leap*, wooing Nature in her delightful solitudes of wood and glade. He resided at Leith Hill, and the distance thence to Wotton is but a short ride

KITCHINERIANA.

(From the Housekeeper's Oracle, by the late Dr. Kitchiner.)

THE Greek commanders at the siege of Troy, and who were likewise all royal sovereigns, never presumed to set before their guests any food but that cooked by their own hands. Achilles was famous for—broiling beefsteaks.

INSTEAD of "Do let me send you some more of this mock turtle"—"Another patty"—"Sir, some of this trifle," "I must insist upon your trying this nice melon;"

The language of *hospitality* should rather run thus:—"Shall I send you a fit of the cholic, Sir?"

"Pray let me have the pleasure of giving you a pain in your stomach."

"Sir, let me help you to a little gentle bilious head-ache."

"Ma'am, you surely cannot refuse a touch of inflammation in the bowels."

If you feed on rich sauces, drink deep of strong wine,
In the morn go to bed, and not till night dine;
And the order of Nature thus turn topsy turvy!
You'll quickly contract Palsy, jaundice, and scurvy!!

THE man who makes an appointment with his stomach and does not keep it disappoints his *best friend*.

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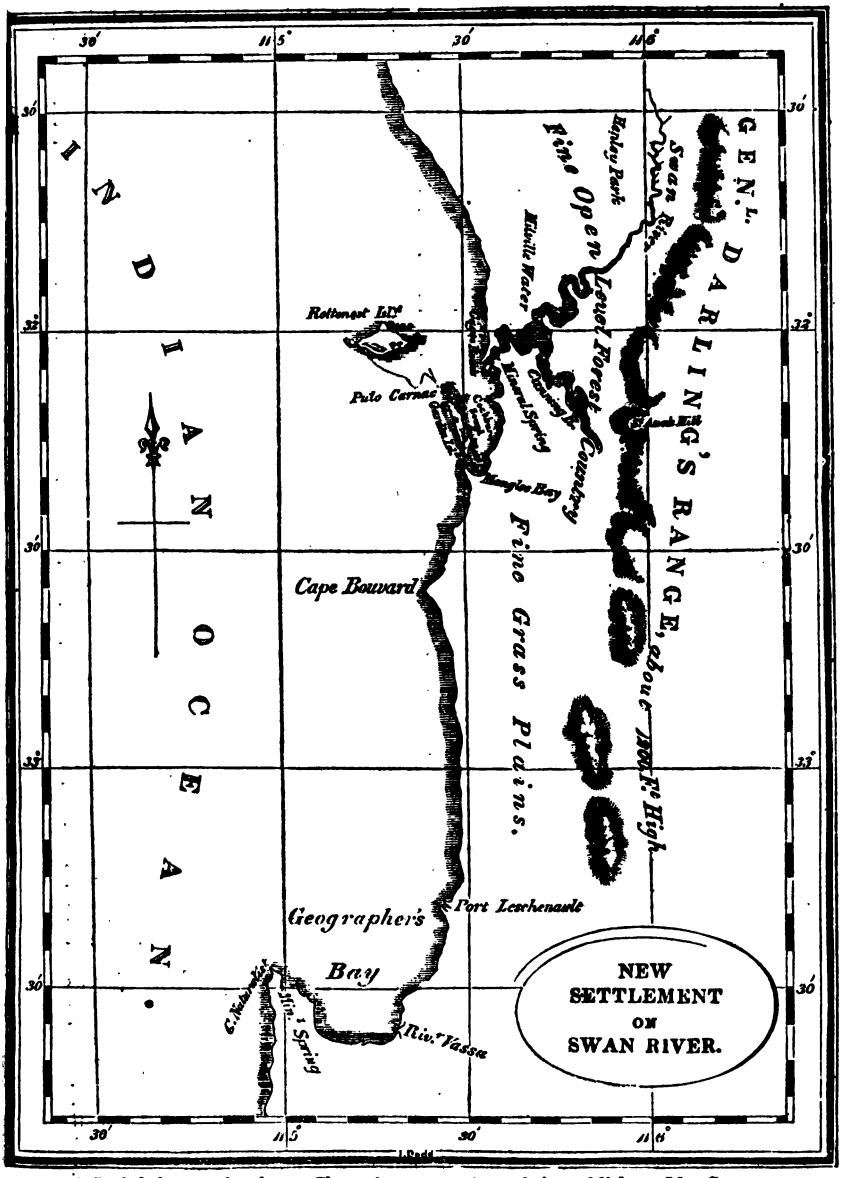
Spirit of Discovery.



Copied from a handsome Chart, by permission of the publisher, Mr. Cross, 18, Holborn, opposite Furnivals' Inn.

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EMIGRATION.

SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.

(Concluded from page 309.

[We resume the description of the Swan River Settlement, which will be further illustrated by the annexed outline.]

The animal productions, we may take for granted, are generally the same as those of New South Wales. The human species, in their physical qualities and endowments are the same. Most of them wore kangaroo cloaks, which were their only clothing. They carry the same kind of spears, and the womera, or throwing stick, as are used by those in New South Wales. In the summer months they frequent the sea-coast, where their skill in spearing fish is described as quite wonderful. In winter they mostly adhere to the woods on the higher grounds, where the kangaroos, the opossum tribe, and the land tortoises are plentiful. These, with birds and roots, constitute their sustenance. They have neither boat nor raft, nor did the party fall in with any thing resembling a hut. They made use of the word "kangaroo" and other terms in use at Port Jackson. The party saw only the three kinds of animals above-mentioned, and heard the barking of the native dog; no other reptiles but iguanas and lizards and a single snake presented themselves.

Of birds, the list is somewhat more extensive. The emu is frequent on the plains, and that once supposed "*rara avis*," the elegant black swan, was seen in the greatest abundance on the river to which it has lent its name, and particularly on Melville lake. Equally abundant were numerous species of the goose and duck family. White and black cockatoos, parrots and parroquets, were every where found. Pigeons and quails were seen in great quantities, and many melodious birds were heard in the woods.

Seals were plentiful on all the islands. Captain Stirling says that it was not the season for whales, but their debris strewed the shore of Geographer's Bay. The French, in May and June, met with a prodigious number of whales along this part of the coast, and sharks equally numerous and of an enormous size, some of them stated to be upwards of two thousand pounds in weight. Vlaming mentions the vast numbers of large sharks on this part of the coast, and he, as well as the French, found the sea near the shore swarming with sea-snakes, the largest about nine or ten feet long. Captain Stirling's party procured three or four different kinds of good esculent fish; one in particular, a species of rock-cod, is described as excellent.

"The bottom of the sea," says Captain Stirling, "is composed of calcareous sand, sometimes passing into marl or clay. On this may be seen growing an endless variety of marine plants, which appear to form the haunts and perhaps the sustenance of quantities of small fish. When it is considered that the bank extends a hundred miles from the shore, and that wherever the bottom is seen, it presents a moving picture of various animals gliding over the green surface of the vegetation, it is not too much to look forward to the time when a valuable fishery may be established on these shores. Even now, a boat with one or two men might be filled in a few hours."

The island of Buache is admirably adapted for a fishing town. The anchorage close to its eastern shore in Cockburn Island is protected against all winds; and the island itself, of six or seven thousand acres, of a light sort of sand and loam, is well suited, as Mr. Fraser thinks, for any description of light garden crops. The side next the sea is fenced by a natural dyke of limestone, covered with cypress, and in many places with an arborescent species of Metrosideros; and all the valleys are clothed with a gigantic species of Solanum, and a beautiful Brownonia. The soil in these thickets is a rich brown loam intermixed with blocks of limestone, and susceptible, Mr. Fraser says, of producing any description of crop. Fresh water may be had in all these valleys by digging to the depth of two feet. On this island Captain Stirling caused a garden to be planted and railed out; on which account he named it "Garden Island."

On this island, Buache, or Garden (as the party named it) Captain Stirling left a cow, two ewes in lamb, and three goats, where, he observes, abundance of grass, and a large pool of water awaited them. They would be, at all events, perfectly free from any disturbance from the natives.

Rottenest Island is the largest in this quarter, being about eight miles in length; it contains several saline lagoons, separated from the sea, on the north-east side, by a beach composed mostly of a single species of bivalve shell. Like Buache, it is covered with an abundant and vigorous vegetation, and a small species of kangaroo is said by Freycinet to be numerous upon it. Vlaming, who first discovered it, speaks in raptures of the beauties of this island, to which, from the multitude of rats, as he thought them

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to be, he gave the name of the "Rats' Nest." The French call this animal the *përamèle à long nez.*

It is not to be supposed that a hasty visit could enable the party to explore the mineralogical resources of the country. It appears, however, by a list of the soils and rock formations in Captain Stirling's report, that he brought home specimens of copper ore, of lead ore with silver, and also with arsenic, two species of magnetic iron, several varieties of granite, and chalcedony, and of limestone, with stalagmite incrustations, &c. The high cliffs of Cape Naturaliste abound with large masses of what Mr. Fraser calls "an extraordinary aggregate," containing petrifactions of bivalve and other marine shells, every particle of which was thickly incrusted with minute crystals. Here, too, he says, veins of iron of considerable thickness were seen to traverse the rock in various directions; and he speaks of the caverns formed in the micaceous schistus between the granite and the limestone, as something very extraordinary. They contained rock-salt in large quantities, forming thick incrustations on every part of the surface, beautifully crystallized, and penetrating into the most compact parts of the rock. In many of these caverns were very brilliant stalactites and stalagmites of extraordinary size adhering to the nodules of granite which form their bases or floors, and which are from forty to fifty feet above the level of the sea.

In several parts of the limestone formation, mineral springs were found; one in particular was noticed within half a mile of the entrance into Swan River. It bubbled out at the base of the solid rock in a stream, whose transverse area was measured by Captain Stirling, and found to be from six to seven feet, running at the rate of three feet in a second of time. It was thermal, saline, pleasant to the taste, and some, who partook of it, attributed to it an aperient quality.

Such is the outline of a country on which the government have determined to establish a colony, and over which they have justly, and we think judiciously, appointed Captain Stirling to act as lieutenant-governor. The plan on which it is to be founded is, in our opinion, unobjectionable. It promises the most advantageous terms to qualified settlers, and deserves only to be known to ensure as many of the most respectable agriculturists as may in the first instance be desirable.

In point of climate, this colony and New South Wales may perhaps be equally salubrious, though we are disposed to think that the western aspect and the sea-breezes may preponderate in favour of the new one;—this being, probably, milder, as the western sides of all continents and large islands are, than the eastern sides, in the winter,—while the refreshing breezes cool the air in the summer. "In my opinion," says Captain Stirling, "the climate, considered with reference to health, is highly salubrious. This opinion is corroborated by that of the surgeon of the Success, who states in his report to me on the subject, that, notwithstanding the great exposure of the people to fatigue, to night air in the neighbourhood of marshy grounds, and to other causes usually productive of sickness, he had not a case upon his sick list, except for slight complaints unconnected with climate."

It likewise appears, from Captain Stirling's report, that the thermometer, in the hot months of January, February, and March, averaged, in the morning, about 60 deg.; at noon, about 78 deg.; and in the evening 65 deg. The barometer averaged about 30 deg. The weather generally fine,—some rain and showery weather, and occasionally thunder and lightning.

In geographical position it has an incalculable advantage over New South Wales. In the first place, it is not only much more conveniently situated than that colony, but is much nearer to, and has much more easy means of communication with, every part of the civilized world, the east coast of America perhaps excepted. The passages to it from England, and from the Cape of Good Hope, are shortened by nearly a month, and the return voyages still more. The voyage from it to Madras and Ceylon is little more than three weeks at all times of the year, and only a month from those places to it; while for six months in the year, namely, from November to April, inclusive, when the western monsoons prevail on the northern coast of Australia, the passage from New South Wales through Torres Strait, always dangerous, is then utterly impracticable; and that through Bass's Strait nearly so to merchant vessels, on account of the westerly winds which blow through it at all times of the year, and which generally oblige them to go round the southern extremity of Van Dieman's Land. The Success frigate left Port Jackson on the 17th of January, and did not reach Cape Leuwin till the 2nd of February, being six weeks and two days; and Captain Stirling observes, that the only chance, by which the passage could be accomplished at all, was by carrying a constant press of sail.

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One point of consideration, (says the writer of the "Hints,") in the proposed measure (although in reality of no essential importance to pecuniary success) is of considerable magnitude, as regards moral feeling and the pride of many—that is, there being no admission of convicts into the proposed colony! Without any illiberal sentiment, this is a disadvantage under which Port Jackson and Van Dieman's Land certainly suffer. Nevertheless these thriving colonies, in the course of thirty or forty years, have made surprising progress in agriculture, population, commerce and wealth. The situation of Port Jackson was the most distant from the mother country; its position was not peculiarly adapted to production or traffic with any part of the globe; therefore, the improvement can only be attributed to a favourable soil, free from the taxations of old European governments, a low fee cost, or a nominal pepper corn rent, which circumstances have not only been capable of maintaining those who adventured, but of yielding a profit for capital sufficient to induce others to pursue the same course.

In the infancy of a colony, the certain maintenance of the settlers should be well established; and it is also right to know with what facility and at what cost, an adequate supply of necessaries, comforts, and even luxuries may be obtained. Adjacent, and favourably situated to Cockburn Sound, are the Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, Timor, Java, Sumatra, and the East Indian Presidencies.

Rice, from Java, can be obtained in five weeks, at or under 1*d*. per pound.

The bantam fowls and China pigs at equally moderate prices.

Sugar,* from the Mauritius, Java, or Calcutta, at 3*d*. per pound.

Coffee, from Java, 4*d*. per pound.

Spices, the production of the Moluccas, Celebees, &c. &c. at the lowest possible rate:—viz. pepper, nutmegs, cloves, &c.

Algoa Bay, the Cape of Good Hope, furnishes cattle and sheep. The coast of Cockburn Sound and Swan and Canning Rivers, promises plenty of fish for the table—also, oil for use. Tea will not cost more than 2*s*. 6*d*. per pound through Java; from whence stock of cattle, poultry and pigs can be added of the best quality.

There is no intention in these remarks to shew the extent of production of which the soil and climate are capable; time and prosperity will be requisite to bring forward all their capabilities. Nothing, therefore, has been said of the articles grown in similar latitudes in Asia, and carried to Smyrna and other Turkish ports at immense distances, for export to England, France, and Holland. There is, however, no reason for supposing that silk, (equal to that of Brussa,) opium, madder roots, goats' wool, senna, gums, currants, raisins, and the highly esteemed Turkish tobacco, and various other productions, may not be cultivated to advantage half a century hence. But in the commencement, it is sufficient to look to *early*, *certain*, and *profitable returns*; without calculating upon chances of wealth, which may not be realized in the lifetime of the present adventurers.

It remains only for us to offer a word of advice (says the writer in the *Quarterly Review*) to the multitudes who we understand are preparing to take their flight to this new land of Goshen,—which is this: that no one should *at present* think of venturing on such a step, unless he can carry out with him, either in his own person or in his family or followers, the knowledge of agriculture, and the capability of agricultural labour. It is quite certain that, for the first few years, every settler must be mainly indebted for the means of subsistence of himself and family to the produce of the soil; beyond this the country itself, for the first year, will afford him nothing, with the exception, perhaps, of a little fish—the rest must be raised by the labour of the ploughman and the horticulturist. The only settlers, therefore, who can reasonably hope to thrive in the infant state of the colony must consist of this description of persons; any others, with very few exceptions, must inevitably be disappointed, if not irretrievably ruined. A clergyman, a schoolmaster, a land-surveyor, an apothecary, a few small tradesmen and fishermen, may reasonably expect employment and make themselves useful to the new community; as will also a limited number of house-carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, and common labourers, the latter being required to assist in building habitations; but the un-

* Gunningham, in his account of New South Wales, recommends the cultivation of sugar, but he acknowledges the latitude of 28° scarcely sufficiently warm for the purpose, and enters into an argument of economy, whether convicts or slaves would be the cheapest mode of supplying labour: but this system would alter the whole character of this proposed settlement in the neighbourhood of Cockburn Sound, the great feature of which is healthiness of the climate, and a fertility of the soil, capable of producing useful exportable commodities, more than sufficient to pay for tropical productions of luxury, raised at an increased expense of life and slavery; and a very little insight into foreign trade will shew with what ease this may be accomplished.

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productive class, or idlers, had better wait a few years before they embark for a country where, as yet, there is neither hut nor hovel, and where the "*fruges consumere nati*" have unquestionably no place in society. We cannot forget what happened, when, a few years ago, the government resolved to send out, at a very considerable expense, a number of new settlers to improve and extend the agriculture of the Cape of Good Hope; giving allowances to the heads of parties, proportioned to their respective numbers.

The persons best calculated for effecting the improvement of the colony, and, at the same time, their own condition, must be looked for among the English and Scotch farmers; these cannot fail. To such we would recommend not to encumber themselves, and incur a great and unnecessary expense, by carrying out live-stock from home, but to take them from the Cape of Good Hope. At Algoa Bay, which is perfectly safe for six months in the year, they may be supplied with every kind of domestic animal, in good condition, and at reasonable prices, which may be carried to their destination in the short space of twenty-eight days. Seed corn and the seeds of culinary vegetables may be taken from home; but of young plants of peaches, pomegranates, oranges, figs, and vines, it may be advisable to take a supply from the Cape of Good Hope. For these, and many other species of fruit, the climate is admirably adapted; and the vine, in particular, is just calculated for the limestone ridge which extends along the coast facing the western sun.

It appears that apprehensions of interruption were once entertained from a prior settlement from France; these fears are however, removed by that nation having fixed on a point, to colonize, in latitude 25 deg. south, (which is distant north of the Swan River 400 miles) called Shark's Bay, within which there is an inlet called Freycinet's Harbour. The country in this neighbourhood much resembles the western coast.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE AIR BALLOON.

IN LAUDEM BULLÆ AERO-NAUTICÆ.

They may talk as they will
Of their steam-engine skill,
But, as sure as the sun shines at noon,
Straps, boilers, and springs
Are a wagon to wings,
Compared with the air-balloon.

If you're troubled with taxes,
You cross the Araxes,
Or fly to the plains of Haiwun;
In the height of the summer,
Cool as a cucumber,
You sit in your air-balloon.

The ladies, poor souls!
Once sent sighs to the poles;
We may now send the sighers as soon:
Painted canvass and gas
Whisk away with the lass,
In the car of the air-balloon.

Our girls of fifteen
Will disdain Gretna Green,
The old coupler must soon cobble shoon;
With a wink to the captain,
The beauties are wrapt in
The car of the air-balloon.

Old fathers and mothers,
Grim uncles and brothers,
May hunt them from January to June;
They are off to the stars,
And in Venus or Mars
You may spy out their air-balloon

Your makers of rhyme
May at last grow sublime,
Inspired by a touch at the moon;
And lawyers may rise
For once to the skies,
In the car of the air-balloon.

Your ministers, soaring,
May shun all the boring
Of country and city baboon—
Or, like ministers' spouses,
Look down on both Houses
From the car of the air-balloon.

The sweet six months' widow
Her weeds will abide. O,
No longer, nor cry "'Tis too soon!"
But range the skies over,
In search of a lover,
In the car of the air balloon.

If you wish for a singe-a
In Afric or India,
Or long for an Esquimaux' tune,
Or wish to go snacks
With the king of the blacks,—
Why,—call for your air-balloon.

If, on Teneriffe's Peak,
You'd wish for a steak,
Or dip in Vesuvius your spoon,
Or slip all the dog-days,
The rain-days, and fog-days,—
Go, call for your air-balloon.

Your doctors of physic
May banish the phthisic,
Your cook give you ice-creams in June—
If a dun's in the wind,
You may leave him behind,
And be off in your air-balloon.

On the top of the Andes,
Who's tortur'd with dandies?
On Potosi, who meets a buffoon?
But, for fear I'd get prosy,
I'll stop at Potosi,—
So, huzza for the air-balloon!

Monthly Magazine.

ALVISE SANUTO.

*A Venetian Story.**

ALVISE SANUTO was a young man of whom his country entertained the proudest

* The nobility of Venice were subject to the most rigorous *surveillance*, and dearly paid, occasionally, for the small degree of power conceded by the ducal house. The jealousy of the government with regard to these men was carried to excess. I may mention three regulations among the many that related to them, as illus-

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hopes. His courage had been gloriously tried in the battle of Lepanto, in which he had performed prodigies of valour. His prudence and foresight had been often the subject of admiration in the great council of the state. The old man, his father, esteemed him as the ornament and grace of his family: Venice pointed to him as one of her best citizens. Alvise was destined to fall by an infamous death.

At that period both public and private manners were exceedingly severe. The ladies, who gave law to them, only issued from their homes to go to church, wrapped up in a veil which hid their face and figure. The balconies of the palaces still present signs of this ancient severity, the parapets being purposely made so high and large, as to render it difficult to see from them. Alvise had a heart of the most passionate and fiery nature; he felt the imperious sway of love, but as yet had met with no lady on whom he could bestow his affections. The arrival of the French ambassador at Venice, in great pomp, excited public curiosity. The manners of the strangers bore an aspect of perfect novelty to the inhabitants of the republic, as the ladies who accompanied Amalia, the ambassador's daughter, displayed a fire and vivacity, which to many seemed scandalous as well as astonishing. Amalia was in her seventeenth year, and to cultivated and sprightly powers of mind, added those French graces, which, if they do not constitute beauty, are still more effectual than beauty itself in seducing the beholder. Alvise saw her when she was presented to the Doge, and regarded her as a being more than human. He gazed on her as if beside himself; and what female could have beheld him without admiration? Amalia read in the noble countenance of Alvise what he felt at that moment; she was affected, and, for the first time, her heart palpitated within her bosom.

Alvise from that day was another being. He knew his unhappy state, and that his misfortunes could end but with his life, since the severe and unyielding laws of his country rendered all hope chimerical of ever being united with the stranger lady. His ardent fancy suggested to attempt any means of again seeing her who was dearer to him than life. His abode was divided from that of the ambassador by a narrow canal. Having procured the assistance of a French domestic, he passed over to the palace, and secretly entered the chamber of Amalia.

It was midnight; and the young lady, her own thoughts perhaps disturbed by love, had not yet laid down, but was seeking from prayer consolation and rest. She knelt before the image of the virgin, her hands clasped in the attitude of devotion; and Alvise, beholding her angelic countenance lit up by the uncertain light of the lamp, could not restrain an exclamation of surprise, which roused the maiden from her pious reverie. Struck with the sight of him, she at first fancied, according to the superstitious notions of the times, that he was a spirit sent by her evil genius to tempt her, and uttered some words of holy scripture by way of exorcism; when Alvise, advancing, threw himself at her feet, and before Amalia could speak, disclosed to her, in the most passionate terms, his love, the inconsiderate step he had taken, and the certain death that awaited him should he be discovered.

Terror, rather than indignation, filled the breast of Amalia. "Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed, "what madness could prompt you thus to expose your own life and my reputation? Haste, fly from this spot, which you have profaned; and know, that if my heart recoils at your death (and here she gave a deep sigh,) yet at my cry those would appear who would not suffer your insult to pass unpunished," so saying, she pointed imperiously to the door.

Alvise listened to her as if he had been struck down by lightning. "Then let me die!" he exclaimed, "for without you life is odious to me. You are just taking the first steps in this vale of tears; one day, however, your heart also will know the emotions of love, and then, then think of the unhappy Alvise; how great must have been his pangs, and how ardent his desire to terminate them!"

He now made an effort to go away; but Amalia held him, while she said, "Alas! I seek not thy death: live, but forget me from this fatal moment." "To forget thee is *impossible*; to love thee is *death*: thy compassion would sweeten the last moments of my existence!" "Alvise!" exclaimed Amalia, weeping, "live, if only for my sake!" "Do

trative of the galling yoke that pressed on them, amid all their pride and splendour. The first forbade them to leave the dominions of the state without the special permission of the council of ten; and this was granted with difficulty. The second prohibited them from possessing goods and chattels out of the state. This was with a view of preventing the danger that might arise from attempts to betray the republic under an idea of finding an asylum elsewhere. The third and most severe decree forbade communication with foreign ambassadors, under pain of death! The terror inspired by this was such, that not only the ministers of the court, but their secretaries and domestics, fled from the ambassadors as if they were infected with the plague. This decree had numerous results, and among others, one that was attended with truly tragical circumstances.

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you comprehend the force of these words?"

She trembled at the question; but the idea of her lover dying in despair overcame all her scruples. "Yes, live for my sake," she repeated in an under tone.

Unhappy beings! they were intoxicated with love, while the abyss was yawning beneath their feet. A spy of the state inquisition, who was going his rounds, saw Alvise enter the palace, and recognised him. Denounced before the dreadful tribunal, he was dragged thither that very morning. Convicted of entering the abode of the French ambassador, he was desired to explain his motives for so doing, but remained obstinately silent. The members of the inquisition were confounded, accustomed as they were to see every thing yield before them, and reminded him that death would be the inevitable result of his silence. "Death," he replied, "had no terrors for me when I fought at Lepanto for the glory of my country and the salvation of Italy; on which day I proved, that under no circumstances could I ever become a traitor. I call heaven to witness that I am not one. But something dearer to me than life or fame now imposes silence on me."

He was beheaded, and his body exposed between the two columns of the palace, with this inscription: "For offences against the statute." The populace were speechless at the sight, while his companions in arms, his relations and friends, abandoned themselves to despair. Venice presented one universal scene of mourning.

On the evening of the fatal day, Amalia stood upon the terrace of her palace, overlooking the grand canal. She contemplated with pleasurable melancholy the calm and even course of the moon, whose modest light shone in the cloudless sky. Her thoughts were of Alvise. To divert them, she turned to gaze on a long procession of illuminated gondolas, from which she heard a strain of plaintive music, as if of prayers for the dead. A dreadful presentiment seized her heart; she inquired the purpose of the procession, and heard, with unspeakable terror, that it was the solemnization of the funeral rites of a Venetian nobleman, who had been beheaded for high treason. "His name?" cried the breathless girl, in almost unintelligible accents: "Alvise Semuto."

"She fell, as if shot; and striking her head in the fall upon a projecting part of the terrace, was mortally wounded, and expired.—*Lettere su Venezia.—Translated in the Oxford Literary Gaz.*

The Anecdote Gallery.

INDEPENDENCE

Is the word, of all others, that Irishmen, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all "who love the land," or feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village—such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, "as dacent a boy," and Shane's wife, as "clane-skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. "Good morrow, Shane!" "Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady—and won't ye step in and rest—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!" "Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hayfield to-day—if a heavy shower comes, it will be spoil'd; it has been fit for the sithe these two days." "Sure, it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his sithe; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and *depinding* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years." "But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?" "To Carrick!—Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground (saving your presence,) for I *depindid* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the broguemaker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it." "Where's your pretty wife, Shane?" "She's in all the woe o' the world, Ma'am, dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the faut this time, any how: the child's taken the small pock, and she *depindid* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pock, and I *depindid* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, becase the boy's her bachelor—but out o' sight out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble (to say nothing o' myself;) and it the first, and all." "I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better

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wife than most men." "That's a true word, my lady—only she's fidgetty like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing." "I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane?" "Bad cess to the wheel;—I got it this morning about that too—I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaharty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot: but where's the good? says I, sure he'll bring it next time." "I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage, at Clurn Hill. I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself." "Och Ma'am, dear, don't mintion it—sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth, this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here, quite innocent like—"Shane, you've an eye to 'Squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I. "I am y'er man," says he. "How so?" says I. "Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he; "and I'll spake to the 'Squire for you, my own self." "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful,—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it; and *depinding* on him, I thought all safe,—and what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the 'Squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by y'er lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle." "It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn." "That's a true word for ye, Ma'am, dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to DEPIND on."—*Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

The Gatherer

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

POTATOES.

ONE is almost induced to imagine that certain orders of London conceive that "*taters*," as they commonly call them in their uncooked state, is a generical term; and that they only become entitled to the prefix of "*pot*," after they have been boiled.

DINING LATE.

A WAG, on being told it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said, "he supposed it would end at last in not dining till to-morrow!"

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

MOORE has printed between three and four hundred pages of his Life of Lord Byron, which is interspersed with original letters and poems, of singular merit—after the manner of Mason's Life of Gray, and Hayley's Life of Cowper. Nearly the whole of the manuscript is in town, and the work, consisting of a thick 4to. volume, will be published during the season.—*Court Journal, No.* 1.

PISTRUCCI.

THIS gifted improvisatore (who is poet to the King's Theatre,) sometimes astonishes his acquaintance—especially if a new one—by holding his hand close over the flame of a candle, or an argand lamp, for several minutes together. It is a singular fact that several of the male branches of this family—of whom the unrivalled artist who cut the die of the sovereign, with the St. George upon it, is one—have one of their hands covered with a thick coat of horn-like matter, as hard as tortoiseshell, and perfectly insensible.—*Ibid.*

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A COPY OF COKE UPON LITTLETON, 1721.

O THOU who labours't in this rugged mine,
Mays't thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine;
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow,
Fear not to reap, if thou canst dare to plough;
To tempt thy care may each revolving night,
Purses and maces glide before thy sight;
So when in times to come, advent'rous deed,
Thou shalt essay to speak, to look like Mead,
When ev'n the bay and rose shall cease to shade
With martial air the honours of thy head,
When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,
And only give to view thy learned nose,
Safely thou may'st defy beaux, wits, and scoffers,
And tenant in fee-simple stuff thy coffers.

T. H.

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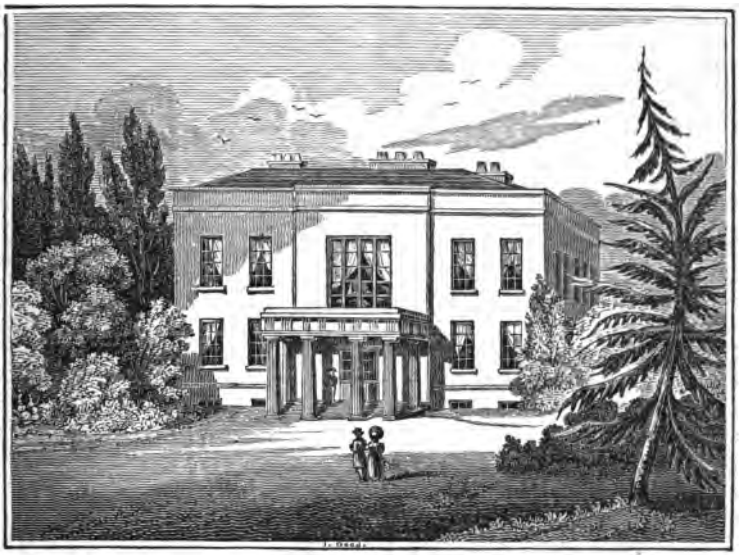
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 370.] SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1829. [PRICE 2*d*.

Laleham Park:



THE RESIDENCE OF THE YOUNG QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

CIRCUMSTANCES, in themselves trivial, often confer celebrity upon places hitherto of unlettered note. Thus, a beautiful villa at Laleham, a village in Middlesex, eighteen and a half miles south west of London, has acquired frequent passing notice from its having lately become the temporary residence of the young "*Queen of Portugal*," whose removal to England appears to have been a prudent measure to keep her *petite* Majesty "out of harm's way."

Laleham is delightfully situate on the banks of the Thames, between Shepperton and Staines, and is famed for the entertainment it affords to the lovers of angling. The river narrows considerably here; and about the shallows, or gulls, the water is beautifully transparent. The above temporary royal residence is built in an elegant villa style; and the grounds have been very tastefully laid out under the immediate direction of the present proprietor, the Earl of Lucan. They comprise 40 acres, with some very fine elm timber.

The "Young Queen" is described as an interesting and lively child, and is within a month of the same age as the Princess Victoria, and Prince George of Cumberland, both of whom were born in May, 1819. She has not the slightest tinge of a tropical complexion; her hair is extremely light, her face pale, her eyes light blue and very sparkling. She is not tall of her age, but remarkably well formed. Her Majesty arrived in London in October last, and for some time resided at Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle Street; but her health requiring change of air, Laleham was engaged for a short period; although, in allusion to the situation, it was said to be very *low*—a flat joke indeed.

In this delightful retreat, the young Queen and her suite at present reside; and so pacific is our taste, that to enjoy the tranquil scenery of Laleham, and the sports of the stream that waters its park, we would willingly forego all the cares of state, and leave its plots and counterplots to more ambitious minds. We could sit by the waters of Laleham, and sing with the muse of Grongar:

> Be full ye courts, be great who will;
> Search for peace with all your skill:

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Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor;
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side.

But great as may be our content, we hope to see her Majesty speedily restored to the bosom of her family, provided she be secure from the perils of her distracted country.

There are some allusions to an interesting part of ancient story connected with Laleham. Dr. Stukely notices the remains of a Roman encampment on Greenfield Common, within the parish of Laleham, which he supposes to have been the camp in which Cæsar halted after passing the Thames.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING THE ISLAND OF IONA.

(For the Mirror.)

WILD, sad, and solitary, amid the wave,
Iona mourns her pious founder's grave;
Still o'er his tomb these fretted columns pay
Their crumbling dust, a tribute to his clay.
Frail wreck of time! so crippled with the blast,
Recorder of the present and the past,
Enough can tell. These Gothic arches show
The height of glory and of human woe;
Alas, 'tis all which occupies the brain,
The lust of power dyes the despot's chain.
Here Learning cast her magic beam around
Light of fair Science, whence our freedom's sound,
Resistless spells, attractive power, for long
Brought princes here, and Minstrel's sung their song,
To pay a tribute to the holy sage
Their history told, it formed his faithful page;
Historic power Supreme! within this wall
Gave Bruce the crown, or Baliol the fall,
From proud Edward's grasp in a bark they bore
All Scotland's archives to a distant shore,
Manned by a hardy and a faithful crew,
For Gallia's coast the well skilled pilot drew,
But ere the orphan's eyes had lost the sail
Portending danger, screeching sea-gulls wail,
In wild confusion left the angry wave
For distant Staffa's high basaltic cave,
Big heaved the flood, and loud the billows roar
In blackening heaps screened Morvern's distant shore;
High blew the winds, and quick the lightning's flash
And gilded hailstones fell with many a crash.
The story ran from sire to sire,
That Heaven itself was filled with living fire;
Of them no more is told, no more is known,
That widows' tears had scooped this hollow stone.
Here all is silent, save the murmuring sound
Of crystal spray which bathes this sacred ground,
In tuneful sorrow, sheds her friendly tear
To learned virtues, long forgotten here.
When conscience was the punisher of crime,
And blood stained ruffians of Ossian's line
Had taught redemption at the tear-worn shrine,
And barbarous tribes in thousands flocked around
To ask forgiveness on this holy ground.

R.

LIGHT AND DARK GENII.

(For the Mirror.)

LIGHT.

IN fields of light, I ride, I ride,
Upon the gust-winds back,
And, when I mark the eventide,
Or gathering of the rack;
Like spirit of a pleasant dream,
I mount upon a sunset beam,
And hie me in a flashing stride,
The dark to dash aside.

DARK.

In caverns 'neath the vasty deep,
Where sea-snakes in the wreck may creep,
And feed upon man's bone;
Or in the ruins of the past,
Where thoughts that are not used are cast,
And whirlwind, and the earthquake groan
In pity, there, there, am I—
A withered thought—that cannot die.

LIGHT.

But I was born within a light
That kindled in the womb,
And I can never feel the night
When all around is gloom;
For joy looked pleased upon my birth,
And cast a ray o'en on the earth;
And fairies spun it in a ring,
With a feather from their wing,
And called it hope—a charm for tears,
And chained it to their silken ears.

DARK.

And I was formed within a light
That kindled in the womb of night,
Of loathsome withered weeds—
And fate looked on and fanned the flame,
But freed me from the touch of blame,
Of all my evil deeds.
Enchantress waited on my birth,
And bade the hypochondriac walk the earth.

BOTH, RECITATIVE.

Together, together, yet, O yet we dwell,
A glimpse of heaven in hell
A glimpse of heaven in hell
Which plays, which plays, like lightning on the tempest gloom,
Or life within a catacomb,
Or life within a catacomb,
Painting the many passions' mood
To strange but universal good.

DR. JOHNSON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE correspondent who furnished you with the article on "Dr. Johnson's Residence in Bolt Court," has fallen into several anachronisms, to which, I beg leave to call your attention.

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He says, "here the unfortunate Savage has held his intellectual *noctes*, and enlivened the *old moralist* with his mad philosophy." If you refer to any biographical account of Johnson, you will find, his residence in Bolt Court did not commence till nearly twenty years after the death of Savage. Johnson had no settled habitation till after that event, and they were both frequently obliged to perambulate the streets, for whole nights, for want of money to pay for a lodging; and instead of Johnson being an old moralist at this time, he was but thirty-three when his friend died, Savage being about forty-four.

Your correspondent has given a graphic description of our great lexicographer and his two associates, Savage and Boswell, all three of whom, he says, met at Johnson's house in Bolt Court, and discussed subjects of polite literature; whereas his acquaintance with Boswell began only in 1763, and Savage died in Bristol, in 1742. The work Johnson wrote, at the time of compiling the Dictionary, was the "Rambler," and not the "Guardian," as your correspondent asserts. The latter was the joint production of Addison and Steele.

The principal events of the Doctor's life are well known; and it is interesting and not uninstructive to contemplate this master-spirit struggling with the vicissitudes of fortune, and depending frequently for his next meal, on the resources of his genius, till his merit became known. View him and his cotemporary, Garrick, travelling to London together, mere adventurers, with many plans in their heads, and very little money in their pockets; we see them both rising to the pinnacle of fame; one the majestic teacher of moral virtue, and the other delighting by the versatility of his histrionic powers. Go one step further. They are consigned to the tomb, and these men, whom friendship had united whilst living, death has not divided. Near Shakspeare's monument, in Westminster Abbey, they lie interred side by side. Of Garrick it has been said, "that the gaiety of nations was eclipsed at his death," and of Johnson we may truly say he has given "ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

HEN. B.

ON GOOD AND EVIL DAYS.

(For the Mirror.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the ridicule which in later ages has been deservedly thrown on the idea of *good and evil days*, it is certain, that from time immemorial, the most celebrated nations of antiquity, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, adopted, and placed implicit faith in this superstitious notion, which is still prevalent in all parts of the east. According to Plutarch, the kings of Egypt never transacted business on the third day of the week, and abstained even from food till the evening; because on that day, Typhon, who was considered by them the cause of every evil, was born. The seventeenth day of the month was also deemed unfortunate, as on that day Osiris died. The Greeks, too, had their unlucky days, which they denominated *αποφρασες*. The Thursday was generally considered by the Athenians of so unlucky an import, that the assemblies of the people, which happened to fall on that day, were always deferred. Hesiod enumerated the days when it might be proper to commence certain undertakings, and those when it was necessary to abstain from every employment; among the latter, he mentions the fifth of every month, when the Infernal Furies were supposed to bestride the earth. Virgil has the same idea:—

> Quintam fuge—pallidus Orcus
> Eumenidesque satæ: tum partu terra nefande,
> Cœumque, Iapetumque creat, sævumque Typhœa,
> Et conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres.
> 1 GEOR. 279.

The Romans also demonstrated in their calendar, the implicit faith they placed in this distinction of days. The fortunate days were marked in white, and the unfortunate in black; of these were the days immediately after the Calendæ, the Nones, and the Ides; the reason was this: in the 363rd year from the building of Rome, the military tribunes, perceiving the republic unsuccessful in war, directed that its cause should be inquired into. The senate having applied to L. Aquinius, he answered, "That when the Romans had fought against the Gauls, near the river Allia, and had experienced so dreadful a defeat, sacrifices had been offered to the gods the day after the ides of July, and that the Fabii having fought on the same day at Cremera, were all destroyed." On receiving this answer, the senate, by the advice of the pontiffs, ordered, that for the future no military enterprize should be formed on the days of the calends, the nones, or the ides. Vitellius having taken possession of the sovereign authority on the 15th of August, and on the same day promulgated some new laws, they were ill received by the people, because on that day had happened the disastrous battles of the Allia and Cremera. There were other days esteemed unhappy by the Romans, such as the day

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of sacrifices to the dead; of the Lemuria; and of the Saturnalia, the 4th before the nones of October; the 6th of the ides of November; the nones of July, called Caprotinæ; the 4th before the nones of August, on account of the defeat at Cannæ; and the ides of March, esteemed unlucky by the creatures of Cæsar.

In addition to these, were days which every individual considered fortunate or unfortunate for himself. Augustus never undertook any thing of importance on the day of the nones. Many historical observations have contributed to favour these superstitious notions. Josephus remarks, that the temple of Solomon was burnt by the Babylonians on the 8th of September, and was a second time destroyed on the same day by Titus. Emilius Protus also observes, that Timoleon, the Corinthian, gained most of his victories on the anniversary of his birth. To these facts, drawn from ancient history, many from more modern times may be added. It is said, that most of the successes of Charles V. occurred on the festival of St. Matthew. Henry III. was elected king of Poland, and became king of France on Whitsunday, which was also his birthday. Pope Sextus V. preferred Wednesday to every other in the week, because it was the day of his birth, of his promotion to the cardinalate, of his election to the papal throne, and of his coronation. Louis XIII. asserted, that Friday was always a favourable day to him. Henry VII., of England, was partial to Saturday, on which most of the happy events of his life had taken place. Oliver Cromwell always considered the 3rd of September, 1650, when he defeated the Scotch at Dunbar; on that day, in the following year, he gained the battle of Worcester, but on the 3rd of September, 1658, he expired. Though this distinction of good and evil days, be in reality as absurd as it appears to be, I much doubt if it be yet entirely eradicated. When it is considered how many things concur to keep up an error of this kind, and that among the great as well as with the vulgar, opinions as puerile are not only received, but even made a rule of action, it may be inferred, that in every age and in every country, however civilized, superstition always maintains its influence, though it may occasionally vary in its object or name. The human mind alternately wise and weak, indiscriminately adopts error and truth.

Romford. H. B. A.

The Novelist.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

[THE *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last enables us to present our readers, (almost entire) the following Legend respecting the house and ancestry of the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's forthcoming Novel—*Anne of Geierstein.* The tale is entitled Donnerhugel's Narrative, and was told by a remarkable Swiss to the English hero of the Romance.]

"I told you, (said Rudolf) that the lords of Arnheim, though from father to son they were notoriously addicted to secret studies, were, nevertheless, like the other German nobles, followers of war and the chase. This was peculiarly the case with Anne's maternal grandfather, Herman of Arnheim, who prided himself on possessing a splendid stud of horses, and one steed in particular, the noblest ever known in these circles in Germany. I should make wild work were I to attempt the description of such an animal, so I will content myself with saying his colour was jet black, without a hair of white, either on his face or feet. For this reason, and the wildness of his disposition, his master had termed him Apollyon; a circumstance which was secretly considered as tending to sanction the evil reports which touched the house of Arnheim, being, it was said, the naming of a favourite animal after a foul fiend.

"It chanced, one November day, that the baron had been hunting in the forest, and did not reach home till night-fall. There were no guests with him, for, as I hinted to you before, the castle of Arnheim seldom received any other than those from whom its inhabitants hoped to gain augmentation of knowledge. The baron was seated alone in his hall, illuminated with cressets and torches. His one hand held a volume covered with characters unintelligible to all save himself. The other rested on the marble table, on which was placed a flask of Tokay wine. A page stood in respectful attendance near the bottom of the large and dim apartment, and no sound was heard save that of the night wind, when it sighed mournfully through the rusty coats of mail, and waved the tattered banners which were the tapestry of the feudal hall. At once the footstep of a person was heard ascending the stairs in haste and trepidation; the door of the hall was thrown violently open, and, terrified to a degree of ecstasy, Caspar, the head of the baron's stable, or his master of horse, stumbled up almost to the foot of the table at which his lord was seated, with the exclamation in his mouth—'My

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lord, my lord, a fiend is in the stable!' 'What means this folly?' said the baron, arising, surprised and displeased at an interruption so unusual. 'Let me endure your displeasure,' said Caspar, 'if I speak not truth! Apollyon——' Here he paused. 'Speak out, thou frightened fool,' said the baron; 'is my horse sick, or injured?' The master of the stalls again gasped forth the word 'Apollyon!' 'Say on,' said the baron; 'were Apollyon in presence personally, it were nothing to shake a brave man's mind.' 'The devil,' answered the master of the horse, 'is in Apollyon's stall!' 'Fool!' exclaimed the nobleman, snatching a torch from the wall; 'what is it that could have turned thy brain in such silly fashion?'

"As he spoke, he crossed the courtyard of the castle, to visit the stately range of stables, where fifty gallant steeds stood in rows, on each side of the ample hall. At the side of each stall hung the weapons of offence and defence of a man-at-arms, as bright as constant attention could make them, together with the buff-coat which formed the trooper's under garment. The baron, followed by one or two of the domestics, who had assembled full of astonishment at the unusual alarm, hastened up betwixt the rows of steeds. As he approached the stall of his favourite horse, which was the uppermost of the right-hand row, the good steed neither neighed, nor shook his head, nor stamped with his foot, nor gave the usual signs of joy at his lord's approach; a faint moaning, as if he implored assistance, was the only acknowledgment of the baron's presence. Sir Herman held up the torch, and discovered that there was indeed a tall, dark figure standing in the stall, resting his hand on the horse's shoulder. 'Who art thou?' said the baron, 'and what dost thou here?' 'I seek refuge and hospitality,' replied the stranger; 'and I conjure thee to grant it me, by the shoulder of thy horse, and by the edge of thy sword, and so as they may never fail thee when thy need is at the utmost.' 'Thou art, then, a brother of the Sacred Fire,' said Baron Herman of Arnheim; 'and I may not refuse thee the refuge which thou requirest of me, after the ritual of the Persian Magi. From whom, and for what length of time, dost thou crave my protection?' 'From those,' replied the stranger, 'who shall arrive in quest of me before the morning cock shall crow, and for the full space of a year and a day from this period.' 'I may not refuse thee,' said the baron, 'consistently with my oath and my honour. For a year and a day I will be thy pledge, and thou shalt share with me roof and chamber, wine and food. But thou, too, must obey the law of Zoroaster, which, as it says, Let the stronger protect the weaker brother, says also, Let the wiser instruct the brother who hath less knowledge. I am the stronger, and thou shalt be safe under my protection; but thou art the wiser, and must instruct me in the more secret mysteries.' 'You mock your servant,' said the strange visiter; 'but if aught is known to Dannischemend which can avail Herman, his instructions shall be as those of a father to a son.' 'Come forth, then, from thy place of refuge,' said the Baron of Arnheim. 'I swear to thee by the sacred fire which lives without terrestrial fuel, and by the fraternity which is betwixt us, and by the shoulder of my horse, and the edge of my good sword, I will be thy warrand for a year and a day, if so far my power shall extend.'

"The stranger came forth accordingly; and those who saw the singularity of his appearance, scarce wondered at the fears of Caspar, the stall-master, when he found such a person in the stable, by what mode of entrance he was unable to conceive. When he reached the lighted hall to which the baron conducted him, as he would have done a welcome and honoured guest, the stranger appeared to be very tall, and of a dignified aspect. His dress was Asiatic, being a long, black caftan, or gown, like that worn by Armenians, and a lofty, square cap, covered with the wool of Astracan lambs. Every article of the dress was black, which gave relief to the long, white beard that flowed down over his bosom. His gown was fastened by a sash of black silk net-work, in which, instead of a poniard, or sword, was stuck a silver case, containing writing materials and a roll of parchment. The only ornament of his apparel consisted in a large ruby of uncommon brilliancy, which, when he approached the light, seemed to glow with such liveliness, as if the gem itself had emitted the rays which it only reflected back. To the offer of refreshment, the stranger replied, 'Baron, I may not eat, water shall not moisten my lips, until the avenger shall have passed by the threshold.' The baron commanded the lamps to be trimmed and fresh torches to be lighted, and sending his whole household to rest, remained seated in the hall along with the stranger, his suppliant. At midnight, the gates of the castle were shaken as by a whirlwind, and a voice, as if of a herald, was heard to demand his lawful prisoner, Dannischemend, the son of Hali. The warder then heard a lower window of the hall thrown

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open, and could distinguish his master's voice addressing the person who had thus summoned the castle. But the night was so dark that he might not see the speakers, and the language which they used was either entirely foreign, or so largely interspersed with strange words, that he could not understand a syllable which they said. Scarce five minutes had elapsed, when he who was without, again elevated his voice as before, and said in German, 'For a year and a day, then, I forbear my forfeiture;—but coming for it when that time shall elapse, I come for my right, and will no longer be withstood.'

"From that period Dannischemend, the Persian, was a constant guest at the castle of Arnheim, and, indeed, never for any purpose crossed the drawbridge. His amusements, or studies, seemed centred in the library of the castle, and in the laboratory, where the baron sometimes toiled in conjunction with him for many hours together. The inhabitants of the castle could find no fault in the Magus, or Persian, excepting his apparently dispensing with the ordinances of religion, since he neither went to mass nor confession, nor attended upon other religious ceremonies. It was observed that Dannischemend was rigid in paying his devotions, by prostrating himself in the first rays of the rising sun, and that he constructed a silver lamp of the most beautiful proportions, which he placed on a pedestal representing a truncated column of marble, having its base sculptured with hieroglyphical imagery. With what essences he fed this flame was unknown to all, unless perhaps to the baron; but the flame was more steady, pure, and lustrous, than any which was ever seen, excepting the sun of heaven itself, and it was generally believed that Dannischemend made it an object of worship in the absence of that blessed luminary. Nothing else was observed of him, unless that his morals seemed severe, his gravity extreme, his general mode of life very temperate, and his fasts and vigils of frequent recurrence. Except on particular occasions, he spoke to no one of the castle but the baron.

"Winter was succeeded by spring, summer brought her flowers, and autumn her fruits, which ripened and were fading, when a foot-page, who sometimes attended them in the laboratory to render manual assistance when required, heard the Persian say to the Baron of Arnheim, 'You will do well, my son, to mark my words; for my lessons to you are drawing to an end, and there is no power on earth which can longer postpone my fate.' 'Alas, my master!' said the baron, 'and must I then lose the benefit of your direction, just when your guiding hand becomes necessary to place me on the very pinnacle of the temple of wisdom?' 'Be not discouraged, my son,' answered the sage; 'I will bequeath the task of perfecting you in your studies to my daughter, who will come hither on purpose. But remember, if you value the permanence of your family, look not upon her as aught else than a helpmate in your studies; for if you forget the instructress in the beauty of the maiden, you will be buried with your sword and your shield, as the last male of your house; and farther evil, believe me, will arise; for such alliances never come to a happy issue, of which my own is an example.—But, hush, we are observed.' The household of the castle of Arnheim having but few things to interest them, were the more eager observers of those which came under their notice; and when the termination of the period when the Persian was to receive shelter in the castle began to approach, some of the inmates, under various pretexts, but which resolved into every terror, absconded,—while others held themselves in expectation of some striking and terrible catastrophe. None such, however, took place; and, on the expected anniversary, long ere the witching hour of midnight, Dannischemend terminated his visit in the castle of Arnheim, by riding away from the gate in the guise of an ordinary traveller.

"The baron had meantime taken leave of his tutor with many marks of regret, and some which amounted even to sorrow. The sage Persian comforted him by a long whisper, of which the last part only was heard, 'By the first beam of sunshine she will be with you. Be kind to her, but not over kind.' He then departed, and was never again seen or heard of in the vicinity of Arnheim. The baron was observed during all the day after the departure of the stranger to be particularly melancholy. At dawn of the ensuing morning, Sir Herman summoned his page; and having performed his toilet, he waited till the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and, taking from the table the key of the laboratory, which the page believed must have lain there all night, he walked thither, followed by his attendant. At the door the baron made a pause, and seemed at one time to doubt whether he should not send away the page, at another to hesitate whether he should open the door, as one might do who expected some strange sight within. He pulled up resolution, however, turned the key, threw the door open, and entered. The page followed close behind his

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master, and was astonished to the point of extreme terror at what he beheld, although the sight, however extraordinary, had in it nothing save what was agreeable and lovely. The silver lamp was extinguished, or removed from its pedestal, where stood in place of it a most beautiful female figure in the Persian costume, in which the colour of pink predominated. But she wore no turban, or headdress of any kind, saving a blue riband drawn through her auburn hair and secured by a gold clasp, the outer side of which was ornamented by a superb opal, which, amid the changing lights peculiar to that gem, displayed a slight tinge of red, like a spark of fire. The figure of this young person was rather under the middle size, but perfectly well formed; the eastern dress, with the wide trousers gathered round the ankles, made visible the smallest and most beautiful feet which had ever been seen, while hands and arms of the most perfect symmetry were partly seen from under the folds of the robe. The little lady's countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate; and the quick, dark eye, with its beautifully formed eyebrow, seemed to presage the arch remark, to which the rosy and half-smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance. The pedestal on which she stood, or rather was perched, would have appeared unsafe had any figure heavier than her own been placed there. But, however she had been transported thither, she seemed to rest on it as lightly and safely as a linnet, when it has dropped from the sky on the tendril of a rose-bud. The first beam of the rising sun, falling through a window directly opposite to the pedestal, increased the effect of this beautiful figure, which remained as motionless as if it had been carved in marble. She only expressed her sense of the Baron of Arnheim's presence by something of a quicker respiration, and a deep blush, accompanied by a slight smile.

"The Baron of Arnheim, for an instant, stood without breath or motion. At once, however, he seemed to recollect that it was his duty to welcome the fair stranger to his castle, and to relieve her from her precarious situation. He stepped forward accordingly with the words of welcome on his tongue, and was extending his arms to lift her from the pedestal, which was nearly six feet high; but the light and active stranger merely accepted the support of his hand, and descended on the floor as light and as safe as if she had been formed of gossamer. It was, indeed, only by the momentary pressure of her little hand, that the Baron of Arnheim was made sensible that he had to do with a being of flesh and blood. 'I am come as I have been commanded,' she said, looking aroond her: 'you must expect a strict and diligent mistress, and I hope for the credit of an attentive pupil.' After the arrival of this singular and interesting being in the castle of Arnheim, various alterations took place within the interior of the household. A lady of high rank and small fortune, the respectable widow of a count of the empire, who was the baron's blood relation, received and accepted an invitation to preside over her kinsman's domestic affairs, and remove, by her countenance, any suspicions which might arise from the presence of Hermione, as the beautiful Persian was generally called. The countess Waldstetten carried her complaisance so far, as to be present on almost all occasions, whether in the laboratory or library, when the Baron of Arnheim received lessons from, or pursued studies with, the young and lovely tutor, who had been thus strangely substituted for the aged Magus. If this lady's report was to be trusted, their pursuits were of a most extraordinary nature, and the results which she sometimes witnessed were such as to create fear as well as surprise. But she accordingly vindicated them from practising unlawful arts, or overstepping the boundaries of natural science. A better judge of such matters, the Bishop of Bamberg himself, made a visit to Arnheim, on purpose to witness the wisdom of which so much was reported through the whole Rhine country. He conversed with Hermione, and found her deeply impressed with the truths of religion, and so perfectly acquainted with its doctrines, that he compared her to a doctor of theology in the dress of an Eastern dancing-girl. When asked regarding her knowledge of languages and science, he answered that he had been attracted to Arnheim by the most extravagant reports on these points, but that he must return confessing 'the half thereof had not been told unto him.'

"Meantime a marked alteration began to take place in the interviews between the lovely tutor and her pupil. These were conducted with the same caution as before, and never, so far as could be observed, took place without the presence of the countess of Waldstetten, or some other third person of respectability. But the scenes of these meetings were no longer the scholar's library, or the chemist's laboratory;—the gardens, the groves, were resorted to for amusement, and parties of hunting and fishing, with evenings spent in the dance, seemed to announce

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that the studies of wisdom were for a time abandoned for the pursuits of pleasure. It was not difficult to guess the meaning of this; the Baron of Arnheim and his fair guest, speaking a language different from all others, could enjoy their private conversation, even amid all the tumult of gaiety around them; and no one was surprised to hear it formally announced, after a few weeks of gaiety, that the fair Persian was to be wedded to the Baron of Arnheim.

"The manners of this fascinating young person were so pleasing, her conversation so animated, her wit so keen, yet so well tempered with good nature and modesty, that, notwithstanding her unknown origin, her high fortune attracted less envy than might have been expected in a case so singular. Above all, her generosity amazed and won the hearts of all the young persons who approached her. These good qualities, her liberality above all, together with a simplicity of thought and character, which formed a beautiful contrast to the depth of acquired knowledge which she was well-known to possess,—these, and her total want of ostentation, made her superiority be pardoned among her companions. Still there was notice taken of some peculiarities, exaggerated perhaps by envy, which seemed to draw a mystical distinction between the beautiful Hermione and the mere mortals with whom she lived and conversed. In the merry dance she was so unrivalled in lightness and agility, that her performance seemed that of an aerial being. She could, without suffering from her exertion, continue the pleasure till she had tired out the most active revellers; and even the young Duke of Hochspringen, who was reckoned the most indefatigable at that exercise in Germany, having been her partner for half an hour, was compelled to break off the dance and throw himself, totally exhausted, on a couch, exclaiming he had been dancing not with a woman, but with an *ignis fatuus*. Other whispers averred, that while she played with her young companions in the labyrinth and mazes of the castle gardens at hide-and-seek, or similar games of activity, she became animated with the same supernatural alertness which was supposed to inspire her in the dance. She appeared amongst her companions, and vanished from them with a degree of rapidity which was inconceivable; and hedges, treillage, or such like obstructions, were surmounted by her in a manner which the most vigilant eye could not detect; for, after being observed on the other side of the barrier at one instant, in another she was beheld close beside the spectator. In such moments, when her eyes sparkled, her cheeks reddened, and her whole frame became animated, it was pretended that the opal clasp amid her tresses, the ornament which she never laid aside, shot forth the little spark, or tongue of flame, which it always displayed, with an increased vivacity. In the same manner, if in the twilight hall the conversation of Hermione became unusually animated, it was believed that the jewel became brilliant, and even displayed a twinkling and flashing gleam which seemed to be emitted by the gem itself, and not produced in the usual manner, by the reflection of some external light. Her maidens were also heard to surmise, that when their mistress was agitated by any hasty or brief resentment (the only weakness of temper which she was ever observed to display,) they could observe dark-red sparks flash from the mystic brooch, as if it sympathized with the wearer's emotions. The women who attended on her toilette farther reported, that this gem was never removed but for a few minutes, when the baroness' hair was combed out; that she was unusually pensive and silent during the time it was laid aside, and particularly apprehensive when any liquid was brought near it. Even in the use of holy water at the door of the church, she was observed to omit the sign of the cross on the forehead, for fear, it was supposed, of the water touching the valued jewel.

"These singular reports did not prevent the marriage of the Baron of Arnheim from proceeding as had been arranged. In the course of twelve months the lovely baroness presented her husband with a daughter, which was to be christened Sibylla, after the count's mother. As the health of the child was excellent, the ceremony was postponed till the recovery of the mother from her confinement; many were invited to be present on the occasion, and the castle was thronged with company. It happened that amongst the guests was an old lady, notorious for playing in private society the part of a malicious fairy in a minstrel's tale. This was the Baroness of Steinfeldt, famous in the neighbourhood for her insatiable curiosity and overweening pride. She had not been many days in the castle, ere, by the aid of a female attendant, who acted as an intelligencer, she had made herself mistress of all that was heard, said, or suspected, concerning the peculiarities of the Baroness Hermione. It was on the morning of the day appointed for the christening, while the whole company were assembled in the

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hall, and waiting till the baroness should appear, to pass with them to the chapel, that there arose between the censorious and haughty dame whom we have just mentioned, and the Countess Waldstettin, a violent discussion concerning some point of disputed precedence. It was referred to the Baron von Arnheim, who decided in favour of the countess. Madame de Steinfeldt instantly ordered her palfrey to be prepared, and her attendants to mount. 'I leave this place,' said she, 'which a good Christian ought never to have entered; I leave a house of which the master is a sorcerer, the mistress a demon who dares not cross her brow with holy water, and their trencher companion one who for a wretched pittance is willing to act as match-maker between a wizard and an incarnate fiend!' She then departed, with rage in her countenance, and spite in her heart. The Baron of Arnheim then stepped forward, and demanded of the knights and gentlemen around, if there were any among them who would dare to make good with his sword the infamous falsehoods thrown upon himself, his spouse, and his kinswoman. There was a general answer, utterly refusing to defend the Baroness of Steinfeldt's words in so bad a cause, and universally testifying the belief of the company that she spoke in the spirit of calumny and falsehood. 'Then let that lie fall to the ground which no man of courage will hold up,' said the Baron of Arnheim; 'only, all who are here this morning shall be satisfied whether the Baroness Hermione doth or doth not share the rites of Christianity.' The Countess of Waldstetten made anxious signs to him while he spoke thus; and when the crowd permitted her to approach near him, she was heard to whisper,—'O, be not rash! try no experiment! there is something mysterious about that opal talisman; be prudent, and let the matter pass by.' The baron, who was in a more towering passion than well became the wisdom to which he made pretence, said, 'Are you, too, such a fool?' and retained his purpose.

"The Baroness of Arnheim at this moment entered the hall, looking just so pale from her late confinement as to render her lovely countenance more interesting, if less animated, than usual. Having paid her compliments to the assembled company, she was beginning to inquire why Madame de Steinfeldt was not present, when her husband made the signal for the company to move forward to the chapel, and lent the baroness his arm to bring up the rear. The chapel was nearly filled by the splendid company, and all eyes were bent on their host and hostess as they entered the place of devotion immediately after four young ladies, who supported the infant babe in a light and beautiful litter. As they passed the threshold, the baron dipt his finger in the font-stone and offered holy-water to his lady, who accepted it, as usual, by touching his finger with her own. But then, as if to confute the calumnies of the malevolent lady of Steinfeldt, with an air of sportive familiarity which was rather unwarranted by the time and place, he flirted on her beautiful forehead a drop or two of the moisture which remained on his own hand. The opal, on which one of these drops had lighted, shot out a brilliant spark like a falling star, and became the instant afterwards lightless and colourless as a common pebble, while the beautiful baroness sunk on the floor of the chapel with a deep sigh of pain. All crowded around her in dismay. The unfortunate Hermione was raised from the ground and conveyed to her chamber; and so much did her countenance and pulse alter within the short time necessary to do this, that those who looked upon her pronounced her a dying woman. She was no sooner in her own apartment than she requested to be left alone with her husband. He remained an hour in the room, and when he came out he locked and double locked the door behind him. He then betook himself to the chapel, and remained there for an hour or more, prostrated before the altar. In the meantime most of the guests had dispersed in dismay; though some abode out of courtesy or curiosity. There was a general sense of impropriety in suffering the door of the sick lady's apartment to remain locked; but, alarmed at the whole circumstances of her illness, it was some time ere any one dared disturb the devotions of the baron. At length medical aid arrived, and the Countess of Waldstetten took upon her to demand the key. She spoke more than once to a man who seemed incapable of hearing, at least of understanding, what she said. At length he gave her the key, and added sternly, as he did so, that all aid was unavailing, and that it was his pleasure that all strangers should leave the castle. There were few who were inclined to stay; when upon opening the door of the chamber in which the baroness had been deposited little more than two hours before, no traces of her could be discovered, unless that there was about a handful of light grey ashes, like such as might have been produced by burning fine paper, found on the bed where she had been laid. A solemn fu-

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neral was nevertheless performed, with masses and all other spiritual rites, for the soul of the high and noble Lady Hermione of Arnheim; and it was exactly on that same day three years that the baron himself was laid in the grave of the same chapel of Arnheim, with sword, shield, and helmet, as the last male of his family."

The Topographer.

SAWSTON HALL.*

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers join'd
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but when combin'd
Form'd a whole, which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind
At least, of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first, if all be true to nature.
BYRON.

QUOTING from the same poem, we may truly say of Sawston Hall, Cambridgeshire—"The mansion's self is vast and venerable,"—for it is one of the most pleasing architectural relics of the "elder time," which at present exists in England. The house, a large, old, substantial mansion, built partly, as says the tradition, from the walls of Cambridge Castle, has been the property of the Roman Catholic family of Huddleston, for some centuries; and assuming its present appearance early in the reign of Queen Mary, has, with only the trifling alterations incidental to necessary repairs, retained it; for the Huddlestons, inhabiting Sawston Hall, and residing there in each generation, highly respected as country gentlemen, either from the extravagance of some of the family, or from a taste for old associations, have been prevented from altering it. As the manor house, it stands near the church; the baronial chiefs who were always lords of the manor, frequently building, if seldom patronizing, their village churches.

The mansion is a large, square building, situated in a garden, wherein may be observed the remains of *aggera*, a moat, terrace, &c.; a river so shallow that it might be easily forded, flows at the back of the house, and serves as one boundary to this garden. In the very small inner court, stands a tower, enclosing a spiral staircase, which leads to the top of the house; the whole length of the southern front of it is occupied by a gallery, and the dormitories upon this floor, which communicate with each other, are hung with old tapestry. The principal entrance is through a porch and door, which opens immediately into the baronial hall, a curious place certainly, but slightly differing in arrangement and appearance from what we had previously seen at Arundel Castle, Haddon Hall, and several colleges. The oriel window, instead of its usual place at the upper end of the hall, was situated on one side, very near the corner; in the recess formed by it, stood the baron's table, not as we had anticipated upon a dais, but at least so veiled from the vulgar gaze of the retainers who feasted at a separate board in the apartment, that it answered the purpose of distinguishing ranks equally well. The hall is paved with red brick, and has a large, open fire-place, intimating well the hospitable spirit of former days; its panels, curiously carved, are painted white and brown; the latter in imitation of walnut wood, is probably mere coating of paint drawn over the original panels of that material, to ensure their preservation. Here too are the arms of the family emblazoned, in which may be observed the lion of Britain and Fleur-de-lis of France, the Huddlestons being descended from, or united to, the royal line of each nation.

There is, near the hall, an ancient refectory, or dining-room, shut up, and in so dangerous a state as to require to be filled with props to support its ceiling. The grand staircase, which is of oak, and coeval with the building, leads to the gallery, in which are situated the principal sleeping-rooms, distinguished as the green, blue, red chambers, &c., according to the predominant colours of the ancient and faded tapestry with which they are hung; nor would the old manor-house deserve the name of such, was there not in one of these a concealed door behind the arras, and in another, the report at least of a ghost. A narrow door, near the end of the gallery, opens immediately upon an old and narrow staircase, the ascent to that chapel in the very roof of the building, which at the period of the Reformation, was contrived and fitted up for the secret advantage of the Roman Catholic proprietors of Sawston; this chamber, for it is nothing more, is certainly little calculated to impress the mind of the spectator with an idea of the splendour of Catholic worship; we approached it by a narrow decaying staircase, stepped over bare rafters, and were scarcely able to pilot ourselves securely by the faint glimmerings of day-light, streaming through the chinks in the tiling overhead. Upon

* The above brief account of a veritable old English Manor House, transcribed from a few rough notes, taken at the period of personal observation, is now supplied by the writer as an article entitled "The Siege of Sawston," appears this month, in that clever and amusing work *The United Service Journal*.

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the opening of the chapel door, however, a full tide of light greeted us, admitted by a dormer window, and this displayed an apartment, known by its altar and benches to be appropriated to sacred purposes, the sole decorations of whose plain white-washed walls were some few engravings of madonnas, saints, and holy families, &c., chiefly French, and not particularly beautiful or valuable.

On returning from the chapel we were shown an ingenious hiding-place for the priest in troublous times: a cell covered by a trap-door in the staircase, and just large enough to contain one person, a small table, and a stool; whilst a loop-hole in the wall admitted an apology for light and air. Of heir-looms, there are at Sawston Hall, plenty of curious old pictures and engravings, books, missals, a real relic of chivalry, (light, well-poised, and made of the true lance-wood,) a tilting lance; Queen Mary's bed, and her pincushion; and a singular glass water-jug, made in the reign of Queen Anne, which, when the present proprietor of Sawston took possession of his inheritance, had been laid up for seventy years; it is now, we believe, off the superannuated list, and sees daily service. We have only space briefly to allude to the tradition, which, sketched at length in the valuable periodical to which we have referred our readers, induced us to supply the present illustrative account. The Princess Mary fleeing from the persecutions of the heads of the Protestant party, was entertained and lodged for a night by Sir John Huddleston, of Sawston. The hall was in consequence besieged by an immense mob from Cambridge, fired, and nearly destroyed; Mary and her host with difficulty escaped, (she disguised as a market-woman,) and as queen, she rebuilt Sawston with the stones of Cambridge Castle.

M. L. B.

Manners & Customs of all Nations

CHINESE CITIES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE cities of China are generally of a square form, surrounded with lofty walls, having projecting towers at regular intervals, and are usually encompassed by a ditch, either dry or full of water. Distributed through the streets and squares, or situated in the vicinity of the principal gates, are round, hexagonal or octagonal towers, of various heights, triumphal arches, beautiful temples dedicated to idols, and monuments erected in honour of those who have rendered important services to the nation, or the people; and lastly some public buildings more remarkable for extent than magnificence.

The squares are large, the streets long and of different breadths, the houses have, for the most part, but a ground floor, and rarely exceed one story. The shops are varnished, and ornamented with silk and porcelain. Before each door is fixed a painted and gilded board, seven or eight feet high, supported on a pedestal, and having inscribed on it three large characters chosen by the merchant for the sign of his shop, to distinguish it from all others. To these are often added a list of the articles to be disposed of, and the name of the seller. Under all, conspicuous for their size, are the characters "*Pou-Hou*," (no cheating here.)

G. L. S.

FIGS.

(For the Mirror.)

FIGS have, from the earliest times, been reckoned among the delights of the palate. Shaphan the scribe, who made for the use of the young king Josiah, that compendium of the law of Moses, which is called Deuteronomy, enumerates among the praises of his country, that it was a land of figs.

The Athenians valued figs at least as highly as the Jews. Alexis called figs a "a food for the gods." Pausanias says, that the Athenian Phytalus was rewarded by Ceres, for his hospitality, with the gift of the first fig tree. Some foreign guest, no doubt, transmitted to him the plant, which he introduced into Attica. It succeeded so well there, that Uthanæus brings forward Lynceus and Antiphones, vaunting the figs of Attica as the best on earth. Horapollo, or rather his commentator Bolzani, says, that when the master of the house is going a journey, he hangs out a broom of fig boughs for good luck. Our forefathers preferred a broom of birch; as if, in the master's absence, it was well to remember the rod.

A taste for figs marked the progress of refinement in the Roman empire. In Cato's time, but six sorts of figs were known; in Pliny's, twenty-nine. The sexual system of plants, seems first to have been observed in the fig tree; whose artificial impregnation is taught by Pliny, under the name of caprification.

In modern times, the esteem for figs has been still more widely diffused.

When Charles the Fifth visited Holland, in 1540, a Dutch merchant sent him a plate of figs, as the greatest delicacy which Ziriksee could offer.

H. B. A.

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ALNWICK FREEMEN.

ALNWICK, in Northumberland, is remarkable for the peculiar manner of making freemen. Those to be made free, or as the saying is, *to leap well*, assemble in the market place early on St. Mark's day on horseback, with every man a sword by his side, dressed in white, all with white night caps, attended by four chamberlains mounted and armed in the same manner. Hence they proceed with music to a large, dirty pool, called *Freeman's Well*, where they dismount, and draw up in a body, and then rush through the mud as fast as they can. As the water is generally very foul, they come out in a dirty condition; but after taking a dram, they put on dry clothes, remount their horses, and ride full gallop round the confines of the town, when they return, sword in hand, and are met by women decorated with ribands, bells, &c. ringing and dancing. These are called *timber vasts*. The houses of the new freemen are, on this day, distinguished by a holly bush, as a signal for their friends to assemble and make merry.

This ridiculous ceremony is attributed to King John, who being mired in the well, as a punishment for not mending the road, made the above custom a part of the charter of the town. H. B. A.

The Anecdote Gallery.

DOCTOR PARR.

How many a fine mind has been lost to mankind by the want of some propitious accident, to lead it to a proper channel; to prevent its current from "turning awry and losing the name of action!" We know not whether the story of Newton's apple be true, but it may serve for an illustration, and if that apple had not fallen, where would have been his Principia? If the Lady Egerton had not missed her way in a wood, Milton might have spent the time in which he wrote "Comus," in writing "Accidence of Grammar;" and if Ellwood, the quaker, had not asked him what he could say on "Paradise Regained," that beautiful poem (so greatly underrated) would have been lost to us.

Samuel Parr was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, June 15 (o.s.) 1747. He was the son of Samuel Parr, a surgeon and apothecary of that place, and through him immediately descended from several considerable scholars, and remotely (as one of his biographers, Mr. Field, asserts) from Sir W. Parr, who lived in the reign of Edward IV., and whose granddaughter was Queen Catharine Parr, of famous memory. It does not appear from Parr's writings (as far as we remember) that he laid claim to this high ancestry; yet the name of Catharine, which he gave to one of his daughters, may be imagined to imply as much. His mother, whose maiden name was Mignard, was of the family of the celebrated painter. It was the accident of Parr's birthplace that, probably, laid the foundation of his fame, for to the school of his native village, then one of the most flourishing in England, he was sent in his sixth year; whilst, under other circumstances, it is likely that he would have been condemned to an ordinary education and his father's business. So many seeds is Nature constantly and secretly scattering, in order that one may fall upon a spot that shall foster it into a plant. In his boyhood, he is described by his sister, Mrs. Bowyear, as studious after his kind, delighting in Mother Goose and the Seven Champions, and not partaking much in the sports usual to such an age. He had a very early inclination for the church, and the elements of that taste for ecclesiastical pomp, which distinguished him in after life, appeared when he was not more than nine or ten years old. He would put on one of his father's shirts for a surplice, (till Mr. Sanders, the vicar, supplied him, as Hannah did his namesake, with a little gown and cassock;) he would then read the church service to his sister and cousins, after they had been duly summoned by a bell tied to the banisters; preach them a sermon, which his congregation was apt to think, in those days, somewhat of the longest; and even, in spite of his father's remonstrances, would bury a bird or a kitten (Parr had always a great fondness for animals) with the rites of christian burial. Samuel was his mother's darling; she indulged all his whims, consulted his appetite, and provided hot suppers for him almost from his cradle. He was her only son, and was at this time very fair and well-favoured. Providence, however, foreseeing that at all events vanity was to be a large ingredient in Parr's composition, sent him, in its mercy, a fit of small-pox; and, with the same intent, perhaps, deprived him of a parent, who was killing her son's character by kindness. Parr never was a boy, says, somewhere, his friend and school-fellow, Dr. Bennet. When he was about nine years old, Dr. Allen saw him sitting on the churchyard gate at Harrow, with great gravity, whilst his school-fellows were all at play. "Sam, why don't you play with the others?" cried Allen. "Do not you

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know, sir," said he, with vast solemnity, "that I am to be a parson?" And Parr himself used to tell of Sir W. Jones, another of his school-fellows, that as they were one day walking together near Harrow, Jones suddenly stopped short, and, looking hard at him, cried out, "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face." Between Bennet, Parr, and Jones, the closest intimacy was formed; and though occasionally tried, it continued to the last. Sir W. Jones, indeed, was soon carried, by the tide of events, far away from the other two, and Dr. Bennet quickly shot a-head of poor Parr in the race of life, and rose to the Irish bench.

These three challenged one another to trials of skill in the imitation of popular authors—they wrote and acted a play together—they got up mock councils, and harangues, and combats, after the manner of the classical heroes of antiquity, and under their names—till, at the age of fourteen, Parr being now at the head of the school, was removed from it and placed in his father's shop.

The doctor must have found in the course of his practice, that there are some pills which will not go down—and this was one. Parr began to criticize the Latin of his father's prescriptions, instead of "making the mixture;" and was not prepared for that kind of Greek with which old Fuller's doctor was imbued, who, on being asked why it was called a *Hectic* fever, "Because," saith he, "of an *hecking* cough which ever attendeth that disease." Accordingly, Parr having in vain tried to reconcile himself to the "uttering of mortal drugs" for three years, was at length suffered to follow his own devices, and in 1765, was admitted of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Dr. Farmer was at that time tutor. Of this proficient in black letter (he was one of the earliest, and perhaps *the* cleverest, of his tribe) we are told by Archdeacon Butler, in a note, that he was a man of such singular indolence, as to neglect sending in the young men's accounts, and is supposed to have burnt large sums of money, by putting into the fire unopened letters, which contained remittances, conveyed remonstrances, and required answers.

At college Parr remained about fourteen months, when his resources were cut off by the sudden death of his father. On balancing his accounts, three pounds seventeen shillings appeared to be all his worldly wealth; and it has been asserted by one of the many persons who have contributed their quota to the memorabilia of Parr, that had he been aware beforehand of possessing so considerable a sum, he would have continued longer in an university which he quitted with a heavy heart, and which he was ever proud to acknowledge as his literary nursing-mother. It is melancholy to reflect on the numbers of young men who squander the opportunities afforded them at Cambridge and Oxford, without a thought; "casting the pearl away, like the Æthiop," while, at the very moment, many are the sons of genius and poverty, who, with Parr, are struggling in vain to hold fast their chance of the learning, and the rewards of learning, to be gained there, and which would be to them instead of house and land. Thus were Parr's hopes again nipped in the bud, and those years, (the most valuable of all, perhaps, for the formation of character,) the latter years of school and college life, were to him a blank. Meanwhile Dr. Sumner, then master of Harrow, offered him the situation of his first assistant. With this Parr closed; he took deacon's orders in 1769; and five years passed away, as usefully and happily spent as any which he lived to see. It was while he was under-master of Harrow that he lost his cousin, Frank Parr, then a recently elected Fellow of King's College. Parr loved him as a brother; and, though himself receiving a salary of only fifty pounds a year, and, as he says, and as may be well believed, "then very poor," he cheerfully undertook for Frank, by way of making his death-bed more comfortable, the payment of all his Cambridge debts, which proved to be two hundred and twenty-three pounds; a promise which, it is needless to say, he faithfully kept, besides settling an annuity of five pounds upon his mother.

In 1771, when Parr was in his twenty-fifth year, Dr. Sumner was suddenly carried off by apoplexy. Parr now became a candidate for the head mastership of Harrow, founding his claims on being born in the town, educated at the school, and for some years one of the assistants. The governors, however, preferred Dr. Benjamin Heath, an antagonist by whom it was no disgrace to be beaten, and whose personal merit Parr himself allowed to justify their choice. A rebellion among the boys, many of whom took Parr's part, ensued; and in an evil hour he threw up his situation of assistant, and withdrew to Stanmore, a village a very few miles from Harrow. Here he was followed by forty of the young rebels, and with this stock in trade he proceeded to set up a school on his own account. This, Dr. Johnstone thinks, was the cri-

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sis of Parr's life. The die had turned up against him, and the disappointment, with its immediate consequences, gave a complexion to his future fortunes, character, and comfort. He had already mounted a full-bottomed wig when he stood for Harrow, anxious, as it should seem, to give his face a still further chance of keeping its start. He now began to ride on a black saddle, and bore in his hand a long wand with an ivory head, like a crosier in high prelatical pomp. His neighbours, who wondered what it could all mean, had scarcely time to identify him with his pontificals, before they saw him stalking along the street in a dirty, striped dressing-gown. A wife was all that was now wanted to complete the establishment at Stanmore, and accordingly Miss Jane Marsingale, a lady of an ancient Yorkshire family, was provided for him, (Parr, like Hooker, appears to have courted by proxy, and with about the same success,) and so Stanmore was set a going as the rival of Harrow. These were fearful odds, and it came to pass, that in spite of "Attic symposia," and groves of Academus, and the enacting of a Greek play, and the perpetual recitation of the fragment in praise of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the establishment at Stanmore declined, and at the end of five years, Parr was not sorry to accept the mastership of an endowed school at Colchester. To Colchester, therefore, he removed with his wife and a daughter in the spring of 1777. Here he took priest's orders at the hands of Bishop Lowth, and found society congenial to him in Dr. Foster, a kindred whig, and in Thomas Twining, a kindred scholar.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THIS poor boy, whose destiny has suffered so remarkable a change, appears to have been a child of great promise, both for intelligence and goodness of heart. The anecdotes concerning him are of the most pleasing kind. From the time that he knew how to speak, he became, like most children, a great questioner. He loved, above every thing, to watch the people walking in the garden and in the court of the Tuileries, over which his windows looked. There was always a crowd of people assembled there to see him. Having remarked that many of the persons who entered the palace, had rolls of paper under their arms, he desired to know of his *gouvernante* what that meant. He was told that they were unfortunate people, who came to ask some favour of his papa. From this moment he shouted and wept whenever he saw a petition pass, and was not to be satisfied till it was brought to him; and he never failed to present himself, every day at breakfast, all those which he had collected in the course of the day before. It may be easily supposed, that when this practice was known to the public, the child was never at a loss for petitions.

He saw one day under his windows a woman in mourning who held by the hand a little boy about four years old, also in mourning. This little fellow had in his hand a petition which he held up from a distance to the young prince. The boy would know why this poor, little one was clothed all in black. His governess answered that it was, no doubt, because his papa was dead. He manifested a strong desire to talk with the child.—Madame Montesquieu, who seized every occasion of developing his sensibility, consented, and gave an order that he should be brought in with his mother. She was a widow whose husband had been killed in the last campaign, and finding herself without resources, had petitioned the emperor for a pension. The young Napoleon took the petition and promised to deliver it to his papa. The next morning he made up his ordinary packet of petitions, but the one in which he took a particular interest he kept separate, and after putting the mass into the hands of the emperor according to custom; "Papa," said he, "here is the petition of a very unfortunate little boy; you are the cause of his father's dying, and now he has nothing. Give him a pension, I beg." Napoleon took up his son and embraced him tenderly, gave him the pension, which he antedated, and caused the patent to be made out in the course of the day.—*Translated from the French.—Westminster Review.*

AN ESKDALE ANECDOTE.

Extract of a Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd.

I CHANCED to be on a weeks' visit to a kind friend, a farmer in Eskdale-muir, who thought meet to have a party every day at dinner, and mostly the same party. Our libations were certainly carried rather to an extremity, but our merriment corresponded therewith. There was one morning, indeed, that several of the gentlemen were considerably hurt, and there were marks of blood on the plaster, but no one could tell what had happened. It appeared that there had been a quarrel, but none of us knew what about, or who it was that fought.

But the most amusing part of the ploy

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(and a very amusing part it was) regarded a half hogshead of ale, that was standing in the lobby to clear for bottling. On the very first forenoon, our thirst was so excessive, that the farmer contrived to insert a spigot into this huge cask, and really such a treasure I think was hardly ever opened to a set of poor thirsty spirits. Morning, noon, and night, we were running with jugs to this rich fountain, and handing the delicious beverage about to lips that glowed with fervour and delight. In a few days, however, it wore so low, that before any would come, one was always obliged to hold it up behind; and, finally, it ran dry.

On the very morning after that, the farmer came in with a wild raised look. "Gentlemen," said he, "get your hats —haste ye—an' let us gang an' tak a lang wauk, for my mother an' the lasses are on a-scrubbing a whole floorfu' o' bottles; an' as I cam by, I heard her speaking about getting the ale bottled the day."

The Sketch-Book.

CREATING WANTS.

An old, but a true Story.

I WAS bred a linen-draper, and went into business with better than a thousand pounds. I married the daughter of a country tradesman, who had received a boarding-school education. When I married I had been in business five years, and was in the way of soon accumulating a fortune. I was never out of my shop before it was shut up, and was remarked by my friends as being a steady young man, with a turn for business.

I used to dine in the parlour, where I could have an eye upon the shop; but my new acquaintances told me this was *extremely ungenteel;* that if I had no confidence in my men I should get others; that a thief would be a thief, watch him how I would, and that I was now too forward in the world to be a slave to the shop.

From being constantly in my shop from seven in the morning till eight in the evening, I lay in bed till nine, and took a comfortable breakfast before I made my appearance below. Things, however, went on very well—I bowed to my best customers, and attended closely to my business while I was in it, trade went on briskly, and the only effect of this acquaintance was the necessity of letting our friends see that we were getting above the world, by selling some of our old-fashioned furniture, and replacing it with that which was more *genteel*, and introducing wine at dinner when we had company.

As our business increased, our friends told us it would be *extremely genteel* to take a lodging in summer just at the outskirts of the city, where we might retire in the evening when shop was shut, and return to it next morning after breakfast; for as we lived in a close part of the town, fresh air was necessary to our health; and though, before I had this airy lodging, I breathed very well in town, yet indulging in the fresh air, I was soon sensible of all the stench and closeness of the metropolis; and I must own I began to relish a glass of wine after dinner as well when alone as when in company: I did not find myself the worse in circumstances for this lodging, but I did not find I grew richer, and we had no money to lay by.

We soon found out that a lodging so near town was smothered with dust, and smelt too much of London air, therefore I took a small house we had seen about five miles from town, near an acquaintance we had made, and thought it imprudent to sleep from home every night, and that it would be better for my business to be in town all the week, and go to this house on Saturday, and continue there until Monday; but one excuse or other often found me there on Tuesday. Coach-hire backward and forwards, and carriage of parcels, generally cost us seven or eight shillings a week; and as a one-horse chaise would be attended with very little more expense, and removing to a further distance, seeing the expense would be saved by not having our house full of company on Sunday, which was always the case, being so near town; besides the exercise would be beneficial, for I was growing corpulent with good living and idleness. Accordingly we removed to the distance of fifteen miles from town, into a better house, because there was a large garden adjoining it, and a field for the horse. It afforded abundance of fruit, and fruit was good for scorbutic and plethoric habits, our table would be furnished at less expense, and fifteen miles was but an hour's ride more than seven miles.

All this was plausible, and I soon found myself under the necessity of keeping a gardener; so that every cabbage that I before put on my table for one *penny*, cost me one *shilling*, and I bought my dessert at the dearest hand; but I was in it—I found myself happy in a profusion of fruit, and a blight was little less than death to me.

This new-acquired want, now introduced all the expensive modes of having

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fruit in spite of either blasts or blights. I built myself a small hot-house, and it was only the addition of a chaldron or two of coals; the gardener was the same, and we had the pride of putting on our table a pine-apple occasionally, when our acquaintance were contented with the exhibition of a melon.

From this expense we soon got into a fresh one. As we often out-staid Monday in the country, it was thought prudent that I should go to town on Monday by myself, and return in the evening; this being too much for one horse, a second-hand chariot might be purchased for a little more than what the one-horse chaise would sell for; the field was large enough for two horses; going to town in summer in an open carriage was choking ourselves with dust, burning our faces, and the number of carriages on the road made driving dangerous; besides, having now a genteel acquaintance in the neighbourhood, there was no paying a visit in a one-horse chaise. Another horse would be but very little addition in expense; we had a good coach-house, and the gardener would drive. All this seemed true. I fell into the scheme; but soon found that the wheels were so often going that the gardener could not act in both capacities; whilst he was driving the chariot, the hot-house was neglected; the consequence was, that I hired a coachman. The chariot brought on the necessity of a footman —a better acquaintance—wax candles—Sherry—Madeira—French Wines, &c. In short, I grew so fond of these indulgencies that they became WANTS, and I was unhappy when in town and out of the reach of them.

All this would have done very well if I had not had a business to mind; but the misfortune was, that it took me off from trade—unsettled my thoughts; my shopmen were too much left to themselves, they were negligent of my business, and plundered me of my property. I drew too often upon the till—made no reserve for the wholesale dealers and manufacturers—could not answer their demands upon me—and became—*Bankrupt.*

Reduced now to live upon a chop and a draught of porter, I feel my *wants* more than ever; my wife's genteel notions having upset her, she has lost her spirits. We do little but upbraid each other, and I am become despicable in my own opinion, and ridiculous in that of others. I once was happy, but now am miserable.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE

GUDE NEWS.

Copied from an inscription over the fire-place of a public-house in Edinburgh, the frequent resort of Burns.

WILLIE CHRISTIE tells them wha dinna ken, that he has a public-house, first door down Libbertown Wynd, in the Lawn Market, whaur he keeps the best o' stuff; gude nappy Yill frae the best o' Bruars in big bottels an' wee anes, an' Porter frae Lunnon o' a' sorts; Whuske as gude as in the Toun, an o' a' strength, an' for cheapness ekwall to ony that's gaun. Jinger Beer in wee bottells at Tippence, an' Sma' Beer for three bawbees the twa bottels out of the house, an' a penny the bottel in.

N. B. Toddy cheap an' unco' gude if 'tis his ain mackin. S. H.

EPIGRAM.

WHILST Mary kissed her infant care,
"You like my lip," she cried, "my dear."
The smiling child, though half afraid,
Thus to her beauteous mother said:
"With me, mamma, oh, do not quarrel,
I thought your lip had been my coral."
E. A. W.

AN EXPLETIVE.

A NEWSPAPER tells us that an *old* woman died April 26, at Wolverhampton, aged 150 years.

A COMPLIMENT ILL-RECEIVED.

A PERSON who dined in company with Dr. Johnson, endeavoured to make his court to him by laughing immoderately at every thing he said. The Doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent ha, ha, ha! becoming intolerable, "Pray, sir," said the Doctor, what is the matter? I hope I have not said any thing that *you* can comprehend."

CLERICAL CHATTERING.

THAT mad wag, the Rev. S. S., sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards, that his dull neighbour had a "*twelve parson power*" of conversation.

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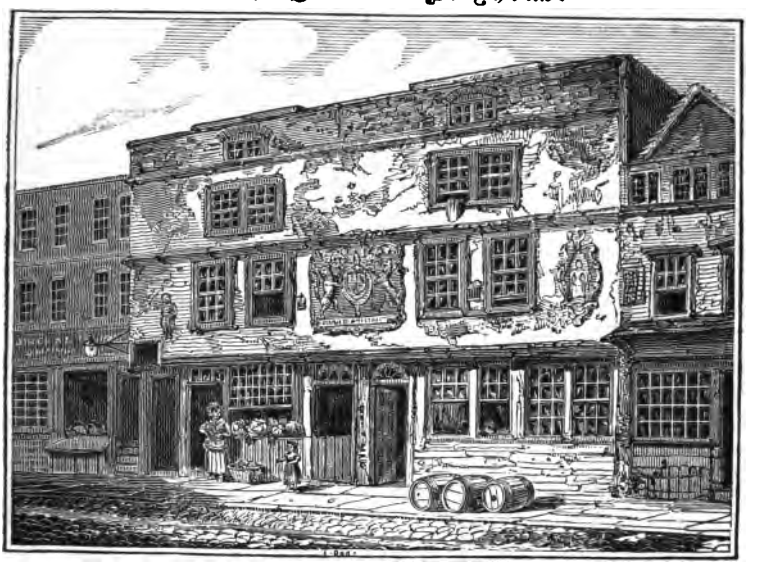
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 371.] SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

The Fortune Playhouse.



The Engraving represents one of the playhouses of Shakspeare's time, as the premises appeared a few years since. This theatre was in Golden Lane, Barbican, and was built by that celebrated and benevolent actor Edward Alleyn, the pious founder of Dulwich College, in 1599. It was burnt in 1624, but rebuilt in 1629. A story is told of a large treasure being found in digging for the foundation, and it is probable that the whole sum fell to Alleyn. Upon equal probability, is the derivation of the name "The Fortune." The theatre was a spacious brick building, and exhibited the royal arms in plaster on its front. These are retained in the Engraving; where the disposal of the lower part of the building into shops, &c. is a sorry picture of the "base purposes" to which a temple of the Drama has been converted.

According to the testimony of Ben Jonson and others, Alleyn was the first actor of his time, and of course played leading characters in the plays of Shakspeare and Jonson. He was probably the Kemble of his day, for his biographers tell us such was his celebrity, that he drew crowds of spectators after him wherever he performed; so that possessing some private patrimony, with a careful and provident disposition, he soon became master of an establishment of his own—and this was the *Fortune*. Although Alleyn left behind him a large sum, it is hardly probable that he made it here; for in his diary, which, we believe is extant, he records that he once had so slender an audience, that the whole receipts of the house amounted to no more than three pounds and a few odd shillings—a sum which would not pay the expenses; for it appears by the MS. of Lord Stanhope, treasurer to James I. that the customary sum paid for the performance of a play at court, was 20 nobles, or 6*l*. 12*s*. 4*d*.* Alleyn was likewise proprietor of the Blackfriars' Theatre, near what is still called Playhouse Yard. However he might have gathered laurels on the stage, he must have gained his fortune by other means. He was keeper of the King's Bear Garden and Menagerie, which were frequented by thousands, and produced Alleyn, the then great sum of,

* The nightly expenses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres in these days, are upwards of 200*l*.

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500*l.* per annum. He was also thrice married, and received portions with his two first wives; and we need not insist upon the turn which matrimony gives to a man's fortune.

Among the theatrico-antiquarian gossip of *The Fortune* is, that it was once the nursery for Henry VIII.'s children—but "no scandal about the" —— we hope.

Fine Arts

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ALL men are critics, in a greater or less degree. They can generalize upon the merits and defects of a picture, although they cannot point out the details of the defects, or in what the beauty of a picture consists; and to prove this, only let the reader visit the Exhibition at Somerset House, and watch the little critical *coteries* that collect round the most attractive paintings. Could all these criticisms be embodied, but in "terms of art," what a fine lecture would they make for the Royal Academy.

Our discursive notice would, probably, contribute but little to this joint-stock production; but as even comparing notes is not always unprofitable, we venture to give our own.

The present Exhibition is much superior to that of last year. There are more works of imagination, and consequently greater attractions for the lover of painting; for life-breathing as have been many of the portraits in recent exhibitions, the interest which they created was of quite a different nature to that which we take in not a few of the pictures of the present collection. Portraits still superabound, and finely painted portraits too; but, strange to say, there are fewer female portraits in the present than in any recent exhibition.

But the *elite* are seven pictures by Mr. Wilkie, who has reappeared, as it were, in British art, after an absence from England; during which he appears to have studied manners and costume with beautiful effect; and the paintings to which we allude, are triumphant proofs of his success. They are embodiments or realizations of character, manners, and scenery, with which the painter has been wont to mix, and thus to transfer them to his canvass with vividness and fidelity —merits of the highest order in all successes of art. We shall touch upon these pictures in our ramble through the rooms—

4. *Subject from the Revelations.*—F. Danby.—A sublime composition.

10. *The Fountain:* morning.—A. W. Callcott. A delightful picture.

14. *Rubens and the Philosopher.*—G. Clint. The anecdote of Rubens and Brondel, the alchemist, remarkably well told.

16. *Benaiah.*—W. Etty.—The line in 2 Samuel xxiii. 20., "he slew two lion-like men of Moab," has furnished Mr. Etty with the subject of this picture. It is a surprising rather than a pleasing composition; but the strength of colouring is very extraordinary. The disproportions of parts of the principal figure will, however, be recognised by the most casual beholder: although as a fine display of muscular energy, this picture is truly valuable, and is a proud specimen of the powerful genius of the painter.

28. *Waterfall near Vatlayunta, in the peninsula of India, in the mountains that divide the Coasts of Coromandel and Malabar: its height between* 500 *and* 600 *feet.*—W. Daniell.—The sublime and stupendous character of the scenery will enable the reader to form some idea of the difficulty with which the artist had to contend.

43. *The Lady in St. Swithin's Chair* from vol. i. Waverley.—Sir W. Beechey.—We confess ourselves far from pleased with this picture. There is a want of freedom in it which is any thing but characteristic of the incident which it is intended to portray.

56. *The Spanish Posado.*—D. Wilkie.—We must describe this picture in the words of the catalogue:—

This represents a Guerrilla council of war, at which three reverend fathers—a Dominican, a monk of the Escurial, and a Jesuit, are deliberating on some expedient of national defence, with an emissary in the costume of Valencia. Behind them is the posadera, or landlady, serving her guests with chocolate, and the begging student of Salamanca, with his lexicon and cigar, making love to her. On the right of the picture, a contrabandist of Bilboa enters, upon his mule, and in front of him is an athletic Castilian armed, and a minstrel dwarf, with a Spanish guitar. On the floor are seated the goatherd and his sister, with the muzzled house-dog and pet lamb of the family, and through the open portal in the background is a distant view of the Guadarama mountains.—It is next to impossible for us to do justice to the diversified character of this picture. The deliberation of the fathers, and the little bit of episode between the landlady and student are extremely interesting.

(To be continued.)

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SPITTLE-FIELDS, AND WEAVING IN FORMER DAYS.

(For the Mirror.)

STOWE says, "On the east side of the churchyard of St. Mary Spittle, lyeth a large field, of old time called *Lolesworth*, now *Spittle-Field*, which about the year 1576, was broken up for clay to make bricke; in digging thereof many earthen pots called urnæ, were found full of ashes and the bones of men, to wit of the Romans that inhabited here. For it was the custom of the Romans to burne their dead, to put their ashes in an urne, and then bury the same with certain ceremonies, in some field appointed for the purpose neere unto their city. Every one of these pots had in them (with the ashes of the dead) one piece of copper money, with an inscription of the emperor then reiguing. Some of them were of Claudius, some of Vespasian, some of Nero, &c. There hath also been found (in the same field) divers coffins of stone, containing the bones of men; these I suppose to be the bones of some speciall persons, in the time of the Brittons, or Saxons, after that the Romans had left to govern here."

The priory and hospital of St. Mary Spittle, was founded (says Pennant) in 1197, by Walter Brune, Sheriff of London, and his wife, Rosia, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. It was remarkable for its pulpit cross, at which a preacher used to preach a sermon consolidated out of four others, which had been preached at St. Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, and the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Easter week; giving afterwards a sermon of his own. At these sermons the mayor and aldermen attended, dressed in different coloured robes on each occasion. This custom continued till the destruction of church government in the civil wars. They have since been transferred to St. Bride's Church. Queen Elizabeth, in April, 1559, visited St. Mary Spittal, in great state, probably to hear a sermon delivered from the cross. This princess was attended by a thousand men in harness with shirts of mail and corslets, and morice pikes, and ten great pieces carried through London unto the court, with drums and trumpets sounding, and two morice-dancers, and in a cart two white bears."

The priory of St. Mary, of St. Mary Spittle, contained at its dissolution, about the year 1536, no less than 180 beds for the reception of sick persons and travellers. Richard Tarleton, the famous comedian, at the Curtain Theatre, it is said, "kept an ordinary in Spittle-fields, pleasant fields for the citizens to walk in;" and the row called Paternoster Row, as the name implies, was formerly a few houses, where they sold rosaries, relics, &c. The once celebrated herbalist and astrologer, Nicholas Culpepper, was another inhabitant of this spot. He died in 1654, in a house he had some time occupied, very pleasantly situated in the fields; but now a public house at the corner of Red Lion Court, Red Lion Street, east of Spittlefields market. The house, though it has undergone several repairs, still exhibits the appearance of one of those that formed a part of old London. The weaving art, which has arrived at such an astonishing perfection, was patronized by the wise and liberal Edward III., who encouraged the art by the most advantageous offers of reward and encouragement to weavers who would come and settle in England. In 1331, two weavers came from Brabant and settled at York. The superior skill and dexterity of these men, who communicated their knowledge to others, soon manifested itself in the improvement and spread of the art of weaving in this island. Many Flemish weavers were driven from their native country by the cruel persecutions of the Duke d'Alva, in 1567. They settled in different parts of England, and introduced and promoted the manufacture of baizes, serges, crapes, &c. The arts of spinning, throwing, and weaving silk, were brought into England about the middle of the fifteenth century, and were practised by a company of women in London, called silk women. About 1480, men began to engage in the silk manufacture, and in the year 1686, nearly 50,000 manufacturers, of various descriptions, took refuge in England, in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, by Louis le Grand, who sent thousands (says Pennant) of the most industrious of his subjects into this kingdom to present his bitterest enemies with the arts and manufactures of his kingdom; hence the origin of the silk trade in Spittlefields.

P. T. W.

THE BIRD OF THE TOMB.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE.

(For the Mirror.)

IN "Lyon's attempt to reach Repulse Bay," the following passage, which suggested these verses, may be met with. "Near the large grave was a third pile of stones, covering the body of a child. A Snow-Buntin (the Red-Breast of the Arctic Regions) had found its way through the loose stones which composed

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this little tomb, and its now forsaken, neatly built nest, was found placed on the neck of the child."

BENEATH the chilly Arctic clime,
Where Nature reigns severe, sublime,
Enthron'd upon eternal snows,
Or rides the waves on icy floes —
Where fierce tremendous tempests sweep
The bosom of the rolling deep,
And beating rain, and drifting hail
Swell the wild fury of the gale;
There is a little, humble tomb,
Not deckt with sculpture's pageant pride,
Nor labour'd verse to tell by whom
The habitant was lov'd who died!
No trophied 'scutcheon marks the grave—
No blazon'd banners round it wave—
'Tis but a simple pile of stones
Rais'd o'er a hapless infant's bones
Perchance a mother's tears have dew'd
This sepulchre, so frail and rude;—
A father mourn'd in accents wild,
His offspring lost—his only child—
Who might, in after years, have spread
A ray of honour round his head,
Nor thought, as stone on stone he threw,
His child would meet a stranger's view.

But, lo! upon its clay-cold breast,
The Arctic Robin rais'd its nest,
And rear'd its little fluttering young,
Where Death in awful quiet slept,
And fearless chirp'd, and gaily sung
Around the babe its parents wept.
It was the guardian of the grave,
And thus its chirping seem'd to say:—
"Tho' naught from Death's chill grasp could save,
Tho' naught could chase his power away—
As round this humble spot I wing,
My thrilling voice shall daily sing
A requiem o'er the faded flower,
That bloom'd and wither'd in an hour,
And prov'd life is, in every view,
Naught but a rose-bud twin'd with rue.
A blossom born at day's first light,
And fading with the earliest night;
Nor stranger's step, nor shrieking loom,
Shall scare the warbler from the tomb!"

CURING THE "KING'S EVIL."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

ABOUT five miles from Sturminster Newton, and near the village of Hazlebury, resides a Dr. B———, who has attained a reputation, far extended, for curing, in a miraculous manner, the king's evil; and as the method he employs is very different from that of most modern practitioners, a short account of it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the readers of the MIRROR.

I had long known that the doctor used some particular season for his operations, but was unable to say precisely the time, until a few days since I had a conversation with a person who is well acquainted with the doctor and his yearly "*fair*, *or feast*," as it is term d. Exactly twenty-four hours before the new moon, in the month of May, every year, whether it happens by night or by day, the afflicted persons assemble at the doctor's residence, where they are supplied, by him, with the hind legs of a *toad!* yes, gentle reader a toad—don't start—enclosed in a small bag (accompanied, I believe, with some verbal charm, or incantation,) and also a lotion and salve of the doctor's preparation. The bag containing the legs of the reptile is worn suspended from the neck of the patient, and the lotion and salve applied in the usual manner, until the cure is completed, or until the next year's "*fair*."

One would think that such a mysterious routine of doctoring, would attract but few, and those the most illiterate; but I can assure my readers the case is different. The number of carts, chaises, and other conveyances laden with the afflicted which passed through this place on the 2nd instant, bore ample testimony to the number of the doctor's applicants; and the appearance of many of them corroborated the opinion that they moved in a respectable sphere of life.

The new moon happening this year on the 3rd instant, at 57 minutes past 7 o'clock in the morning, the "fair" took place at the same hour the preceding day.

My readers, no doubt, have heard of the efficacy of the stone in the toad's head, alluded to by Shakspeare,* for curing the cramp, &c. by application to the afflicted part; but it was left for Dr. B——— to discover the virtues of a toad's leg. Apropos, an eccentric friend of mine, once gravely told me he intended to procure this precious Bufonian jewel; and as probably some reader may feel a wish to possess it, I will furnish him with the proper method of obtaining it, as communicated by my scientific friend. Voici—Cut off poor bufo's head and enclose it in a small box pierced with many holes; place it in an ant hill, and let it remain some ten or twelve days, in which time, or a little longer, the ants will have entered and eaten up every part except the stone. RURIS.

* "Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet, a precious jewel in his head."

"THE MORNING STAR."

(For the Mirror.)

QUEEN of celestial beauty! Morning Star!
Accept a humble bard's untutor'red lay;
To him, thy loveliness, surpasseth far
The silv'ry moon, and eke the God of day.
The world with all its pride cannot display

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A form so fair, so beautiful as thine;
Its glories fade, its proudest beauties die;
But you fair star! as first created shine,
In never fading immortality!
Like vice, from virtue's glance, yon clouds re
tire,
Before the smile of one benignant ray,
Sleepless and sad, my soul would fain aspire,
Prometbean like, to snatch ethereal fire,
And draw relief from thee! bright harbinger
of day! JNO. JONES.

The Sketch-Book.

SCHINDERHANNES, THE GERMAN ROBBER.

AT the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some time after, the two banks of the Rhine were the theatre of continual wars. Commerce was interrupted, industry destroyed, the fields ravaged, and the barns and cottages plundered; farmers and merchants became bankrupts, and journeymen and labourers thieves. Robbery was the only mechanical art which was worth pursuing, and the only exercises followed were assault and battery. These enterprises were carried on at first by individuals trading on their own capital of skill and courage; but when the French laws came into more active operation in the seat of their exploits, the desperadoes formed themselves, for mutual protection, into copartnerships, which were the terror of the country. Men soon arose among them whose talents, or prowess, attracted the confidence of their comrades, and chiefs were elected, and laws and institutions established. Different places of settlement were chosen by different societies; the famous Pickard carried his band into Belgium and Holland; while on the confines of Germany, where the wild provinces of Kirn, Simmerm, and Birkenfield offered a congenial field, the banditti were concentrated, whose last and most celebrated chief, the redoubted Schinderhannes, is the subject of this brief notice.

His predecessors, indeed, Finck, Peter the Black, Zughetto, and Seibert were long before renowned among those who square their conduct by the good old rule of clubs; they were brave men, and stout and pitiless robbers. But Schinderhannes, the boldest of the bold, young, active and subtle, converted the obscure exploits of banditti into the comparatively magnificent ravages of "the outlaw and his men;" and sometimes marched at the head of sixty or eighty of his troop to the attack of whole villages. Devoted to pleasure, no fear ever crossed him in its pursuit; he walked publicly with his mistress, a beautiful girl of nineteen, in the very place which the evening before had been the scene of one of his criminal exploits; he frequented the fairs and taverns, which were crowded with his victims; and such was the terror he had inspired, that these audacious exposures were made with perfect impunity. Free, generous, handsome, and jovial, it may even be conceived that sometime he gained the protection from love which could not have been extorted by force.

It is scarcely a wonder that with the admirable regulations of the robbers, they should have succeeded even to so great an extent as they did in that unsettled country. Not more than two or three of them were allowed to reside in the same town or village; they were scattered over the whole face of the district, and apparently connected with each other only by some mysterious free-masonry of their craft. When a blow was to be struck, a messenger was sent round by the chief to warn his followers; and at the mustering place the united band rose up, like the clan of Roderick Dhu from the heather, to disappear as suddenly again in darkness when the object was accomplished. Their clothing, names and nations were changed perpetually; a Jew broker at Cologne would figure some days after at Aix-la-Chapelle or Spa as a German baron, or a Dutch merchant, keeping open table, and playing a high game; and the next week he might be met with in a forest at the head of his troop. Young and beautiful women were always in their suite, who, particularly in the task of obtaining or falsifying passports, did more by their address than their lovers could have effected by their courage. Spies, principally Jews, were employed throughout the whole country, to give notice where a booty might be obtained. Spring and autumn were the principal seasons of their harvest; in winter the roads were almost impassable, and in summer the days were too long; the light of the moon, in particular, was always avoided, and so were the betraying foot-prints in the snow. They seldom marched in a body to the place of attack, but went thither two or three in a party, some on foot, some on horseback, and some even in carriages. As soon as they had entered a village, their first care was to muffle the church-bell, so as to prevent an alarm being rung; or to commence a heavy fire, to give the inhabitants an exaggerated idea of their numbers, and impress them with the feeling that it would be more prudent to stay at home than to venture out into the fray.

John Buckler, *alias* Schinderhannes,

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the worthy whose youthful arm wielded with such force a power constituted in this manner, was the son of a currier, and born at Muhlen, near Nastœten, on the right bank of the Rhine. The family intended to emigrate to Poland, but on the way the father entered the Imperial service at Olmutz, in Moravia. He deserted, and his wife and child followed him to the frontiers of Prussia, and subsequently the travellers took up their abode again in the environs of the Rhine.

At the age of fifteen, Schinderhannes commenced his career of crime by spending a louis, with which he had been entrusted, in a tavern. Afraid to return home, he wandered about the fields till hunger compelled him to steal a horse, which he sold. Sheep stealing was his next vocation, but in this he was caught and transferred to prison. He made his escape, however, the first night, and returned in a very business-like manner to receive two crowns which were due to him on account of the sheep he had stolen. After being associated with the band as their chief, he went to buy a piece of linen, but thinking, from the situation of the premises, that it might be obtained without any exchange of coin on his part, he returned the same evening, and stealing a ladder in the neighbourhood, placed it at a window of the warehouse, and got in. A man was writing in the interior, but the robber looked at him steadily, and shouldering his booty, withdrew. He was taken a second time, but escaped as before on the same night.

His third escape was from a dark and damp vault in the prison of Schneppenbach, where, having succeeded in penetrating to the kitchen, he tore an iron bar from the window by main force, and leaped out at hazard. He broke his leg in the fall, but finding a stick, managed to drag himself along, in the course of three nights, to Birkenmuhl, without a morsel of food, but on the contrary, having left some ounces of skin and flesh of his own on the road.

Marianne Schoeffer was the first avowed mistress of Schinderhannes. She was a young girl of fourteen, of ravishing beauty, and always "se mettait avec une élégance extreme." Blacken Klos, one of the band, an unsuccessful suitor of the lady, one day, after meeting with a repulse, out of revenge carried off her clothes. When the outrage was communicated to Schinderhannes, he followed the ruffian to a cave where he had concealed himself, and slew him. It was Julia Blaesius, however, who became the permanent companion of the young chief. The account given by her of the manner in which she was united to the destiny of the robber is altogether improbable. A person came to her, she said, and mentioned that somebody wished to speak to her in the forest of Dolbach; she kept the assignation, and found there a handsome young man who told her that she must follow him—an invitation which she was obliged at length by threats to accede to. It appears sufficiently evident, however, that the personal attractions of Schinderhannes, who was then not twenty-two, had been sufficient of themselves to tempt poor Julia to her fate, and that of her own accord

"She fled to the forest to hear a love tale."

It may be, indeed, as she affirmed, that she was at first ignorant of the profession of her mysterious lover, who might address her somewhat in the words of the Scottish free-booter—

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien—
A bonnet of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
Twas all of me you knew."

But it is known that afterwards she even accompanied him personally in some of his adventures dressed in men's clothes.

The robberies of this noted chief became more audacious and extensive every day, and at last he established a kind of "black mail" among the Jews, at their own request. Accompanied one day by only two of his comrades, he did not hesitate to attack a cavalcade of forty-five Jews and five Christian peasants. The booty taken was only two bundles of tobacco, the robbers returning some provisions on a remonstrance from one of the Jews, who pleaded poverty. Schinderhannes then ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw into a heap, leaving to every one the care of finding his own property. The affray that ensued was tremendous; the forty-five Jews who had patiently allowed themselves to be robbed by three men, fought furiously with each other about their old shoes; and the robber, in contempt of their cowardice, gave his carbine to one of them to hold while he looked on.

His daring career at length drew to a close, and he and his companions were arrested by the French authorities, and brought to trial. The chief, with nineteen others, were condemned to death in November, 1803, and Julia Blaesius to two years' imprisonment. The former met his fate with characteristic intrepidity, occupied to the last moment with his cares about Julia and his father.—*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.—An excellent work.*

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Retrospective Gleanings.

OLD MANSIONS.

We are in the habit of passing by our old stone manor houses without knowing that they were important village fortresses, and substitutes for castles. That this is the fact is beyond all doubt, for Margaret Paston, writing to Sir John, says, "Ry't w'chipful hwsbond, I recomawnd to zw and prey zw to gete some crosse bowis and wydses (windlasses to strain cross-bows,) and quarrels (arrows with square heads) for zr howsis her ben low, yat yer may non man schet owt wt no long bowe." From hence we learn that the service of the long bow was connected with elevation in the building.

LEGAL CRUSHING TO DEATH.

At the assizes in Sussex, August, 1735, a man who pretended to be dumb and lame, was indicted for a barbarous murder and robbery. He had been taken up upon suspicion, several spots of blood, and part of the property being found upon him. When he was brought to the bar, he would not speak or plead, though often urged to it, and the sentence to be inflicted on such as stand mute, read to him, in vain. Four or five persons in the court, swore that they had heard him speak, and the boy who was his accomplice, and apprehended, was there to be a witness against him; yet he continued mute; whereupon he was carried back to Horsham goal, to be pressed to death, if he would not plead—when they laid on him 100 weight, then added 100 more, and he still continued obstinate; they then added 100 more, which made 300 lb. weight, yet he would not speak; 50 lb. more was added, when he was nearly dead, having all the agonies of death upon him; then the executioner, who weighed about 16 or 17 stone, laid down upon the board which was over him, and, adding to the weight, killed him in an instant. G K.

LATE INSTRUCTION.

Socrates in his old age, learned to play upon a musical instrument. Cato, aged 80, began to learn Greek; and Plutarch, in his old age, acquired Latin. John Gelida, of Valentia, in Spain, did not begin the study of *belles-lettres*, until he was 40 years old.

Henry Spelman, having in his youth neglected the sciences, resumed them at the age of 50, with extraordinary success.

Fairfax, after having been the general of the parliamentary army in England, went to Oxford, and took his degree as Doctor-of-Law. Colbert, when minister, and almost 60 years of age, returned to his Latin and his law, in a situation where the neglect of one, if not both, might have been thought excusable; and Mons. Le Tellier, chancellor of France, reverted to the learning of logic that he might dispute with his grand-children.

Sir John Davies, at the age of 25, produced a poem on "The Immortality of the Soul," and in his 62nd year, as Mr. Thomas Campbell facetiously observes, when a judge and a statesman, another on *dancing*.

The Novelist.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

[As Sir Walter Scott's new work has not reached us in time to enable us to fill in the outline of the story in our present Number, we give a few sketchy extracts, or portraits,—such as will increase the interest for the appearance of the Narrative.

There are some admirable specimens of Swiss scenery, which have the effect of sublime painting: witness the following attempt of two travellers, father and son, who with their guide, are bewildered in the mountains by a sudden storm. The younger attempts to scale a broken path on the side of the precipice:]

Thus estimating the extent of his danger by the measure of sound sense and reality, and supported by some degree of practice in such exercise, the brave youth went forward on his awful journey, step by step, winning his way with a caution, and fortitude, and presence of mind, which alone could have saved him from instant destruction. At length he gained a point where a projecting rock formed the angle of the precipice, so far as it had been visible to him from the platform. This, therefore, was the critical point of his undertaking; but it was also the most perilous part of it. The rock projected more than six feet forward over the torrent, which he heard raging at the depth of a hundred yards beneath, with a noise like subterranean thunder. He examined the spot with the utmost care, and was led by the existence of shrubs, grass, and even stunted trees, to believe that this rock marked the farthest extent of the slip, or slide of earth, and that, could he but round the angle of which it was the termination, he might hope to attain the continuation of the path which had been so strangely interrupted by this convulsion of nature. But the crag jutted out so much as to afford no possibility of

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passing either under or around it; and as it rose several feet above the position which Arthur had attained, it was no easy matter to climb over it. This was, however, the course which he chose, as the only mode of surmounting what he hoped might prove the last obstacle to his voyage of discovery. A projecting tree afforded him the means of raising and swinging himself up to the top of the crag. But he had scarcely planted himself on it, had scarcely a moment to congratulate himself, on seeing, amid a wild chaos of cliffs and woods, the gloomy ruins of Geierstein, with smoke arising, and indicating something like a human habitation beside them, when, to his extreme terror, he felt the huge cliff on which he stood tremble, stoop slowly forward, and gradually sink from its position. Projecting as it was, and shaken as its equilibrium had been by the recent earthquake, it lay now so insecurely poised, that its balance was entirely destroyed, even by the addition of the young man's weight. Aroused by the imminence of the danger, Arthur, by an instinctive attempt at self-preservation, drew cautiously back from the falling crag into the tree by which he had ascended, and turned his head back as if spell-bound, to watch the descent of the fatal rock from which he had just retreated. It tottered for two or three seconds, as if uncertain which way to fall; and had it taken a sidelong direction, must have dashed the adventurer from his place of refuge, or borne both the tree and him headlong down into the river. After a moment of horrible uncertainty, the power of gravitation determined a direct and forward descent. Down went the huge fragment, which must have weighed at least twenty tons, rending and splintering in its precipitate course the trees and bushes which it encountered, and settling at length in the channel of the torrent, with a din equal to the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery. The sound was re-echoed from bank to bank, from precipice to precipice, with emulative thunders; nor was the tumult silent till it rose into the region of eternal snows, which, equally insensible to terrestrial sounds, and unfavourable to animal life, heard the roar in their majestic solitude, but suffered it to die away without a responsive voice.

The solid rock had trembled and rent beneath his footsteps; and although, by an effort rather mechanical than voluntary, he had withdrawn himself from the instant ruin attending its descent, he felt as if the better part of him, his firmness of mind and strength of body, had been rent away with the descending rock, as it fell thundering, with clouds of dust and smoke, into the torrents and whirlpools of the vexed gulf beneath. In fact, the seaman swept from the deck of a wrecked vessel, drenched in the waves, and battered against the rocks on the shore, does not differ more from the same mariner, when, at the commencement of the gale, he stood upon the deck of his favourite ship, proud of her strength and his own dexterity, than Arthur, when commencing his journey, from the same Arthur, while clinging to the decayed trunk of an old tree, from which, suspended between heaven and earth, he saw the fall of the crag which he had so nearly accompanied. The effects of his terror, indeed, were physical as well as moral, for a thousand colours played before his eyes; he was attacked by a sick dizziness, and deprived at once of the obedience of those limbs which had hitherto served him so admirably; his arms and hands, as if no longer at his own command, now clung to the branches of the tree, with a cramp-like tenacity, over which he seemed to possess no power, and now trembled in a state of such complete nervous relaxation, as led him to fear that they were becoming unable to support him longer in his position.

[We must leave the reader here, although in dire suspense—and we regret to do so, because a beautiful incident follows—to give the following exquisite sketch of the heroine—a Swiss maiden. We will endeavour to connect these passages with our abridgment of the narrative.]

An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person—a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton—nor so loose as to be an encumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different colour, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ancle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible. The foot was defended by a sandal, the point of which was turned upwards, and the crossings and knots of the strings which secured it on the front of the leg were garnished with silver rings. The upper vest was gathered round the middle by a sash of parti-coloured silk, ornamented with twisted threads of gold; while the tunic, open at the throat, permitted the shape and exquisite whiteness of a well-formed neck to be visible at the collar, and for an inch or two beneath. The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air—by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to

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show that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by habits of rural exercise. Her long, fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls on each side of a face whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression, implied at once a character of gentleness, and of the self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil, and too noble to fear it. Above these locks beauty's natural and most beseeming ornament—or rather, I should say, amongst them—was placed the small bonnet, which, from its size, little answered the purpose of protecting the head, but served to exercise the ingenuity of the fair wearer, who had not failed, according to the prevailing custom of the mountain maidens, to decorate the tiny cap with a heron's feather, and the then unusual luxury of a small and thin chain of gold, long enough to encircle the cap four or five times, and having the ends secured under a broad medal of the same costly metal. I have only to add, that the stature of the young person was something above the common size, and that the whole contour of her form, without being in the slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva, rather than the proud beauties of Juno, or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step; above all, the total absence of any thing resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look, which seemed desirous of knowing nothing that was hidden, and conscious that she herself had nothing to hide, were traits not unworthy of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FRENCH COOKERY AND CONFECTIONERY.

Monsieur Ude, who is, unquestionably, the prince of gastronomers, has just published the tenth edition of his *French Cook*, of which, line upon line, we may say, *Decies repetita placebit;* and Jarrin, the celebrated *artiste en sucre*, has also revised his *Italian Confectioner*, in a fourth edition. We should think both these works must be the literary furniture of every good kitchen, or they ought to be; for there is just enough of the science in them to make them extremely useful, whilst all must allow them to be entertaining.

A few years ago, Mrs. Glasse ruled the roast of cookery, and not a stew was made without consulting her invaluable book. Whilst we were embroiled in war, her instructions were standing orders, but with the peace came a host of foreign luxuries and fashions, among these, *Cookery from France.* Hence the French system became introduced into the establishments of the wealthy of this country, to which may be attributed the sale of nine editions of M. Ude's work; for it is strictly what it professes to be, "A System of Fashionable and Economical Cookery, adapted to the use of English Families." The tenth edition, before us, is a bulky *tome* of about 500 pages, with an appendix of observations on the meals of the day; mode of giving suppers at Routs and soirées, as practised when the author was in the employ of Lord Sefton; and above all, a brief history of the rise and progress of Cookery, from an admirable French treatise. This is literally the *sauce piquante* of the volume, and we serve a little to our readers:—

It appears that the science of Cookery was in a very inferior state under the first and second race of the French kings. Gregory of Tours has preserved the account of a repast of French warriors, at which, in this refined age, we should be absolutely astounded. According to Eginhard, Charlemagne lived poorly, and ate but little—however, this trait of resemblance in Charlemagne and Napoleon, the modern Eginhards have forgotten in their comparison of these two great men. Philippe le Bel was hardly half an hour at table, and Francis I. thought more of women than of eating and drinking; nevertheless, it was under this gallant monarch that the science of gastronomy took rise in France.

Few have heard the name of Gonthier d'Andernach. What Bacon was to philosophy, Dante and Petrarch to poetry, Michael Angelo and Raphael to painting, Columbus and Gama to geography, Copernicus and Galileo to astronomy, Gonthier was in France to the art of cookery Before him, their code of eating was formed only of loose scraps picked up here and there; the names of dishes were strange and barbarous, like the dishes themselves.

Gonthier is the father of cookery, as Descartes, of French philosophy. It is said that Gonthier, in less than ten years, invented seven cullises, nine ragoûts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups.

A woman opened the gates of an enlightened age; it was Catherine, the daughter of the celebrated Lorenzo de Medici, niece of Leo the Tenth, then in all the bloom of beauty. Accompanied

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by a troop of perfumers, painters, astrologers, poets, and cooks, she crossed the Alps, and whilst Bullan planned the Tuileries, Berini recovered from oblivion those sauces which, for many ages, had been lost. Endowed with all the gifts of fortune, the mother and the wife of kings, nature had also gifted her with a palate, whose intuitive sensibility seldom falls to the lot of sovereigns. In consequence of which, after having driven before her this troop of male and female soothsayers, who pretended to foretel the future, she consulted her *maître d'hôtel*, about some roast meat brought from luxurious Florence; and dipped in a rich sauce the same hand that held the reins of the empire, and which Roussard compared to the rosy fingers of Aurora! Let the foolish vulgar laugh at the importance which the queen-mother seems to place in the art of cooking; but they have not considered that it is at table, in the midst of the fumes of Burgundy, and the savoury odour of rich dishes, that she meditated the means of quelling a dangerous faction, or the destruction of a man, who disturbed her repose. It was during dinner she had an interview with the Duke of Alba, with whom she resolved on the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Not long after the massacre of St. Bartholomew the throne was occupied by Henry de Valois, brother to Charles the Ninth, and son of Catherine. He was a prince of good appetite, a lover of wine and good cheer, qualities which his mother had carefully fostered and cultivated, that she alone might hold the reigns of government. Henry de Valois spent whole days at table, and the constellations of the kitchen shone with the greatest splendour under this gourmand king. We date from the beginning of his reign the invention of the fricandeau, generally attributed to a Swiss. Now the fricandeau having its Columbus, its discovery appears not more wonderful than that of America, and yet it required *une grande force de tête*.

Though we acknowledge the immense influence this monarch had over cookery, we must not conceal that he brought in fashion aromatic sauces, tough macaroni, cullises, and brown sauces calcined by a process like that of roasted coffee. These sauces gave the dishes a corrosive acidity, and as Jourdan le Cointe remarks, far from nourishing the body, communicated to it a feverish sensation, which baffled all the skill of physicians, in their attempts to cure it. They were positive poisons which the Italians had introduced into France, a taste for which spread through every class of society.

Under the reign of Henry III. a taste for warm drinks was joined to that of spicy dishes. Hippocrates recommends hot water in fevers, Avicenna in consumption, Trallien in phrensy, Plato in loathings, Ætius in strangury,—whence we conclude that warm water, having so many different qualities, must have been a very useful article at table, had it only been to assist digestion, considering that people ate copiously in the reign of the Valois. They made not one single repast without a jug full of hot water, and even wine was drunk lukewarm.

If the poor have preserved the memory of Henry IV., we cannot say as much of his cooks. That monarch did nothing for them;—either Nature had not endowed him with a good appetite, (for what prince ever was perfect,) or he looked upon them, as, in the last century, we looked upon soups, as things of hardly any use; but in return they also did nothing for him.

It is very remarkable, that in France, where there is but one religion, the sauces are infinitely varied, whilst in England, where the different sects are innumerable, there is, we may say, but one single sauce. Melted butter, in English cookery, plays nearly the same part as the Lord Mayor's coach at civic ceremonies, calomel in modern medicine, or silver forks in the fashionable novels. Melted butter and anchovies, melted butter and capers, melted butter and parsley, melted butter and eggs, and melted butter for ever: this is a sample of the national cookery of this country. We may date the art of making sauces from the age of Louis XIV. Under Louis XIII. meat was either roasted or broiled: every baker had a stove where the citizen, as well as the great lord, sent his meat to be dressed; but, by degrees, they began to feel the necessity of sauces.

It appears that the great wits of the age of Louis XIV. had not that contempt for cookery which some idealists of our days affect to have. Boileau has described a bad repast like a man who has often seen better; he liked the pleasures of the table, which have never been incompatible with the gifts of genius, or the investigations of the understanding. "I cannot conceive," says Doctor Johnson, "the folly of those, who, when at table, think of every thing but eating; for my part, when I am there I think of nothing else; and whosoever does not trouble himself with this important affair at dinner, or supper, will do no good at any other time." Boswell affirms that he never knew a man who dispatched a dinner better than the great moralist. But what

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avails it to defend cooks and gourmands? It is an axiom in political economy, according to Malthus, that *he who makes two blades of grass grow, where before there was but one, ought to be considered as the benefactor of his country, and of mankind.* Is not this a service which the epicure and the cook every day do their country? Addison thought differently from Johnson on this subject: "Every time," says he, "that I see a splendid dinner, I fancy fever, gout, and dropsy, are lying in ambush for me, with the whole race of maladies which attack mankind: in my opinion an epicure is a fool." What does this blustering of Addison prove? Boswell also asserts, that Addison often complained of indigestion. And in the present times, the first chemist of the day, Sir Humphry Davy, passes for a finished gourmand.

Roasting, boiling, frying, broiling, do not alone constitute the art of cooking, otherwise the savage of the Oronoco might be *maître d'hotel* with Prince Esterhazy.

The science of gastronomy made great progress under Louis XV., a brilliant epoch for the literature of gastronomy: together with the fashions, customs, freedom of opinion, and taste for equipages and horses brought from Great Britain—some new dishes taken from the culinary code of this country, such as puddings and beef-steaks, were also introduced into France. Thanks to the increasing progress and discoveries in chemistry, and to the genius of our artists, the art of cookery rose to the greatest height towards the end of the last century. What a famous age was that of Mezelier, l'Asne, Jouvent, Richaud, Chaud, and Robert.

History will never forget that great man, who aspired to all kinds of glory, and would have been, if he had wished, as great a cook as he was a statesman—I mean the Prince de Talleyrand, who rekindled the sacred flame in France. The first clouds of smoke, which announced the resurrection of the science of cookery in the capital, appeared from the kitchen of an ancient bishop.

A revolution like the French, which presented to their eyes such terrible spectacles, must have left some traces in their physical or intellectual constitution. At the end of this bloody drama, the mind, bewildered by the late dreadful scenes, was unable to feel those sweet and peaceable emotions, in which it had formerly delighted; as the palate, having long been at rest, and now become blunted, must require high-seasoned dishes, to excite an appetite. The reign of the Directory, therefore is that of Romances à la Radcliffe, as well as of Sauces à la Provençale. Fortunately, the eighth of Brumaire pulled down the five Directors, together with their saucepans.

Under the Consulship, and during the empire, the art of cooking, thanks to the labours of Beauvilliers, Balaine, and other artists, made new and remarkable improvements. Among the promoters of the gastric science, the name of a simple amateur makes a distinguished figure—it is Grisnod de la Reynière, whose almanac the late Duke of York called the most delightful book that ever issued from the press. We may affirm, that the *Almanach des Gourmands* made a complete revolution in the language and usages of the country.

We are yet too near the restoration to determine the degree of influence it had on cookery in France. The restoration has introduced into monarchy the representative forms friendly to epicurism, and in this respect it is a true blessing—a new era opened *to those* who are hungry.

M. Jarrin's fourth edition contains upwards of 500 receipts in Italian confectionery, with plates of improvements, &c. like a cyclopædian treatise on mechanics; and when our readers know there are "seven essential degrees of boiling sugar," they will pardon the details of the business of this volume. The "degrees" are—1. *Le lissé*, or thread, large or small; 2. *Le perlé*, or pearl, *le soufflet*, or blow; 4. *La plume*, the feather; 5. *Le boulet*, the ball, large or small; 6. *Le casé*, the crack; and, 7. the *caramel*. So complete is M. Jarrin's system of confectionery, that he is "independent of every other artist;" for he even explains engraving on steel and on wood. What a host of disappointments this must prevent!

If we look further into, or "drink deep" of the art of confectionery, we shall find it to be a perfect Microcosm—a little creation; for our *artist* talks familiarly of "producing picturesque scenery, with trees, lakes, rocks, &c.; gum paste, and modelling flowers, animals, figures, &c." with astonishing mimic strife. We must abridge one of these receipts for a "*Rock Piece Montée* in a lake."

"Roll out confectionery paste, the size of the dish intended to receive it; put into a mould representing your *pond* a lining of almond paste, coloured pale pink, and place in the centre a sort of pedestal of almond paste, supported by lumps of the same paste baked; when dry put it into the stove. Prepare *syrup* to fill the hollow of the *lake*, to represent

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the *water;* having previously modelled in gum paste little *swans*, place them in various parts of the *syrup;* put it into the stove for three hours, then make a small hole through the paste, under your *lake*, to *drain* off the syrup; a crust will remain with the *swans* fixed in it, representing the *water*. Next build the *rock* on the pedestal with rock sugar, biscuits, and other appropriate articles in sugar, fixed to one another, supported by the confectionery paste you have put in the middle, the whole being cemented together with caramel, and ornamented. The moulding and heads should then be pushed in almond paste, coloured red; the *cascades* and other ornaments must be *spun in sugar*."

These are, indeed, romantic secrets Spinning nets and cages with sugar is another fine display of confectionery skill —we say nothing of the nets and cages which our fair friends are sometimes spinning — for the sugar compared with their bonds—are weak as the cords of the Philistines.

The Naturalist.

ROOKS.

We glean the following interesting facts from the *Essex Herald*, as they merit the record of a *Naturalist*.

"The voracious habits of the rook, and the vast increase of these birds of late years in certain parts of Essex, has been productive of great mischief, especially in the vicinity of Writtle and of Waltham. Since February last, notwithstanding a vigilant watch, the rooks have stolen sets of potatoes from a considerable breadth of ground at Widford Hall. On the same farm, during the sowing of a field of 16 acres with peas, the number of rooks seen at one time on its surface has been estimated at 1,000, which is accounted for by there being a preserve near, which, at a moderate computation, contains 1,000 nests. But the damage done by rooks at Navestock and Kelvedon Hatch, and their vicinities, within a small circle, has been estimated at £2,000. annually. Many farmers pay from 8*s*. to 10*s*. per week, to preserve their seed and plants by watching; but notwithstanding such precautions, acre after acre of beans, when in leaf and clear from the soil, have been pulled up, and the crop lost. The late hurricane proved some interruption to their breeding; and particularly at the estate of Lord Waldegrave, at Navestock, where the young ones were thrown from their nests, and were found under trees in myriads; the very nests blown down, it is said, would have furnished the poor with fuel for a short period."

The writer attributes this alarming increase of rooks to "a desire on the part of gentlemen to cause them to be preserved with the same watchfulness they do their game." The most effectual means of deterring the rook from their depredations, is, he says, "to obtain several of these birds at a period of the year when they can be more easily taken; then cut them open, and preserve them by salt. In the spring, during the seed time, these rooks are to be fastened down to the ground with their wings spread, and their mouths extended by a pebble, as if in great torture. This plan has been found so effectual, that even in the vicinity of large preserves, the fields where the dead birds have been so placed, have not been visited by a single rook.

The scarcity of the rook in France, and the antipathy which the French have to that bird is thus accounted for:—

"The fact has been often related by a very respectable Catholic Priest, who resided many years at Chipping-hill, in Witham, that such was the arbitrary conduct of the owners of abbeys and monasteries in France, in preserving and cultivating the rook and the pigeon, that they increased to such numbers as to become so great a pest, as to destroy the seed when sown, and the young plants as soon as they appeared above the ground; insomuch, that the farmer, despairing of a reward for his labour, besides the loss of his seed, the fields were left barren, and the supply of bread corn was, in consequence, insufficient to meet the necessities of so rapidly increasing a people. The father of the gentleman to whom we have alluded, was, for this offence, one of the first victims to his imprudence. The revolutionary mob proceeded to his residence, from whence they took him, and hung his body upon a gibbet; they next proceeded to destroy the rooks and pigeons which he had cultivated in great numbers, and strived to preserve with the same tenacity as others do in this country. We are told by the son of this martyr to his own folly, that the mob continued to shoot the birds amidst the loudest acclamations, and that they exulted in the idea that in each victim they witnessed the fall of an aristocrat."

THE BANANA TREE.

The amount and rapidity of produce of his plant probably exceed that of any other in the known world. In eight or nine months after the sucker has been planted, clusters of fruit are formed; and

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in about two months more they may be gathered. The stem is then cut down, and a fresh plant, about two-thirds of the height of the parent stem, succeeds, and bears fruit in about three months more. The only care necessary is to dig once or twice a year round the roots. According to our author, on 1,076 square feet, from 30 to 40 banana trees may be planted in Mexico, which will yield in the space of the year 4,414 lbs. avoirdupois of fruit; while the same space would yield only 33 lbs. avoirdupois of wheat, and 99 of potatoes. The immediate effect of this facility of supplying the wants of nature is, that the man who can, by labouring two days in the week, maintain himself and family, will devote the remaining five to idleness or dissipation. The same regions that produce the banana, also yield the two species of manioc, the bitter and the sweet: both of which appear to have been cultivated before the conquest.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

INDIAN CORN.

THE most valuable article in South American agriculture, is unquestionably the maize, or Indian corn, which is cultivated with nearly uniform success in every part of the republic. It appears to be a true American grain, notwithstanding many crude conjectures to the contrary. Sometimes it has been known to yield, in hot and humid regions, 800 fold; fertile lands return from 300 to 400; and a return of 130 to 150 fold is considered bad — the least fertile soils giving 60 to 80. The maize forms the great bulk of food of the inhabitants, as well as of the domestic animals; hence the dreadful consequences of a failure of this crop. It is eaten either in the form of unfermented bread or *tortillas* (a sort of bannock, as it is called in Scotland;) and, reduced to flour, is mingled with water, forming either *atolle* or various kinds of *chicha*. Maize will yield, in very favourable situations, two or three crops per year; though it is but seldom that more than one is gathered.

The introduction of wheat is said to have been owing to the accidental discovery, by a negro slave of Cortez, of three or four grains, among some rice which had been issued to the soldiers. About the year 1530, these grains were sown; and from this insignificant source has flowed all the enormous produce of the upper lands of Mexico. Water is the only element necessary to ensure success to the Mexican wheat grower; but it is very difficult to attain this—and irrigation affords the most steady supply.

Ibid.

THE AGAVE AMERICANA,

OR Maguey, is an object of great value in the table land of the interior of Mexico; from this plant is obtained the favourite liquor, the *pulque*. At the moment of efflorescence, the flower stalk is extirpated, and the juice destined to form the fruit flows into the cavity thus produced, and is taken out two or three times a day for four or five months; each day's produce is fermented for ten or fifteen days; after which the *pulque* is fit to drink, and before it has travelled in skins, it is a very pleasant, refreshing liquor, to which the Mexicans ascribe as many good qualities as the Highlander does to whiskey. The stems of the *magucy* can supply the place of hemp, and may be converted into paper. The prickles too are used as pins by the Indians.—*Ibid.*

The Anecdote Gallery.

DOCTOR PARR.

Concluded from page 334.

PARR was evidently fond of living in troubled waters; accordingly, on his removal to Colchester, he got into a quarrel with the trustees of the school on the subject of a lease. He printed a pamphlet about it, which he never published; restrained perhaps by the remarks of Sir W. Jones, who constantly noted the pages submitted to him, with "too violent," "too strong;" and probably thought the whole affair a battle of kites and crows, which Parr had swelled into importance; or, it might be, he suppressed it, influenced by the prospect of succeeding to Norwich school, for which he was now a candidate, and by the shrewd observation of Dr. Foster, "that Norwich might be touched by a fellow feeling for Colchester; and the crape-makers of the one place sympathize with the bag-makers of the other." If the latter consideration weighed with him, it was the first and last time that any such consideration did, Parr being apparently of the opinion of John Wesley, that there could be no fitter subject for a Christian man's prayers, than that he might be delivered from what the world calls "prudence." However it happened, the pamphlet was withheld, and Parr was elected to the school at Norwich.

At Norwich, Parr ventured on his first publications, and obtained his first preferment. The publications consisted of a sermon on "The Truth of Christianity," "A Discourse on Education," and "A Discourse on the Late Fast;" the last of which opens with a mistake singular in

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Parr, who confounds the sedition of Judas Gaulonitis, mentioned in Josephus, (*Antiq.* xviii. 1. 1.) with that under Pilate, mentioned in St. Luke, (xiii. 1, 2, 3.); whereas the former probably preceded the latter by twenty years, or nearly. The preferment which he gained was the living of Asterby, presented to him by Lady Jane Trafford, the mother of one of his pupils; which, in 1783, he exchanged for the perpetual curacy of Hatton, in Warwickshire, the same lady being still his patron: neither was of much value. Lord Dartmouth, whose sons had also been under his care, endeavoured to procure something for him from Lord Thurlow, but the chancellor is reported to have said "No," with an oath. The great and good Bishop Lowth, however, at the request of the same nobleman, gave him a prebend in St. Paul's, which, though a trifle at the time, eventually became, on the expiration of leases, a source of affluence to Parr in his old age. How far he was from such a condition at this period of his life, is seen by the following incident given by Mr. Field. The doctor was one day in this gentleman's library, when his eye was caught by the title of "Stephens' Greek Thesaurus." Suddenly turning about and striking vehemently the arm of Mr. Field, whom he addressed in a manner very usual with him; he said, "Ah! my friend, my friend, may you never be forced, as I was at Norwich, to sell that work, to me so precious, from absolute and urgent necessity."

But we must on with the Doctor in his career. In 1785, for some reason unknown to his biographer, Parr resigned the school at Norwich, and in the year following went to reside at Hatton. "I have an excellent house, (he writes to a friend,) good neighbours, and a Poor, ignorant, dissolute, insolent, and ungrateful, beyond all example. *I like Warwickshire very much.* I have made great regulations, viz. bells chime three times as long; Athanasian creed; communion service at the altar; swearing act; children catechized first Sunday in the month; private baptisms discouraged; public performed after second lesson; recovered a 100*l.* a year left the poor, with interest amounting to 115*l.*, all of which I am to put out, and settle a trust in the spring; examining all the charities."

Here Warwickshire pleases Parr; but Parr's taste in this, and in many other matters, (as we shall have occasion to show by and by,) was subject to change. He soon, therefore, becomes convinced of the superior intellect of the men of Norfolk. He finds Warwickshire, the Bœotia of England, two centuries behind in civilization. He is anxious, however, to be in the commission of the peace for this ill-fated county, and applies to Lord Hertford, then Lord Lieutenant; but the application fails; and again, on a subsequent occasion, to Lord Warwick, and again he is disappointed. What motives operated upon their lordships' minds to his exclusion, they did not think it necessary to avow.

Providence has so obviously drawn a circle about every man, within which, for the most part, he is compelled to walk, by furnishing him with natural affections, evidently intended to fasten upon individuals; by urging demands upon him which the very preservation of himself and those about him compels him to listen to; by withholding from him any considerable knowledge of what is distant, and hereby proclaiming that his more proper sphere lies in what is near; —by compassing him about with physical obstacles, with mountains, with rivers, with seas "dissociable," with tongues which he cannot utter, or cannot understand; that, like the wife of Hector, it proclaims in accents scarcely to be resisted, that there is a tower assigned to everyman, where it is his first duty to plant himself for the sake of his own, and in the defence of which he will find perhaps enough to do, without extending his care to the whole circuit of the city walls.

The close of Parr's life grew brighter. The increased value of his stall at St. Paul's set him abundantly at his ease: he can even indulge his love of pomp—*ardetque cupidine currûs*, he encumbers himself with a coach and four. In 1816, he married a second wife, Miss Eyre, the sister of his friend the Rev. James Eyre; he became reconciled to his two granddaughters, now grown up to woman's estate; he received them into his family, and kept them as his own, till one of them became the wife of the Rev. John Lynes.

In the latter years of his life, Parr had been subject to erysipelas; once he had suffered by a carbuncle, and once by a mortification in the hand. Owing to this tendency to diseased action in the skin, he was easily affected by cold, and on Sunday, the 16th of January, 1825, having, in addition to the usual duties of the day, buried a corpse, he was, on the following night, seized with a long-continued rigor, attended by fever and delirium, and never effectually rallied again. There is a note, however, dated November 2, 1824, addressed by him to Archdeacon Butler, which proves that he felt his end approaching, even before this crisis.

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"Dear and Learned Namesake,—This letter is important, and strictly confidential. I have given J. Lynes minute and plenary directions for my funeral. I desire you, if you can, to preach a short, unadorned funeral sermon. Rann Kennedy is to read the lesson and grave service, though I could wish you to read the grave service also. Say little of me, but you are sure to say it *well.*"

Dr. Butler complied with his request, and amply made good the opinion here expressed. He spoke of him like a warm and stedfast friend, but not like that worst of enemies, an indiscreet one; he did not challenge a scrutiny by the extravagance of his praise, nor break, by his precious balms, the head he was most anxious to honour. Dr. Parr's death was tedious, and his faculties, except at intervals, disturbed. He took an opportunity, however, afforded him by one of these intervals, of summoning about his bed his wife, grandchildren, and servants; confessed to them his weaknesses and errors, asked their forgiveness for any pain he might have caused them by petulance and haste, and professed "his trust in God, through Christ, for the pardon of his sins." One expression, which Dr. Johnstone reports him to have used on this occasion, is extraordinary—that "from the beginning of his life he was not conscious of having fallen into a crime." Far be it from us to scrutinize the words of a delirious death-bed.—These must have been uttered (if, indeed, they are accurately given) either in some peculiar and very limited sense, or else at a moment when a man is no longer accountable to God for what he utters. The latter was, probably, the case: for in the same breath in which he declares "his life, even his early life, to have been pure," he sues for pardon at the hands of his Maker, and acknowledges a Redeemer, as the instrument through which he is to obtain it.

That quickness of feeling and disposition to abandon himself to its guidance, which made Parr an inconsistent man, made him also a benevolent one. Benevolence he loved as a subject for his contemplation, and the practical extension of it as a rule for his conduct. He could scarcely bear to regard the Deity under any other aspect. He would have children taught, in the first instance, to regard him under that aspect alone; simply as a being who displayed infinite goodness in the creation, in the government, and in the redemption of the world. Language itself indicates, that the whole system of moral rectitude is comprised in it—*ευεργετειν*, *benefacere*, beneficence—the generic term being, in common parlance, emphatically restricted to works of charity. Nor was this mere theory in Parr. Most men who have been economical from necessity in their youth, continue to be so, from habit, in their age—but Parr's hand was ever open as day. Poverty had vexed, but had never contracted his spirit; money he despised, except as it gave him power—power to ride in his state coach, to throw wide his doors to hospitality, to load his table with plate, and his shelves with learning; power to adorn his church with chandeliers and painted windows; to make glad the cottages of his poor; to grant a loan to a tottering farmer; to rescue from want a forlorn patriot, or a thriftless scholar. Whether misfortune, or mismanagement, or folly, or vice, had brought its victim low, his want was a passport to Parr's pity, and the dew of his bounty fell alike upon the evil and the good, upon the just and the unjust. It is told of Boerhaave, that, whenever he saw a criminal led out to execution, he would say, "May not this man be better than I? If otherwise, the praise is due, not to me, but to the grace of God." Parr quotes the saying with applause. Such, we doubt not, would have been his own feelings on such an occasion.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SONG FROM THE ITALIAN OF P. ROLLI.

BABBLING current, would you know
Why I turn to thee again,
'Tis to find relief from woe,
Respite short from ceaseless pain.

I and Sylvio on a day
Were upon thy bank reclin'd,
When dear Sylvio swore to me,
And thus spoke in accents kind:

First this flowing tide shall turn
Backward to its fountain head,
Dearest nymph, ere thou shalt mourn,
Thy too easy faith betray'd.

Babbling current, backward turn,
Hide thee in thy fountain head;
For alas, I'm left to mourn
My too easy faith betray'd.

Love and life pursu'd the swain,
Both must have the self-same date,
But mine only he could mean,
Since his love is turn'd to hate.

Sure some fairer nymph than I,
From me lures the lovely youth,
Haply she receives like me,
Vows of everlasting truth.

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Babbling current should the fair
Stop to listen on thy shore,
Bid her, Sylvio, to beware,
Love and truth he oft had sworn.
T. H.

THE SPRING AND THE MORNING,
A Ballad.
Written by Sir Lumley Skeffington, Bart.
Inscribed to Miss Foote.

WHEN the frosts of the Winter, in mildness were ending,
To April I gave half the welcome of May;
While the Spring, fresh in youth, came delightfully blending
The buds that are sweet, and the songs that are gay.
As the eyes fixed the heart on a vision so fair,
Not doubting, but trusting what magic was there;
Aloud I exclaim'd, with augmented desire,
I thought 'twas the Spring, when in truth, 'tis Maria.

When the fading of stars, in the regions of splendour,
Announc'd that the morning was young in the East,
On the upland I rov'd, admiration to render,
Where freshness, and beauty, and lustre increas'd.
Whilst the beams of the morning new pleasures bestow'd,
While fondly I gaz'd, while with rapture I glow'd;
In sweetness commanding, in elegance bright,
Maria arose! a more beautiful light!
Gentleman's Magazine.

UNEXPECTED REPROOF.

THE celebrated scholar, Muretus, was taken ill upon the road as he was travelling from Paris to Lyons, and as his appearance was not much in his favour, he was carried to an hospital. Two physicians attended him, and his disease not being a very common one, they thought it right to try something new, and out of the usual road of practice, upon him. One of them, not knowing that their patient knew Latin, said in that language to the other, "We may surely venture to try an experiment upon the body of so mean a man as our patient is." "Mean, sir!" replied Muretus, in Latin, to their astonishment, "can you pretend to call any man so, sir, for whom the Saviour of the world did not think it beneath him to die?"

IRELAND.

THE following is the territorial surface of Ireland:—

	Acres.
Arable land, gardens, meadows, pastures, and marshes	12,125,280
Uncultivated lands, and bogs capable of improvement ...	4,900,000
Surface incapable of any kind of improvement*	2,416,664
Total of acres	19,441,944

* Parliamentary Report.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

WHEN jovial Barras was the Monarch of France,
And its women all lived in the light of his glance,
One eve, when tall Tallien and plump Josephine
Were trying the question, of which should be Queen,
Dame Josephine hung on one side of his chair,
With her West Indian bosom as brown as 'twas bare;
Dame Tallien as fondly on t'other side hung,
With a blush that might burn up the spot where she clung.
Old Sieyes stalked in; saw my lord at his wine,
Now toasting the copper-skin, now the carmine;
Then starting away, cried, "Barras, *le bon soir;*
'Twas for business *I* came; I leave *you Rouge et Noir.*"

GRAMMATICAL ANCESTORS.

MR. PITT was once disputing for the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two complete *negatives* to make such a *positive* fellow as you are."

A FEW years ago one of the male convicts in Botany-Bay wrote a farce; which was acted with great applause on the theatre, in Port Jackson. Barrington, the noted pickpocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these lines:—

True patriots we, for be it understood,
We *left* our country for our *country's good.*

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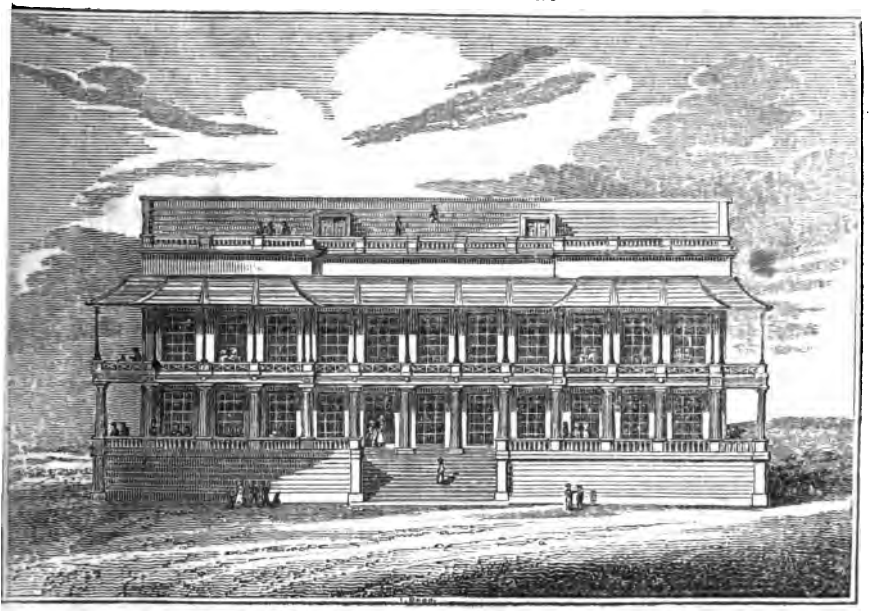
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 372.] SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

Epsom New Race Stand.



We do not wish to compete with the "List of all the running horse-es, with the names, weights, and colours of the riders," although the proximity of our publication day to the commencement of Epsom Races (June 2), has induced us to select the above subject for an illustration.

The erection of the New Race Stand is the work of a company, entitled the "Epsom Grand Stand Association"—the capital £20,000, in 1,000 shares of £20 each. The speculation is patronized by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and among the trustees is one of the county members, C. N. Pallmer, Esq. The building is now roofed in, and temporary accommodation will be provided for visiters at the ensuing Spring Races. It is after the model of the Stand at Doncaster, but is much larger, and will accommodate from 4 to 5,000 persons. The style of the architecture is Grecian.

The building is 156 feet in width, including the Terrace, and 60 feet in depth, having a portico the width, returning on each side, which is connected with a spacious terrace, raised ten feet above the level of the ground, and a magnificent flight of steps in the centre. The columns of the portico are of the Doric order, supporting a balcony, or gallery, which is to be covered by a verandah, erected on small ornamental iron pillars, placed over those below. The upper part of the Stand is to have a balustrade the whole width of the front. With reference to the interior arrangements, there are four large and well-proportioned rooms for refreshments, &c.; a spacious hall, leading through a screen of Doric columns to a large and elegant staircase of stone, and on each side of the staircase are retiring rooms of convenience for gentlemen. The entrance to this floor is from the abovementioned terrace and portico in front; and also, at the back, by an entrance which forms a direct communication through the building. The first floor consists of a splendid room, 108 feet in length, and 34 in width, divided into three compartments by ornamental co-

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lumns and pilasters, supporting a richly paneled ceiling, and having a direct communication with the balcony, or gallery; and on each side of the staircase there are retiring rooms for the ladies, with the same arrangements as those below for the gentlemen. The roof will contain about 2,000 persons standing; affording, at the same time, an opportunity for every one to see the whole of the race (Derby Course) which at one time was considered doubtful.

The architect is Mr. W. Trendall; and the builder Mr. Chadwick.

By a neat plan from a survey by Mr. Mogg, the "Stand" is about ten poles from the Winning Post. It must have a most commanding view of the surrounding country—but, anon, "may we be there to see."

HISTORY OF COALS.

(For the Mirror.)

COALS are found in several parts of the continent of Europe, but the principal mines are in this country. They have been discovered and wrought in Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Canada, and in some of the provinces of New England. China abounds in them, and they are well known in Tartary, and in the Island of Madagascar.

We find (says Brand) express mention of coals, used as a fuel by artificers about 2,000 years ago, in the writings of Theophrastus, the scholar of Aristotle, who, in his book on Stones, gives the substance; though some writers have not scrupled to affirm, that coal was unknown to the Ancient Britons, yet others have adduced proofs to the contrary, which seem to carry along with them little less than conviction. The first charter for the license of digging coals, was granted by King Henry III. in the year 1239; it was there denominated sea coal; and, in 1281, Newcastle was famous for its great trade in this article; but in 1306, the use of sea coal was prohibited at London, by proclamation. Brewers, dyers, and other artificers, who had occasion for great fires, had found their account in substituting our fossil for dry wood and charcoal; but so general was the prejudice against it at that time, that the nobles and commons assembled in parliament, complained against the use thereof as a public nuisance, which was thought to corrupt the air with its smoke and stink. Shortly after this, it was the common fuel at the King's palace in London; and, in 1325, a trade was opened between France and England, in which corn was imported, and coal exported. Stowe in his "Annals" says, "within thirty years last the nice dames of London would not come into any house or roome where sea coales were burned; nor willingly eat of the meat that was either sod or roasted with sea coal fire."

Tinmouth Priory had a colliery at Elwick, which in 1330 was let at the yearly rent of five pounds; in 1530 it was let for twenty pounds a year, on condition that not more than twenty chaldron should be drawn in a day; and eight years after, at fifty pounds a year, without restriction on the quantity to be wrought. In Richard the Second's time, Newcastle coals were sold at Whitby, at three shillings and four-pence per chaldron; and in the time of Henry VIII. their price was twelvepence a chaldron in Newcastle; in London about four shillings, and in France they sold for thirteen nobles per chaldron. Queen Elizabeth obtained a lease of the manors and coal mines of Gateshead and Whickham, which she soon transferred to the Earl of Leicester. He assigned it to his secretary, Sutton, the founder of the Charter-house, who also made assignment of it to Sir W. Riddell and others, for the use of the Mayor and Burgesses of Newcastle. Duties were laid upon this article to assist in building St. Paul's Church, and fifty parish churches in London after the great fire; and in 1677, Charles II. granted to his natural son, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, and his heirs, a duty of one shilling a chaldron on coals, which continued in his family till it was purchased by government in 1800. The collieries in the vicinity of Newcastle are perhaps the most valuable and extensive in Europe, and afford nearly the whole supply of the metropolis, and of those counties on the eastern coast deficient in coal strata; thus—

"The grim ore
Here useless, like the miser's brighter hoard,
Is from its prison brought and sent abroad,
The frozen horns to cheer, to minister
To needful sustenance and polished arts—
Hence are he hungry fed, the naked clothed;
The wintry damps dispell'd, and social mirth
Exults and glows before the blazing hearth."

Iago's Edge Hill, p. 106.

P. T. W.

ALEHOUSE SIGNS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

TWO of your correspondents have puzzled themselves in seeking the origin of the old Cat and Fiddle sign. The one has been led away by a love of etymology—the other would string the fiddle at the

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expense of poor puss's viscera. Now laying aside conjecture and the subtleties of language, suppose we consult plain matter of fact? It is then generally allowed that the tones of a flute resemble the *human voice:* those of a clarionet, the notes of a *goose:* and, all the world knows that a well-played violin (especially in the practice of gliding) yields sounds so inseparable from the *strains of a cat*, as not to be distinguished by the mere amateur of musical science.

In conformity, therefore, with this last truth, the small fiddles which Dancing-masters carry in their pockets, are at this day called *kits*. But our etymologist will readily perceive this to be a mere abbreviation, and that they must originally have been known as *kittens*.

E. D. Jun.

ANACHRONISMS RESPECTING DR. JOHNSON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

"I am corrected, sir; but hear me speak—
When admiration glows with such a fire
As to o'ertop the memory, error then
May merit mercy." *Old Play.*

In justice to myself and the readers of the Mirror, I must be allowed to offer a few apologetic remarks on the almost unpardonable anachronisms which I so inadvertently suffered to occur in my communication on the subject of Dr. Johnson's Residence in Bolt Court. But when I state that the chronological metathesis occurred entirely in consequence of my referring to that most treacherous portion of human intellect, the memory; and that it is upwards of seven years since I read "Boswell's Life of Johnson," or "Johnson's Poets," it may be some mitigation of the censure I so justly deserve. Yet I may be suffered to suggest to your correspondent, who has so kindly corrected me, that my paper was more in the *suppository* style than he seems to have imagined; and that I did not assert that Boswell, Savage, and Johnson, met at the latter's "house in Bolt Court, and discussed subjects of polite literature." The expression used is, "We can *imagine*," &c. constituting a creation of the fancy rather than a positive portraiture. Certain it is that Johnson's dwelling was in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar at the time of the nocturnal perambulation alluded to; and that it was Savage (to whom he was so unaccountably attached, in spite of the "bastard's" frailties) who enticed the doctor from his bed to a midnight ramble. My primary mistake consists in transposing the date of the doctor's residence in Bolt Court, and introducing Savage at the era of Boswell's acquaintance with Johnson; whereas the wayward poet finished his miserable existence in a prison, at Bristol, 21 years prior to that event. Here I may be allowed a remark or two on the animadversion which has been heaped on Johnson for that beautiful piece of biography, "The Life of Richard Savage." It has hitherto been somewhat of a mystery that the stern critic whose strictures so severely exposed the minutest derelictions of genius in all other instances, should have adopted "the melting mood" in detailing the life of such a man as Savage; for, much as we may admire the "concentrated smiles and tears" of his two poems, "The Bastard," and "The Wanderer," pitying the adverse fortunes and miseries of the author, yet his ungovernable temper and depraved propensities, which led to his embruing his hands in blood, his ingratitude to his patrons and benefactors, (but chiefly to Pope,) and his degraded misemployment of talents which might have raised him to the capital of the proud column of intellect of that day,—all conduce to petrify the tear of mingled mercy and compassion, which the misfortunes of such a being might otherwise demand. Nevertheless, as was lately observed by a respectable journal, "there must have been *something* good about him, or Samuel Johnson would not have loved him." * * H.

DREAMS.

(For the Mirror.)

We see our joyous home,
Where the sapphire waters fall;
The porch, with its lone gloom,
The bright vines on its wall.

The flow'rs, the brooks, and trees,
Again are made our own,
The woodlands rife with bees,
And the curfew's pensive tone.

Peace to the marble brow,
And the ringlets tinged dark;
The heart is sleeping now
In a still and holy ark:

Sleep hath clos'd the soft blue eye,
And unbound the silken tress:
Their dreams are of the sky,
And pass'd is watchfulness.

But a sleep they yet shall have,
Sunn'd with no vision's glow;
A sleep within the grave—
When their eyes are quench'd and low!

A glorious rest it is,
To earth's lorn children given,
Pure as the bridal kiss,
To sleep—and wake in heaven!

Deal. Reginald Augustine.

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SCOTCH SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

Gin Lubin shows the ring to me
While reavin' Teviot side,
And asks me wi' an earnest e'e,
To be his bonny bride.
At sic a time I canna tell
What I to him might say,
But as I lo'e the laddie well,
I cudna tell him nae.

I'd say we twa as yet are young,
Wi' monie a day to spare,
An' then the suit should drap my tongue
That he might press it mair.
I'd gae beside the point awhile,
Wi' proper laithfu' pride,
By lang to partin', wi' a smile,
Consent to be his bride. C. Cole.

The Sketch-Book.

THE LOVER STUDENT.

A Leaf from the Reminiscences of a Collegian.

(For the Mirror.)

—— He was but a poor undergraduate; not, indeed, one of lowest grade, but still too much lacking pecuniary supplies to render him an "eligible match." Julia, too, though pretty, was portionless; and the world, which always kindly interests itself in such affairs, said, they had no business whatever to become attached to each other; but then, such attachments and the world, never did, and never will agree; and *I*, from fatal experience, assert that what people impertinently call "falling in love," is a thing that *cannot* be helped; *I*, at least, never could help it. The regard of Millington and Julia was of a very peculiar nature; it was a morsel of platonism, which is rather too curious to pass unrecorded; for as far as I have been able, upon the most minute investigation to ascertain, they never spoke to each other during the period of their tender acquaintance. No; they were not dumb, but lacking a mutual friend to give them an introduction; their regard for decorum and etiquette was too great to permit them to speak otherwise than with their eyes. Millington had kept three terms, when I arrived at —— College, a shy and gawky freshman; we had been previously acquainted, and he, pitying perhaps my youth and inexperience, patronized his playmate, and I became his chum. For some time I was at a loss to account for sundry fluctuations in Henry's disposition and manners. He shunned society and would neither accept invitations to wine and supper parties in other men's rooms, nor give such in his own; nevertheless his person seemed to have become an object of the tenderest regard; never was he so contented as when rambling through the streets and walks, without his gown, in a new and well cut suit; whilst in order eternally to display his figure to the best advantage, he was content to endure as heavy an infliction of fines and impositions, as the heads of his college could lay upon his shoulders. He was ruined for a reading-man. About this period he also had a perfect mania for flowers; observing which, and fancying I might gratify my friend by such a mark of attention, I one day went to his rooms with a large bouquet in either hand. He was not at home; but having carelessly enough forgotten to lock his door, I commenced, *con amore*, (anticipating the agreeable surprise which I should afford him) to fill his vases with fresh, bright, and delicious summer flowers, in lieu of the very mummies of their race by which they were occupied. My work was in progress when Millington returned, but, oh! good heavens! the rage, the profane, diabolical, incomprehensible rage into which he burst! I shall never forget. Away went my beautiful, my fragrant flowers, into the court, and seizing upon the remnant of the mummies, as yet untouched by my sacrilegious fingers, he tossed them into a drawer, double locked it, and ordered me out of the room. Dreading a kick, I was off at his word; but had not proceeded half way down stairs, when a hand from the rear, roughly grasped mine, and a voice, in a wild and hurried manner, asked pardon for "intemperance." I should have called it madness. We were again firm allies; but I resolved to fathom, if possible, the mystery of the flowers. I now observed, with surprise, that Millington never quitted his rooms without a flower in his hand, *or boutonnière;* which flower, upon his return, appeared to have been either lost, or metamorphosed into, sometimes, one of another description; sometimes into a nosegay. Very strange indeed, thought I; and began to have my suspicions that in all this might be traced "fair woman's visitings." Yes, Millington must decidedly have fallen in love. He was never in chapel, never in hall, never in college, never at lectures, and never at parties; he was in love, that was certain; but with whom? He knew none of the resident gentry of ——, and he was far too proud to involve himself in "an affair" with a girl of inferior rank. Many men did so; but Millington despised them for it. Accidentally I discovered that he adored Julia, the young,

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sweet daughter of an undoubted gentleman, who was not yet "come out." She was a lively, pretty brunette, with brownest curling hair, only fifteen; and to this day, I believe, knows not the name of her lover. From an attic window of a five storied house, this fond and beautiful girl contrived, sometimes, to shower upon the head of her devoted admirer sweet flowers, and sometimes this paragon of pairs meeting each other in the walks, silently effected an interchange of the buds and blossoms, with which they always took care to be provided. Several weeks passed thus, Henry and Julia seeing each other every day; but long vacation would arrive; and on the evening preceding his departure from ——, the lovelorn student, twisting round the stem of a spicy carnation, a leaf which he had torn from his pocket book, thus conveyed, with his farewell to Julia, an intimation that he designed upon his return to college next term, to effect an introduction to her family. Julia's delight may easily be conceived. I remained in college for the vacation to read, and had shortly the pleasure of informing Millington that I should be able, upon his return, to afford him the introduction which he had so much at heart, having made the acquaintance of Julia and her family. Two months elapsed ere Millington deigned to notice my letter. His answer to it was expressed in these terms:—

"Freddy—I'm married to a proper vixen, I fancy; but to twenty thousand pounds. Ay, my boy, there it is—no doing in this world without the needful, and I'm not the ass to fight shy of such a windfall. As for Julia, hang her. By Jove, what an escape—wasn't it? Name her never again, and should she cry for me, give her a sugar plum—a kiss—a gingerbread husband, or yourself, as you please. I am not so fond of milk and water, and bread and butter, I can assure her.

Ever truly yours,
HENRY OWEN MILLINGTON.

P.S. Capital shooting hereabout—can't you slip over for a few days?"

Poor Julia! I certainly am not clear that I shall not marry her myself; but as for that scoundrel Millington, he had better take care how he comes in my way—that's all. M. L. B.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

WHITSUN ALE.

(For the Mirror.)

ON the Cotteswold, Gloucester, is a customary meeting at Whitsuntide, vulgarly called an *Ale*, or *Whitsun Ale*, resorted to by numbers of young people. Two persons are chosen previous to the meeting, to be Lord and Lady of the Ale or Yule, who dress as suitably as they can to those characters; a large barn, or other building is fitted up with seats, &c. for the lord's hall. Here they assemble to dance and regale in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford; each man treats his sweetheart with a ribbon or favour. The lord and lady attended by the steward, sword, purse, and mace-bearer, with their several badges of office, honour the hall with their presence; they have likewise, in their suit, a page, or train-bearer, and a jester, dressed in a parti-coloured jacket. The lord's music, consisting of a tabor and pipe, is employed to conduct the dance. Companies of morrice-dancers, attended by the jester and tabor and pipe, go about the country on Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun week, and collect sums towards defraying the expenses of the Yule. All the figures of the lord, &c. of the Yule, handsomely represented in basso-relievo, stand in the north wall of the nave of Cirencester Church, which vouches for the antiquity of the custom; and, on many of these occasions, they erect a may-pole, which denotes its rise in Druidism. The mace is made of silk, finely plaited with ribbons on the top, and filled with spices and perfumes for such of the company to smell to as desire it. HALBERT H.

ANCIENT FUNERAL RITES AMONG THE GREEKS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE dead were ever held sacred and inviolable even amongst the most barbarous nations; to defraud them of any due respect was a greater and more unpardonable sacrilege than to spoil the temples of the gods; their memories were preserved with a religious care and reverence, and all their remains honoured with worship and adoration; hatred and envy themselves were put to silence, for it was thought a sign of a cruel and inhuman disposition to speak evil of the dead, and prosecute revenge beyond the grave. The ancient Greeks were strongly persuaded that their souls could not be admitted into the Elysian fields till their bodies were committed to the earth; therefore the honours (says Potter) paid to the dead were the greatest and most necessary; for these were looked upon as a debt so sacred, that such as neglected to discharge it were thought accursed. Those who died in foreign countries had usually their ashes

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brought home and interred in the sepulchres of their ancestors, or at least in some part of their native country; it being thought that the same mother which gave them life and birth, was only fit to receive their remains, and afford them a peaceful habitation after death. Whence ancient authors afford us innumerable instances of bodies conveyed sometimes by the command of oracles, sometimes by the good-will of their friends, from foreign countries to the sepulchres of their fathers, and with great solemnity deposited there. Thus, Theseus was removed from Scyros to Athens, Orestes from Tegea, &c. Nor was this pious care limited to persons of free condition, but slaves also had some share therein; for we find (says Potter) the Athenian lawgiver commanding the magistrates, called *Demarchi*, under a severe penalty, to solemnize the funerals, not so much of citizens, whose friends seldom failed of paying the last honours, as of slaves, who frequently were destitute of decent burial.

Those who wasted their patrimony, forfeited their right of being buried in the sepulchres of their fathers. As soon as any person had expired, they closed his eyes. Augustus Cæsar, upon the approach of his death, called for a looking-glass, and caused his hair to be combed, and his fallen cheeks decently composed. All the offices about the dead were performed by their nearest relations; nor could a greater misfortune befal any person than to want these respects. When dying, their friends and relations came close to the bed where they lay, to bid them farewell, and catch their dying words, which they never repeated without reverence. The want of opportunity to pay this compliment to Hector, furnishes Andromache with matter of lamentation, which is related in the Iliad. They kissed and embraced the dying person, so taking their last farewell; and endeavoured likewise to receive in their mouth his last breath, as fancying his soul to expire with it, and enter into their bodies. When any person died in debt at Athens, the laws of that city gave leave to creditors to seize the dead body, and deprive it of burial till payment was made; whence the corpse of Miltiades, who died in prison, being like to want the honour of burial, his son Cimon had no other means to release it, but by taking upon himself his father's debts and fetters. Sometime before interment, a piece of money was put into the corpse's mouth, which was thought to be Charon's fare for wafting the departed soul over the infernal river.

P. T. W.

SINGULAR MANORIAL CUSTOM.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Manor of Broughton Lindsay, in Lincolnshire, is held under that of Caistor, by this strange service: viz. that annually, upon Palm Sunday, the deputy of the Lord of the Manor of Broughton, attends the church at Caistor, with a new cart whip in his hand; which he cracks thrice in the church porch; and passes with it on his shoulder up the nave into the chancel, and seats himself in the pew of the lord of the manor, where he remains until the officiating minister is about to read the second lesson; he then proceeds with his whip, to the lash of which he has in the meantime affixed a purse, which ought to contain thirty silver pennies (instead of which a single half crown is substituted,) and kneeling down before the reading desk, he holds the purse, suspended over the minister's head, all the time he is reading the lesson. After this he returns to his seat. When divine service is over, he leaves the whip and purse at the manor house.

H. B. A.

The Contemporary Traveller.

MEXICO; OR NEW SPAIN.

THE name of New Spain was at first given only to Yucatan by Grijalva and his followers; but Cortes extended it to the whole empire of Montezuma, which is described by the earliest writers to have reached from Panama to New California. This, however, appears, from more recent researches, on the accuracy of which Humboldt relies with reason, to have been larger than the reality justified; and the whole of Tenochtitlan may be said to have been contained in the present states of Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Puebla, Mexico, and Valadolid. In addition to the name given by Cortez, that of the capital was extended to the whole kingdom of New Spain; and since the revolution and the establishment of independence, the several provinces form separate and independent states, confederating together and constituting the nineteen United States of Mexico; viz. Chiapa, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Texas, Durango, Guanaxuato, Mexico, Michoachan, New Leon, Oaxaca, Puebla, Queretaro, San Luis Potosi, Sonora and Cinaloa, Tabasco, Tamaulipas, Vera Cruz, Xalisco, Yucatan and Zacatecas. Old and New California, Colima, New Mexico, and Tlascala, though forming members of the federation, declined having state governments, on account of the

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expense, and are designated territories. The whole republic, according to Humboldt, occupies a space of 75,330 square leagues, of twenty to an equinoxial degree; on which there are to be found every inequality of surface, and every variety of soil and climate, the two last of which are dependent in most cases on the former.

The republic of Mexico, taken on the grand scale, may be considered as a succession of small mountain-plains at different heights, separated by mountains, and increasing in magnitude as the coast recedes on both the eastern and western sides, until the great centre plain be reached, which, though much broken by mountain ridges, tends to the north, maintaining nearly an equal elevation. The snow-capped mountains of Orizava, and the volcanos of Puebla and Toluca, are among the most splendid objects in the world. The Mexicans divide the regions of their country into *Tierras calientes*, *Tierras templadas*, and *Tierras frias*, according to the climate. Throughout the whole country there is a lamentable want of water, and of navigable rivers. The lakes, too, appear to be yearly decreasing in extent, the immediate consequence of which is, that the elevated portions of the interior are nearly stripped of vegetation, and the soil covered with an efflorescence of carbonate of soda, there called *Tequisquita*, resembling very closely the plains of the two Castiles, and recalling to the Eastern traveller the desolate wastes of some parts of Persia.

The effect of elevation on the temperature is most marked, and it is no uncommon thing to be shivering on one side of the street in the city of Mexico, and to be literally scorched by the rays of the sun on the other. Changes are upon record of 55° of Fahrenheit within three hours, on one of the mountain-plains at the same height with the valley of Mexico.

Notwithstanding the volcanic character of Mexico, earthquakes are by no means so frequent there as in some of the neighbouring countries One of the most memorable on record occurred on the 14th of September, 1759, when the volcano of Jorullo, with several smaller cones, forced the surface of the soil, destroying all before it.

The infinite variety of climate and soil fits this country for the production of the fruits of all regions, from those of the hottest within the tropics to those of the severest cold, where cultivation can be carried on. But the want of ports, and of navigable rivers on the Atlantic, opposes the advantages that might result from this variety of production, though on the Pacific there are a few admirable ports, such as Acapulco. The prevalence of the "Nortes," or northerly winds, at certain seasons, seriously affects the navigation on one side, while that of the "papagallos" is as inconvenient on the other.

The Mexican population is commonly divided into seven classes:—1. European Spaniards, commonly called "*gachupines*." 2. White Creoles. 3. Mestizos, descendants of Whites and Indians. 4. Mulattoes, descendants of Whites and Blacks. 5. Zambos, from Indians and Negroes. 6. Pure Indians. 7. African Blacks. But this classification may be reduced to four:—1. Whites. 2. Indians. 3. Blacks. 4. Mixed Races, the various gradations of which may be considered almost infinite.

The Indians consist of a considerable number of distinct tribes, differing in many points of appearance, and speaking—not dialects but—languages entirely different. No less than twenty of these have been traced, and of fourteen of them there are already grammars and dictionaries. The Indian population is chiefly centered in the great plains, and towards the south; and Humboldt thinks that it has flowed from the north to the south. The history of four great migrations is preserved in the annals of Mexico, which are worthy of more detailed examination than we can bestow upon them. The great body of these people live apart from the other races of their countrymen, in small villages, full of ignorance, suspicion, and bigotry, and displaying an apparent phlegm, from which it would seem impossible to arouse them. This phlegmatic temperament lessens the credit of the men with the females, who uniformly prefer the European, or the still more vivacious negro. "The indigenous Mexican is grave, melancholic, silent, so long as he is not under the influence of intoxicating liquors. This gravity is peculiarly remarkable in Indian children, who at the age of four or five years display more intelligence and precocity than the children of whites. The Mexican loves to attach mystery even to his most trifling actions; the strongest passions do not display themselves in his countenance; the transition is frightful when it passes suddenly from a state of absolute repose to that of violent and unrestrained agitation." Slavery with them has engendered guile. They are obstinate in all their habits and opinions; their religion is one of mere ceremonial, justifying the observation of a priest to Mr. Ward, "son mui buenos Catolicos, pero mui malos

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Cristianos" (very good Catholics, but very bad Christians) Deception in this, as well as in every thing else, is the order of the day; and the Indian Alcalde now oppresses the villagers as much as he himself has ever been.

Humboldt considers the Mexican Indian as destitute of all imagination, though when to a certain degree educated, he attributes to him facility in learning; a clearness of understanding, a natural turn for reasoning, and a particular aptitude to subtilize and seize trifling distinctions.

The music and dancing are as dull as might be expected among beings so full of phlegm. The Mexican has a turn for painting and sculpture; and retains the same fondness for flowers that struck Cortes so forcibly upwards of three centuries ago. The "Indios Bravos," or Wild Indians, are said to display more energy; but our information respecting them is remarkably scanty.

Among the active vices of the Mexican Indian, that of drunkenness prevails to a most lamentable extent. In the upper districts, *pulque*, or the fermented juice of the aloe, is the principal tempter; sometimes a spirit, distilled from the same plant, called *Vino de Mescal*; while, in the hotter districts, the same effects are ensured by the *chinguirito*, a very coarse kind of rum. Combined with this disposition to intoxication, the Indian is constitutionally indolent; and, now that he is a free man, he will rarely work, except to obtain just as much as will afford him the means of enjoying his greatest luxury — that of steeping his senses in oblivion. This last tendency is much to be deplored, as, in the larger towns, we know that every Sunday (which is the day of greatest indulgence) assassinations, to the extent of six or eight each day, are the melancholy consequence of its indulgence. Humboldt states that the police were in the practice of sending tumbrels round, to collect the unhappy victims of intoxication. The punishment was, and we believe still is, three days' labour in the streets; but it does not seem to be very efficacious, for generally within the week the delinquents are again in custody.

There is something characteristic in the indolence of these sombre beings. They will travel immense distances; but to steady labour they are, generally speaking, not prone. It is told of them, that in one of the most fertile districts (the *Bario*) it is not unusual for an Indian, on receiving his wages, to get thoroughly drunk, go to sleep, and on awakening renew his potations and repose, until the exhaustion of his finances compels him to return to labour. In some parts, however, there are exceptions to this observation.

Education has been more attended to, by some of the leading personages, than could have been expected in a society that had been so much kept in the shade. We apprehend the advantages are chiefly prospective, and may be well defined in another generation; at present they are but small. The whites have been, and still are, the most educated portion of the Mexicans, owing, no doubt, to their greater opulence, and having access to official rank. The mass of ignorance, however, among all classes, is inconceivable to any one who has only moved in the principal countries of Europe. Nor is it confined to the lower classes, but finds protection among the highest in the community. We heard a reverend canon of the metropolitan church gravely inquire, whether it was possible to reach London except by sailing up the Thames. And we knew a very pretty, agreeable young lady, moving in the first circles, who could not write a single letter at the age of seventeen. She has been since married, and has, we are informed, been taught to write by her husband, who is not a Mexican. The religion of all classes resembles too much that of the Indians; and the practical morality and general tone of society are by no means refined. If one half of the scandalous tales in circulation be true, the former ranks with that of Paris in its worst periods, and the latter is assuredly gross to a degree that would surprise even an inhabitant of Madrid. The familiarity with which *every subject* is treated at first excites emotions in an Englishman of the most unpleasant kind, which gradually subside, from the frequency with which they are discussed by young and old; by high and low, of both sexes.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Notes of a Reader.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NEW WORK.

We detach this little descriptive gem from Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geierstein," just published. An outline of this very delightful novel will be found in a Supplement with the present number of the Mirror.

"The ancient tower of Geierstein, though neither extensive, nor distinguished by architectural ornament, possessed an air of terrible dignity by its position on the very verge of the opposite bank of the torrent, which, just at the angle of the

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rock on which the ruins are situated, falls sheer over a cascade of nearly a hundred feet in height, and then rushes down the defile, through a trough of living rock, which perhaps its waves have been deepening since time itself had a commencement. Facing, and at the same time looking down upon this eternal roar of waters, stood the old tower, built so close to the verge of the precipice, that the buttresses with which the architect had strengthened the foundation, seemed a part of the solid rock itself, and a continuation of its perpendicular ascent. As usual throughout Europe in the feudal times, the principal part of the building was a massive square pile, the decayed summit of which was rendered picturesque, by flanking turrets of different sizes and heights, some round, some angular, some ruinous, some tolerably entire, varying the outline of the building as seen against the stormy sky."

THORWALDSEN.

SINCE the death of his illustrious contemporary, Canova, Thorwaldsen, born at Copenhagen in 1771-2, has occupied the public eye as head of the modern school. The character and powers of this master are doubtless of a very elevated rank; but neither in the extent nor excellence of his works, do we apprehend his station to be so high as sometimes placed. The genius of the Danish sculptor is forcible, yet is its energy derived more from peculiarity than from real excellence. His ideal springs less from imitation of the antique, or of nature, than from the workings of his own individual mind—it is the creation of a fancy seeking forcible effect in singular combinations, rather than in general principles; therefore hardly fitted to excite lasting or beneficial influence upon the age. Simplicity and imposing expression seem to have hitherto formed the principal objects of his pursuit; but the distinction between the simple and rude, the powerful and the exaggerated, is not always observed in the labours of the Dane. His simplicity is sometimes without grace; the impressive—austere, and without due refinement. The air and contours of his heads, except, as in the Mercury—an excellent example both of the beauties and defects of the artist's style—when immediately derived from antiquity, though grand and vigorous, seldom harmonize in the principles of these efforts with the majestic regularity of general nature. The forms, again, are not unfrequently poor, without a vigorous rendering of the parts, and destitute at times of their just roundness. These defects may in some measure have arisen from the early and more frequent practice of the artist in relievos. In this department, Thorwaldsen is unexceptionably to be admired. The Triumph of Alexander, originally intended for the frieze of the government palace at Milan, notwithstanding an occasional poverty in the materials of thought, is, as a whole, one of the grandest compositions in the world; while the delicacy of execution, and poetic feeling, in the two exquisite pieces of Night and Aurora, leave scarcely a wish here ungratified. But in statues, Thorwaldsen excels only where the forms and sentiment admit of uncontrolled imagination, or in which no immediate recourse can be had to fixed standards of taste, and to the simple effects of nature. Hence, of all his works, as admitting of unconfined expression, and grand peculiarity of composition, the statues of the Apostles, considered in themselves, are the most excellent. Thorwaldsen, in fine, possesses singular, but in some respects erratic genius. His ideas of composition are irregular; his powers of fancy surpass those of execution; his conceptions seem to lose a portion of their value and freshness in the act of realisement. As an individual artist, he will command deservedly a high rank among the names that shall go down to posterity. As a sculptor, who will influence, or has extended the principles of the art, his pretensions are not great; or, should this influence and these claims not be thus limited, the standard of genuine and universal excellence must be depreciated in a like degree.—*Memes's History of Sculpture, &c.*

SIGN OF THE TIMES.

ONE of the singularities of the time is an unwillingness to tell the truth, even when there is no ground for suppressing or perverting it. It is so frequently under or overstated by most persons in this country who speak and write, according to the side they have espoused, or the inclinations and political principles of those by whom they are likely to be read or heard, that they at last persuade themselves there is a sort of impropriety in presenting facts in their proper colours.—*Quarterly Review.*

A DUTCH TALE.

A BALLAD of *Roosje* is perhaps the most touchingly told story which the Dutch possess. It is of a maid—a beloved maid—born at her mother's death

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—bred up 'midst the tears and kisses of her father—prattling thoughtlessly about her mother—every one's admiration for beauty, cleverness, and virtue—gentle as the moon shining on the downs. Her name was to be seen written again and again on the sands by the Zeeland youths —and scarcely a beautiful flower bloomed but was gathered for her. Now in Zeeland, when the south-winds of summer come, there comes too a delicate fish, which hides itself in the sand, and which is dug out as a luxury by the young people. It is the time of sport and gaiety—and they venture far—far over the flat coast into the sea. The boys drag the girls among the waves—and Roosje was so dragged, notwithstanding many appeals. "A kiss, a kiss, or you go further," cried her conductor—she fled—he followed, both laughing:—"Into the sea—into the sea," said all her companions—he pushes her on—it is deeper, and deeper—she shrieks—she sinks—they sink together—the sands were faithless—there was no succour—the waves rolled over them—there was stillness and death: —The terrified playmates looked—

"All silently,—they look'd again—
And silently sped home—
And every heart was bursting then,
But every tongue was dumb.

And still and stately o'er the wave,
The mournful moon arose,
Flinging pale beams upon the grave,
Where they in peace repose.

The wind glanc'd o'er the voiceless sea,
The billows kissed the strand—
And one sad dirge of misery
Fill'd all the mourning land."

Foreign Quarterly Review.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

THE discouragement of colonization is certainly not the feeling of the great majority of the people of England, and it is equally certain that it is not the policy of this empire. Whatever may be the fate of the several British colonies at some future and distant period, it is something at least to have spread our laws and language, and moral character, over the most distant parts of the globe. The colonies that speak the language of Old England —that preserve her manners and her habits—will always be her best customers; and their surplus capital will always centre in the mother country. It was not the opinion of our ancestors, that colonies were an incumbrance; they—good, stupid souls—imagined that colonies enlarged the sphere of commerce—that commerce required ships—that ships created seamen for manning the royal navy, and that the whole contributed to individual wealth, to the national revenue, and the national strength; and such we believe still to be the opinion of men of sound practical knowledge, whose minds are unwarped by abstract systems and preconceived theories, to which every thing must be made to bend. Such, too, was the feeling of that extraordinary man, who, with the solitary exception of England, exacted homage from every crowned head of Europe. This man, in the plenitude of his power, felt that something was still wanting to enable him to grapple with one little island, invulnerable by its maritime strength, the sinews of which he knew to be derived from its colonies: he felt that, deprived as he was of "ships, colonies, and commerce," England was able to stand alone among nations, and to bid defiance to his overwhelming power. That cunning fox, too, by whose councils he was occasionally guided, knew too well the degree of strength that England derived from her colonies, which he described to be her very vitals, and which could only be reached by a powerful navy. He designated them as the sheet anchor of Great Britain—the prop that supported her maritime superiority—the strongholds of her power. "Deprive her of her colonies," said Talleyrand, "and you break down her last wall; you fill up her last ditch." —*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*—*Quarterly Review.*

INVITATIONS.

As a certificate of your intention to be punctual, you may send your friends a similar billet to the following:—

My dear Sir,

The honour of your company is requested to dine with on *Fry*day, 1828.

The favour of a positive answer is requested, or the proffered plate will be appropriated as it was when—

Sir Ill-bred Ignorance returned the following answer:—"I shall be quite happy to come if I possibly can." Such words the committee voted were equivalent to these—I'll come, if in the mean time I am not invited to a party that I like better.—*Dr. Kitchiner.*

GENEVA

HAS very little, as a city, to recommend it. It is characterized by much active industry within doors, the *savans* and *mechanicians* being pent up in their closets and ateliers, and very little gaiety pervades the promenades. Some parts of the town are sufficiently picturesque; the overhanging roofs, for which it is remarkable, are, however, too lofty to screen the pedestrian from the rain, espe-

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cially if accompanied by a high wind, and form no shade from the sun. The pavement of the streets is bad, and their irregularity is a considerable drawback from the internal appearance. The pavement of the inclined plane in the Hotel de Ville, by which we gain the arduous ascent that conducts to the Passport office, is a curiosity of its kind, and perhaps unique. The city is tolerably well fenced in with walls within walls, draw and suspension bridges, and gates; while stakes and chains secure from surprise on the part of the lake. The small canton of Geneva, though in the vicinity of the Great Alpine chain and the mountains of the Jura, includes no mountains. The name of the city and canton has been traced by the etymologists to a Celtic origin; *Ges*, a sally-port or exit, and *av*, a river, probably because the Rhone here leaves the Leman lake. The eagle on the escutcheon of the city arms indicates its having been an *imperial* city; and it is believed the key was an adjunct of Pope Martin V., in the year 1418. The motto on the scroll, "Ex tenebris lux," appears to have existed anterior to the *light* of the Reformation. The number of inhabitants may now be estimated at about 22,000; but it appears, by a census in 1789, to have been 26,148. In this *moral* city, it is computed that every twelfth birth is illegitimate. The number of people engaged in clock and watch-making and jewellery, may be safely rated at 3,000. In years favourable to these staple manufactures 75,000 ounces of gold are employed, which is almost equally divided between watches and jewellery. The daily supply of silver is about 134 ounces. Pearls form an article of considerable value in the jewellery, and have been rated at no less a sum that 1,200 francs daily. 70,000 watches are annually made, only one-twelfth of which are in silver. More than fifty distinct branches are comprised in the various departments, and each workman, on the average, earns about three shillings a-day.—*Mr. John Murray's Tour.*

HANDEL.

SOME folks eat two or three times as much as others—for instance, our incomparable and inspired composer, Handel, required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that whenever he dined *alone* at a tavern, he always ordered "dinner for *three*;" and on receiving an answer to his question—"Is de tinner retty?"—"As soon as the company come."—He said, *con strepito*, "Den pring up te Tinner *prestissimo*, I am de gombany."

BAD WRITING.

From one of Dr. Parr's Letters.

HIS letters put me in mind of tumult and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connexion as preferring an alliance with the succeeding word. A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden-house, covered with old, crooked nails, which have just been released from a century's durance in a brick wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his character without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writings: he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultuous resuscitation of awakened men with a pencil of masterly confusion. I am fully convinced of one thing, either that he or his pen is intoxicated when he writes to me, for his letters seem to have borrowed the reel of wine, and stagger from one corner of the sheet to the other. They remind me of Lord Chatham's administration, lying together heads and points in one truckle-bed.

WINE AND WATER.

THE same quantity of wine diluted intoxicates sooner than the same quantity drank in the same time *without* dilution; the wine being applied to a larger surface of the stomach, acts with proportionably greater quickness—though wine *diluted* sooner *intoxicates*, its effects are sooner over.—*Dr. Kitchiner.*

NEW SOUTH WALES.

OF the total population of New South Wales, which, in round numbers, may be taken at 40,000, the Free Emigrants amount only to about 7,000
Native Children 5,000
Emancipated Convicts 8,000
Convicts in Servitude 20,000

40,000

OMEN.

AS Cooke, the solicitor-general, was beginning to open the pleadings at the trial of Charles I, the king gently tapped him on the shoulder with his cane, crying "Hold, hold!" At the same moment the silver head of the cane fell off, and rolled on the floor.

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COTTAGE GARDENS.

THE comforts and benefits to be derived from a well cultivated garden, by a poor man's family, are almost beyond calculation. What a resource for hours after work, or when trade is dull, and regular work scarce! What a contrast and counteraction is the healthy, manly, employment which a cottage garden affords, to the close, impure, unwholesome air, the beastliness and obscenity, the waste of time, the destruction of morals, the loss of character, money, and health, which are the inmates of too many common ale-houses!—*Gardener's Mag.*

PAINTING.

PAINTING, were the use of it universal, would be a powerful means of instruction to children and the lower orders; and were all the fine surfaces, which are now plain, and absolutely wasted, enriched with the labours of the art, if they once began to appear, they would accumulate rapidly; and were the ornamented edifices open to all, as freely as they ought to be, a wide field of new and agreeable study would offer itself. A person, who thoroughly understood the well-chosen subjects, and was qualified to explain them to a stranger, could not be devoid of knowledge, nor could his mind want food for constant contemplation. The sense of beauty has hitherto been little cultivated in Great Britain; but it certainly exists, and shows itself principally in laying out gardens and pleasure-grounds with unrivalled skill.—*Edin. Review.*

Spirit of Discovery.

Hydrophobia.

IN the *New Monthly Magazine* for October, 1826, is the following statement of the efficacy of the guaco for the cure of the bite of a mad dog, published by the gentleman who first made use of the plant in South America, as an antidote to that scourge of human nature, hydrophobia; his words are, "I shall simply state, that during my residence in South America, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the direful effects of hydrophobia, without having in any one case that came under my care been successful in its cure by the usual modes prescribed in Europe. It fortunately occurred to me, that the guaco, so celebrated for curing the bite or sting of all venomous snakes, might prove equally efficacious in hydrophobic cases. How far my idea was correct that an anology existed between the virus of a serpent and that of a rabid dog, I leave to others to determine; but such was my opinion, and I acted upon it in all subsequent cases with complete success."

We understand the same gentleman has received from South America two plants which he was in the habit of prescribing for insanity and pulmonary consumption, with the happiest effects; and as it is his intention to give them an immediate trial, should they be found to answer in Europe, as in South America, of which he has not the least doubt, the discovery may be considered as of the first consequence in medicine.

Mutton Hams.

The *Journal des Connoissances Usuelles* gives the following method of curing legs of mutton like hams:—It is necessary that the mutton should be very fat. Two ounces of raw sugar must be mixed with an ounce of common salt and half a spoonful of saltpetre. The meat is to be rubbed well with this, and then placed in a tureen. It must be beaten and turned twice a day during three consecutive days; and the scum which comes from the meat having been taken off, it is to be wiped, and again rubbed with the mixture. The next day it should be again beaten, and the two operations ought to be repeated alternately during ten days, care being taken to turn the meat each time. It must be then exposed to the smoke for ten days. These hams are generally eaten cold.

Potato Chestnuts.

A mode has been adopted to prepare potatoes as food, which has at least one advantage—that of economy. The potatoes are roasted in a kiln or oven, and are thus prevented from sprouting, (which injures their quality so much at this season of the year,) and are thus preserved for some time in a fit state for consumption. They are better for being again heated before they are used, and though it is to be regretted that persons should be reduced to such food, yet they are cheaper and more wholesome than the bread usually given in times of scarcity to the poorer classes.

New Pyrometer.

A new air-thermometer has been invented by M. Pouillet, for the purpose of measuring degrees of heat in very high temperatures; an object hitherto of very difficult attainment. By means of this instrument it has been ascertained, that the heat of melted silver is 1677°; of a melted mixture of one part gold and three parts silver, 1803°; and of melted pure gold 2096°.

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To Destroy Slugs.

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Magazine* states, that after in vain trying salt, lime, and dibbling holes for preserving young cauliflowers and cabbages from slugs, he succeeded by spreading some well cut chaff round the plants under hand glasses, and some round the outsides of the glasses. The slugs in their attempt to reach the plant, find themselves immediately enveloped in the chaff, which prevents their moving, so that when he raised the glasses to give the plants air, he found hundreds of disabled slugs round the outside of the glasses, which he took away and destroyed.

To make Kitchen Vegetables tender.

When peas, French beans, &c. do not boil easily, it has usually been imputed to the coolness of the season, or to the rains. This popular notion is erroneous. The difficulty of boiling them soft arises from an excess of gypsum imbibed during their growth. To correct this, throw a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda into the pot along with the vegetables.—*From the French.*

Beet Root Sugar

Has now become an article of some practical magnitude in French commerce; since the annual consumption is between seven and eight million pounds.

Silk Trade.

It was lately mentioned by Mr. Huskisson, in the House of Commons, as a proof of the flourishing state of our trade, that British Bandanna handkerchiefs were in the course of shipment to India. In addition to this fact, we can state of our own knowledge that they are now exporting to France, in no inconsiderable quantities, not merely as samples, but in the regular course of trade.—*For. Quart. Rev.*

Electricity.

It is curious to take a retrospective view of the mode in which the effects of the Leyden phial were announced to the world, on their first discovery. The philosophers who first experienced, in their own person, the shock attendant on the transmission of an electric discharge, were so impressed with wonder and with terror by this novel sensation, that they wrote the most ridiculous and exaggerated account of their feelings on the occasion. Muschenbrok states, that he received so dreadful a concussion in his arms, shoulder, and heart, that he lost his breath, and it was two days before he could recover from its effects; he declared also, that he should not be induced to take another shock for the whole kingdom of France. Mr. Allemand reports, that the shock deprived him of breath for some minutes, and afterwards produced so acute a pain along his right arm, that he was apprehensive it might be attended with serious consequences. Mr. Winkler informs us, that it threw his whole body into convulsions, and excited such a ferment in his blood, as would have thrown him into a fever, but for the timely employment of febrifuge remedies. He states, that at another time it produced copious bleeding at the nose; the same effect was produced also upon his lady, who was almost rendered incapable of walking. The strange accounts naturally excite the attention and wonder of all classes of people; the learned and the vulgar were equally desirous of experiencing so singular a sensation, and great numbers of half-taught electricians wandered through every part of Europe to gratify this universal curiosity.

It is on the nervous system that the most considerable action of electricity is exerted. A strong charge passed through the head, gave to Mr. Singer the sensation of a violent but universal blow, and was followed by a transient loss of memory and indistinctness of vision. If a charge be sent through the head of a bird, its optic nerve is usually injured or destroyed, and permanent blindness induced; and a similar shock given to larger animals, produces a tremulous state of the muscles, with general prostration of strength. If a person who is standing receive a charge through the spine, he loses his power over the muscles to such a degree, that he either drops on his knees, or falls prostrate on the ground; if the charge be sufficiently powerful, it will produce immediate death, in consequence, probably, of the sudden exhaustion of the whole energy of the nervous system. Small animals, such as mice and sparrows, are instantly killed by a shock from thirty square inches of glass. Van Marum found that eels are irrecoverably deprived of life when a shock is sent through their whole body; but when only a part of the body is included in the circuit, the destruction of irritability is confined to that individual part, while the rest retains the power of motion. Different persons are affected in very different degrees by electricity, according to their peculiar constitutional susceptibility. Dr. Young remarks, that a very minute tremor, communicated to the most elastic parts of the body, in particular the chest, produces an agitation of the nerves, which is not wholly unlike the effect of a weak electricity.

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The bodies of animals killed by electricity, rapidly undergo putrefaction, and the action of electricity upon the flesh of animals is also found to accelerate this process in a remarkable degree. The same effect has been observed in the bodies of persons destroyed by lightning. It is also a well-established fact, that the blood does not coagulate after death from this cause.

Transplanting Shrubs in full Growth.

Dig a narrow trench round the plant, leaving its roots in the middle in an isolated ball of earth; fill the trench with plaster of Paris, which will become hard in a few minutes, and form a case to the ball and plant, which may be lifted and removed any where at pleasure.—*French Paper.*

Freezing Mixture.

A cheap and powerful freezing mixture may be made by pulverizing Glauber's salts finely, and placing it level at the bottom of a glass vessel. Equal parts of sal ammoniac and nitre are then to be finely powdered, and mixed together, and subsequently added to the Glauber's salts, stirring the powders well together; after which adding water sufficient to dissolve the salts, a degree of cold will be produced, frequently below Zero of Fahrenheit. But Mr. Walker states, that nitrate of ammonia, phosphate of soda, and diluted nitric acid, will on the instant produce a reduction of temperature amounting to 80 degrees. It is desirable to reduce the temperature of the substances previously, if convenient, by placing the vessels in water, with nitre powder thrown in occasionally.

Microscopic Examination of the Blood.

By the aid of Tulley's achromatic microscope, and under highly magnifying powers, it has recently been discovered that the globules of the blood congeal into flat circular bodies, and arrange themselves in rows, one body being placed partly underneath another, and in like manner as a pile of similar coins, when thrown gently down, would be found to arrange themselves. This curious effect has been attributed to the vitality yet remaining in the blood, during the act of congealing. At any rate it is a most singular fact, for although we might naturally conceive that the flattened circular plates would place themselves in juxtaposition, yet we never could have supposed that they would have partly slipped underneath each other. In order to make this very curious experiment, it is necessary that the blood, as freshly drawn, be slightly and thinly smeared over the surface of a slip of crown, or window glass, and be covered with a very thin slip of Bohemian plate glass; and thus some slight inequalities in the thickness of the layer of blood between them will be produced, and which are necessary to succeed in producing the very curious appearances abovementioned. —*Gill's Repository.*

To make the Liqueur Curaçoa.

Put into a large bottle, nearly filled with alcohol, at thirty-four degrees of Baumé (or thirty-six) the peels of six fine Portugal oranges, which are smooth skinned, and let them infuse for fifteen days. At the end of this time, put into a large stone or glass vessel, 11 ounces of brandy at eighteen degrees, 4½ ounces of white sugar, and 4½ ounces of river water. When the sugar is dissolved, add a sufficient quantity of the above infusion of orange peels, to give it a predominant flavour; and aromatise with 3 grammes of fine cinnamon, and as much mace, both well bruised. Lastly, throw into the liqueur 31 grammes (1 ounce) of Brazil wood, in powder. Leave the whole in infusion ten days, being stirred three or four times a day. At the end of this time taste the liqueur; and if it be too strong and sweet, add more water to it; if too weak, add alcohol, at 36 degrees; and if it be not sweet enough, put syrup to it. Give it colour with caramel when you would tinge it.—*From the French.*

Subterraneous Growth of Potatoes.

A mixture of two parts Danube sand, and one part common earth, was laid in a layer an inch thick, in one corner of my cellar; and, in April, thirty-two yellow potatoes with their skins placed upon its surface. They threw out stalks on all sides; and, at the end of the following November, more than a quarter of a bushel of the best potatoes were gathered, about a tenth part of which were about the size of apples—the rest as large as nuts. The skin was very thin; the pulp farinaceous, white, and of a good taste. No attention was given to the potatoes during the time they remained on the sand, and they grew without the influence of the sun or light. This trial may be advantageously applied in fortified places, hospitals, houses of correction, and, in general, in all places where cellars or subterraneous places occur, being neither too cold nor too moist; and where it is important to procure a cheap, but abundant nourishment for many individuals.—*From the French.*

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Retrospective Gleanings.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

THE three Hundreds of Desborough, Stoke, and Burnham, in Bucks, are called the "Chiltern Hundreds," and take their name from the Chalk Hills which run through Bucks and the neighbouring counties. The property of these Hundreds remaining in the Crown, a Steward is appointed at a salary of 20*s.* and all fees, which nominal office is accepted by any Member of Parliament who wishes to vacate his seat.

PEG TANKARDS.

AT Braintree and Bocking, in Essex, when topers partake of a pot of ale, it is divided into three parts or draughts, the first of which is called *neckum*, the second *sinkum*, and the third *swankum*. In Bailey's Dictionary, *swank* is said to be "that remainder of liquor at the bottom of a tankard, pot, or cup, which is just sufficient for one draught, which it is not accounted good manners to divide with the left-hand man, and according to the quantity is called either a large or little swank."

CHIMNEYS.

HAS the precise period been ascertained when chimneys upon the present mode were first constructed in England? It was apparently not sooner than Henry the Eighth's time; for Leland, when he visited Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, seems to have been greatly surprised by the novelty and ingenuity of the contrivance. "One thing (says he) I much notyd in the haull of Bolton, how chimneys was conveyed by tunnills made in the sydds of the waulls, betwixt the lights; and by this meanes is the smoke of the harthe wonder strangely convayed."

The front of St. John's Hospital at Lichfield, presents one of the most curious ancient specimens extant of this part of our early domestic architecture. This building was erected 1495, but it is possible that the remarkable chimneys may have been subsequently added.

LD LONDON.

(For the Mirror.)

IN a collection of Epigrams written by Thomas Freeman, of Gloucestershire, and published in 1614, is the following, entitled "London's Progresse:"—

"WHY, how nowe, Babell, whither wilt thou build?
I see old Holbourne, Charing-Crosse, the Strand,
Are going to St. Giles's in-the-field,
Saint Katerne, she takes Wapping by the hand,
And Hogsdon will to Hygate ere't be long,
London has got a great way from the streame,
I thinke she means to go to Islington,
To eate a dish of strawberries and creame.
The City's sure in progresse I surmise,
Or going to revell it in some disorder,
Without the Walls, without the Liberties,
Where she needs feare nor Mayor nor Recorder.
Well! say she do, 'twere pretty, yet 'tis pitty
A Middlesex Bailiff should arrest the Citty."

W. C. R. R.

AVVER.

(For the Mirror.)

THE word "Avver" has doubtless the same origin as the German word "*Hafer*" "*Haber*" which signifies in English, *oat*.

In some parts of Germany a pap of oatmeal "Haferbrei" is very common as breakfast of the lower classes. Of "Haferbrod" oatbread, I only heard in 1816, when the other sorts of grain were so very scarce in Germany.

A German and Constant Reader of the Mirror.

THE HALCYON

(For the Mirror.)

SO often alluded to by the poets, is the bird called the King Fisher. It was believed by the ancients that while the female brooded over the eggs, the sea and weather remained calm and unruffled; hence arose the expression of Halcyon days.

R. N.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

(For the Mirror.)

WOOLSTHORP, Lincolnshire, a little village on the great north road between Stamford and Grantham, is memorable as the birthplace of that illustrious philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton. The house in which he was born, is a kind of farmhouse, built of stone, and is, or was lately standing. The learned Dr. Stukely visited it in 1721, and was showed the inside of it by the country people; in a letter to Dr. Mead on this occasion, he says, "They led me up stairs, and showed me Sir Isaac's study, where I suppose he studied when in the country, in his younger days, as perhaps, when he visited his mother from the university. I observed the shelves were of his own making, being pieces of deal boxes, which probably he sent his books and clothes down in upon these occasions."

HALBERT H.

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The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, whom he afterwards married, he told her "that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money; and that he had an uncle hanged!" The lady by way of reducing herself, to an equality with the doctor, replied, "that she had no more money than himself; and that, though she had not a relation hanged, she had *fifty who deserved hanging.*" And thus was accomplished this very curious amour. W. G. C.

ON the Dorchester road from Sturminster, is a public-house called the "King's Stag," its sign displays a stag with a gold collar around its neck, and underneath are the following lines:—

When Julius Cæsar landed here,
I was then a little deer;
When Julius Cæsar reigned king,
Round my neck he put this ring;
Whoever shall me overtake,
Spare my life for Cæsar's sake.
RURIS.

WHEN Lord Norbury was applied to by a collector of one of the local taxes for the amount of tax, his lordship said, he had already paid it, and on looking to his file, discovered a receipt, signed by the same collector who then applied for it. The tax-man, confounded, apologised in the best manner he could, stating his regret that he did not recollect it. "I dare say," said my lord, "you are very sorry you did not *re*-collect it."

IN KENSINGTON CHURCHYARD.

"HERE are deposited the remains of Mrs. Ann Floyer, the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Floyer, of Thistle Grove, in this parish, died on Thursday the 8th of May, 1823.

"*God hath chosen her as a pattern for the other Angels.*"

IN DUNDEE CHURCHYARD.

"HERE lies the body of John Watson,
Read not this with your hats on,
For why? He was the Provost of Dundee,
Hallelujah, hallelugee."

NEW MEASURE.

SHORTLY after the introduction of the New Weights and Measures, an innkeeper in a market-town, not far from Sudbury, in Suffolk, sent his ostler to a customer with a quantity of liquor, which he delivered with the following words:—"Marstur bid me tell ye *Sar*, as how 'tis the New *Infarnal* Measure."

A FARMER calling upon his landlord to pay his rent, apologized for being late, by saying that his illness prevented his attending earlier, and he did not know what his disorder was. The gentleman told him it was "Influenza." Returning home he was met by the schoolmaster of the village, who inquired after his health, "I am very poorly," replied the farmer, "my landlord tells me my complaint is *Humphry Windsor.*"

A WITNESS on a trial being interrogated by Judge Willis, in a manner not pleasing to him, turned to an acquaintance, and told him in a half whisper, "he did not come there to be queered by the old one." Willis heard him, and instantly replied, in his own cant, "I am old 'tis true—and I'm rum sometimes—and for once I'll be queer—and I send you to quod." H. B. A.

AN exciseman whose remarks and answers were frequently rather odd, riding at a quick pace upon a *blind* pony, was met by a person who praised the animal much, "Yes," replied the officer, "he is a very good one, only he *shies* at every thing he *sees.*"

LINES ON A SPIDER.
By Mr. Littleton.

ARTIST, that underneath my table,
Thy curious texture hast display'd;
Who (if we may believe the fable)
Was once a lovely, blooming maid.
Insidious, restless, artful spiller,
Fear no officious damsel's broom,
Extend thy noble structure wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.
Wip'd from the great man's costly ceiling,
Thour't welcome to my dusty roof,
Here thou shall't find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof.
Whilst I, thy wond'rous fabric stare at,
And think on hopeless poet's fate,
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd room of state.
And as from out thy tortured body
Thou draw'st the slender string with pain,
So he doth labour like a noddy
To spin materials from his brain.
He for some fluttering, tawdry creature,
Who makes a dazzling in his eye;
And makes a conquest little better,
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 373.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2d.

Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist,

A NOVEL. BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

[The author of this delightful novel, by the fertility of his genius, has almost exhausted the rhetoric of admiration, and even the vocabulary of criticism. But we still hail his appearance with heartfelt interest, if not with the enthusiasm and rapture with which we were wont to speak of his earlier productions. The *incognito* of their authorship is removed, but with it none of their genuine fame; and, like few works of the same class, their popularity bids fair to outlive hundreds of matter-of-fact works, whose realities might have been expected to ensure them a more durable character. It would be idle, at this time of day, to go over the ground upon which the *Waverley Novels* will take their stand among our national literature: they are not merely pictures of fact and fancy blended by a masterly hand, but beyond this merit, they abound with so much knowledge of the human heart and the mastery of its passions, as to render them interesting to every reader beyond *Robinson Crusoe*; and above all, the free, conversational style in which this knowledge is imparted, is one of their greatest attractions. The author does not account for effects by any tedious appeal to our judgment, but he strikes at once at our feelings and common sense, and we become, as it were, identified with the dictates and impulses of his heroes. This merit belongs to *book-effect*, as *situations* belong to stage-effect; the endings of his chapters are like good *exits* —we are sure to be curious as to the following page or scene.

But we are trifling, like a subordinate who stays behind to say a silly thing in a farce. Having overrun Scotland, England, France, Palestine, and Germany, Sir Walter, in the work before us, introduces us to some of the most stirring times of Swiss story. Upon this simple intimation, the reader will anticipate all the fascinations of picturesque scenery and eloquent description—so characteristic of every volume of the *Waverley Novels*, and in this expectation, he will not be disappointed. The latter charms are constant in nothing but perpetual change; and the sublimities of Switzerland will excite admiration and awe, when the labours of man have crumbled to ruin, and all his proud glories passed away in the dream of time.

The novel opens in the year 1474, when Helvetia, after her heroic struggles for independence, began to be recognised by the neighbouring countries as a free state. At this date, its inhabitants "retained, in a great measure, the wisdom, moderation, and simplicity of their ancient manners; so much so, that those who were entrusted with the command of the troops of the Republic in battle, were wont to resume the shepherd's staff, when they laid down the truncheon, and, like the Roman Dictators, to retire to complete equality with their fellow citizens, from the eminence to which their talents, and the call of their country had raised them."

The first chapter introduces us to two travellers and their guide, who lose their way in the mountainous passes of the Alps, from Lucerne to Bâle. The travellers are Englishmen, give themselves out as merchants, and assume the name of Philipson, the christian name of the younger, who is the hero of the novel, being Arthur. They are overtaken by a storm, and fall into perils, a scene of which we have already given at page 313, of the Mirror. They are at length rescued, by a party of Swiss from the neighbourhood of the old castle of Geierstein, or Rock of the Vulture. This party turns out to consist of Arnold Biederman, the Landamman, or Chief Magistrate of the Canton of Unterwalden, and his sons, who reside upon a farm among the mountains. Along with them comes another, who is mainly instrumental in saving the life of Arthur, and this is *Anne of Geierstein*, the Landamman's niece, a mountain maiden, but of noble birth, the daughter of one of the best families in Switzerland, and combining all the delicacy of a woman with all the heroic spirit of a man. Her portrait will be found at page 344, of the Mirror.

The travellers spend some days at the Landamman's house. Arthur becomes intimately acquainted with the sons of Arnold Biederman, joins with them in

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their athletic sports, and gains no small reputation for his activity and skill. A cousin of these young men is also introduced, by name, Rudolph, of Donnerhugel, a youth of ambitious temperament, and withal a passionate admirer of Anne of Geierstein. Arthur and he, of course, are not disposed to regard each other with much complacency, and at the commencement of their acquaintance a challenge is exchanged betweem them; the combat is extremely well described:]

The sun was just about to kiss the top of the most gigantic of that race of Titans, though the long shadows still lay on the rough grass, which crisped under the young man's feet with a strong intimation of frost. But Arthur looked not round on the landscape however lovely, which lay waiting one flash from the orb of day to start into brilliant existence. He drew the belt of his trusty sword which he was in the act of fastening when he left the house, and ere he had secured the buckle, he was many paces on his way towards the place where he was to use it.

Having hastily traversed the fields and groves which separated the Landamman's residence from the old castle of Geierstein, he entered the court-yard from the side where the castle overlooked the land; and nearly in the same instant his almost gigantic antagonist, who looked yet more tall and burly by the pale morning light than he had seemed the preceding evening, appeared ascending from the precarious bridge beside the torrent, having reached Geierstein by a different route from that pursued by the Englishman.

The young champion of Berne had hanging along his back one of those huge two-handed swords, the blade of which measured five feet, and which were wielded with both hands. These were almost universally used by the Swiss; for, besides the impression which such weapons were calculated to make upon the array of the German men-at-arms, whose armour was impenetrable to lighter swords, they were also well calculated to defend mountain passes, where the great bodily strength and agility of those who bore them, enabled the combatants, in spite of their weight and length, to use them with much address and effect. One of these gigantic swords hung around Rudolf Donnerhugel's neck, the point rattling against his heel, and the handle extending itself over his left shoulder considerably above his head. He carried another in his hand.

"Thou art punctual," he called out to Arthur Philipson, in a voice which was distinctly heard above the roar of the waterfall, which it seemed to rival in sullen force. "But I judged thou wouldst come without a two-handed sword. There is my kinsman Ernest's," he said, throwing on the ground the weapon which he carried, with the hilt towards the young Englishman. "Look, stranger, that thou disgrace it not, for my kinsman will never forgive me if thou dost. Or thou mayst have mine if thou likest it better."

The Englishman looked at the weapon, with some surprise, to the use of which he was totally unaccustomed.

"The challenger," he said, "in all countries where honour is known, accepts the arms of the challenged."

"He who fights on a Swiss mountain, fights with a Swiss brand," answered Rudolf. "Think you our hands are made to handle penknives?"

"Nor are ours made to wield scythes," said Arthur; and muttered betwixt his teeth, as he looked at the sword, which the Swiss continued to offer him—"*Usum non habeo*, I have not proved the weapon."

"Do you repent the bargain you have made?" said the Swiss; "if so, cry craven, and return in safety. Speak plainly, instead of prattling Latin like a clerk or a shaven monk."

"No, proud man," replied the Englishman, "I ask thee no forbearance. I thought but of a combat between a shepherd and a giant, in which God gave the victory to him who had worse odds of weapons than falls to my lot to-day. I will fight as I stand; my own good sword shall serve my need now, as it has done before."

"Content!—But blame not me who offered thee equality of weapons," said the mountaineer. "And now hear me. This is a fight for life or death—yon waterfall sounds the alarum for our conflict.—Yes, old bellower," he continued, looking back, "it is long since thou hast heard the noise of battle;—and look at it ere we begin, stranger, for if you fall, I will commit your body to its waters."

"And if thou fallest, proud Swiss," answered Arthur, "as well I trust thy presumption leads to destruction, I will have thee buried in the church at Einsiedlen, where the priests shall sing masses for thy soul—thy two-handed sword shall be displayed above the grave, and a scroll shall tell the passenger, Here lies a bear's cub of Berne, slain by Arthur the Englishman."

"The stone is not in Switzerland, rocky as it is," said Rudolf, scornfully, "that shall bear that inscription. Prepare thyself for battle."

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The Englishman cast a calm and deliberate glance around the scene of action—a courtyard, partly open, partly encumbered with ruins, in less and larger masses.

Thinking thus, and imprinting on his mind as much as the time would permit, every circumstance of the locality around him which promised advantage in the combat, and taking his station in the middle of the courtyard where the ground was entirely clear, he flung his cloak from him, and drew his sword.

Rudolf had at first believed that his foreign antagonist was an effeminate youth, who would be swept from before him at the first flourish of his tremendous weapon. But the firm and watchful attitude assumed by the young man, reminded the Swiss of the deficiency of his own unwieldy implement, and made him determine to avoid any precipitation which might give advantage to an enemy who seemed both daring and vigilant. He unsheathed his huge sword, by drawing it over the left shoulder, an operation which required some little time, and might have offered formidable advantage to his antagonist, had Arthur's sense of honour permitted him to begin the attack ere it was completed. The Englishman remained firm, however, until the Swiss, displaying his bright brand to the morning sun, made three or four flourishes as if to prove its weight, and the facility with which he wielded it—then stood firm within sword-stroke of his adversary, grasping his weapon with both hands, and advancing it a little before his body, with the blade pointed straight upwards. The Englishman, on the contrary, carried his sword in one hand, holding it across his face in a horizontal position, so as to be at once ready to strike, thrust, or parry.

"Strike, Englishman!" said the Switzer, after they had confronted each other in this manner for about a minute.

"The longest sword should strike first," said Arthur; and the words had not left his mouth when the Swiss sword rose, and descended with a rapidity which, the weight and size of the weapon considered, appeared portentous. No parry, however dexterously interposed, could have baffled the ruinous descent of that dreadful weapon, by which the champion of Berne had hoped at once to begin the battle and end it. But young Philipson had not over-estimated the justice of his own eye, or the activity of his limbs. Ere the blade descended, a sudden spring to one side carried him from beneath its heavy sway, and before the Swiss could again raise his sword aloft, he received a wound, though a slight one, upon the left arm. Irritated at the failure and at the wound, the Switzer heaved up his sword once more, and availing himself of a strength corresponding to his size, he discharged towards his adversary a succession of blows, downright, athwart, horizontal, and from left to right, with such surprising strength and velocity, that it required all the address of the young Englishman, by parrying, shifting, eluding, or retreating, to evade a storm, of which every individual blow seemed sufficient to cleave a solid rock. The Englishman was compelled to give ground, now backwards, now swerving to the one side or the other, now availing himself of the fragments of the ruins, but watching all the while, with the utmost composure, the moment when the strength of his enraged enemy might become somewhat exhausted, or when by some improvident or furious blow he might again lay himself open to a close attack. The latter of these advantages had nearly occurred, for in the middle of his headlong charge, the Switzer stumbled over a large stone concealed among the long grass, and ere he could recover himself, received a severe blow across the head from his antagonist. It lighted upon his bonnet, the lining of which enclosed a small steel cap, so that he escaped unwounded, and springing up, renewed the battle with unabated fury, though it seemed to the young Englishman with breath somewhat short, and blows dealt with more caution.

They were still contending with equal fortune, when a stern voice, rising over the clash of swords, as well as the roar of waters, called out in a commanding tone, "On your lives, forbear!"

The two combatants sunk the points of their swords, not very sorry perhaps for the interruption of a strife which must otherwise have had a deadly termination. They looked round, and the Landamman stood before them, with anger frowning on his broad and expressive forehead.

[The Landamman was indebted for his knowledge of the rencontre taking place, to the watchful care of Anne of Geierstein.

The scene is now speedily changed. The Swiss Cantons, provoked by some encroachments on their liberties made by Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, and one of his ministers, Archibald Von Hagenbach, to whom the duke had intrusted the government of the frontier town of La Ferette, determine on sending a deputation to the court of Charles, either to obtain reparation for the injuries received, or to declare war in the name of the Helvetian Cantons. This deputation

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consists of Arnold Biederman, Rudolf Donnerhugel, and three others. As the two Englishmen are also on their way to the court of Charles, they agree to travel with the deputation; and as Count Geierstein, Anne's father and Arnold's brother, who has attached himself to the Duke of Burgundy, is anxious for his daughter's return to the paternal roof, she also proceeds along with the rest, together with a female attendant. An escort of 20 or 30 young Swiss volunteers complete the cavalcade.

The remainder of the first, and the whole of the second volume, is occupied with an exceedingly interesting and varied account of the different adventures of the deputation, or its individual members, in their progress. Among these are an account of a night-watch in an old castle in the neighbourhood of Bâle, including the mysterious moonlight appearance of Anne of Geierstein to Arthur, and Donnerhugel's wild and wonderful narrative of the supernatural circumstances supposed to be connected with her family; the last of which will be found at page 324, of the MIRROR.

At the opening of the second volume, the two Englishmen leave the deputation for La Ferette, where, on their arrival, we are made acquainted with the ferocious governor, Archibald Von Hagenbach, Kilian, his fac-totum, and Steinernherz, his executioner, who has already cut off the heads of eight men, each at a single blow, and is to receive a patent of nobility, as soon as he has performed the same office for the ninth. The English travellers fall into the hands of these notable persons, and are saved from death, after a succession of the narrowest escapes, owing to a general rising of the town, and the death of the cruel governor. In these dangers, both father and son are saved by the apparently supernatural interference of Anne.

The elder Philipson proceeds on his journey, and at an inn in Alsace, meets with the following extraordinary adventure, the whole of which is wrought up with great effect:]

He had been in bed about an hour, and sleep had not yet approached his couch, when he felt that the pallet on which he lay was sinking below him, and that he was in the act of descending along with it he knew not whither. The sound of ropes and pullies was also indistinctly heard, though every caution had been taken to make them run smooth; and the traveller, by feeling around him, became sensible that he and the bed on which he lay had been spread upon a large trap-door, which was capable of being let down into the vaults, or apartments beneath.

Philipson felt fear in circumstances so well qualified to produce it; for how could he hope a safe termination to an adventure which had begun so strangely? But his apprehensions were those of a brave, ready-witted man, who, even in the extremity of danger, which appeared to surround him, preserved his presence of mind. His descent seemed to be cautiously managed, and he held himself in readiness to start to his feet and defend himself, as soon as he should be once more upon firm ground. Although somewhat advanced in years, he was a man of great personal vigour and activity, and unless taken at advantage, which no doubt was at present much to be apprehended, he was likely to make a formidable defence. His plan of resistance, however, had been anticipated. He no sooner reached the bottom of the vault, down to which he was lowered, than two men, who had been waiting there till the operation was completed, laid hands on him from either side, and forcibly preventing him from starting up as he intended, cast a rope over his arms, and effectually made him a prisoner. He was obliged, therefore, to remain passive and unresisting, and await the termination of this formidable adventure. Secured as he was, he could only turn his head from one side to the other; and it was with joy that he at length saw lights twinkle, but they appeared at a great distance from him.

From the irregular manner in which these scattered lights advanced, sometimes keeping a straight line, sometimes mixing and crossing each other, it might be inferred that the subterranean vault in which they appeared was of very considerable extent. Their number also increased; and as they collected more together, Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of St. Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:—

> Measurers of good and evil,
> Bring the square, the line, the level,—
> Rear the altar, dig the trench,
> Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
> Cubits six, from end to end,
> Must the fatal bench extend,—

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Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles—
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

A deep chorus seemed to reply to the question. Many voices joined in it, as well of persons already in the subterranean vault, as of others who as yet remained without in various galleries and passages which communicated with it, and whom Philipson now presumed to be very numerous. The answer chanted run as follows:—

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

The original strain was then renewed in the same manner as before—

How wears the night?—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?
What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The answer was returned, though less loud than at first, and it seemed that those to whom the reply was given were at a much greater distance than before; yet the words were distinctly heard.

The night is old; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east.
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood;
'Tis time we listen the behest.

The chorus replied with many additional voices—

Up, then up! When day's at rest,
'Tis time that such as we are watchers;
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
He and night are matchers.

The nature of the verses soon led Philipson to comprehend that he was in presence of the Initiated, or the Wise Men; names which were applied to the celebrated judges of the Secret Tribunal, which continued at that period to subsist in Swabia, Franconia, and other districts of the east of Germany, which was called, perhaps from the frightful and frequent occurrence of executions by command of those invisible judges, the Red Land. Philipson had often heard that the seat of a Free Count, or chief of the Secret Tribunal, was secretly instituted even on the left bank of the Rhine, and that it maintained itself in Alsace, with the usual tenacity of those secret societies, though Duke Charles of Burgundy had expressed a desire to discover and to discourage its influence so far as was possible, without exposing himself to danger from the thousands of poniards which that mysterious tribunal could put in activity against his own life;—an awful means of defence, which for a long time rendered it extremely hazardous for the sovereigns of Germany, and even the emperors themselves, to put down by authority those singular associations.

* * * * * * *

He lay devising the best means of obviating the present danger, while the persons whom he beheld glimmered before him, less like distinct and individual forms, than like the phantoms of a fever, or the phantasmagoria with which a disease of the optic nerves has been known to people a sick man's chamber. At length they assembled in the centre of the apartment where they had first appeared, and seemed to arrange themselves into form and order. A great number of black torches were successively lighted, and the scene became distinctly visible. In the centre of the hall, Philipson could now perceive one of the altars which are sometimes to be found in ancient subterranean chapels. But we must pause, in order briefly to describe, not the appearance only, but the nature and constitution, of this terrible court.

Behind the altar, which seemed to be the central point, on which all eyes were bent, there were placed in parallel lines two benches covered with black cloth. Each was occupied by a number of persons, who seemed assembled as judges; but those who held the foremost bench were fewer, and appeared of a rank superior to those who crowded the seat most remote from the altar. The first seemed to be all men of some consequence, priests high in their order, knights, or noblemen; and notwithstanding an appearance of equality which seemed to pervade this singular institution, much more weight was laid upon their opinion, or testimonies. They were called Free Knights, Counts, or whatever title they might bear, while the inferior class of the judges were only termed Free and worthy Burghers. For it must be observed, that the Vehmique Institution,* which was the name that it commonly bore, although its power consisted in a wide system of espionage, and the tyrannical application of force which acted upon it, was yet, (so rude were the ideas of enforcing public law,) accounted to confer a privilege on the country in which it was received, and only freemen were allowed to experience its influence. Serfs and peasants could neither have a place among the Free Judges, their as-

* The word Wehme, pronounced Vehme, is of uncertain derivation, but was always used to intimate this inquisitorial and secret Court. The members were termed Wissenden, or Initiated, answering to the modern phrase of Illuminati.

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sessors, or assistants; for there was in this assembly even some idea of trying the culprit by his peers.

We must now return to the brave Englishman, who, though feeling all the danger he encountered from so tremendous a tribunal, maintained nevertheless a dignified and unaltered composure.

The meeting being assembled, a coil of ropes, and a naked sword, the well-known signals and emblems of Vehmique authority, were deposited on the altar; where the sword, from its being usually straight, with a cross handle, was considered as representing the blessed emblem of Christian Redemption, and the cord as indicating the right of criminal jurisdiction, and capital punishment. Then the President of the meeting, who occupied the centre seat on the foremost bench, arose, and laying his hand on the symbols, pronounced aloud the formula expressive of the duty of the tribunal, which all the inferior judges and assistants repeated after him, in deep and hollow murmurs.

* * * * * *

A member of the first-seated and highest class amongst the judges, muffled like the rest, but the tone of whose voice, and the stoop of whose person, announced him to be more advanced in years than the other two who had before spoken, arose with difficulty, and said with a trembling voice,—

"The child of the cord who is before us, has been convicted of folly and rashness in slandering our holy institution. But he spoke his folly to ears which had never heard our sacred laws—He has, therefore, been acquitted by irrefragable testimony, of combining for the impotent purpose of undermining our power, or stirring up princes against our holy association, for which death were too light a punishment—He hath been foolish, then, but not criminal; and as the holy laws of the Vehme bear no penalty save that of death, I propose for judgment that the child of the cord be restored without injury to society, and to the upper world, having been first duly admonished of his errors."

"Child of the cord," said the presiding judge, "thou hast heard thy sentence of acquittal. But, as thou desirest to sleep in an unbloody grave, let me warn thee, that the secrets of this night shall remain with thee, as a secret not to be communicated to father nor mother, to spouse, son, or daughter; neither to be spoken aloud nor whispered; to be told in words or written in characters; to be carved or to be painted, or to be otherwise communicated, either directly, or by parable and emblem. Obey this behest, and thy life is in surety. Let thy heart then rejoice within thee, but let it rejoice with trembling. Never more let thy vanity persuade thee that thou art secure from the servants and Judges of the Holy Vehme. Though a thousand leagues lie between thee and the Red Land, and thou speakest in that where our power is not known; though thou shouldst be sheltered by thy native island, and defended by thy kindred ocean, yet, even there, I warn thee to cross thyself when thou dost so much as think of the Holy and Invisible Tribunal, and to retain thy thoughts within thine own bosom; for the Avenger may be beside thee, and thou mayst die in thy folly. Go hence, be wise, and let the fear of the Holy Vehme never pass from before thine eyes."

At the concluding words, all the lights were at once extinguished with a hissing noise. Philipson felt once more the grasp of the hands of the officials, to which he resigned himself as the safest course. He was gently prostrated on his pallet-bed, and transported back to the place from which he had been advanced to the foot of the altar. The cordage was again applied to the platform, and Philipson was sensible that his couch rose with him for a few moments, until a slight shock apprised him that he was again brought to a level with the floor of the chamber in which he had been lodged on the preceding night, or rather morning.

[Meanwhile Arthur Philipson proceeds along the banks of the Rhine, and in his road falls in with a damsel, who proves to be Annette, the attendant of Anne of Geierstein. By the former he is conducted to the castle of Arnheim, where he has an interview with Anne, where she, in some measure, explains the cause of her late mysterious appearances, to convince him that the only witchery she possesses is that of female charms and kindness: we give her solution of the mystery:]

"Signior Arthur Philipson," she proceeded, "it is true my grandfather, by the mother's side, Baron Herman of Arnheim, was a man of great knowledge in abstruse sciences. He was also a presiding judge of a tribunal of which you must have heard, called the Holy Vehme. One night a stranger, closely pursued by the agents of that body, which (crossing herself) it is not safe even to name, arrived at the castle and craved his protection, and the rights of hospitality. My grandfather, finding the advance which the stranger had made to the rank of Adept, gave him his protection, and became bail to deliver him to answer the

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charge against him, for a year and a day, which delay he was, it seems, entitled to require on his behalf. They studied together during that term, and pushed their researches into the mysteries of nature, as far, in all probability, as men have the power of urging them. When the fatal day drew nigh on which the guest must part from his host, he asked permission to bring his daughter to the castle, that they might exchange a last farewell. She was introduced with much secresy, and after some days, finding that her father's fate was so uncertain, the Baron, with the sage's consent, agreed to give the forlorn maiden refuge in his castle, hoping to obtain from her some additional information concerning the languages and the wisdom of the East. Danischemend, her father, left this castle, to go to render himself up to the Vehmegericht at Fulda. The result is unknown; perhaps he was saved by Baron Arnheim's testimony, perhaps he was given up to the steel and the cord. On such matters, who dare speak?

"The fair Persian became the wife of her guardian and protector. Amid many excellences, she had one peculiarity allied to imprudence. She availed herself of her foreign dress and manners, as well as of a beauty, which was said to have been marvellous, and an agility seldom equalled, to impose upon and terrify the ignorant German ladies, who, hearing her speak Persian and Arabic, were already disposed to consider her as over closely connected with unlawful arts. She was of a fanciful and imaginative disposition, and delighted to place herself in such colours and circumstances as might confirm their most ridiculous suspicions, which she considered only as matter of sport. There was no end to the stories to which she gave rise. Her first appearance in the castle was said to be highly picturesque, and to have inferred something of the marvellous. With the levity of a child, she had some childish passions, and while she encouraged the growth and circulation of the most extraordinary legends amongst some of the neighbourhood, she entered into disputes with persons of her own quality concerning rank and precedence, on which the ladies of Westphalia have at all times set great store. This cost her her life; for, on the morning of the christening of my poor mother, the Baroness of Arnheim died suddenly, even while a splendid company was assembled in the castle chapel to witness the ceremony. It was believed that she died of poison, administered by the Baroness Steinfeldt, with whom she was engaged in a bitter quarrel, entered into chiefly on behalf of her friend and companion, the Countess Waldstetten."

"And the opal gem—and the sprinkling with water?" said Arthur Philipson.

"Ah!" replied the young Baroness, "I see you desire to hear the real truth of my family history, of which you have yet learned only the romantic legend.—The sprinkling of water was necessarily had recourse to, on my ancestress's first swoon. As for the opal, I have heard that it did indeed grow pale, but only because it is said to be the nature of that noble gem, on the approach of poison. Some part of the quarrel with the Baroness Steinfeldt was about the right of the Persian maiden to wear this stone, which an ancestor of my family won in battle from the Soldan of Trebizond. All these things were confused in popular tradition, and the real facts turned into a fairy tale."

[Arthur leaves the castle, and towards the close of vol. ii. we have the following spirited scene:]

His steed stood ready, among about twenty others. Twelve of these were accoutred with war saddles, and frontlets of proof, being intended for the use of as many cavaliers, or troopers, retainers of the family of Arnheim, whom the seneschal's exertions had been able to collect on the spur of the occasion. Two palfreys, somewhat distinguished by their trappings, were designed for Anne of Geierstein and her favourite female attendant. The other menials, chiefly boys and women servants, had inferior horses. At a signal made, the troopers took their lances and stood by their steeds, till the females and menials were mounted and in order; they then sprang into their saddles and began to move forward, slowly and with great precaution. Schreckenwald (the steward and confident of Anne's father,) led the van, and kept Arthur Philipson close beside him. Anne and her attendant were in the centre of the little body, followed by the unwarlike train of servants, while two or three experienced cavaliers brought up the rear, with strict orders to guard against surprise.

On their being put into motion, the first thing which surprised Arthur was, that the horses' hoofs no longer sent forth the sharp and ringing sound arising from the collision of iron and flint, and as the morning light increased, he could perceive, that the fetlock and hoof of every steed, his own included, had been carefully wrapped around with a sufficient quantity of wool, to prevent the usual noise which accompanied their motions.

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It was a singular thing to behold the passage of the little body of cavalry down the rocky road which led from the castle, unattended with the noise which we are disposed to consider as inseparable from the motions of horse, the absence of which seemed to give a peculiar and almost an unearthly appearance to the cavalcade.

They passed in this manner the winding path which led from the castle of Arnheim to the adjacent village, which, as was the ancient feudal custom, lay so near the fortress, that its inhabitants, when summoned by their lord, could instantly repair for its defence. But it was at present occupied by very different inhabitants, the mutinous soldiers of the Rhingrave. When the party from Arnheim approached the entrance of the village, Schreckenwald made a signal to halt, which was instantly obeyed by his followers. He then rode forward in person to reconnoitre, accompanied by Arthur Philipson, both moving with the utmost steadiness and precaution. The deepest silence prevailed in the deserted streets. Here and there a soldier was seen, seemingly designed for a sentinel, but uniformly fast asleep.

"The swinish mutineers!" said Schreckenwald; "a fair night-watch they keep, and a beautiful morning's rouse would I treat them with, were not the point to protect yonder peevish wench.—Halt thou here, stranger, while I ride back and bring them on—there is no danger."

Schreckenwald left Arthur as he spoke, who, alone in the street of a village filled with banditti, though they were lulled into temporary insensibility, had no reason to consider his case as very comfortable. The chorus of a wassel song, which some reveller was trolling over in his sleep; or, in its turn, the growling of some village cur, seemed the signal for an hundred ruffians to start up around him. But in the space of two or three minutes, the noiseless cavalcade, headed by Ital Schreckenwald, again joined him, and followed their leader, observing the utmost precaution not to give an alarm. All went well till they reached the farther end of the village, where, although the Baaren-hauter* who kept guard was as drunk as his companions on duty, a large shaggy dog which lay beside him was more vigilant. As the little troop approached, the animal sent forth a ferocious yell, loud enough to have broken the rest of the Seven Sleepers, and which effectually dispelled the slumbers of his master. The soldier snatched up his carabine and fired, he knew not well at what, or for what reason. The ball, however, struck Arthur's horse under him, and, as the animal fell, the sentinel rushed forward to kill or make prisoner the rider.

"Haste on, haste on, men of Arnheim! care for nothing but the young lady's safety," exclaimed the leader of the band.

"Stay, I command you;—said the stranger, on your lives!"—said Anne, in a voice which, usually gentle and meek, she now made heard by those around her, like the note of a silver clarion. "I will not stir till he is rescued."

Schreckenwald had already spurred his horse for flight; but, perceiving Anne's reluctance to follow him, he dashed back, and seizing a horse, which, bridled and saddled, stood picqueted near him, he threw the reins to Arthur Philipson; and pushing his own horse, at the same time, betwixt the Englishman and the soldier, he forced the latter to quit the hold he had on his person. In an instant Philipson was again mounted, when, seizing a battle-axe which hung at the saddle-bow of his new steed, he struck down the staggering sentinel, who was endeavouring again to seize upon him. The whole troop then rode off at a gallop, for the alarm began to grow general in the village; some soldiers were seen coming out of their quarters, and others were beginning to get on horseback. Before Schreckenwald and his party had ridden a mile, they heard more than once the sound of bugles; and when they arrived upon the summit of an eminence commanding a view of the village, their leader, who, during the retreat, had placed himself in the rear of his company, now halted to reconnoitre the enemy they had left behind them. There was bustle and confusion in the street, but there did not appear to be any pursuit; so that Schreckenwald followed his route down the river, with speed and activity indeed, but with so much steadiness at the same time, as not to distress the slowest horse of his party.

[At length, father and son reach Strasburg, where they deliver their mission to Charles the Bold; and with vol. iii. commences quite a different cast of characters.

In the cathedral at Strasburg, Philipson and his son meet with Margaret of Anjou, and the interview between the exiled Queen, and as we should now call Philipson, the Earl of Oxford, and his son, is one of the most interesting scenes in the whole work; for there is a tinge of

* *Baaren-hauter*,—he of the Bear's-hide,—a nickname for a German private soldier.

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melancholy in fallen royalty which is always extremely touching:]

There was a pause. Four lamps, lighted before the shrine of St. George, cast a dim radiance on his armour and steed, represented as he was in the act of transfixing with his lance the prostrate dragon, whose outstretched wings and writhing neck were in part touched by their beams. The rest of the chapel was dimly illuminated by the autumnal sun, which could scarce find its way through the stained panes of the small lanceolated window, which was its only aperture to the open air. The light fell doubtful and gloomy, tinged with the various hues through which it passed, upon the stately, yet somewhat broken and dejected form of the female, and on those of the melancholy and anxious father, and his son, who, with all the eager interest of youth, suspected and anticipated extraordinary consequences from so singular an interview.

At length the female approached to the same side of the shrine with Arthur and his father, as if to be more distinctly heard, without being obliged to raise the solemn voice in which she had spoken.

"Do you here worship," she said, "the St. George of Burgundy, or the St. George of merry England, the flower of chivalry?"

"I serve," said Philipson, folding his hands humbly on his bosom, "the saint to whom this chapel is dedicated, and the deity with whom I hope for his holy intercession, whether here or in my native country."

"Ay—you," said the female, "even you can forget—you, even you, who have been numbered among the mirror of knighthood—can forget that you have worshipped in the royal fane of Windsor—that you have there bent a *garlered* knee, where kings and princes kneeled around you—you can forget this, and make your orisons at a foreign shrine, with a heart undisturbed with the thoughts of what you have been—praying, like some poor peasant, for bread and life during the day that passes over you."

"Lady" replied Philipson, "in my proudest hours, I was, before the being to whom I preferred my prayers, but as a worm in the dust—in his eyes I am now neither less nor more, degraded as I may be in the opinion of my fellow-reptiles."

"How canst thou think thus!" said the devotee; "and yet it is well with thee that thou canst. But what have thy losses been compared to mine!"

She put her hand to her brow, and seemed for a moment overpowered by agonizing recollections.

Arthur pressed to his father's side, and inquired, in a tone of interest which could not be repressed, "Father, who is this lady? Is it my mother?"

"No, my son," answered Philipson; "peace, for the sake of all you hold dear or holy!"

The singular female, however, heard both the question and answer, though expressed in a whisper.

"Yes," she said, "young man—I am—I should say I was—your mother; the mother, the protectress, of all that was noble in England—I am Margaret of Anjou."

Arthur sank on his knees before the dauntless widow of Henry the Sixth, who so long, and in such desperate circumstances, upheld, by unyielding courage and deep policy, the sinking cause of her feeble husband; and who, if she occasionally abused victory by cruelty and revenge, had made some atonement by the indomitable resolution with which she had supported the fiercest storms of adversity. Arthur had been bred in devoted adherence to the now dethroned line of Lancaster, of which his father was one of the most distinguished supporters; and his earliest deeds of arms, which though unfortunate, were neither obscure nor ignoble, had been done in their cause. With an enthusiasm belonging to his age and education, he in the same instant flung his bonnet on the pavement, and knelt at the feet of his ill-fated sovereign.

Margaret threw back the veil which concealed those noble and majestic features, which even yet—though rivers of tears had furrowed her cheek—though care, disappointment, domestic grief, and humbled pride, had quenched the fire of her eye, and wasted the smooth dignity of her forehead—even yet showed the remains of that beauty which once was held unequalled in Europe. The apathy with which a succession of misfortunes and disappointed hopes had chilled the feelings of the unfortunate princess, was for a moment melted by the sight of the fair youth's enthusiasm. She abandoned one hand to him, which he covered with tears and kisses, and with the other stroked with maternal tenderness his curled locks, as she endeavoured to raise him from the posture he had assumed.

[We are next introduced to the court of Charles the Bold, the political relations of France, England, and Burgundy, and especially to the part which the Earl of Oxford has taken in the wars of the roses. The introduction of the latter to the Duke affords an opportunity for a fine graphic description, of which we subjoin a specimen:]

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The elder Philipson was shortly after summoned to the Duke's presence, introduced by a back entrance into the ducal pavilion, and into that part of it which, screened by close curtains and wooden barricades, formed Charles's own separate apartment. The plainness of the furniture, and the coarse apparatus of the Duke's toilette, formed a strong contrast to the appearance of the exterior of the pavilion; for Charles, whose character was, in that as in other things, far from consistent, exhibited in his own person during war, an austerity, or rather coarseness of dress, and sometimes of manners also, which was more like the rudeness of a German lanzknecht, than the bearing of a prince of exalted rank; while, at the same time, he encouraged and enjoined a great splendour of expense and display amongst his vassals and courtiers, as if to be rudely attired, and to despise every restraint, even of ordinary ceremony, were a privilege of the sovereign alone. Yet when it pleased him to assume state in person and manners, none knew better than Charles of Burgundy how he ought to adorn and demean himself.

Upon his toilette appeared brushes and combs, which might have claimed dismissal as past the term of service, overworn hats and doublets, dog-leashes, leather-belts, and other such paltry articles; amongst which, lay at random, as it seemed, the great diamond called Sanci—the three rubies termed the Three Brothers of Antwerp—another great diamond called the Lamp of Flanders, and other precious stones of scarcely inferior value and rarity. This extraordinary display somewhat resembled the character of the Duke himself, who mixed cruelty with justice, magnanimity with meanness of spirit, economy with extravagance, and liberality with avarice; being, in fact, consistent in nothing excepting in his obstinate determination to follow the opinion he had once formed, in every situation of things, and through all variety of risks.

[The dialogue, interest, and situations now become too involved for detached extracts, except in a few characteristic sketches. Among these is one of René, the minstrel monarch of Provence, and father of Margaret; and a beautiful autumnal picture of Provence:]

Born of royal parentage, and with high pretensions, René had at no period of his life been able to match his fortunes to his claims. Of the kingdoms to which he asserted right, nothing remained in his possession but the county of Provence itself, a fair and friendly principality, but diminished by the many claims which France had acquired upon portions of it by advances of money to supply the personal expenses of its master, and by other portions, which Burgundy, to whom René had been a prisoner, held in pledge for his ransom. In his youth he engaged in more than one military enterprise, in the hope of attaining some part of the territory of which he was styled sovereign. His courage is not impeached, but fortune did not smile on his military adventures; and he seems at last to have become sensible, that the power of admiring and celebrating warlike merit, is very different from possessing that quality. In fact, René was a prince of very moderate parts, endowed with a love of the fine arts, which he carried to extremity, and a degree of good-humour, which never permitted him to repine at fortune, but rendered its possessor happy, when a prince of keener feelings would have died of despair. This insouciant, light-tempered, gay, and thoughtless disposition, conducted René, free from all the passions which embitter life, and often shorten it, to a hale and mirthful old age. Even domestic losses, which often affect those who are proof against mere reverses of fortune, made no deep impression on the feelings of this cheerful old monarch. Most of his children had died young; René took it not to heart. His daughter Margaret's marriage with the powerful Henry of England was considered a connexion much above the fortunes of the King of the Troubadours. But in the issue, instead of René deriving any splendour from the match, he was involved in the misfortunes of his daughter, and repeatedly obliged to impoverish himself to supply her ransom. Perhaps in his private soul the old king did not think these losses so mortifying, as the necessity of receiving Margaret into his court and family. On fire when reflecting on the losses she had sustained, mourning over friends slain and kingdoms lost, the proudest and most passionate of princesses was ill suited to dwell with the gayest and best humoured of sovereigns, whose pursuits she contemned, and whose lightness of temper, for finding comfort in such trifles, she could not forgive. The discomfort attached to her presence, and vindictive recollections, embarrassed the good-humoured old monarch, though it was unable to drive him beyond his equanimity.

Another distress pressed him more sorely.—Yolande, a daughter of his first wife, Isabella, had succeeded to his claims upon the Duchy of Lorraine, and transmitted them to her son, Ferrand, Count of Vaudemont, a young man of courage and spirit, engaged at this time.

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in the apparently desperate undertaking of making his title good against the Duke of Burgundy, who, with little right, but great power, was seizing upon and overrunning this rich Duchy, which he laid claim to as a male fief. And to conclude, while the aged king on one side beheld his dethroned daughter in hopeless despair, and on the other his disinherited grandson, in vain attempting to recover a part of their rights, he had the additional misfortune to know, that his nephew, Louis of France, and his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, were secretly contending which should succeed him in that portion of Provence which he still continued to possess, and that it was only jealousy of each other which prevented his being despoiled of this last remnant of his territory. Yet amid all this distress, René feasted and received guests, danced, sang, composed poetry, used the pencil or brush with no small skill, devised and conducted festivals and processions, and studying to promote, as far as possible, the immediate mirth and good humour of his subjects, if he could not materially enlarge their more permanent prosperity, was never mentioned by them, excepting as *Le bon Roi Rene*, a distinction conferred on him down to the present day, and due to him certainly by the qualities of his heart if not by those of his head.

Whilst Arthur was receiving from his guide a full account of the peculiarities of King René, they entered the territories of that merry monarch. It was late in the autumn, and about the period when the south-eastern counties of France rather show to least advantage. The foliage of the olive tree is then decayed and withered, and as it predominates in the landscape, and resembles the scorched complexion of the soil itself, an ashen and arid hue is given to the whole. Still, however, there were scenes in the hilly and pastoral parts of the country, where the quality of the evergreens relieved the eye even in this dead season.

The appearance of the country, in general, had much in it that was peculiar.

The travellers perceived at every turn some marks of the king's singular character. Provence, as the part of Gaul which first received Roman civilization, and as having been still longer the residence of the Grecian colony who founded Marseilles, is more full of the splendid relics of ancient architecture than any other country in Europe, Italy and Greece excepted. The good taste of King René had dictated some attempts to clear out and to restore these memorials of antiquity. Was there a triumphal arch, or an ancient temple—huts and hovels were cleared away from its vicinity, and means were used at least to retard the approach of ruin. Was there a marble fountain, which superstition had dedicated to some sequestered naiad—it was surrounded by olives, almond, and orange trees—its cistern was repaired, and taught once more to retain its crystal treasures. The huge amphitheatres, and gigantic colonnades, experienced the same anxious care, attesting that the noblest specimens of the fine arts found one admirer and preserver in King René, even during the course of those which are termed the dark and barbarous ages.

A change of manners could also be observed in passing from Burgundy and Lorraine, where society relished of German bluntness, into the pastoral country of Provence, where the influence of a fine climate and melodious language, joined to the pursuits of the romantic old monarch, with the universal taste for music and poetry, had introduced a civilization of manners, which approached to affectation. The shepherd literally marched abroad in the morning, piping his flocks forth to the pasture, with some love sonnet, the composition of an amorous troubadour; and his "fleecy care" seemed actually to be under the influence of his music, instead of being ungraciously insensible to its melody, as is the case in colder climates. Arthur observed, too, that the Provençal sheep, instead of being driven before the shepherd, regularly followed him, and did not disperse to feed, until the swain, by turning his face round to them, remaining stationary, and executing variations on the air which he was playing, seemed to remind them that it was proper to do so. While in motion, his huge dog, of a species which is trained to face the wolf, and who is respected by the sheep as their guardian, and not feared as their tyrant, followed his master with his ears pricked, like the chief critic and prime judge of the performance, at some tones of which he seldom failed to intimate disapprobation; while the flock, like the generality of an audience, followed in unanimous though silent applause. At the hour of noon, the shepherd had sometimes acquired an augmentation to his audience, in some comely matron or blooming maiden, with whom he had rendezvoused by such a fountain as we have described, and who listened to the husband's or lover's chalumeau, or mingled her voice with his in the duets, of which the songs of the troubadours have left so many examples. In the cool of the evening, the dance on the village green, or the concert before the hamlet

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door; the little repast of fruits, cheese, and bread, which the traveller was readily invited to share, gave new charms to the illusion, and seemed in earnest to point out Provence as the Arcadia of France.

But the greatest singularity was, in the eyes of Arthur, the total absence of armed men and soldiers in this peaceful country. In England, no man stirred without his long bow, sword, and buckler. In France, the hind wore armour even when he was betwixt the stilts of his plough. In Germany, you could not look along a mile of highway, but the eye was encountered by clouds of dust out of which were seen, by fits, waving feathers and flashing armour. Even in Switzerland, the peasant, if he had a journey to make, though but of a mile or two, cared not to travel without his halbert and two-handed sword. But in Provence all seemed quiet and peaceful, as if the music of the land had lulled to sleep all its wrathful passions. Now and then a mounted cavalier might pass them, the harp at whose saddle-bow, or carried by one of his attendants, attested the character of a troubadour, which was affected by men of all ranks; and then only a short sword on his left thigh, borne for show rather than use, was a necessary and appropriate part of his equipment.

[Next is a finely-wrought scene of Arthur's interview with Margaret in a monastery, "on the very top of Mount Saint Victoire."]

So much was Arthur awed by the scene before him, that he had almost forgotten, while gazing from the bartizan, the important business which had brought him to this place, when it was suddenly recalled by finding himself in the presence of Margaret of Anjou, who, not seeing him in the parlour of reception, had stept upon the balcony, that she might meet with him the sooner.

The Queen's dress was black, without any ornament except a gold coronal of an inch in breadth, restraining her long black tresses, of which advancing years, and misfortunes, had partly altered the hue. There was placed within the circlet a black plume with a red rose, the last of the season, which the good father who kept the garden had presented to her that morning, as the badge of her husband's house. Care, fatigue, and sorrow, seemed to dwell on her brow and her features. To another messenger, she would in all probability have administered a sharp rebuke, for not being alert in his duty to receive her as she entered; but Arthur's age and appearance corresponded with that of her loved and lost son. He was the son of a lady whom Margaret had loved with almost sisterly affection, and the presence of Arthur continued to excite in the dethroned queen the same feelings of maternal tenderness which they had awakened on their first meeting in the Cathedral of Strasburg. She raised him as he kneeled at her feet, spoke to him with much kindness, and encouraged him to detail at full length his father's message, and such other news as his brief residence at Dijon had made him acquainted with. * * * *

As she spoke, she sunk down as one who needs rest, on a stone-seat placed on the very verge of the balcony, regardless of the storm, which now began to rise with dreadful gusts of wind, the course of which being intermitted and altered by the crags round which they howled, it seemed as if in very deed Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, unchaining the winds from every quarter of heaven, were contending for mastery around the convent of our Lady of Victory. Amid this tumult, and amid billows of mist which concealed the bottom of the precipice, and masses of clouds which racked fearfully over their heads, the roar of the descending waters rather resembled the fall of cataracts than the rushing of torrents of rain. The seat on which Margaret had placed herself was in a considerable degree sheltered from the storm, but its eddies, varying in every direction, often tossed aloft her dishevelled hair; and we cannot describe the appearance of her noble and beautiful, yet ghastly and wasted features, agitated strongly by anxious hesitation, and conflicting thoughts, unless to those of our readers who have had the advantage of having seen our inimitable Siddons in such a character as this.

* * * * * *

As Margaret spoke, she tore from her hair the sable feather and rose, which the tempest had detached from the circlet in which they were placed, and tossed them from the battlement with a gesture of wild energy. They were instantly whirled off in a bickering eddy of the agitated clouds, which swept the feather far distant into empty space, through which the eye could not pursue it. But while that of Arthur involuntarily strove to follow its course, a contrary gust of wind caught the red rose, and drove it back against his breast, so that it was easy for him to catch hold of and retain it.

"Joy, joy, and good fortune, royal mistress!" he said, returning to her the emblematic flower; "the tempest brings back the badge of Lancaster to its proper owner."

"I accept the omen," said Margaret; "but it concerns yourself, noble youth,

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and not me. The feather, which is borne away to waste and desolation, is Margaret's emblem. My eyes will never see the restoration of the line of Lancaster. But you will live to behold it, and to aid to achieve it, and to dye our red rose deeper yet in the blood of tyrants and traitors. My thoughts are so strangely poised, that a feather or a flower may turn the scale. But my head is still giddy, and my heart sick.—To-morrow you shall see another Margaret, and till then adieu."

[Oxford attempts to win over Charles the Bold to the Lancastrian cause, and proposes an invasion of England, while Edward, with his army, is in France. Charles acquiesces; but capriciously breaks off the treaty, and rashly commences an attack on the Swiss Cantons. In his first attempt at Granson, his vanguard is cut off, and he is compelled to retreat into Burgundy. He, however, resolves to wipe out the disgrace of his defeat, raises a powerful army, and fights the memorable battle of Morat. His army is utterly ruined by the stern valour of the Swiss; he is compelled to fight for Lorraine, before Nancy; the treachery of an Italian leader of Condittierri, gives the enemy access to his camp; and his army is surprised, and routed:]

It was ere daybreak of the first of January, 1477, a period long memorable for the events which marked it, that the Earl of Oxford, Colvin, and the young Englishman, followed only by Thiebault and two other servants, commenced their rounds of the Duke of Burgundy's encampment. For the greater part of their progress, they found sentinels and guards all on the alert and at their posts. It was a bitter morning. The ground was partly covered with snow—that snow had been partly melted by a thaw, which had prevailed for two days, and partly congealed into ice by a bitter frost, which had commenced the preceding evening, and still continued. A more dreary scene could scarcely be witnessed.

* * * * *

A broad red glare rising behind the assailants, and putting to shame the pallid lights of the winter morning, first recalled Arthur to a sense of his condition. The camp was on fire in his rear, and resounded with all the various shouts of conquest and terror that are heard in a town which is stormed. Starting to his feet, he looked around him for his father. He lay near him senseless, as were the gunners, whose condition prevented their attempting an escape. Having opened his father's casque, he was rejoiced to see him give symptoms of reanimation.

* * * * *

They looked back more than once on the camp, now one great scene of conflagration, by whose red and glaring light they could discover on the ground the traces of Charles's retreat. About three miles from the scene of their defeat, the sound of which they still heard, mingled with the bells of Nancy, which were ringing in triumph, they reached an half-frozen swamp, round which lay several dead bodies. The most conspicuous was that of Charles of Burgundy, once the possessor of such unlimited power—such unbounded wealth. He was partly stripped and plundered, as were those who lay round him. His body was pierced with several wounds, inflicted by various weapons. His sword was still in his hand, and the singular ferocity which was wont to animate his features in battle, still dwelt on his stiffened countenance. Close behind him, as if they had fallen in the act of mutual fight, lay the corpse of Count Albert of Geierstein; and that of Ital Schreckenwald, the faithful though unscrupulous follower of the latter, lay not far distant. Both were in the dress of the men-at-arms composing the Duke's guard, a disguise probably assumed to execute the fatal commission of the Secret Tribunal. It is supposed that a party of the traitor Campo-Basso's men had been engaged in the skirmish in which the Duke fell, for six or seven of them, and about the same number of the Duke's guards, were found near the spot.

[Previous to the battle of Nancy, Rudolf falls by the hand of Arthur:]

A pursuivant brought greetings from the family of the Biedermans to their friend Arthur, and a separate letter addressed to the same person, of which the contents ran thus:—

"Rudolf Donnerhugel is desirous to give the young merchant, Arthur Philipson, the opportunity of finishing the bargain which remained unsettled between them in the castle-court of Geierstein. He is the more desirous of this, as he is aware that the said Arthur has done him wrong, in seducing the affections of a certain maiden of rank, to whom he, Philipson, is not, and cannot be, any thing beyond an ordinary acquaintance. Rudolf Donnerhugel will send Arthur Philipson word, when a fair and equal meeting can take place on neutral ground. In the meantime, he will be as often as possible in the first rank of the skirmishers."

Young Arthur's heart leapt high as he read the defiance, the piqued tone of which showed the state of the writer's feelings, and argued sufficiently Rudolf's

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disappointment on the subject of Anne of Geierstein, and his suspicion that she had bestowed her affections on the youthful stranger. Arthur found means of dispatching a reply to the challenge of the Swiss, assuring him of the pleasure with which he would attend his commands, either in front of the line or elsewhere, as Rudolf might desire.

They met, as was the phrase of the time, "manful under shield." The lance of the Swiss glanced from the helmet of the Englishman, against which it was addressed, while the spear of Arthur, directed right against the centre of his adversary's body, was so justly aimed, and so truly seconded by the full fury of the career, as to pierce, not only the shield which hung round the ill-fated warrior's neck, but a breastplate, and a shirt of mail which he wore beneath it. Passing clear through the body, the steel point of the weapon was only stopped by the backpiece of the unfortunate cavalier, who fell headlong from his horse, as if struck by lightning, rolled twice or thrice over on the ground, tore the earth with his hands, and then lay prostrate a dead corpse.

There was a cry of rage and grief among those men-at-arms whose ranks Rudolf had that instant left, and many couched their lances to avenge him; but Ferrand of Lorraine, who was present in person, ordered them to make prisoner, but not to harm the successful champion. This was accomplished, for Arthur had not time to turn his bridle for flight, and resistance would have been madness.

When brought before Ferrand, he raised his visor, and said, "Is it well, my lord, to make captive an adventurous Knight, for doing his devoir against a personal challenger?"

"Do not complain, Sir Arthur of Oxford," said Ferrand, "before you experience injury.—You are free, Sir Knight. Your father and you were faithful to my royal aunt Margaret, and although she was my enemy, I do justice to your fidelity in her behalf; and from respect to her memory, disinherited as she was like myself, and to please my grandfather, who I think had some regard for you, I give you your freedom. But I must also care for your safety during your return to the camp of Burgundy, On this side of the hill we are loyal and true-hearted men, on the other they are traitors and murderers.—You, Sir Count, will, I think, gladly see our captive placed in safety."

[Margaret of Anjou sinks amidst the ruin of her hopes, and dies in her chair amidst a scene of royal festivity:]

To close the tale, about three months after the battle Nancy, the banished Earl of Oxford resumed his name of Philipson, bringing with his lady some remnants of their former wealth, which enabled them to procure a commodious residence near to Geierstein; and the Landamman's interest in the state procured for them the right of denizenship. The high blood, and the moderate fortunes, of Anne of Geierstein and Arthur de Vere, joined to their mutual inclination, made their marriage in every respect rational. Arthur continued to prefer the chase to the labours of husbandry, which was of little consequence, as his separate income amounted, in that poor country, to opulence. Time glided on, till it amounted to five years since the exiled family had been inhabitants of Switzerland. In the year 1482, the Landamman Biederman died the death of the righteous, lamented universally, as a model of the true and valiant, simple-minded and sagacious chiefs, who ruled the ancient Switzers in peace, and headed them in battle. In the same year, the Earl of Oxford lost his noble Countess.

But the star of Lancaster, at that period, began again to culminate, and called the banished lord and his son from their retirement, to mix once more in politics. A treasured necklace of Margaret was then put to its destined use, and the produce applied to levy those bands which shortly after fought the celebrated battle of Bosworth, in which the arms of Oxford and his son contributed so much to the success of Henry VII. This changed the destinies of De Vere and his lady; and the manners and beauty of Anne of Geierstein attracted as much admiration at the English Court as formerly in the Swiss Chalét.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LORD BYRON.

MR. NATHAN, the musical composer, has just published a pleasant volume of "*Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron,*" with a new edition of the celebrated "Hebrew Melodies," and some never before published, of which the following are three, with Mr. Nathan's Notes:—

I SPEAK NOT—I TRACE NOT.

I speak not—I trace not—I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the fame,

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But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thought that dwells in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Where those hours can their joy or their bitterness cease,
We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,
We must part—we must fly to—unite it again.

Oh! mine be the gladness and mine be the guilt,
Forgive me adored one—forsake if thou wilt,
But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased,
And man shall not break it—whatever thou mayest.

And stern to the haughty—but humble to thee,
My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;
And our days seem as swift—and our moments more sweet
With thee by my side—than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow—one look of thy love
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,
Thy lip shall reply not to them—but to mine.

Many of the best poetical pieces of Lord Byron, having the least amatory feeling, have been strangely distorted by his calumniators, as if applicable to the lamented circumstances of his latter life.

The foregoing verses were written more than two years previously to his marriage; and to show how averse his lordship was from touching in the most distant manner upon the *theme* which might be deemed to have a personal allusion, he requested me the morning before he last left London, either to suppress the verses entirely or to be careful in putting the date when they were originally written.

At the close of his lordship's injunction, Mr. Leigh Hunt was announced, to whom I was for the first time introduced, and at his request I sang "O Mariamne," and this melody, both of which he was pleased to eulogize; but his lordship again observed, "Notwithstanding my own partiality to the air, and the encomiums of an excellent judge, yet I must adhere to my former injunction."

Observing his lordship's anxiety, and fully appreciating the noble feeling by which that anxiety was augmented, I acquiesced, in signifying my willingness to withhold the melody altogether from the public rather than submit him to any uneasiness. "No, Nathan," ejaculated his lordship, "I am too great an admirer of your music to suffer a single *phrase* of it to be lost; I insist that you publish the melody, but by attaching to it the date it will answer every purpose, and it will prevent my lying under greater obligations than are absolutely necessary for the *liberal encomiums* of my *friends*.

IN THE VALLEY OF WATERS.

In the valley of waters we wept o'er the day
When the host of the stranger made Salem his prey,
And our heads on our bosoms all droopingly lay,
And our hearts were so full of the land far away.

The song they demanded in vain—it lay still
In our souls as the wind that hath died on the hill;
They call'd for the harp—but our blood they shall spill
Ere our right hand shall teach them one tone of their skill.

All stringlessly hung on the willow's sad tree,
As dead as her dead leaf those mute harps must be.
Our hands may be fettered—our tears still are free,
For our God and our glory—and Sion!—Oh thee.

THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS.

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."
VIRGIL.

They say that Hope is happiness;
But genuine Love must prize the past,
And mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bless:
They rose the first—they set the last;
And all that mem'ry loves the most
Was once our only hope to be,
And all that Hope ador'd and lost
Hath melted into memory.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

The foregoing lines were officiously taken up by a person who arrogated to himself some self-importance in criticism, and who made an observation upon their demerits, on which his lordship quaintly observed, "they were written in haste and they shall perish in the same manner," and immediately consigned them to the flames; as my music adapted to them, however, did not share the same fate, and having a contrary opinion of any thing that might fall from the pen of Lord Byron, I treasured them up, and on a subsequent interview with his lordship I accused him of having committed suicide in making so valuable a *burnt offering*; to which his lordship smilingly replied, "the act seems to *inflame* you: come, Nathan, since you are displeased with the *sacrifice*, I give them to you as a *peace offering*, use them as you may deem proper."

When the Hebrew Melodies were first published, Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, honoured me with a visit at my late residence in Poland Street: I sang several of the melodies to him—he repeated his visit, and requested I would allow him to introduce his lady and his daughter; they came together, when I had the pleasure of singing to them Jephtha's Daughter and one or two more of the most favourite airs; they entered into the spirit of the music with all the true taste and feeling so peculiar to the Scotch.

Mr. Scott again called on me to take leave before his return to Scotland; we entered into conversation respecting the

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sublimity and beauty of Lord Byron's poetry, and he spoke of his lordship with admiration, exclaiming "He is a man of wonderful genius—he is a great man."

I called on Lord Byron the same day, and mentioned to him that Walter Scott had been with me that morning. His lordship observed, "Then, Nathan, you have been visited by the greatest man of the age, and," continued his lordship, "I suppose you have read *Waverley*." I replied in the negative. "Then," returned his lordship, "you have a pleasure to come, let me recommend it to you; it is decidedly the best novel I ever read; you are of course aware that it was written by Walter Scott." It had at this period scarcely been rumoured that such was actually the case, but Lord Byron was more than usually positive in identifying the author with his writings.

In speaking of Moore, as a poet, Lord Byron acknowledged his powers, and spoke highly of his effusions generally. "The Irish Melodies," said his lordship, "will outlive all his other productions, and will be hailed by the Irish nation as long as music and poetry exist in that country."

Many coincidences in life may seem to border on superstition, without any existing reality; and, although never personally taxed with the sin of superstition, yet the following circumstance brings strongly to my remembrance what passed relative to my friend and patron.

I was with Lord Byron, at his house in Piccadilly, the best part of the three last days before he left London, to quit England; I expressed my regret at his departure, and desired to know if it was really his intention not to return (little anticipating what eventually took place;) he fixed his eyes upon me with an eager look of inquiry, exclaiming at the same time, "Good God! I never had it in contemplation to remain in exile—why do you ask that question?" I stated that such a report had been rumoured. "I certainly intend returning," continued his lordship, "unless the *grim tyrant* should be playing his pranks on me."

He appeared very anxious for the voyage, and walked about the room in great agitation, waiting the return of a messenger who had been sent respecting some delay which was likely to take place; the messenger however soon entered, and presented him a letter, which his lordship opened with great eagerness. In reading the letter his countenance, like the earth illumined by the re-appearance of the moon, after having been obscured by dark clouds, brightened up, and at the close he exultingly exclaimed "this is kind—very kind—Nathan! to-morrow I quit." I soon after left him; he shook me heartily by the hand, and left with his impression a fifty pound note, saying, "Do not be offended with me at this mode of expressing the delight you have afforded me—until we meet again, farewell!—I shall not forget my promise." His lordship here alluded to some promised verses.

Having left the room he called me back, and reverting once more to my first allusion of the rumour about his not returning, laughingly said, "Remember, Nathan, you shall certainly see me again in body or in spirit."

There are several other interesting anecdotical recollections of Lord Byron, especially of his connexion with Drury Lane Theatre, and above all, a *new light* is thrown on his Lordship's affair with Mrs. Mardyn. Appended are likewise some characteristic *traits* of the late Lady Caroline Lamb, with some pleasing specimens of her Ladyship's poetical talent. Altogether, Mr. Nathan's is just the book for *the season*; and we have pencilled a few of its pleasantries for our next number.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

ONE of the most striking and gigantic buildings in St. Petersburg is the Admiralty. The principal front on the land side is considerably more than one-third of an English mile in length, and its wings, in depth, extend six hundred and seventy two feet, down to the edge of the Neva, this noble river forming the fourth side of the quadrangle. Within the three sides (the Neva and two wings) are ranges of parallel buildings, which form the magasines, artificers' shops, mast and boat houses, offices, &c.; and in the area within these are four slips for building the largest, and two for a smaller class of ships of war. The whole of the outer range of buildings consists of grand suites of rooms, and long and beautifully ornamented galleries, filled with the natural history and curiosities collected in every part of the globe, and brought by the different navigators which Russia, of late years, has sent forth on discovery. In one room are assembled all the different nautical and mathematical instruments; in another all the models of ships of different nations and different eras; in another a complete library connected with every branch of the marine service.—*Granville's Travels.*

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The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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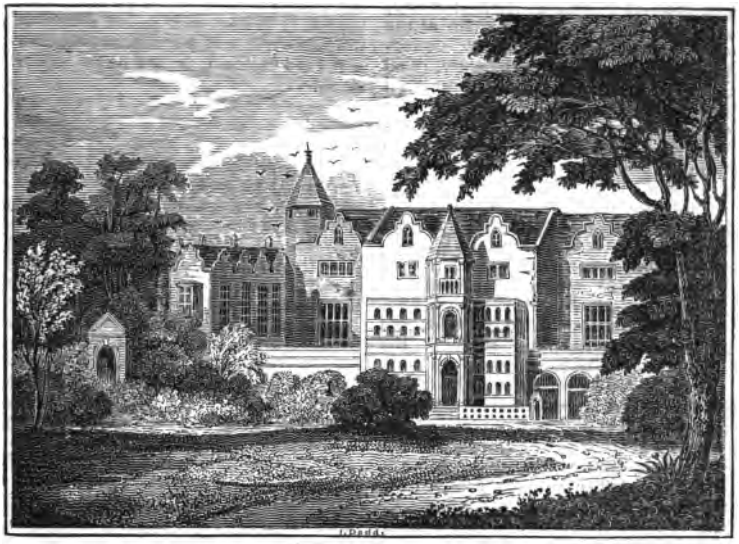
Holland House, Kensington.



Since the time of William III., he was the first royal tenant of the palace, Kensington has been a place of considerable interest, as the residence and resort of many celebrated men. The palace, however, possesses little historical attraction; but, among the mansions of the parish, Holland House merits especial notice.

Holland House takes its name from Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, and was built by his father-in-law, Sir Walter Cope, in the year 1607, of the architecture of which period it affords an excellent specimen. Its general form is that of an half H. The Earl of Holland greatly improved the house. The stone piers at the entrance of the court (over which are the arms of Rich, quartering Bouldry and impaling Cope) were designed by Inigo Jones. The internal decorations were by Francis Cleyne. One chamber, called the Gilt Room, which still remains in its original state, exhibits a very favourable specimen of the artist's abilities; the wainscot is in compartments, ornamented with cross crosslets and fleurs-de-lis charges, in the arms of Rich and Cope, whose coats are introduced, entire, at the corner of the room, with a punning motto, alluding to the name of Rich, *Ditior est qui se.* Over the chimneys are some emblematical paintings, done (as the Earl of Orford observes) in a style and not unworthy of Parmegiano. The Earl of Holland was twice made a prisoner in his own house, first by King Charles, in 1633, upon occasion of his challenging Lord Weston; and a second time, by command of the parliament, after the unsuccessful issue of his attempt to restore the king, in August, 1648. The Earl, who was a conspicuous character during the whole of Charles's reign, and frequently in employments of considerable trust, appears to have been very wavering in his politics, and of an irritable disposition. In 1638, we find him retired to his house at Kensington, in disgust, because he was not made Lord Admiral. At the eve of the civil war, he was employed against the Scots; when the army was disbanded, having received some new cause of offence, he retired again to Kensington, where, according to Lord Clarendon, he was visited by all the disaffected members of parliament, who held frequent meetings at Holland House.

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Some time afterwards, when the civil war was at its height, he joined the king's party at Oxford; but, meeting with a cool reception, returned again to the parliament. In August 6, 1647, "the members of the parliament who were driven from Westminster by tumults, met General Fairfax at Holland House, and subscribed to the declaration of the army, and a further declaration, approving of and joining with the army, in all their late proceedings, making null all acts passed by the members since July 6." (*Clarendon.*)—The Earl of Holland's desertion of the royal cause, is to be attributed, perhaps, to his known enmity towards Lord Strafford; he gave, nevertheless, the best proof of his attachment to monarchy, by making a bold, though rash attempt, to restore his master. After a valiant stand against an unequal force, near Kingston upon Thames, he was obliged to quit the field, but was soon after taken prisoner, and suffered death upon the scaffold. His corpse was sent to Kensington, and interred in the family vault there, March 10, 1649. In the July following, Lambert, then general of the army, fixed his headquarters at Holland House. It was soon afterwards restored to the Countess of Holland. When theatres were shut up by the Puritans, plays were acted privately at the houses of the nobility, who made collections for the actors. Holland House is particularly mentioned, as having been used occasionally for this purpose.

The next remarkable circumstance in the history of Holland House, is the residence of Addison, who became possessed of it in 1716, by his marriage with Charlotte, Countess Dowager of Warwick and Holland. It is said that he did not add much to his happiness by this alliance; for one of his biographers, rather laconically observes, that "Holland House is a large mansion, but it cannot contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace." Mr. Addison was appointed Secretary of State, in 1717, and died at Holland House, June 17, 1719. Addison had been tutor to the young earl, and anxiously, but in vain, endeavoured to check the licentiousness of his manners. As a last effort, he requested him to come into his room when he lay at the point of death, hoping that the solemnity of the scene might work upon his feelings. When his pupil came to receive his last commands, he told him that he had sent for him to see how a Christian could die; to which Tickell thus alludes:—

He taught us how to live; and oh! too high
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die!

On the death of this young nobleman, in 1721, unmarried, his estates devolved to the father of Lord Kensington, (maternally descended from Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick,) who sold Holland House, about 1762, to the Right Hon. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, the early years of whose patriotic son, the late C. J. Fox, were passed chiefly at this mansion; and his nephew, the present Lord Holland, is now owner of the estate.

The apartments of Holland House, are, generally, capacious and well proportioned. The library is about 105 feet in length, and the collection of books is worthy of the well known literary taste of the noble proprietor. Here also are several fine busts by Nollekens, and a valuable collection of pictures by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. two fine landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and a collection of exquisite miniatures.

The grounds include about 300 acres, of which about 63 acres are disposed into pleasure gardens, &c. Mr. Rogers, the amiable poet, is a constant visiter at Holland House; and the noble host, with Mæcenas-like taste, has placed over a rural seat, the following lines, from respect to the author of the "Pleasures of Memory:"—

Here Rogers sat—and here for ever dwelt
With me, those Pleasures which he sung so well.

Holland House and its park-like grounds is, perhaps, the most picturesque domain in the vicinity of the metropolis, although it will soon be surrounded with brick and mortar propertions.

FIELD OF FORTY STEPS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I should feel obliged if you could give some account of the story attached to the *Brothers' Steps*, a spot thus called, which formerly existed in one of the fields behind Montague House. The local tradition says, that two brothers fought there on account of a lady, who sat by and witnessed the combat, and that the conflict ended in the death of both; but the names of the parties have never been mentioned. The steps existed behind the spot where Mortimer Market now stands, and not as Miss Porter says, in her novel of the *Field of Forty Steps*, at the end of Upper Montague Street. In her story, Miss Porter departs entirely from the local tradition.

H. S. Sidney.

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ITALIAN IMPROVISATRI.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

ALLOW me permission, if consistent with the regulations of your interesting miscellany, to submit to you a literary problem. We are informed that there exists, at the present day, in Italy, a set of persons called "improvisatri," who pretend to recite original poetry of a superior order, composed on the spur of the moment. An extraordinary account appeared a short time back in a well known Scotch magazine, of a female improvisatrice, which may have met your notice. Now I entertain considerable doubt of the truth of these pretensions; not that I question the veracity of those who have visited Italy and make the assertion; they believe what they relate, but are, I conceive, grossly deceived. There is something, no doubt, truly inspiring in the air of Italy:

For wheresoe'er they turn their ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass them around,
And still they seem to tread on classic ground;
For there the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung:
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

Notwithstanding this beautiful description, my scepticism will not allow me to believe in these miraculous genii.

Lord Byron mentions these improvisatri, in his "Beppo," but not in a way that leads me to suppose, he considered them capable of original poetry. Mr. Addison, in his account of Italy, says, "I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at Venice, which they tell me is peculiar to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds, but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him; so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them."

I am, therefore, inclined to think these "improvisatri" are mere reciters of the great Italian poets. It is probable that the persons who give us these extraordinary accounts of Italian genius, are unacquainted with the literature of that country, and of course cannot detect the imposition.

In Goldsmith's poem, entitled "Retaliation," a line occurs, which is to me unintelligible, at least a part of it. That poet concludes his ironical eulogium on Edmund Burke, thus:—

"In short 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

The cutting blocks with a razor, I think is obvious enough, but, what is meant by eating mutton cold? I should be obliged by a solution. HEN. B.

I'LL COME TO YOUR BALL.

(For the Mirror.)

I'LL come to your Ball—dearest Emma,
(I had nearly forgotten to say)
Provided no awkward dilemma
Should happen to keep me away:
For I burn with impatience to see you,
All our hopes, all our joys to recall,
And you'll find I've no wishes to flee you,
When next I shall come to your Ball.

Strange men, stranger things, and strange cities
I have seen since I parted from you,
But your beauty, your love, and your wit is
A charm that has still held me true,
And tho' mighty has been the temptation,
Your image prevail'd over all,
And I still held the fond adoration
For one I must meet at the Ball.

I have knelt at the shrine of a Donna,
And languish'd for months in her train,
But still I was whisper'd by honour,
And came to my senses again,
When I thought of the vows I had plighted,
And the stars that I once used to call
As my witnesses—could I have slighted?
Her I long to behold at the Ball.

You say that my nature is altered,
"I've forgotten the how and the when,
"That my voice which was best when it faltered"
Is rough by my converse with men:
Believe me that still you will find me
Of lovers the truest of all,
And the spell that has bound still shall bind me,
And I'll come, dearest girl, to your Ball.

I have waded through battle fields gory,
To my country and honour been true,
And my name has been famous in story,
But dear Emma, it all was for you.
I've longed when my troubles were over,
Unhurt by the bay'net or ball,
To forget I was ever "a rover,"
And claim you my bride at your Ball.

CLARENCE.

THE SANJAC-SHERIF, OR STANDARD OF MAHOMET.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS standard, which is an object of peculiar reverence among the Mussulmen, was originally the curtain of the chamber door of Mahomet's favourite wife. It is kept as the Palladium of the empire, and no infidel can look upon it with impunity. It is carried out of Constantinople to battle in cases of emergency,

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in great solemnity, before the Sultan, and its return is hailed by all the people of the capital going out to meet it. The Caaba, or black stone of Mecca is also much revered by the Turks; it is placed in the Temple, and is expected to be endowed with speech at the day of judgment, for the purpose of declaring the names of those pious Mussulmen who have really performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and poured forth their devotions at the shrine of the prophet. INA.

EATING.

Abridged from Mr. Richards's Treatise on Nervous Disorders.

THE object of eating ought not to be, exclusively, the satisfying of the appetite. It is true that the sensation of hunger admonishes us, and indeed, incites us to supply the wants of the body; and that the abatement of this sensation betokens that such want has been supplied; so far the satisfying of the appetite is a matter of consideration; but a prudent person will observe the mode in which the appetite is best satisfied, and the frame, at the same time, most abundantly nourished, for this ought to be the chief object of feeding. There is much truth in the homely adage, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," and a person who has been *muscled** will, if he wishes to enjoy his health, rigidly eschew that piscatory poison. So, also, will an individual with a bilious habit avoid fat pork; and those whose stomachs are flatulent will not inordinately indulge in vegetables. Captain Barclay, whose knowledge in such matters was as extensive as that of most persons, informs us that our health, vigour, and activity must depend upon our diet and exercise.

A leading rule in diet, is never to overload the stomach; indeed, restriction as to *quantity* is far more important than any rule as to *quality*. It is bad, at all times, to distend the stomach too much; for it is a rule in the animal economy, that if any of the muscular cavities, as the stomach, heart, bowels, or bladder, be too much distended, their tone is weakened, and their powers considerably impaired.

* We frequently hear of people being *muscled*; and it is generally supposed that the mischief is produced by some specifically poisonous quality in the fish. I have seen many cases, but I could discover nothing to confirm this popular opinion. In some instances, only one of a family has been affected, while all partook of the same muscles. I have known exactly the same symptoms produced by pork; lobsters, and other shell-fish; and can attribute them to nothing more than an aggravated state of indigestion.

The consideration of diet might be rendered very simple, if people would but make it so; but from the volumes which have been recently written on diet and digestion, we might gather the alarming information that nearly every thing we eat is pernicious. Far be it from me to adopt such a discouraging theory. My object is rather to point out what is good, than to stigmatize what is bad—to afford the patient, if I can, the means of comfort and enjoyment, and not to tell him of his sufferings, or of the means of increasing them.

To "eat a little and often," is a rule frequently followed, because it is in accordance with our feelings; but it is a very bad rule, and fraught with infinite mischief. Before the food is half digested, the irritable nerves of the upper part of the stomach will produce a sensation of "craving;" but, it is sufficiently evident that, to satisfy this "craving," by taking food, is only to obtain a temporary relief, and not always even that, at the expense of subsequent suffering. There can be no wisdom in putting more food into the stomach than it can possibly digest; and, as all regularity is most conducive to health, it is better that the food should be taken at stated periods. I do not by any means interdict the use of meat; on the contrary, *fresh* meat, especially beef and mutton, affords great nutriment in a small compass. "Remember," says Dr. Kitchiner, "that an ounce of beef contains the essence of many pounds of hay, turnips, and other vegetables;" and, we should bear in mind, also, that no meat arrives at perfection that is not full-grown. Beef and mutton are consequently better than veal or lamb, or "nice young pork." To these such vegetables may be added, as are easy of digestion, and such as usually "agree" with the individual. If, however, the stomach and bowels be very irritable, and their powers much impaired—if the tongue be dry, and its edges more than commonly red, vegetable diet ought to be considerably restricted. Peas, beans, the different kinds of greens, and all raw fruits, should be avoided, and potatoes, properly boiled, with turnips and carrots, ought to constitute the only varieties. I have seen the skins of peas, the stringy fibres of greens, and the seeds of raspberries and strawberries, pass through the bowels no further changed, than by their exposure to maceration; and it is not necessary to point out the irritation which their progress must have produced, as they passed over the excited and irritable surface of the alimentary canal.

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The Sketch-Book.

COWES REGATTA.

A SCENE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

(For the Mirror.)

THE crowded yachts were anchor'd in the roads,
To view the contest for a kingly prize;
Voluptuous beauty smil'd on Britain's lords,
And fashion dazzled with her thousand dyes;
And far away the rival barks were seen,
(The ample wind expanding every sail)
To climb the billows of the watery green,
As stream'd their pennons on the favouring gale:
The victor vessel gain'd the sovereign boon;
The gothic palace and the gay saloon,
Begemm'd with eyes that pierc'd the hiding veil,
Echoed to music and its merry glee:
And cannon roll'd its thunder o'er the sea,
To greet that vessel for her gallant sail.

Sonnet on Isle of Wight Scenery.

To those readers of the MIRROR who have not witnessed an Isle of Wight Regatta, a description of that *fête* may not be uninteresting. From the days assigned to the nautical contest, we will select that on which his Majesty's Cup was sailed for, on Monday, the 13th of August, 1827, as the most copious illustration of the scene; beginning with Newport, the *fons et origo* of the "doings" of that remembered day. Dramatically speaking, the *scene* High-street, the *time* "we may suppose near ten o'clock," A. M.; all silent as the woods which skirt the river Medina, so that to hazard a gloomy analogy, you might presume that some plague had swept away the population from the sunny streets; the deathlike calm being only broken by the sounds of sundry sashes, lifted by the dust-exterminating house-maid; or the clattering of the boots and spurs of some lonely ensign issuing from the portals of the Literary Institution, condemned to lounge away his hours in High-street. The solitary adjuncts of the deserted promenade may be comprised in the loitering waiter at the Bugle, amusing himself with his watch-chain, and anxiously listening for the roll of some welcome carriage—the sullen urchin, reluctantly wending his way to school, whilst

"His eyes
Are with his heart, and that is far away;"

amidst the assemblage of yachts and boats, and dukes and lords, and oranges and gingerbread, at Cowes Regatta.

But where is all Newport? Why, on the road to Cowes, to be sure; for who dreams of staying at home on the day of sailing for the King's Cup? If the "courteous reader" will accompany us, we will descant on the scenery presented on the road, as well as the numerous vehicles and thronging pedestrians will permit us. Leaving the town-like extent of the Albany Barracks, the prospect on the left is the Medina, graced with gently gliding boats and barges, and skirted by fine woods. Opposite is the wood-embosomed village of Whippingham, from which peers the "time-worn tower" of the little church. Passing another romantic hamlet (Northwood) the river approaching its mighty mother, the sea, widens into lake breadth; and here the prospect is almost incomparable. On a lofty and woody hill stands the fine modern castellated residence of John Nash, Esq. an erection worthy of the baronial era, lifting its ponderous turrets in the gleaming sunshine; and on another elevation contiguous to the sea, is the castle of the eccentric Lord Henry Seymour, a venerable pile of antique beauty. Here the spectator, however critical in landscape scenery, cannot fail to be gratified; the blended and harmonizing shades of wood, rock, and water; the diversities of architecture, displayed in castle, cottage, and villa; the far-off heights of St. George's and St. Catherine's overtopping the valley; the fine harbour of Cowes, filled with the sails of divers countries, and studded with anchored yachts, decked in their distinguishing flags; and around, the illimitable waters of the ocean encircling the island, form an interesting *coup d'œil* of scenery which might almost rival the imaginary magnificence of *Arcadia*.

Approaching Cowes by the rural by-road adjoining Northwood Park, the residence of George Ward, Esq. the ocean scenery is sublimely beautiful. In the distance is seen the opposite shores, with Calshot Castle, backed by the New Forest, and one side of it, divided by Southampton Water, and the woods of Netley Abbey. Here we descried the contending yachts, ploughing their way in the direction of the Needles; but as our acquaintance with the sailing regulations of the Royal Yacht Club will not admit of our awarding the precedence to one or the other, we will descend from the elevation of Northwood, amidst the din of music from the Club House, and the hum of promenaders on the beach, and ensconce ourselves in the snug parlour of 'mine host" Paddy White, whom we sed to denominate the Falstaff of the sland. Though from the land of shillelaghs and whiskey, Paddy is entirely devoid of that gunpowder temperament which characterizes his country; and his genuine humour, ample obesity, and originality of delivery, entitle him to honourable identification with "Sir John." Now, by the soul of Momus! who ever

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beheld a woe-begone face at Paddy White's? Even our own, remarkable for "loathed melancholy," has changed its moody contour into the lineaments of mirth, while listening to him. View him holding forth to his auditors between the intervening whiffs of his soothing pipe, and you see written in wreaths of humour on his jolly countenance, the spirit of Falstaff's interrogatory, "What, shall I not take mine ease *at mine inn*?" The most serious moods he evinces are, when after detailing the local chronology of Cowes, and relating the obituary of "the bar," consisting of the deaths of dram-drinking landladies, and dropsical landlords, he pathetically relaxes the rotundity of his cheeks, and exclaims, "Poor Tom! he was *a good un*." But we must to the beach, and glance at the motley concourse assembled to behold the nautical contest.

Was there ever a happier scene than Cowes presented on that day? But to begin with the splendid patrons of the festival, we must turn our eyes to the elegant Club House, built at the expense of George Ward, Esq. Before it are arranged the numerous and efficient band of the Irish Fusileers, and behind them, standing in graceful groups, are many of the illustrious members of the club. That elderly personage, arrayed in ship habiliments, is the noble Commodore, Lord Yarborough; he is in conversation with the blithe and mustachioed Earl of Belfast. To the right of them is the Marquess of Anglesey, in marine metamorphose; his face bespeaking the polished noble, whilst his dress betokens the gallant sea captain. There is the fine portly figure of Lord Grantham, bowing to George Ward, Esq.; who, in quakerlike coat and homely gaiters, with an umbrella beneath his arm, presents a fine picture of a speculator "on 'Change." To the left is Richard Stephens, Esq., Secretary to the Royal Yacht Club, and Master of the Ceremonies. He is engaged in the enviable task of introducing a party of ladies to view the richly-adorned cups; and the smile of gallantry which plays upon his countenance belies the versatility of his talent, which can blow a storm on the officers of a Custom House cutter more to be dreaded than the blusterings of old Boreas. That beautiful Gothic villa adjoining the Club House, late the residence of the Marquess of Anglesey, is occupied by the ladies of some of the noble members of the club, forming as elegant and fashionable a circle as any ball-room in the metropolis would be proud to boast of. But it is time to speak of the crowd on the beach—lords and ladies—peers and plebeians—civilians and soldiers—swells and sailors—respectable tradesmen and men of no trade—coaches and carriages, and "last, not least," the Bards of the Regatta—

> "Eternal blessings be upon their heads!
> The poets—"

singing the deeds of the contested day in strains neither Doric nor Sapphic, but in such rhythm and measure as Aristotle has overlooked in the compilation of his Poetic Rules; and to such music as might raise the shade of Handel from its "cerements." Surely the Earl of Belfast must feel himself highly flattered by the vocal compliment—

> "And as for the Earl of Belfast, he's a nobleman outright,
> They all say this, both high and low, all through the *Iley Wight*."

Reverting to the aquatic scenery, the most prominent object amidst the "myriad convoy," is the Commodore's fine ship, the *Falcon*, 351 tons, lying out a mile and a half to sea. Contrasting her proportions with the numerous yachts around her, we might compare her commanding appearance to that of some mountain giant, seated on a precipice, and watching the trial for mastery amongst a crowd of pigmies below. Her state cabin has been decorated in a style of magnificence for a ball in the evening, at which 200 of the nobility and gentry are expected to be present. But all eyes are anxiously turned to the race. "Huzza for the *Arrow*," is the acclamation from the crowd; and certain enough the swift *Arrow*, of 85 tons, Joseph Weld, Esq., has left her opponents, even the favourite *Miranda* spreads all sail in vain—the *Arrow* flies too swiftly, outstripping the *Therese*, 112 tons; the *Menai*, 163 tons; the *Swallow*, 124 tons; the *Scorpion*, 110 tons; the *Pearl*, 113 tons; the *Dolphin*, 58 tons; and the *Harriet*, 112 tons. Now she nears the starting vessel, gliding swiftly round it—the cannons on the battlements of Cowes Castle proclaim the victory—the music breaks forth "with its voluptuous swell," amidst the applause of the multitude,—and his Majesty's Cup is awarded to the *Arrow*.

The assemblage dispersing, we will adjourn to Paddy White's, and refresh ourselves with a cup of his Bohea, rendered more agreeable by the company's critiques on the sailing match. At this moment Cowes contains half the world; and every villa, and assembly-room, and tavern, and pot-house, from the superb club-house, with its metamorphosed lords, to the Sun tap, with its boisterous barge-

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men, are as happy as mortals can be. Just before our departure for Newport, we will to the harbour, and take a farewell peep of the "finish" of Cowes' Regatta. Though unwelcome night has prematurely interrupted the enjoyments of the multitude, it engenders a social pleasure to behold the numerous lights, forming almost a concentrated blaze—to hear the expiring cadence of the jovial song, excited by the second bottle—and to join in the bustle of the beach, where the company of the *Falcon* are embarking. But good bye to Cowes—we are already on the road to Newport; and the lateness of the hour may be conceived by the inmates of the rural inn, the Flower Pot, drawing the white curtains of each bed-room window. Reader, a word at parting. Art thou tired of the commercial monotony of the city, and wearied with its eternal aspect of brick? Has the efflorescence of thy youth been "sicklied o'er" by the wasting turmoil of the town?—leave its precincts for one month of the fervid summer, and forget thy cares and toils in the embowered Isle of Wight. Let thy taste be ever so fastidious, there it may be gratified. If thou art in love with sentimental ease and elegance, take up thy residence amongst the library-visiting fashionables at Ryde—if thou hast a taste for the terrific and sublime, thou canst meditate amidst the solemn and sea-worn cliffs of Chale, and regale thine ears with the watery thunders of the Black Gang Chine—if any veneration for antiquity lights up thy feelings, enjoy thy dream beneath the Saxon battlements of Carisbrooke, and poetize amidst the "sinking relics" of Quarr Abbey—if geology is thy passion, visit the "wild and wondrous" rocks of Freshwater, where thou canst feast thine eyes with relics of the antediluvian world, and enrich thy collection with shells of every hue—if thou longest to dissolve thy heart in pastoral tears, *à la Keates*, adjourn to Arreton, the sweetly secluded scene of the "Dairyman's Daughter;" where thou mayest "with flowers commune;" or if thou hast the prevailing characteristics of a cheerful citizen, take up thy abode amongst the life-cherishing *bonvivants* of Newport—but, above all, forego not the pleasures of a Cowes Regatta!

* * H.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ELEPHANT HUNT.

A MEDICAL officer, in a recent letter from Hambantotti says, I have just returned from beholding a sight, which, even in this country, is of rare occurrence, viz. an elephant hunt, conducted under the orders of government. A minute description (though well worth perusal) would be far too long for a letter; I shall therefore only give you what is usually called a faint idea.

Imagine 2,000 or 3,000 men surrounding a tract of country six or eight miles in circumference, each one armed with different combustibles and moving fires; in the midst suppose 300 elephants, being driven towards the centre by the gradual and regular approach of these fires, till at last they are confined within a circle of about two miles; they are then driven by the same means into a space made by the erection of immense logs of ebony and other strong wood, bound together by cane, and of the shape (in miniature) of the longitudinal section of a funnel, towards which they rush with the greatest fury, amidst the most horrid yells on the approach of fire, of which they stand in the greatest dread. When enclosed they become outrageous, and charge on all sides with great fury, but without any effect on the strong barricado; they at last gain the narrow path of the enclosure, the extreme end of which is just large enough to admit one elephant, which is immediately prevented breaking out by strong bars laid across. To express their passion, their desperation, when thus confined, is impossible; and still more so, to imagine the facility and admirable contrivance by which they are removed and tamed. Thus it is:—A tame elephant is placed on each side, to whom the wild one is fastened by ropes; he is then allowed to pass out, and immediately on his making the least resistance, the tame ones give him a most tremendous squeeze between their sides, and beat him with their trunks until he submits; they then lead him to a place ready prepared, to which he is strongly fastened, and return to perform the same civility to the next one.

In this way seventy wild elephants were captured for the purpose of government labour. The tame elephants daily take each wild one singly to water and to feed, until they become quite tame and docile. The remaining elephants were shot by the people.

I took possession of a young one, and have got him now tied up near my door; he is quite reconciled, and eats with the greatest confidence out of my hand; he is, however, too expensive to keep long, and I fear I must eventually shoot him. Some idea of the expense may be supposed, when I tell you that in one article

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alone, milk, his allowance is two gallons per day.

I was at this scene with thirty other officers and their ladies, and we remained in temporary huts for nearly ten days.—*Asiatic Journal.*

BRAZILIAN SLAVE TRADE.

From the Memoirs of General Miller, Second Edition.

In Brazil the slave trade is seen in some of its most revolting aspects; for there the general treatment of negro slaves is barbarous in the extreme. About thirty thousand are annually imported into Rio Janeiro alone, and perhaps an equal number in the other ports of the empire. One of the many abhorrent circumstances attending this nefarious traffic is, that, upon a vessel's arriving near the port, such slaves, as appear to be in an irrecoverable state of disease, are frequently thrown into the sea! This is done merely to evade the payment of the custom-house duty, which is levied upon every slave brought into port. Instances have occurred of their being picked up alive by coasting vessels!

Fourteen or fifteen slave ships, with full cargoes, arrived at Rio Janeiro during the six weeks that Miller remained there. One morning that he happened to breakfast on board a Brazilian frigate, the commander, Captain Sheppard, kindly lent him a boat to visit a slaver of 320 tons, which had come into port the preceding night. The master, supposing him to be in the imperial service, was extremely attentive, and very readily answered every inquiry. He said the homeward-bound passage had been tolerably fortunate, only seventy-two deaths having occurred in the cargo; and that, although thirty of the sick were then in an unsaleable plight, the owners might calculate upon sending into the market four hundred sound and well-grown Africans; a number that would yield a handsome profit.

After some further conversation, Miller requested permission to see the 'tween decks, upon which the master accompanied him below, and pointed out the manner of securing his cargo, which was by shackling each negro by one leg to an iron bar running a midships from stem to stern, so as to form a double row, lying feet to feet. The air was so oppressively nauseating, that Miller could not remain below for more than two minutes. There was hardly a slave in the whole number who was free from festering sores, produced by constant friction from lying on the hard and unwashed decks. Some of them were bruised so dreadfully, that it was wonderful that they continued to exist. Their emaciated appearance might have led to the supposition that they had been nearly starved during the passage, did not the varied miseries to which they were subjected, sufficiently account for their fleshless forms. A great number of them were now upon deck, and clad in long woollen shirts, in order to be sent to the warehouses on shore. Miller, heartily sick of this disgusting scene, took leave of the master; but, unable to control the indignation he felt, he inveighed with great bitterness against all wretches concerned in so iniquitous a traffic, letting him know at the same time that he was not in the service of the emperor. The master, though at first taken aback by the violence of the general's invectives, soon recovered himself, and retorted in the most insolent terms of defiance, abusing the English for meddling in what he styled the legitimate commerce of Brazil. The state of the vessel was such as cannot be described, and the fetid effluvia, arising from it, offended the senses on approaching her within fifty yards. Although Miller took a warm bath immediately upon getting on shore, the stench of the slave ship haunted his nostrils for many days.

There is a long narrow street in Rio Janeiro exclusively appropriated to the negro stores. It is, in fact, the slave bazaar. The fronts of the shops are open, and the objects for sale are seated on benches, where, strange to say, they often pass their time in singing. People wishing to become purchasers lounge up and down until they see a subject likely to suit their purpose. Miller one day put on a broad-brimmed straw hat, and walked into several of the stores, as if with a view of making a purchase. The slave venders came forward with eagerness to show off their stock, making their bipeds move about in every way best calculated to display their good points, and in much the same manner that a jockey does in showing off a horse. Those who appeared to be drowsy were made to bite a piece of ginger, or take a pinch of snuff. If these excitements did not prove sufficient to give them an air of briskness, they were wakened up by a pull of the ear, or a slap on the face, which made them look about them. Miller was so inquisitive, and his observations were so unlike those of a *bonâ fide* purchaser, that the dealers soon began to suspect he did not intend to be a customer. One of them being in consequence rather pert in his replies, Miller once more allowed his indignation to get

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the better of his judgment, and he abused the fellow in terms more violent, if possible, than those he had addressed to the master of the slave ship. He had some difficulty to avoid getting into a very serious squabble, as many of the other dealers came out and joined in the yell now raised against him. As he passed along the street, it was like running the gauntlet; for he was saluted by vituperations on all sides, and it was perhaps only by preserving a menacing attitude in his retreat that he prevented something more than a mere war of words. They dwelt with marked emphasis on the officious English, who, instead of attending to their own affairs, would not, they said, allow other people to gain an honest livelihood.

Old Charing Cross.

This is one of the celebrated memorials of the affection of Edward I. for his beloved Elinor, being the cross erected on the last spot on which the body rested in the way to Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture. This and all the other crosses were built after the designs of Cavilini; and all of them were destroyed by the zeal of the Reformers.

Our illustration is from an engraving copied from a print found in a mutilated genealogy published in 1602, relative to the Stuart family, in which were portraits of James I. and family, and a print of Old St. Paul's. Pennant, speaking of Old Charing Cross, says "from a drawing communicated to me by Dr. Combe, it was octagonal, and in the upper stage had eight figures; but the Gothic parts were not rich." The above print differs from this drawing, yet it was evidently intended to represent the same subject, "Charing Cross" being engraved at the bottom.

The site of the cross is now occupied by the Equestrian Statue of Charles I. in which the figure and symmetry of the horse are beautifully displayed. Indeed, it is said to be the most finished piece of workmanship of the kind ever produced: that of Marcus Aurelius, or the two horses on the Monte Cavallo, or Quirino at Rome not excepted.

Notes of a Reader.

ODD MISTAKE

Judge Hall says, "I once travelled through Illinois when the waters were high; and when I was told that *Little Mary* would stop me, and that to get by *Big Mary* was impossible, I supposed them to be attractive damsels, who, like beauteous Circe of old, amused themselves with playing *tricks upon travellers*. But, lo! instead of blushing, blooming, and melodious maids, I found torrents cold as ice, and boisterous as furies. Mary is too sweet a name to be thus profaned.

FIGHT IN A CHURCH.

Among the ecclesiastical anecdotes of the age of the Commonwealth, is a tradition still current at Bishop's Middleham, concerning their intrusive vicar, John Brabant. He was a soldier in Cromwell's army; but preferring the drum ecclesiastic to the drum military, he came with a file of troops to Middleham, to eject the old vicar. The parishioners made a good fight on the occasion, and succeeded in winning the pulpit, which was the key of the position, for their proper minister; but Brabant made a soldierly retreat into the chancel, mounted the altar, and there preached, standing, with a brace of horse-pistols at his side. Right, however, had little chance when Might ruled; and the old vicar, who had held the living forty years, was ejected.

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SPANISH AND ITALIAN REFUGEES.

A PRETTY little "Garland of Miscellaneous Poems" has just been published by one of our occasional correspondents,* for the Benefit of the Spanish and Italian Refugees. These poems are gracefully written, independent of the interest they ought to awaken from the profits of the sale being appropriated to a benevolent purpose. We subjoin an extract—

THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

A FEARFUL form from Stirling's tower
Was dimly seen to bend;
He look'd as though, 'mid fate's far hour,
Some mighty woe he kenn'd.
White was his hair, and thin with age,
One hand was raised on high,
The other ope'd the mystic page
Of human destiny.
And oft, ere shone the moon's pale ray,
His eyes were seen to turn
Where, in the gloomy distance, lay
The plain of Bannockburn.

And fair uprose the queen of night,
Shining o'er mount and main;
Ben Lomond own'd her silvery light,
Forth sparkled bright again.
Fair, too, o'er royal Scoone she shone,
For there the Bruce had kneel'd,
And, half forgetful, look'd she down
On Falkirk's fatal field.
For ere to-morrow's sun shall set,
Stern Edward's self shall learn
A lesson pride may ne'er forget,
Where murmurs Bannockburn.

A voice is heard from Stirling's tower,
'Tis of that aged seer,
The lover leaves his lady's bower,
Yet chides her timid tear.
The infant wakes 'mid wild alarms,
Prayers are in vain outpour'd;
The bridegroom quits his bride's fond charms,
And half unsheaths his sword.
Yet who may fate's dark power withstand,
Or who its mandate spurn?
And still the seer uplifts his hand
And points to Bannockburn.

"There waves a standard o'er the brae,
There gleams a highland sword;
Is not yon form the Stewart, say,—
You, Scotland's Martial Lord?
Douglas, with Arran's stranger chief,
And Moray's earl, are there;
Whilst drops of blood, for tears of grief,
The coming strife declare.
Oh! red th' autumnal heath-bells blow
Within thy vale, Strathearne:
But redder far, ere long, shall glow
The flowers of Bannockburn!

"Alas! for Edward's warrior pride,
For England's warrior fame;
Alas! that e'er from Thames' fair side
Her gallant lances came!
Lo! where De Bohun smiles in scorn,—
The Bruce, the Bruce is near!
Rash earl, no more thy hunter horn
Shall Malvern's blue hills hear!
Back, Argentine, and thou, De Clare,
To Severn's banks return:
Health smiles in rural beauty there,—
Death lours o'er Bannockburn!

"Up, up, De Valence, dream no more
Of Mothven's victor fight—
Thy bark is on a stormier shore,
No star is thine to-night.

And thou, De Burgh, from Erin's isle,
Whom Eth O'Connor leads,
Love's tear shall soon usurp his smile
In Ulster's emerald meads.
But oh! what tears will Cambria shed
When she the tale shall learn—
For Forth's full tide shall flow blood red,
Ere long, from Bannockburn!

"But not alone shall Southron vale
Lament that day of woe—
Grief's sigh shall soothe each ruder gale
Where Scotia's waters flow.
From Corra Linn, where roars the Clyde,
To Dornoch's ocean bay—
From Tweed, that rolls a neutral tide,
To lonely Colinsay:—
But see, the stars wax faint and few,
Death's frown is dark and stern—
But darker soon shall rise to view
Yon field of Bannockburn!"

* Mr. W. H. Brandreth, author of "Field Flowers," &c.

RIVER MELODIES.

BETWEEN Pittsburgh and Shawneetown, whilst "gliding merrily down the Ohio" in a *keel-boat*, "navigated by eight or ten of those half-horse and half-alligator gentry commonly called Ohio boatmen," Judge Hall was lulled to sweet sleep, as the rowers were "tugging at the oar," timing their strokes to the cadence:—

"Some rows up, but we rows down,
All the way to Shawnee town:
Pull away—pull away."

REAL DISCONTENT.

THE following anecdote is related of Robert de Insula, or Halieland, a man of low birth, and one of the bishops of Durham:—Having given his mother an establishment suitable to his own rank, and asking her once, when he went to see her, how she fared, she answered, "Never worse!"—"What troubles thee?" said the bishop; "hast thou not men and women enough to attend thee?"—"Yea," quoth the old woman, "and more than enough! I say to one—go, and he runs; to another—come hither, fellow! and the varlet falls down on his knees;—and, in short, all things go on so abominably smooth, that my heart is bursting for something to spite me, and pick a quarrel withal!" The ducking-stool may have been a very needful piece of public furniture in those days, when it was deemed one characteristic of a notable housewife to be a good scold, and when women of a certain description sought, in the use of vituperation, that sort of excitement which they now obtain from a bottle and a glass.

The magnificent bishop of Durham, Antony Beke, once gave forty shillings for as many fresh herrings; and hearing some one say, "This cloth is so dear that even bishop Antony would not venture to pay for it," immediately or-

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deemed it to be brought and cut up into horse-cloths.

SOLIMAN "THE GREAT."

HERE is a specimen of the magnificence with which this historical butcher treated his fellow-creatures:—

Among the many distinctions of Soliman's reign must be noticed the increased diplomatic intercourse with European nations. Three years after the capture of Rhodes, appeared the first French ambassador at the Ottoman Porte; he received a robe of honour, a present of two hundred ducats, and, what was more to his purpose, a promise of a campaign in Hungary, which should engage on that side the arms of Charles and his brother, Ferdinand. Soliman kept his promise. At the head of 100,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery, he commenced this memorable campaign. On the fatal field of Mohacs the fate of Hungary was decided in an unequal fight. King Lewis, as he fled from the Turkish sabres, was drowned in a morass. The next day the sultan received in state the compliments of his officers. The heads of 2,000 of the slain, including those of seven bishops and many of the nobility, were piled up as a trophy before his tent. Seven days after the battle, a tumultuous cry arose in the camp to massacre the prisoners and peasants—and in consequence 4,000 men were put to the sword. The keys of Buda were sent to the conqueror, who celebrated the Feast of Bairam in the castle of the Hungarian kings. Fourteen days afterwards he began to retire—bloodshed and devastation marking the course of his army. To Moroth, belonging to the Bishop of Gran, many thousands of the people had retired with their property, relying on the strength of the castle; the Turkish artillery, however, soon levelled it, and the wretched fugitives were indiscriminately butchered. No less than 25,000 fell here; and the whole number of the Hungarians destroyed in the barbarous warfare of this single campaign amounted to at least 200,000 souls.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

LONG SNOW.

IN 1614, there was one of the heaviest and longest snows which has ever been remembered in the north of England. The Parochial Register, of Wotton Gilbert, states that it began on the 5th of January, and continued to snow more or less every day, (the heaviest fall being on the 22nd of February,) till the 12th of March,—to the great loss of cattle, and of human life as well.

A GOOD BISHOP.

THE great and good bishop Morton was preferred to the rectory of Long Marston, near York, four years before what is called the great plague began in that city 1602. During this visitation, "he carried himself with so much heroical charity," says his biographer, "as will make the reader wonder to hear it." For the poorer sort being removed to the pest-house, he made it his frequent exercise to visit them with food, both for their bodies and souls. His chief errand was to instruct and comfort them, and pray for them and with them; and, to make his coming the more acceptable, he carried usually a sack of provision with him for those that wanted it. And because he would have no man to run any hazard thereby but himself, he seldom suffered any of his servants to come near him, but saddled and unsaddled his own horse, and had a private door made on purpose into his house and chamber." It was probably during this plague that the village of Simonside (in the chapelry of South Shields) was, according to tradition, so entirely depopulated, that the nearest townships divided the deserted lands. There is another tradition worthy of notice, that when the plague raged with great violence at Shields, the persons who were employed about the salt works entirely escaped the infection.

When the London mob was excited, by the movers of rebellion, against the bishop, this excellent prelate, on his way to the House of Lords, was almost torn to pieces. "Pull him out of his coach!" cried some; others, "nay he is a good man;" others, "but for all that he is a bishop!"—"I have often," says his biographer, "heard him say, he believed he should not have escaped alive if a leading man among that rabble had not cried out, "Let him go and hang himself," which he was wont to compare to the words of the angel uttered by Balaam's ass. At that time he was seventy-six years of age, and, on that account, when the protesting prelates were, for this act of duty, committed to the Tower, he was remitted to the custody of the usher; and then, so little had he regarded the mammon of unrighteousness, that he had scarcely wherewith to defray the fees and charges of his confinement.

AMERICAN COMFORTS.

PITTSBURGH is full of coal and smoke; in New Orleans the people play cards on Sunday; living is dear at Washington city, and codfish cheap at Boston; and Irishmen are plenty in Pennsylvania, and pretty girls in Rhode Island.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

[We need not illustrate the force, or point the moral of the following sketch from the last number of *Blackwood's Magasine*. The parents of the writer were of "a serious cast," and attached to evangelical tenets, which he soon imbibed, together with an occasional tendency to gloom and nervous irritability.]

About the year 1790, at the Assizes for the county of which the town of C——r is the county town, was tried and convicted a wretch guilty of one of the most horrible murders upon record. He was a young man, probably (for he knew not his own years) of about twenty-two years of age. One of those wandering and unsettled creatures, who seem to be driven from place to place, they know not why. Without home; without name; without companion; without sympathy; without sense. Hearthless, friendless, idealess, almost soulless! and so ignorant, as not even to seem to know whether he had ever heard of a Redeemer, or seen his written word. It was on a stormy Christmas eve, when he begged shelter in the hut of an old man, whose office it was to regulate the transit of conveyances upon the road of a great mining establishment in the neighbourhood. The old man had received him, and shared with him his humble cheer and his humble bed; for on that night the wind blew and the sleet drove, after a manner that would have made it a crime to have turned a stranger dog to the door. The next day the poor old creature was found dead in his hut—his brains beaten out with an old iron implement which he used—and his little furniture rifled, and in confusion. The wretch had murdered him for the supposed hoard of a few shillings. The snow, from which he afforded his murderer shelter, had drifted in at the door, which the miscreant, when he fled, had left open, and was frozen red with the blood of his victim. But it betrayed a footstep hard frozen in the snow, and blood—and the nails of the murderer's shoe were counted, even as his days were soon to be. He was taken a few days after with a handkerchief of the old man upon his neck. So blind is blood-guiltiness.

Up to the hour of condemnation, he remained reckless as the wind—unrepenting as the flint—venomous as the blindworm. With that deep and horrible cunning which is so often united to unprincipled ignorance, he had almost involved in his fate another vagrant with whom he had chanced to consort, and to whom he had disposed of some of the blood-bought spoils. The circumstantial evidence was so involved and interwoven, that the jury, after long and obvious hesitation as to the latter, found both guilty; and the terrible sentence of death, within forty-eight hours, was passed upon both. The culprit bore it without much outward emotion; but when taken from the dock, his companion, infuriated by despair and grief, found means to level a violent blow at the head of his miserable and selfish betrayer, which long deprived the wretch of sense and motion, and, for some time, was thought to have anticipated the executioner. Would it had done so! But let me do my duty as I ought—let me repress the horror which one scene of this dreadful drama never fails to throw over my spirit—that I may tell my story as a man—and my confession at least be clear. When the felon awoke out of the deathlike trance into which this assault had thrown him, his hardihood was gone; and he was reconveyed to the cell, in which he was destined agonizingly to struggle out his last hideous and distorted hours, in a state of abject horror which cannot be described. He who felt nothing—knew nothing—had now his eyes opened with terrible clearness to one object—the livid phantasma of a strangling death. All the rest was convulsive despair and darkness. Thought shudders at it—but let me go on.

[He visits the murderer in prison, accompanied by the clergyman.]

I undertook to pass with the murderer—his LAST NIGHT—*such* a last!—but let me compose myself.

* * * * * *

It was about the hour of ten, on a gusty and somewhat raw evening of September, that I was locked up alone with the murderer. It was the evening of the Sabbath. Some rain had fallen, and the sun had not been long set without doors; but for the last hour and a half the dungeon had been dark, and illuminated only by a single taper. The clergyman of the prison, and some of my religious friends, had sat with us until the hour of locking-up, when, at the suggestion of the gaoler, they departed. I must confess their "good night," and the sound of the heavy door, which the gaoler locked after him, when he went to accompany them to the outer-gate of the gaol, sounded heavily on my heart. I felt a sudden shrink within me, as their steps quickly ceased to be heard upon the stone stairs—and when the distant prison door was finally closed, I watched the last echo. I had for a moment forgotten my companion.

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When I turned round, he was sitting on the side of his low pallet, towards the head of it, supporting his head by his elbow against the wall, apparently in a state of half stupor. He was motionless, excepting a sort of convulsive movement, between sprawling and clutching of the fingers of the right hand, which was extended on his knee. His shrunk cheeks exhibited a deadly ashen paleness, with a slight tinge of yellow, the effect of confinement. His eyes were glossy and sunken, and seemed in part to have lost the power of gazing. They were turned with an unmeaning and vacant stare upon the window, where the last red streak of day was faintly visible, which they seemed vainly endeavouring to watch. The sense of my own situation now recoiled strongly upon me; and the sight of the wretch sitting stiffened in quiet agony, (for it was no better,) affected me with a faint sickness. I felt that an effort was necessary, and, with some difficulty, addressed a few cheering and consolatory phrases to the miserable creature I had undertaken to support. My words might not—but I fear my *tone* was too much in unison with his feelings, such as they were. His answer was a few inarticulate mutterings, between which, the spasmodic twitching of his fingers became more apparent than before. A noise at the door seemed decidedly to rouse him; and as he turned his head with a sudden effort, I felt relieved to see the gaoler enter. He was used to such scenes; and with an air of commiseration, but in a tone which lacked none of the firmness with which he habitually spoke, he asked the unhappy man some question of his welfare, and seemed satisfied with the headshake and inarticulately muttered replies of the again drooping wretch, as if they were expected, and of course. Having directed the turnkey to place some wine and slight refreshments on the table, and to trim the light, he told me in a whisper, that my friends would be at the prison, with the clergyman, at the hour of six; and bidding the miserable convict and myself, after a cheering word or two, "good night," he departed—the door was closed—and the murderer and I were finally left together.

It was now past the hour of ten o'clock; and it became my solemn duty to take heed, that the last few hours of the dying sinner passed not, without such comfort to his struggling soul as human help might hold out. After reading to him some passages of the gospel, the most apposite to his trying state, and some desultory and unconnected conversation—for the poor creature at times seemed to be unable, under his load of horror, to keep his ideas connected further than as they dwelt upon his own nearing and unavoidable execution—I prevailed upon him to join in prayer. He at this time appeared to be either so much exhausted, or labouring under so much lassitude from fear and want of rest, that I found it necessary to take his arm and turn him upon his knees by the pallet-side. The hour was an awful one. No sound was heard save an occasional ejaculation between a sigh and a smothered groan from the wretched felon. The candle burned dimly; and as I turned I saw, though I scarcely noticed it at the moment, a dim insect of the moth species, fluttering hurriedly round it, the sound of whose wings mournfully filled up the pauses of myself and my companion. When the nerves are strained to their uttermost, by such trifling circumstances are we affected. *Here* (thought I) there has been no light, at such an hour, for many years; and yet here is one whose office it seems to be to watch it! My spirit felt the necessity of some exertion; and with an energy, for which a few moments before I had hardly dared to hope, I poured out my soul in prayer. I besought mercy upon the blood-stained creature who was grovelling beside me—I asked that repentance and peace might be vouchsafed him—I begged, for our Redeemer's sake, that his last moments might know that untasted rapture of sin forgiven, and a cleansed soul, which faith alone can bring to fallen man—I conjured him to help and aid me to call upon the name of Christ; and I bade him put off life and forget it, and to trust in that name alone—I interceded that his latter agony might be soothed, and that the leave-taking of body and soul might be in quietness and peace. But he shook and shivered, and nature clung to the miserable straw of existence which yet floated upon the wide and dismal current of oblivion, and he groaned heavily and muttered, "No, no, no!" as if the very idea of death was unbearable, even for a moment; and "to die," even to him that must, were a thing impossible, and not to be thought of or named. And as I wrestled with the adversary that had dominion over him, he buried his shrunk and convulsed features in the covering of his miserable pallet; while his fingers twisted and writhed about, like so many scotched snakes, and his low, sick moans, made the very dungeon darker.

When I lifted him from his kneeling position, he obeyed my movement like a tired child, and again sat on the low pallet, in a state of motionless and unresist-

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ing torpor. The damp sweat stood on my own forehead, though not so cold as on his; and I poured myself out a small portion of wine, to ward off the exhaustion which I began to feel unusually strong upon me. I prevailed upon the poor wretch to swallow a little with me; and, as I broke a bit of bread, I thought, and spoke to him, of that last repast of Him who came to call sinners to repentance; and methought his eye grew lighter than it was. The sinking frame, exhausted and worn down by anxiety, confinement, and the poor allowance of a felon's gaol, drew a short respite from the cordial; and he listened to my words with something of self-collectedness—albeit slight tremblings might still be seen to run along his nerves at intervals; and his features collapsed, ever and anon, into that momentary vacuity of wildness which the touch of despair never fails to give. I endeavoured to improve the occasion. I exhorted him, for his soul's sake, and the relief of that which needed it too much, to make a full and unreserved confession, not only to God, who needed it not, but to man, who did. I besought him, for the good of all, and as he valued his soul's health, to detail the particulars of his crime, but *his eye fell.* That dark enemy, who takes care to leave in the heart just hope enough to keep despair alive, tongue-tied him; and he would not—even now—at the eleventh hour—give up the vain imagination, that the case of his companion might yet be confounded with his, to the escape of both—and vain it was. It had not been felt advisable, so far as to make him acquainted with the truth, that this had already been sifted and decided; and I judged this to be the time. Again and again I urged confession upon him. I put it to him that this act of justice might now be done for its own sake, and for that of the cleansing from spot of his stained spirit. I told him, finally, that it could no longer prejudice him in this world, where his fate was written and sealed, for that his companion *was retrieved.* I knew not what I did. Whether the tone of my voice, untutored in such business, had raised a momentary hope, I know not—but the revulsion was dreadful. He stared with a vacant look of sudden horror—a look which those who never saw cannot conceive, and which—(the remembrance is enough)—I hope never to see again—and twisting round, rolled upon his pallet with a stifled moan that seemed tearing him in pieces. As he lay, moaning and writhing backwards and forwards, the convulsions of his legs, the twisting of his fingers, and the shiverings that ran through his frame were terrible.

To attempt to rouse him seemed only to increase their violence—as if the very sound of the human voice was, under his dreadful circumstances, intolerable, as renewing the sense of reality to a reason already clouding, and upon the verge of temporary deliquium. He was the picture of despair. As he turned his face to one side, I saw that a few, but very few hot tears had been forced from his glassy and blood-shot eyes; and in his writhings he had scratched one cheek against his iron bedstead, the red discoloration of which contrasted sadly with the deathly pallidness of hue, which his visage now showed: during his struggles, one shoe had come off, and lay unheeded on the damp stone-floor. The demon was triumphant within him; and when he groaned, the sound seemed scarcely that of a human being, so much had horror changed it. I kneeled over him—but in vain. He heard nothing—he felt nothing—he knew nothing, but that extremity of prostration to which a moment's respite would be Dives' drop of water—and yet in such circumstances, any thing but a mercy. He could not bear, for a moment, to think upon his own death—a moment's respite would only have added new strength to the agony—He might *be* dead; but could not "—die;" and in the storm of my agitation and pity, I prayed to the Almighty to relieve him at once from sufferings which seemed too horrible even to be contemplated.

How long this tempest of despair continued, I do not know. All that I can recall is, that after almost losing my own recollection under the agitation of the scene, I suddenly perceived that his moans were less loud and continuous, and that I ventured to look at him, which I had not done for some space. Nature had become exhausted, and he was sinking gradually into a stupor, which seemed something between sleep and fainting. This relief did not continue long—and as soon as I saw him begin to revive again to a sense of his situation, I made a strong effort, and lifting him up, seated him again on the pallet, and, pouring out a small quantity of wine, gave it him to drink, not without a forlorn hope that even wine might be permitted to afford him some little strength to bear what remained of his misery, and collect his ideas for his last hour. After a long pause of returning recollection, the poor creature, got down a little of the cordial and as I sat by him and supported him, I began to hope that his spirits calmed. He held the glass and sipped occasion-

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ally, and appeared in some sort to listen, and to answer to the words of consolation I felt collected enough to offer. At this moment the low and distant sound of a clock was heard, distinctly striking one. The ear of despair is quick;—and as he heard it, he shuddered, and in spite of a strong effort to suppress his emotion, the glass had nearly fallen from his hand. A severe nervous restlessness now rapidly grew upon him, and he eagerly drank up one or two small portions of wine, with which I supplied him. His fate was now evidently brought one degree nearer to him. He kept his gaze intently and unceasingly turned to the window of the dungeon. His muttered replies were incoherent, or unintelligible, and his sunk and weakened eye strained painfully on the grated window, as if he momentarily expected to see the first streak of the dawn of that morning, which to him was to be night. His nervous agitation gradually became horrible, and his motions stronger. He seemed not to have resolution enough to rise from his seat and go to the window, and yet to have an overpowering wish or impulse to do so. The lowest sound startled him—but with this terrible irritation, his muscular power, before debilitated, seemed to revive, and his action, which was drooping and languid, became quick and anguiar. I began to be seized with an undefined sense of fear and alarm. In vain I combated it; it grew upon me; and I had almost risen from my seat to try to make myself heard, and obtain, if possible, assistance. The loneliness of the gaol, however, rendered this, even, if attempted, almost desperate—the sense of duty, the dread of ridicule, came across me, and chained me to my seat by the miserable criminal, whose state was becoming every minute more dreadful and extraordinary.

* * * * *

Exhausted by the wearing excitement and anxiety of my situation, I had for a moment sunk into that confused absence of mind with which those who have been in similar circumstances cannot be unacquainted, when my miserable companion, with a convulsive shudder, grasped my arm suddenly. I was for a few seconds unaware of the cause of this emotion and movement, when a low, indistinct sound caught my ear. It was the rumbling of a cart, mingled with two or three suppressed voices; and the cart appeared to be leaving the gate of the dismal building in which we were. It rolled slowly and heavily as if cumbrously laden, under the paved gateway; and after a few minutes, all was silent. The agonized wretch understood its import better than I did. A gust of the wildest despair came suddenly over him. He clutched with his hands whatever met his grasp. His knees worked. His frame became agitated with one continued movement, swaying backwards and forwards, almost to falling;—and his inarticulate complaints became terrific. I attempted to steady him by an exertion of strength—I spoke kindly to him, but he writhed in my grasp like an adder, and as an adder was deaf; grief and fear had horrible possession. Myself, almost in a state of desperation—for the sight was pitiful. I at last endeavoured to awe him into a momentary quiescence, and strongly bade him at last to *die like a man;* but the word "Death" had to him only the effect it may be supposed to have upon a mere animal nature and understanding—how could it have any other? He tried to bear it, and could not, and uttering a stifled noise, between a yell and a moan, he grasped his own neck; his face assumed a dark red colour, and he fell into a state of stifled convulsion.

* * * * * *

When despair had wrought with him, I lifted him with difficulty from the floor on which he had fallen. His relaxed features had the hue of death, and his parched lips, from a livid blue, became of an ashy whiteness. In appearance he was dying; and in the agitation of the moment I poured a considerable portion of the wine which had been left with us into a glass, and, after wetting his temples, held it to his lips. He made an effort to swallow, and again revived to consciousness; and holding the vessel firmly in his hands, got down with difficulty and at intervals, the entire draught. When he found it totally exhausted, the glass fell from his hands; but he seized and held one of mine with a grasp so firm and iron-like that the contrast startled me. He seemed to be involved in a confused whirl of sensations. He stared round the cell with a wildness of purpose that was appalling; and after a time, I began to see with deep remorse, that the wine I had unguardedly given was, as is always the case, adding keenness to his agony and strength to his despair. He half rose once or twice and listened; all was silent—when, after the pause of a minute or two, a sudden fit of desperation seemed to seize upon him. He rushed to the window, and hurriedly surveying the grates, wrenched at them with a strength demoniac and superhuman, till the iron bars shook in their embedments.

From this period my recollections are vague and indistinct. I remember strongly remonstrating with the poor crea-

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ture, and being pushed away by hands which were now bleeding profusely with the intense efforts of his awful delirium. I remember attempting to stop him, and hanging upon him, until the insane wretch clutched me by the throat, and a struggle ensued, during which I suppose I must at length have fainted or become insensible; for the contest was long, and while consciousness remained, terrible and appalling. My fainting, I presume, saved my life, for the felon was in that state of maniacal desperation which nothing but a perfect unresistingness could have evaded.

After this, the first sensation I can recall is that of awakening out of that state of stupor into which exhaustion and agitation had thrown me. Shall I ever forget it? The anxiety of some of my friends had brought them early to the gaol; and the unusual noises which had been heard by some of its miserable inmates occasioned, I believe, the door of the cell in which we were, to be unlocked before the intended hour. Keenly do I recollect the struggling again into painful consciousness, the sudden sense of cheering daylight, the sound of friendly voices, the changed room, and the strange looks of all around me. The passage was terrible to me; but I had yet more to undergo. I was recovered just in time to witness the poor wretch, whose prop and consolation I had undertaken to be, carried, exhausted and in nerveless horror, to the ignominious tree —his head drooping on his breast, his eyes opening mechanically at intervals, and only kept from fainting and utter insensibility by the unused and fresh morning air, which breathed in his face, as if in cruel mockery. I looked once, but looked no more.— * * * *

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is said that the famous Burman General, Bundoola, who was killed at the siege of Donabew, began, before his death, to evince symptoms of Christianity. When the Mugh (a native belonging to the Chittagong frontier) who reported this interesting fact, was pressed to explain what these symptoms were, he replied, with much simplicity, that Bundoola was of his "master's caste," having acquired a relish for the enjoyment of roast beef, pork, and brandy.
W. G. C.

"DRY LODGINGS TO LET."

In Ireland this notice is often given by the words "Good Dry Lodgings," by which word dry, is not meant lodgings wet or damp, but without board. A dry ball is used to imply, a ball without supper.

SHAVING IN CHURCHYARDS.

Some centuries past it was usual in England for the barbers to shave the parishioners in the churchyard, on high festivals, (as Easter, Whitsuntide, &c.) before matins. The observance of this custom was restrained in the year 1422, by a particular prohibition of Richard Flemmyng, Bishop of Lincoln.
H. B. A.

The Maréchal Grammont having for some time besieged a fortress, the garrison of which held out obstinately, a capitulation at length took place, upon the signing of which, the governor of the fortress said, "Maréchal, I will be candid with you, if I had not been bereft of a bullet to defend myself, I should not have surrendered."—"That I may not appear wanting in candour," replied the Maréchal, "I must tell you that had I had any more powder, I would not have acceded to the terms of capitulation."

NOVEL HERALDRY.

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was Russell, "Pray," says the gentleman "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honour," said the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a deal of difference between our coats."

LIGHT AND SHADE.

A citizen, whose industrious habits had advanced him to a country-house, while walking one day in his garden, caught the gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him, that such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. "It was for that reason exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept into the shade."

LIKE A PUPPY.

A gentleman observed to a lady, that since a recent illness, a mutual friend of theirs spoke very much like a *puppy*, "likely enough," replied the lady, "for I hear, that by order of the doctor, he has lately taken to *bark*."

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The Mirror

OF

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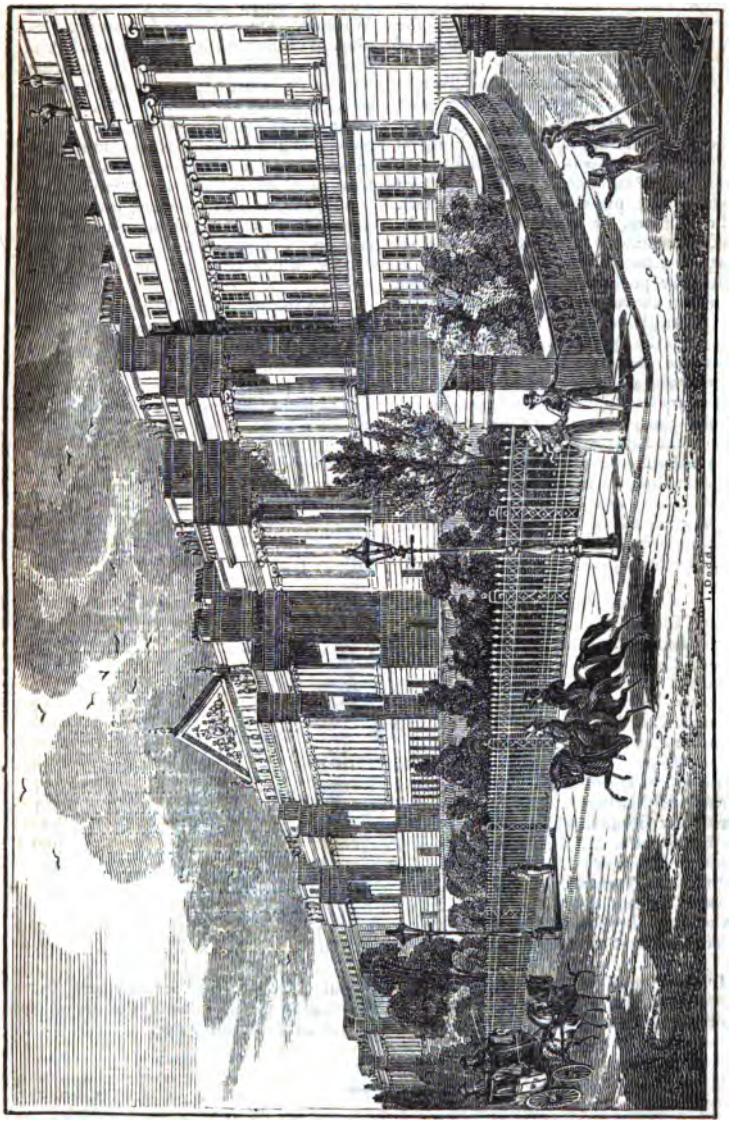

CUMBERLAND TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK.

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CUMBERLAND TERRACE,

REGENT'S PARK.

THE annexed Engraving completes our Series of *Architectural Illustrations* of the REGENT'S PARK, and is, withal the most magnificent Terrace in the circuit. It stands considerably above the road, and is approached by a fine carriage sweep, with handsome balustrades; below which, and level with the road, is the garden, or promenade for the residents of the Terrace.

The architect of Cumberland Terrace is Mr. Nash, who appears to have been so lavish of ornament, as to give the whole range the appearance of a triumphal temple. It consists of a centre and wings, connected by two handsome arches, which have a very pleasing and novel effect. The entrance, or ground story throughout, is rusticated, and in the principal parts or masses of the elevation, serves as a base or pediment for handsome Doric columns, above which is a balustrade, on which are placed allegorical figures of the Seasons, the Quarters of the Globe, the Arts and Sciences, &c. Each of these masses has a most imposing appearance, and bears four figures; the figures in the whole range amount to twenty-seven. Above the balustrade rises the attic story. The subordinate fronts of the residences are embellished with Doric pilasters.

Each arch consists of four handsome Doric columns, with an entablature, and blocking course.

The central portion of the terrace is in correspondent style with the wings; and consists of a splendid colonnade of twelve columns and an entablature. Above the attic story rises a pediment surmounted with figures of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture. This pediment is filled with a basso-relievo, executed by J. H. Bubb, and representing Britannia crowned by Fame, and seated on a throne, the basis of which represents Valour and Wisdom. On one side, Literature, Genius, Manufacture, Agriculture, and Prudence, are bringing youth of different nations for instruction; and on the other side, the guardian-spirit of the Navy, surmounted by Victory, Navigation, Commerce, and Freedom, is extending her blessings to the Africans. The group is terminated on each side by Plenty. This is supposed to be the largest ornamental pediment in the kingdom, with the exception of that of the portico of St. Paul's, which only exceeds it by a few feet.

From the sweep of this terrace may be enjoyed a highly picturesque view of the park, with the crown of Primrose Hill in the distance.

At this close of the Series of Views, and as we are approaching the conclusion of our volume, it may not be amiss to recapitulate the several engravings, with their pages in the preceding and present volumes of the MIRROR, and the order in which they stand in the Regent's Park, which order circumstances have prevented our uniformly following in their publication: thus—

Buildings.	*Architects.*	*Mirror, Vol.*	*Page.*
Ulster Terrace		xi	401
York Terrace	Nash	xiii	129
Sussex Place	Nash	xiii	273
Cornwall Terrace	D. Burton	xiii	305
Clarence Terrace	D. Burton	xii	17
Hanover Terrace	Nash	x	313
Hanover Lodge		xiii	49
Grove House	D. Burton	xiii	49
Marquess of Hertford's Villa	D. Burton	xiii	81
Macclesfield Bridge	Morgan	xiii	351
East (now Gloucester) Gate		xi	225
St. Katherine's	Poynter	xi	273
Master's Residence	Poynter	xi	289
Cumberland Terrace	Nash	xiii	401
Chester Terrace	Nash	xiii	193
Exterior of the Colosseum	D. Burton	xiii	65
Interior of the Colosseum	D. Burton	xiii	97

In this *Series* we have endeavoured to represent all the architectural beauties of the Park, and liable as are all of them to critical objection, they are extremely interesting for pictorial displays of the taste of this castle-building age.

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THE KING'S STAG, &c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As several of your correspondents have lately interested themselves in the sign of "The Cat and Fiddle;" a few observations may not be thought irrelevant, on the probable origin of the "King's Stag," a description of which, under the signature, *Ruris*, appeared in the MIRROR, of Saturday, the 30th ult. Its rise may, I conceive, with tolerable certainty, be traced to the stag said to have been taken in the Forest of Senlis, by Charles the Sixth, about whose neck was a collar, with the inscription, "*Cæsar hoc mihi donavit*," which induced a belief that the animal had lived from the reign of some one of the twelve Cæsars. This inscription also exists in the following form:—

"Tempore, quo Cæsar Româ, dominatus in altâ
Aureolo jussit collum signare monili;
Ne depascentem quisquis me gramina lædat,
Cæsaris heu causâ, perituræ parcere vitæ."

which has been thus literally translated in nearly the same words quoted by *Ruris*—

"When Julius Cæsar reigned king,
About my neck he put this ring,
That whosoever did me take,
Should spare my life for Cæsar's sake."

It thus appears that *Julius* Cæsar is gratuitously introduced by the English paraphrast, nothing appearing in the original inscription to determine its application, or render it more probable, that the reference should be to Julius Cæsar, than to Domitian; and the two first lines given by *Ruris*, have evidently been introduced by way of transferring the subject to our own country.

Allow me before concluding this communication, one word in reply to *E. D.'s* observations on the "Cat and Fiddle." It is not impossible that some resemblance (though I am disposed to think it very trifling) may exist between the "tones of a *flute*" and those of "the human voice;" but I have yet to learn wherein consists the similarity of the notes of the *clarionet* and those of a "GOOSE;" neither do I imagine performers on the violin, (especially Italians,) will feel themselves obliged by *E. D.'s* comparison of their favourite instrument, to the vile squall of the feline race. On the whole, I should feel more disposed to concur with him who "has been led away by a love of etymology" that the "Cat and Fiddle" is an "anomalous" sign, and that "no two objects in the world have less to do with each other than a cat and a violin," than to adopt the opposite theories of *E. D.* or his predecessor, unless better supported than they are at present.

IOTA.

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

*The Wreck.**

(For the Mirror.)

All night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast,
Had vailed her topsails to the sand
And bowed her noble mast.
The Queenly ship! brave hearts had striven
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer!
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn,
And sadder things than these!

MRS. HEMANS.

SWEET romantic Cove of Torwich—repository of my youth's recollections!—A mingled gust of feeling crosses over me, rainbow-like,—fraught with the cherished remembrances of "life's eventful history," when I turn to the past, and glance over the scenes of my early life.

The Bay of Torwich, on the southern coast, unites in its fullest extent the singularly wild and picturesque, with the softer features of the landscape. The bay consists of two headlands, about four miles apart. On the eastern side a lofty range of rocky heights extends for a considerable way, almost equalling those of Dover in sublimity, and juts out into the sea, on the assaults of which they seem to frown defiance, terminating in a bold headland. The violence of the sea has caused extensive and picturesque excavations and caverns; and at the end of the cliff, two sharp rocks called the Needles, raised their heads at low water, connected by a low, sunken reef. In a westerly gale these rocks were very dangerous to homeward-bound ships, and I have often sat with admiration in the heights above, watching the grotesque forms and silvery spray of the gigantic breakers, which after being broken in their progress, heaved their expiring rage with a shock like thunder, against the base of the cliffs, causing a prolonged echo in the huge caverns above. About midway between these cliffs and the western side there was another lofty headland, which terminated the Cove of Torwich; as the sea, except at low-water in high spring tides, washed the foot of this promontory, it was only fordable at ebb-tide. In the middle of the intermediate space, three rocks which might truly be called

* The scenes and events in this sketch are drawn from nature, and real occurrences on the southern coast.

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"forked promontories" from their sharp pyramidical shape, jutted abruptly out of the beach, and were connected by a sort of natural causeway to the main land. Beyond, a wild and rocky valley ran inland, and the time-worn ruins of ——— Castle, beetling over the heights, terminated the view in this direction. This valley formed the bed of a small stream, which ran by the end of the rocks, composing a channel by which coasting vessels could run up and discharge their cargoes for the village of Torwich, only part of which was visible at this spot. A natural cleft in the vein opened through the centre of these singular rocks, resembling a lofty gothic arch, and it was my favourite pastime to sit here in the most perfect seclusion, reading "sermons in stones" and watching the progress of the tide till it kissed my feet, and often surrounded me, for the flood came in with great velocity. Between these rocks and the heights on the eastern side, there was another little retired creek, renowned in the village annals, for the adventures of Jack Covering, a noted smuggler on this coast, some forty years ago, with the locality of which the reader will erewhile become better acquainted. The magnificence of the convulsed scenery, and yawning chasms around, the deep intonation and ceaseless roar of the ocean, all combined to awaken in the mind of the spectator, mingled sensations of admiration and awe.

The coast receded between the eastern point of the cove to that which terminated the Bay of Torwich, embracing what may be almost termed a champaign country, compared with the barren scenery I have described; and displaying the uneven surface of the richly wooded Park of Dovedale, with the ruins of two castles.

The village of Torwich which stood on a declivity, with an opening descent to the shore, about half a mile from the entrance of the cove, had little communication, from the nature of its site, with the neighbouring country, except when the all-powerful attraction of a wreck existed. Its inhabitants were chiefly sailors or fishermen, barring a few useless individuals like myself. I loved to study life in all its gradations—the "March of Intellect" was yet unknown here! and though the situation afforded such numerous advantages for smuggling, there were, rather unaccountably, only three persons in the village connected with the coast blockade; and it was whispered that relying on the entire seclusion of the cove, these persons too often winked when they ought to have been astir on their duty.

The day was far spent, when towards the close of the month of October, 18—, I wandered out to the shore to watch the flow of the evening's tide. The weather had been unsettled for some time previous, and the rain had fallen in torrents, with a moderate breeze, during most part of the day. Towards evening the rain ceased, though large heavy masses of black clouds were flying about, and backing up to seaward, accompanied with a short gusty gale of wind. I never recollect a more dismal night. A thick haze overspread the lower parts of the landscape, throwing the bloated masses of clouds higher up in the horizon, into a sort of sombre relief. As I passed a little look-out house on my way to the beach, I sauntered to a group of sailors at their usual council, who were gazing with deep interest at a solitary vessel dimly discernible through the fog in the offing. As she neared us we found her to be a barque of apparently considerable burthen, making a tack to weather the Torhead, which lay several miles under her lee, with a strong breeze from windward. She was evidently quite out of her reckoning from the indecision and embarassment displayed in her movements; and the captain seemed not sufficiently aware of the hazard he ran. I waited sometime at this place watching the movements of the ship. The tide came roaring in with a broken swell increased by a high spring flood; and there was that in the "wind's eye" which betokened approaching disaster; while the gloom was increasing, and the harsh cries and hurried flight of the sea-birds indicated tempestuous weather.

"An ugly looking night this, Mr. ——— as I have seen for many a-day," remarked Harry Covering, one of the oldest of the group of sailors, and a crony of mine. "Sink the Customs! if yon ship weathers Torhead this night, may I never pull an oar again." "It is, indeed, a fearful-looking night, messmate, and no time ought to be lost in the present state of the tide in putting off to her —for if the wind holds in this part, it is great odds indeed, that she does not go upon the Needles."

The breeze was freshening every moment; indeed the situation of the strange ship must soon become imminently dangerous. The crew seemed at last to have awakened from their lethargy, and were apparently making every effort to enable her to gain an offing and weather Torhead, before the combined force of wind and flood should render that impracticable. It was a moment of deep interest. I am not acquainted with any event, notwith-

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standing the frequency of its recurrence, that appeals more directly to our sympathies, than a shipwreck. The mighty power of the ocean is thus brought before us in its most striking sense, and the general scene of disaster it occasions is almost always varied with instances of individual sympathy for some of the wrecked. We were now joined by the resident officer of the coast-blockade, and a party of men were dispatched to pull off to the ship in distress, while the rest of us hurried towards the Torhead, accompanied in our rear, (for the news had reached the village) by a turn-out of most of its inhabitants, influenced both by the passion of curiosity and that of expected plunder. Many of the older class looked upon wrecking as legitimate a trade as fishing for herrings or pilchards; while perhaps nearly all from the force of habit and long-practised example, regarded a wreck as a booty sent them by the elements; the scattered contents of which it was no more crime to take than it would be to pick up any other thing cast by accident on the beach.

The sea was breaking over the needles with frightful violence when we reached Torhead — the spray dashing almost to the summit of the cliffs. We were now almost opposite the vessel, which appeared to be French built; but the increasing darkness prevented our distinguishing her minutely. The flash of a gun from her side, amidst the deepening gloom, redoubled my interest. A more interesting object than a solitary vessel in danger, I cannot well conceive. I have always looked upon a ship as a living creature—the companion of man—a thing instinct with life, walking the waters—and our feelings are not only excited for the safety of the crew, but for that of the vessel itself, to which we attach a degree of interest as for a friend. A gale was now up; the boat put off to their aid was in danger of being swamped by the surf, and found it impracticable to make way against a violent head-wind and tide united. Nothing short of a miracle could now save the ship; however the wind suddenly shifted a little, and I began to hope that if she was to be wrecked, it might be farther on the shore; as in case of her striking on the Needles, she must almost immediately go to pieces under our eyes, without the most remote chance of the escape of one of the crew. A sheet of light flashed occasionally from her sides, calling for aid out of the power of man to grant. There was a sudden lull in the wind, which sometimes happens in the most violent tempests, though often succeeded by increased fury; and a strong shower of sleet and rain drove most of our followers home. As it had now become quite dark, and it was morally impossible to yield the ship any aid till daylight, I returned to the village with melancholy forebodings, having placed beacons on the heights.

I hastily proceeded again to the shore just before daybreak. The distant moaning of the sea, the harsh screams of the cormorants with the desolate nature of the spot, chilled my spirits. I had passed a sleepless night, and the storm rose again, and raged till near daybreak with increased fury, but the wind was now greatly hushed. The sea, however, showed marks of its violence; the bay was white with foam, and as I proceeded, the tide, which was just beginning to flow, roared loudly, and advanced in short breakers wreathed with spray. The sky also looked dismally, and gave token that the gale had not entirely passed away, though its violence had temporarily abated. I advanced with deep interest by the peaked group of rocks, and passed the wreck of a brig lying high and dry on the sand just before me. The whole of the shore between the Heads, was strewed with her contents. I never witnessed so total a wreck in so short a space of time. The violence of the surf had completely beaten her sides out, leaving stem and stern hanging together as by a thread, while her ribs and broken cordage and sails, completed the picture, had any thing been wanting to perfect it. I could moralize any day on a single bit of plank on a shore—each fragment seems to tell its tale, and awakens a train of thoughts and feelings in the mind; but "grim desolation" was here visibly before me.

Though I was early astir, I found that the prospect of booty had been sufficiently powerful already to draw out not only the inhabitants of Torwich, but great numbers of the neighbouring peasantry. But where was the ship, about whose fate we had been so greatly interested the preceding evening? This was manifestly not her; but I distinctly saw a large, black hull lying under the western cliffs, half a mile distant, towards which the people were rapidly moving. She had come ashore a little after high water, during the night. I picked my way through the wreck strewn around—to a small group of persons standing near me; five of them were strangers, the crew of the brig. I learnt that my surmises were right concerning the ship in the distance, and that the brig which was laden with crockery came ashore about the same period.

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I left these poor fellows endeavouring to rescue their little articles of property, and took a route apart from the course of the crowd towards the other ship. I had not gone far, when I almost stumbled over the dead body of a young female, lying with her face uppermost, half buried in the sand—

Her very tresses clung
All tangled by the storm.

The bodies of a gentleman of foreign aspect, and that of a lad about seventeen, (their hands still firmly clasped together, undivided even in death,) lay close by. It was a melancholy scene. They had evidently been a father and his children. The long boat of the vessel, which had I suppose, taken ground here, being staved and swamped by the surf, was close beyond, near which I observed the bodies of several other men. It was with pain and horror I remarked that some wretches who had been here before me, had partly stripped the bodies of the lady and others in their search after plunder, besides rifling the contents of some cases of valuables, which had been put into the boat. I hastily turned towards the principal scene of disaster, and addressed myself to one of the survivors, whom I found to be the supercargo. The vessel was *La Bonne Esperance* of Brest, of 550 tons, homeward bound, with a mixed cargo of rum, cotton, and colonial produce, from the West Indies. It appeared that the captain, mate, and passengers had left the ship just as she struck, and taken to the long boat, the fatal result of which has been seen. As I surmised, the bodies I had seen consisted of one family, the only passengers on board, a colonel in the army, with his son and daughter, returning to his country after long service in foreign parts. The supercargo, in the confusion which took place, could not get into the long boat in time, and remained with the rest of the crew on board; several of the seamen were washed off the decks and dashed against the rocks, and my narrator and three others were all that survived "to tell the tale."

The ship's hull lay jammed between two small rocks near the foot of the cliffs; she was still almost outwardly entire, as the tide receded just after she came ashore in the night; but there was a hole knocked in her side from whence a portion of the cargo had been washed out. The two principal masts had gone by the board, but a part of the mizen-mast was still standing; and the rocks were covered, far and near, with tattered portions of her sails and cordage pasted against their sides, disposed by the sea, in a grotesque manner.

As the principal station of the preventive corps was at a considerable distance, some time would elapse before they could lend their aid in the protection of the property; and the mob from the neighbouring country, disappointed at finding little else but broken crockery at the other wreck, seemed disposed to make the most of their time, and were proceeding with all the violence and rapacity of professed wreckers. In spite of the exertions of the officer from Torwich and his assistants, they were mounting the sides, and had spread themselves over the vessel like a pack of hungry wolves on the dead carcass of a horse, when I arrived. A scene of greater confusion and singularity cannot be described.

It was not long before their attention was awakened by the tapping of a cask of rum, which with many more had been washed out of the hold. This beverage presented a powerful attraction; the ship was soon, in some measure, deserted, and the mob concentrated like a swarm of wasps round the casks. All distinctions were now at an end; the better sort of farmer or shopkeeper, scrambled with the pauper for a cup or cap (or shoe) full of the mellow liquid; while the supercargo and his men, aided by myself and a few others, were occupied in hastily putting into some carts the more valuable articles rescued from plunder. As the parties had been immoderate in their potations, so the effects were equally speedy. Women lay on the sand, dead drunk, beside the booty they had collected, while unable to stir, it was snatched from their powerless grasp by others stronger or more sober than themselves. Several pitched battles were also taking place, both amongst boys and men, which generally terminated by each of the combatants falling prostrate martyrs to Bacchus. The infection was universal, and even the three "mounseers," the surviving crew of the Bonne Esperance, could not resist an occasional sly pull at the liquor. These men, though they had only just escaped sudden death, seemed not to be cast down; but with their characteristic agility, one minute assisted to roll the casks into carts, and then ran off perhaps to whisper a compliment to some pretty girl, shrugging up their shoulders at the unceremonious repulse they met with from *mademoiselle*.

But this scene was not to last long: for the tide had been imperceptibly making way and closing. I had always observed that after coming to a certain place, its velocity was greatly accelerated, and it was with feelings of alarm that I saw the danger which the almost unconscious peo-

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ple incurred. From regard to our own safety we had to retreat rapidly towards the shingles, carrying as many of the helpless as time would admit out of danger, in which we were aided by many of the sailors from Torwich, who had assisted in rescuing a portion of the cargo. The peasantry, at last aware of the hazard they ran, took to their heels also; but from the state they were in, many were forgotten or left behind. The roar of waters came rapidly onward, and amid the foaming eddy created by its advance, the stifled death-cry, mingled with the harsh and piercing shrieks of some of the half drowning victims—one moment awakened to the consciousness of their situation, and the next hurried to eternity—burst on the ear; and such was the advance of the spring-flood, that a few minutes after the rush of people had reached the shingles, the curling breakers rolled the bodies of several of the sufferers almost to their feet. The most lively interest was now excited towards a small rock, which jutted out of the sand a little distance from the wreck. The two poor children of a fisherman's widow in the village, were playing in a cavity of this rock, when the tide surrounded them. Their voices were drowned by the roaring of the waters, and their fate would have been unknown, had not the wild appearance and frantic screams of the mother—come in search of her children—attracted notice When they were discovered, only a ledge of the rock was discernible; and the little sufferers were seen imploring for help amidst the spray with which the waves, fanned by a stiff breeze from windward, covered them. Several brave fellows swam off towards the rock, but before they could reach it, a sudden rush of tide swept over, and engulfed the children amidst the fragments of wreck hurled forward in its advance. One of the sailors seized the youngest of the children and bore him safely to shore. The body of the other was found when the tide ebbed, under a ledge of rocks on the eastern side. Upwards of fifteen persons were amongst the missing. It was an impressive scene, and read a powerful lesson to all.

"Wrecking" has long been deservedly a national reproach. It is, however, rarely accompanied with the cruelty and violence by which it was formerly characterised; and such aggravated scenes now seldom occur. The people of our coasts have become, generally, much more civilized, and probably the "march of improvement" will ultimately eradicate so inhuman a custom. In Cornwall it was carried to such an excess that the example was even given from the pulpit; and there is a story related of a Cornish parson, who upon information being brought to his congregation of a wreck whilst they were at church, exhorted them to pause as they were rushing out *en masse* in the midst of the service; and having gained the door, took to his heels saying, "Now, my lads, it is but fair we should all start alike!" and reached the wreck first. The people view the plunder of a wreck as a right, and it is in vain to attempt to persuade them otherwise. However it is but justice to say that they have frequently risked, and even sacrificed, their own lives in endeavouring to preserve those of others; though some recent instances, especially in Wales, prove that the old disposition still lurks amongst the people, and sometimes breaks out with unabated violence.

The arrival of a party of the Preventive Service that evening, in some measure proved a check to the plunder of the peasantry; but the guards themselves were not proof against the prevailing infection, and similar scenes to that related, prevailed as long as there was any thing left to drink or pick up; however, a considerable part of the cargo was safely stowed, though there were few of the rum casks that did not afterwards turn out impregnated with bilge water.

On a fine grey morning, about a week after these events occurred, I wandered out towards the shore: there had been rough weather in the channel, and many wrecks, and the turbulence of the ocean had not yet subsided. It was about half-flood when I reached the *Bonne Esperance*. She had disappeared by piecemeal under the repeated assaults of the sea, but the principal part of the hull was still hanging together. Each wave as it struck her tattered timbers, seemed to sap away her strength and threatened to shake her to fragments. I sat with the supercargo for about an hour, watching the flow of the tide. Her timbers cracked louder and louder at each shock of the breakers; when a heavy sea struck her, her joints loosened, and she broke up at last, scattered into fragments, and whelmed in a gulf of boiling waters which foamed like an immense cauldron over the place she had occupied a minute before. We had watched the progress to this final disaster with the deepest interest—I may almost say sympathy—for we could hardly help looking upon the ship as a friend in need, hovering as it were over destruction without an arm being stretched forth to save her, and it was not without a real feeling of pain and sorrow that we witnessed her destruction.

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About half-ebb we descended to the shore—it was covered as far as the eye could reach with her ruin and materials; and one could almost imagine it had been the destruction of a fleet. Thus ended the fate of *La Bonne Esperance* at Brest, and the occasional appearance of a solitary fragment on the beach, was soon all that recalled her history to the remembrance of the passers-by.

VYVYAN.

Old Poets.

GOOD DEEDS.

WRETCHED is he who thinks of doing ill,
His evil deeds long to conceal and hide;
For though the voice and tongues of men be still,
By fowls and beasts his sins shall be descried.
And God oft worketh by his secret will,
That sin itself, the sinner so doth guide,
That of his own accord without request,
He makes his wicked doings manifest.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

DEATH.

DEATH is a port whereby we reach to joy,
Life is a lake that drowneth all in pain,
Death is so near it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so leav'd that all it yields is vain:
And as by life to bondage man was brought,
Even so likewise by death was freedom wrought

EARL OF SURREY.

BEAUTY.

NOUGHT under Heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man and all his mind possess,
As Beauty's lovely bait that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness.
Driven with the power of an heart robbing eye,
And wrapt in flowers of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their hard'ned hearts enur'd to blood and cruelty.

SPENSER.

LEARNING.

—— BUT that Learning in despite of fate
Will mount aloft and enter Heaven's gate;
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in Hell with Ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss.
And to this day is every scholar poor,
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.

C. MARLOWE.

FEELING.

——— The feeling power which is life's root,
Through every living part itself doth shed,
By sinews which extend from head to foot,
And like a net all over the body spread.
Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web which spreadeth wide,
If aught do touch the outmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.

J. DAVIES.

INJUSTICE.

So foul a thing, O thou injustice art,
That torment'st the doer and distrest;
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
O how he strives to excuse—to make the best;
To shift the fault t' unburden his charg'd heart,
And glad to find the least surmise of rest;
And if he could make his, seem other's sin,
O what repose, what ease he'd find therein.

DANIELL.

RICHES.

VESSELS of brass oft handled brightly shine,
What difference between the richest mine
And basest earth, but use? for both not used
Are of little worth; then treasure is abused,
When misers keep it; being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.

C. MARLOWE.

THE IDIOT LOVER.

(DRAWN FROM LIFE.)

(For the Mirror.)

"That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."

JOHN LACONI was born in the romantic country of Switzerland. He was educated tolerably well; he was a good musician, and could draw excellently. He possessed a small, though independent fortune. However, notwithstanding his advantages and acquirements, he proved, when he became a lover, to be an idiot.

At a certain period of his life, he fell violently in love with a beautiful young Swiss lady. She was considerably younger than our hero, was much taller, and her elegant refinements rendered her a very desirable object. John had a sister, to whom the young lady paid frequent friendly visits, and upon such occasions, owing probably to that *mauvaise honte*, with which he was cursed, he was usually absent from home. I will not disgust my fair readers with a minute description of *all* his absurdities; one example, or so, shall suffice.

One fine evening, in the month of June, after spending the day with Laconi's sister, the young lady prepared to return alone to her father's *château*, at the distance of about a mile; and on this occasion, John determined to give a specimen of his gallantry in escorting the fair one home, resolving likewise to declare his passion in plain terms. Accordingly, having put on his hat and cloak, and stationed himself at the gate, he appeared as formidable as any doughty knight in the days of romance, ready to offer his protection to some forlorn damsel. No sooner, however, did the lady appear, than he became so confused as not to be able to answer her greeting. She was also confused for a moment at his manner, but immediately began her walk with much disgust and *nonchalance*; while he, like a silly *valet de chambre*, followed behind, leaving his dear mistress' questions unanswered, and gazing with a vacant stare at the moon. At length, to the lady's infinite satisfaction, the white gate of her fa-

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ther's *château* appeared in view, and John, finding they had nearly reached their destination, articulated, in a half suffocated tone, "I —— I beg pardon, ma —— madam, I have been considering ——." "You have, indeed, Mr. John," quickly returned the smiling damsel, "but I think you might have chosen another opportunity, more seasonable than the present, to consider the moon!" To this retort, he said nothing, but looked extremely foolish and ridiculous. However, when they had actually gained the gate of the *château*, he boldly resolved to kiss his fair enslaver; but, after a moment, his resolution failed, and his legs tottered under him. Without hearing the lady's sweet "good night," as she tripped gaily from him, he exclaimed, "Madam, can you love me?" This appeal was not heard by the flying maiden, who hastily ascended the steps to her father's door, which opened and concealed her lovely form from the sight of the amazed lover, who had not courage sufficient to follow her.

Whether our idiot did not comprehend the behaviour of his mistress, I cannot say; certain it is, he went home well contented with the success he imagined he had gained towards winning her heart. But, in reality, she was disgusted with his foolery, and ceased paying any more visits to her female friend, in order to avoid the sight of so strange a lover.

John, however, was a kind of philosopher, and calmly sustained his love misfortunes. A particular occurrence happened, which will somewhat account for this passive resignation. One evening, during a solitary walk, he saw his identical mistress in company with a young French officer. He walked sullenly home, wrote some verses on the inconstancy of women, drew from recollection a portrait of the cruel fair, which he hung in his study, and banished his former pretences. Report says, that he lived the remainder of his days in a state of celibacy. G. W. N.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

SINCERELY do we regret to announce the death of this great and good man—the most celebrated philosopher of our times, who has done more for the happiness of his species than any associated Academy in Europe. He died at Geneva, May 29, aged 51. We shall endeavour to do justice to his talents and amiable character, in a Memoir to be published at the close of this volume of THE MIRROR—prefixed to which will be a fine Portrait of the illustrious deceased.

Spirit of Discovery.

DISCOVERY OF THE FATE OF LA PEROUSE.

Abridged from the United Service Journal.

THE fate of this celebrated French navigator, which for upwards of forty years has remained enveloped in mystery, has at length been satisfactorily ascertained, a result that is owing to the active and spirited exertions of our gallant and enterprising countryman Captain Dillon.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the discovery of the relics of La Perouse, arose out of the massacre of the ship Hunter's crew, at the Feejee Islands, in 1813.

In this unfortunate affair, fourteen persons in all, from the ship Hunter, lost their lives. The two that escaped with Mr. Dillon, were William Wilson and Martin Buchart, a Prussian, who resided for two years at Bough. The latter entreated captain Robson to give him and his Bough wife a passage to the first land at which he might arrive, as they would certainly be sacrificed if they returned to the island. Having made Tucopia on the 20th of September, Buchart, his wife, and a Lascar, were put on shore, and the Hunter proceeded on her voyage to Canton.

On the 13th of May, 1826, while in command of the St. Patrick, bound from Valparaiso to Pondicherry, captain Dillon came in sight of the island of Tucopia. Prompted by curiosity, as well as regard for old companions in danger, he lay to, anxious to ascertain whether the persons left there in 1813, were still alive. A canoe, in which was the Lascar, soon afterwards put off from land and came alongside. This was immediately succeeded by another canoe, containing Martin Buchart, the Prussian. They were both in excellent health, and exceedingly rejoiced to see him. They informed him, that the natives had treated them very kindly; and that no ship had touched at the island from the time they were first landed, until about a year previous to his arrival, when an English whaler visited them, and was soon after followed by a second. The Lascar had an old silver sword-guard, which he bartered for a few fishing-hooks. Captain Dillon inquired where he had obtained it; the Prussian informed him, that on his arrival at the island, he saw it in the possession of the natives, also several chain-plates belonging to a ship, a number of iron bolts, five axes, the handle of a silver fork, a few knives, tea-cups, glass beads and bottles, one silver spoon with a

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crest and a cipher, a sword, &c. As soon as he became sufficiently acquainted with the language, he asked the natives how they obtained those articles, as they said that the Hunter was the first ship with which they had ever held communication. They replied, that about two days' sail in their canoes to leeward, there was a large group of islands, known generally by the name of Manicolo, to which they were in the habit of making frequent voyages, and that they had procured these articles from the inhabitants, who possessed many more of a similar description.

Buchart proceeded to state, that the Tucopians asserted that a great number of articles were on the Manicolo Islands in a state of preservation, and such articles were evidently obtained from the wreck of a vessel. About seven months before captain Dillon touched at Tucopia, a canoe had returned from Manicolo, and brought away two large chain plates, and an iron bolt, about four feet in length. He spoke with some of the crew of the canoe which had last made the voyage to Manicolo. They told him that there was abundance of iron materials still remaining on the island. Those which Martin Buchart saw were much oxydized and worn. The only silver spoon brought to Tucopia, as far as captain Dillon could learn, was beaten out into a wire by Buchart, for the purpose of making rings and other ornaments for the female islanders. Upon examining the sword-guard minutely, captain Dillon discovered, or thought he discovered, the initials of Perouse stamped upon it, which circumstance prompted him to be more eager in his inquiries.

The Prussian said he had himself never made a trip to Manicolo with the Tucopians, but the Lascar had gone once or twice. He positively affirmed, that he had seen and conversed at Paiow, a native town, with the Europeans who spoke the language of the islanders. They were old men, he said, who told him that they had been wrecked several years ago in one of the ships, the remnants of which they pointed out to him. They informed him also that no vessel had touched at the islands since they had been there; that most of their comrades were dead, but they had been so scattered among the various islands, that they could not tell precisely how many of them were still living.

On hearing so many circumstances all tending to confirm his suspicions, from the moment he saw the silver sword-guard with the cipher, captain Dillon determined to proceed as quickly as possible to the Manicolo Islands, examine the wrecks himself, and, if practicable, bring off the two men with whom the Lascar had spoken, and whom, he said, were Frenchmen. For this purpose he begged the latter to accompany him, but as he was married and comfortably settled on the island, neither promises nor threats were of any avail, although captain Dillon offered to bring him back to Tucopia. Martin Buchart, on the contrary, was tired of the savage life he had led for the last fourteen years, and gladly acceded to the wishes of captain Dillon, who after prevailing with a Tucopian also to come on board, sailed for the island. Unfortunately, as the ship neared the land, it fell a perfect calm, and continued so for seven days. At this time the stock of dry provisions was nearly exhausted, and there was no animal food to be procured on Tucopia. The crew lived principally on New Zealand potatoes and bananas. The vessel became every day more leaky from a long continuance at sea; and a person on board, who was interested in the cargo, had, during captain Dillon's stay in the islands, shown himself particularly discontented, and had frequently and warmly remonstrated at what he considered an unnecessary and useless delay; for these reasons, therefore, captain Dillon determined, though with the greatest reluctance, to take advantage of a breeze which sprang up, continued his voyage, and arrived at Bengal with much difficulty, his ship being in a very leaky condition.

Unwilling to abandon his favourite object, captain Dillon now applied to the Asiatic Society, and to the Bengal Government; and in consequence of his representations, his suggestions were at length carried into effect. He was appointed to the command of one of the Company's cruisers, of sixteen guns and eighty-five men, called the Research; and on the 27th of January, 1827, he sailed from Bengal, visited Van Dieman's Land, New South Wales, New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, Ro-Thoma, or Granville Island of the Pandora, Tucopia, and arrived at Manicolo on the 27th of September. This island (Manicolo, or Vanicolo) is not the Mallicolo of captain Cook, being situated only 118 miles to the leeward of Tucopia, in latitude 11 deg. 47 min., whilst the former lies in south latitude 16 deg. 15 min.

Captain Dillon personally visited the reefs on which the French ships are ascertained to have struck and gone to pieces, according to the accounts of the natives, from which the following particulars have been obtained of that disas-

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trous event:—"Many years ago two large ships arrived at the islands; one anchored off the island of Whanoo, and the other off that of Paiow, a little distance from each other. Soon after, and before they had any communication with the natives, a heavy gale arose, and both vessels were driven ashore. The ship off Whanoo grounded upon the rocks. The natives came in crowds to the sea-shore, armed with clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and discharged some arrows into the vessel; the crew in return fired, and killed several of the islanders. The vessel continued to strike violently against the rocks, and soon went to pieces. Some of the crew took to their boats, but were driven on shore, and murdered by the natives; others threw themselves into the sea, and such as reached the land, shared the fate of their unfortunate companions, so that not a single soul belonging to this vessel escaped alive.

"The ship which grounded on Paiow, was driven on a sandy beach, and the natives came down and also discharged their arrows into her; but the crew prudently did not resent the aggression, but held up axes, beads, and toys, as peace-offerings, upon which the assailants desisted from farther hostilities. As soon as the wind had moderated, an aged chief, in a canoe, put off to the ship. He was received with caresses, accepted the presents offered to him: and upon going ashore, pacified the islanders by assurances that the ship's crew were peaceably inclined towards them. Upon this, several natives went on board, and were all presented with toys. In return, they supplied the crew with yams, fowls, bananas, cocoa-nuts, hogs, &c. and confidence was established between them. The ship was now abandoned, and the crew went on shore, bringing with them part of her stores. Here they remained for some time, and built a small vessel with the materials from the wreck. When it was ready to put to sea, as many as could conveniently, embarked in her, being plentifully supplied with fresh provisions by the islanders. The commander promised those who were left behind, to return immediately with presents for the natives, and to bring them off; but, as the little vessel was never afterwards heard of, the men sought the protection of the neighbouring chiefs, with whom they lived. Several muskets and some gunpowder had been left them by their comrades, and by means of these, they proved of great service to their friends, in encounters with the neighbouring islanders."

The natives of Manicolo are not cannibals; but when an enemy falls into their power he is immediately killed, and his body is deposited in sea-water, and kept there until the bones become perfectly bare. The skeleton is then taken up, the bones of the extremities scraped and cut into various forms, to point arrows and spears. Their arms consist of heavy clubs, spears, and bows and arrows. They poison the latter with a kind of reddish gum, extracted from a species of tree peculiar to the island. When any one is struck by a poisoned arrow in any of the limbs, the part is quickly cut out, and his life is sometimes saved; but if the wound happens to be in the body, where it cannot be easily excised, he resigns himself quietly to death without a murmur, though he frequently lingers for four or five days in excruciating agony.

The Manicolans differ from almost all the other islanders in the South Sea; they are as black as negroes, have short woolly hair, and resemble them in their features. Their religion also is different; in every village in the island there is a house dedicated to the Deity. At the principal chapel, the skulls of all the people who were killed, belonging to the ship that grounded at Whanoo, are still preserved. The natives of Tucopia, unaccustomed to the sight of human bones, avoid, as much as possible, when they visit the island, approaching the sacred house where the skulls are deposited.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE *new edition*, (of which *Waverley* has just appeared,) is, without exception, the handsomest book of the day, in editorship, literary and graphic embellishment or typography. Perhaps little persuasion was necessary for a second reading of so delightful a novel as *Waverley*, but the author's piquant notes to the present edition would alike tempt the matter-of-fact man, and the inveterate novel reader to "begin again." The prefatory anecdotes to *Waverley* are extremely interesting—and the little autobiographic sketches are so many leaves from the life of the ingenious author. We hope to introduce a few of the notes of the Series; but content ourselves for the present with the following: being the original of the legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldbuck:

MR. R——D of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala,

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was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators of the tithes.) Mr. R——d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R——d thought that he had informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. ——, a writer (or attorney,) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr. —— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." Mr. R—d awaked in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying any thing of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them; so that Mr. R——d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing. The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few would suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. R——d a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. R——d had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours. It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. R——d, whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night.—*Notes to the Antiquary.*

ROAD-BOOK OF FRANCE.

PEOPLE who are bound for the Continent should provide themselves with the new edition of Mr. Leigh's descriptive Road Book of France—even before they get their passports at the French ambassador's, or if they only *intend* to visit Calais, Boulogne, or Dieppe—and the chances are that they will be induced to travel beyond these places, which, in truth, give an Englishman no more idea of France than Dover would afford a foreigner of England. A few years since comparatively speaking, people only knew their way from York to London, much less the objects on the road—now, by the economy of guide books they may know

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every good inn in France, and carry the *ichnography* of the kingdom in their coat pocket. In the present edition of the "Road Book of France," attention has been paid to the description of the delightful South, especially of Bordeaux, the mineral springs and bathing-places of the Pyrenees, the navigation of the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon, as well as of Marseilles, Toulouse, &c., and some of the principal towns have been illustrated with plans. Dipping into the Itinerary from Calais to Paris, we were reminded of a curious coincidence: Julius Cæsar is supposed to have sailed from Boulogne on his expedition against the Britons; and in later times, Napoleon Bonaparte there prepared to carry into execution the invasion of Great Britain. But how different have been the results!

JOURNEY FROM THE BANK TO BARNES.

A LIVELY volume with many shreds of wit and humour, and occasional patches of "righte merrie conceite," has just fallen into our hands, and has afforded us some very pleasant reading. There is fun in the very title, "Personal Narrative of a Journey overland from the Bank to Barnes, &c. with some account of the Regions east of Kensington. By an Inside Passenger. With a Model for a Magazine, being the product of the Author's sojourn at the village of Barnes, during five rainy days." The author is a shrewd, clever fellow, who loves a little raillery on the follies of the day, and joins with our friend, Popanilla in deploring the present artificial state of society; therefore, suppose we give a few *flying* extracts from his tour, premising that the good people of the little villages through which he passed, are not aware of what good things he has said of them; for his little book would suit every parlour window from Hyde Park Corner to Barnes.

Brentford.

The ancient and nearly deserted barony of Brentford still contains, in its monuments and antiquities, vestiges of former splendour. The horse-trough opposite the "Bell and Feathers" is to the antiquarian a most particularly interesting *morceau;* the verdure of age has defaced it in part, but enough still remains to prove that our ancestors had made no mean proficiency in the rustic style of architecture. The reservoir, which contains the sparkling element so grateful to that noble animal, is modelled from the celebrated sarcophagus in the British Museum; and the posts which support it are evidently Doric. On the outside of it are several nearly obliterated specimens of carving, as well as drawings in chalk.

Nearly parallel with the horse-trough, as you go down "Maud's Rents," is that useful, and indeed indispensible, triumph of hydraulics, the pump. The taste and science displayed in its execution do credit to the engineer; and the soil in which it is imbedded, being argillaceous, partially encrusted with strontian, reflects equal honour on his geological attainments. This pump, which you approach by three steps, is perpendicular, and of an elegant appearance; and forms the chief ornament of the "Rents." The handle is of wrought iron, highly polished; the snout copper, studded with hobnails. It is neatly coated with white paint, and bears on its front the following inscription, which I have copied for the gratification of the curious in antiquarian research.

This Pump was erected,
and Well sunk,
A. D. 1824,
from the proceeds of a Charity Sermon,
preached
in the Parish Church
of this Parish,
by his Grace the Bishop
of Bath and Wells.

Peter Broddupp,
Overseer,
Slingsby Stycle, and John Moles,
Churchwardens.

N. B. Whoever washes Fish at this Pump will be prosecuted.

I cannot take leave of this interesting town without noticing the church. It is surmounted by a neat steeple, cut in wood, in the pointed style of architecture; on the top of which is a goodly key, to indicate the wind,—which, the inhabitants remark, has blown due south for the last ten years. The porch, which is a curious specimen of the Mæso-Gothic, is rather hurt by the simplicity of the scrapers, which, being merely segments of iron hoops, do not harmonize with the otherwise elaborate approach.

Tossbury.

The demesne of Tossbury (by Camden written Tossbery) was anciently a grant in feoffment to the College of Physicians by King John. On the spot now occupied by the burial grounds formerly stood their college; and here they flourished until the population, originally abundant, diminished so alarmingly, as to induce them to remove to Warwick Lane.

Mr. P. (the landlord of the inn,) ever ready to shew his guests what at that vil-

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lage are esteemed great curiosities, was indefatigable in explaining the various instances in which he has made science subservient to utility. The staircase, as far as the great dining-room, he has, at considerable expense, macadamized; which, provided it is kept well watered, and scrapers attached to the chamber-doors, our worthy host assured us, was infinitely preferable to marble. He begged us to be under no apprehension as to the dampness of our beds, as they were warmed by a steam-apparatus of his own contrivance. He always keeps a Leyden jar, about the size of a boiler, ready charged, wherewith he kills geese, turkeys, and even lamb; which, he affirms, is a much less shocking method of neutralising the vital spark than the vulgar butchery of twisting and sticking. He has lost three of his fingers, through incautiously handling a self-acting rat-trap of his own construction; and had his left eye blown out, while investigating the exact interval between combustion and explosion.

* * * * * *

I found a difference of about half an hour between the dial of Putney Church and my watch, which a young gentleman "intended for one of the universities" accounted for from difference of latitude. He likewise explained a phenomenon, which rather startled us, near Kew. We saw about half-a-dozen cows galloping furiously towards the river's brink; flirting their tails, and, indeed, conducting themselves with a vivacity perfectly inconsistent with the acknowledged sobriety of that useful animal. He calmed our apprehensions, by informing us they were intended for the East Indies. Every other day they are fed with best rock-salt, instead of green-meat; which, by chemical agency, renders them fat and fit to be killed, and sent on ship-board at a moment's notice; the trouble and delay of salting down being totally unnecessary. These cows, he assured us, had just finished their thirst-inducing meal.

Near Hill's boat-shed is the patent Philanthropical Hay-tosser, a stupendous machine, invented expressly to prevent the degradation and slavery to which thousands of our fellow men are subjected during hay-harvest. It must gratify every friend to the amelioration of his species to learn, that the humane intention of the inventer is likely to be realized, as there are already three thousand Irishmen out of employ.

Here we must halt with our tourist. The result of his lucubrations at Barnes—a Model for a Magazine will be found very serviceable to all prospectus writers, and furnish skeleton articles for a whole volume. We have been amused with the pleasantries of the author, and in return we thank him, and recommend his little book to our readers.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CLASSICAL CORRECTIONS.

In a neat little cottage, some five miles from town,
Lived a pretty young maiden, by name Daphne Brown,
Like a butterfly, pretty and airy:
In a village hard by lived a medical prig,
With a rubicund nose, and a full-bottomed wig,
Apollo, the apothecary.

He, being crop-sick of his bachelor life,
Resolved, in his old days, to look for a wife—
(*Nota bene*—I thank Heaven, I'm not married):
He envied his neighbours their curly-poled brats,
(All swarming, as if in a village of Pats,)
And sighed that so long he had tarried.

Having heard of fair Daphne, the village coquette,
As women to splendour were never blind yet,
He resolved with his grandeur to strike her;
So he bought a new baggy, where, girt in a wreath,
Were his arms, pills, and pestle—this motto beneath—
"*Ego opifer per orbem dicor.*"

To the village he drove, sought young Daphne's old sire,
Counted gold by rouleaus, and bank notes by the quire,
And promised the old buck a share in't,
If his daughter he'd give—for the amorous fool
Thought of young ladies' hearts and affections the rule
Apparently rests with a parent.

Alas! his old mouth may long water in vain,
Who tries by this method a mistress to gain—
A *miss* is the sure termination:
For a maiden's delight is to plague the old boy,
And to think sixty-five not the period for joy;
Alas! all the sex are vexation.

Daphne Brown had two eyes with the tenderest glances!
Her brain had been tickled by reading romances,
And those compounds of nonsense called novels.
Where Augustus and Ellen, or fair Isabel,
With Romeo, in sweet little cottages dwell;
Sed meo periclo, read novels.

She had toiled through Clarissa; Camilla could quote;
Knew the raptures of Werter and Charlotte by rote;
Thought Smith and Sir Walter ecstatic;
And as for the novels of Miss Lefanu,
She dog's-eared them till the white twenty looked blue;
And studied "The Monk" in the attic.

When her sire introduced our Apollo, he found
The maiden in torrents of sympathy drowned—
"Floods of tears" is too trite and too common:
Her eyes were quite swelled—her lips pouting and pale:
For she just had been reading that heart-breaking tale,
"Annabelle, or the Sufferings of Woman."

Apollo, I'll swear, had more courage than I,
To accost a young maid with a *drop in her eye*.

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I'd as soon catch a snake or a viper:
She, while wiping her tears, gives Apollo some wipes;
And when a young lady has set up her pipes,
Her lover will soon pay the piper.

Papa locked her up—but the very next night,
With a corset of horse, the young lady took flight;
To Apollo she left this apology—
"That, were she to spend with an old man her life,
She would gain, by the penance she'd bear as a wife,
A place in the next martyrology."

Apollo gave chase, but was destined to fail;
The female had safely been lodged in the mail,
Now flying full speed to the borders:
So the doctor, compelled his sad fate to endure,
Came back to his shop, commissioned to cure
All disorders but Cupid's disorders.

Monthly Magazine.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

THE origin of this princely establishment may be new to our readers:—One of the owners of the castle, John Forster, member for Northumberland, having joined in the rebellion, and being general of the English part of the rebel army, of course his estates, then valued at 1,314 *l. per annum*, were forfeited; Crewe, bishop of Durham, purchased them from the government commissioners, and settled the whole, by his will, on charitable uses. Under a clause which left the residue of the rents to such charitable uses as his trustees might appoint, the "princely establishment of Bamborough" has arisen—where

"Charity hath fixed her chosen seat;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the grave."
Bowles.

The charitable intentions of a testator have never, in any instance, been better fulfilled than this: the residuary rents, owing to the great increase of rental in the Forster estates, became considerably the most important part of the bequest; and the trustees, who are restricted to five in number, all clergymen, and of whom the rector of Lincoln College is always one, being unfettered by any positive regulations, have so discharged their trust as to render Bamborough Castle the most extensively useful, as well as the most munificent, of all our eleemosynary institutions. There are two free-schools there, both on the Madras system, one for boys, the other for girls; and thirty of the poorest girls are clothed, lodged, and boarded, till, at the age of sixteen, they are put out to service, with a good stock of clothing, and a present of 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* each; and at the end of the first year, if the girl has behaved well, another guinea is given her, with a Bible, a Prayer-book, the Whole Duty of Man, and Secker's Lectures on the Catechism. There is a library in the castle, to which Dr. Sharp, one of the trustees, bequeathed, in 1792, the whole of his own collection, valued at more than 800*l.*; the books are lent gratuitously to any householder, of good report, residing within twenty miles of Bamborough, and to any clergyman, Roman Catholic priest, or dissenting minister within the said distance. There is an infirmary also in the castle, of which the average annual number of in-patients is about thirty-five—of out-patients above one thousand. There is an ample granary, from whence, in time of scarcity, the poor are supplied on low terms. Twice a week the poor are supplied with meal, at reduced prices, and with groceries at prime cost; and the average number of persons who partake this benefit is about one thousand three hundred in ordinary times, in years of scarcity very many more. To sailors on that perilous coast Bamborough Castle is what the Convent of St. Bernard is to travellers in the Alps. Thirty beds are kept for shipwrecked sailors; a patrol for above eight miles (being the length of the manor) is kept along the coast every stormy night; signals are made; a life-boat is in readiness at Holy Island, and apparatus of every kind is ready for assisting seamen in distress;—wrecked goods are secured and stored, the survivors are relieved, the bodies that are cast on shore are decently interred.

Quarterly Review.

Fine Arts

THE DIORAMA.

ON the day of the unfortunate destruction of the Oxford Street Diorama and Bazaar, by fire, two new views were opened at the Diorama in the Regent's Park. These are the *Interior of St. Peter's at Rome*, and the *Village of Thiers*.

We have so often spoken in terms of the highest commendation of the Regent's Park Diorama, that we hardly know in what set of words to point out the beauties of these new views, the merits of which must not alter our meed of praise, however the subjects may its details. The Interior of St. Peter's is by M. Bouton. The point of view is at the east entry, opposite to the choir; the reader, perhaps not being aware that the choir in this cathedral is situated differently from all

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others, being at the west end. So beautiful are the proportions of the cathedral itself, that its vastness does not strike at first sight, and this effect is admirably preserved in the Diorama. We think we could point out a few inaccuracies in the drawing; but the projections, capitals of the columns, and some of the medallion portraits which ornament them, are so well painted, that we can scarcely believe ourselves looking on a flat surface. Again, the emmet-like figures of the distant congregation are admirable illustrations of the vastness of the building; and above all, the flood of light shed from the lantern of the dome is a perfect triumph of art.

The other view is the French Village of Thiers in the department of the Puy de Doue, on the bank of the little River Durolle, which is actually made to flow, or rather trickle over large stones; whilst smoke ascends from the chimney of an adjoining cottage. As a romantic picture of still life, its merits can scarcely be too highly spoken of, and when we say it is quite equal to *Unterseen*, by the same artist, and engraved in our last volume, we hope our readers will not be long ere they judge for themselves. We could have lingered for an hour in the contemplation of this peaceful picture, with the devotional interior of St. Peter's —and in contrasting them with the turmoil of the Great Town out of which we had just stepped to view this little *Creation* of art.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

LINES

Written impromptu, by Sir Lumley Skeffington, Bart. in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, at the Benefit of Miss Foote, on Wednesday, May 10, 1826, the last night of her engagement.

MARIA departs!—'tis a sentence of dread,
For the Graces turn pale, and the Fates droop their head!
In mercy to breasts that tumultuously burn,
Dwell no more on departure—but speak of return.
Since she goes, when the buds are just ready to burst,
In expanding its leaves, let the Willow be first.
We here shall no longer find beauties in May;
It cannot be Spring, when Maria's away:
If vernal at all, 'tis an April appears,
For the Blossom flies off, in the midst our tears.

THE KING'S SPEECH IN 993.

SHARON TURNER, in his "History the Anglo-Saxons," vol. iv. says, "The King presided at the witena-gemots, and sometimes, perhaps, always addressed them." In 993, we have this account of a royal speech. The King says, in a charter which recites what had passed at one of their meetings, "I benignantly addressed to them salutary and pacific words. I admonished all — that those things which were worthy of the Creator, and serviceable to the health of my soul, or to my royal dignity, and what should prevail as proper for the English people, they might, with the Lord's assistance, discuss in common." W.

A VERY common excuse set up by economists for being too late for dinner is, "There was not a coach to be found."—Uncalculating and improvident selfish idiot, not to send for one till the very last moment; you save nothing by it, and spoil your friend's dinner, in order to save yourself sixpence. Suppose you have a mile and a half to go, the fare is one shilling and sixpence; you will be about eighteen minutes going that distance, and for that sum you may detain the coach forty-four minutes. Always call a coach a quarter of an hour before you want it—*i. e.* if you do not wish to be too late.

NEGRO CANDOUR.

A NEGRO in the Island of St. Christopher had so cruel a master that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved. "I suppose," says he, "he's a chip of the old block?"—"No, no," says the negro, "Massa be all block himself."

A POPE'S VERACITY.

POPE ALEXANDER VI. used to say, when reminded of promises he never intended to perform, "It is true I did make a promise, but I did not *take an oath to keep it.*"

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PITY.—A FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

What is pity?
'Tis virtue's essence,—'tis benevolence
Itself;—'tis mercy, justice, charity;
It is the rarest boon that man doth give to man;
It is the first perfection of our nature;
It is the brightest attribute of heav'n;
Without it man should rank beneath the brute;
And with it—he is little lower than angel.
The generous mite of penury is pity;
Nay, ev'n a look.—
Not so the heartless pittance of the affluent,
That is hypocrisy. If you pity,
Your heart is liberal to forgive,
Your memory to forget—
Your purse is open, and your hands are free
To help the penniless. CYMBELINE

THE PENDRILS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—From a note which I have just seen at the foot of the interesting account of the escape of Charles the Second, in vol. v. of the MIRROR, the reader is led to conclude, that the pension granted to Richard Pendril, expired at his death. No such thing. Old Dr. Pendril lived, practised, and died at Alfriston, a little town in the east of Sussex, some forty or fifty years since. His son, John Pendril, died at Eastbourn, four or five years ago. His son, Mr. John Pendril, kept a public house at Lewes, a few years since, to which he added the appropriate sign of the "Royal Oak." All these in succession enjoyed the pension of —— marks, granted by Charles the Second, together with something of a sporting character called "free warren." The last Mr. John Pendril was lately living at or near Brighton. W. W.

EATING "MUTTON COLD."

(For the Mirror.)

BE good enough to insert the solution of *Hen. B.*'s difficulty in your last MIRROR, which I send at foot, and thereby oblige a constant

SUBSCRIBER AND FRIEND.

The solution, or attempt at solution of *Hen. B.*'s difficulty as to what Goldsmith means in his poem "Retaliation," when he concludes his ironical eulogium on Edmund Burke, thus:—

"In short 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

By being "unemployed" it is presumed that he was not engaged in the ordinary avocations of life, or in other words was not engaged in those legitimate avocations which have for their object the procuring the means of subsistence for the masticator; but if it is meant to have a name of extensive meaning, the solution is unanswerable.

Assuming the former to be Goldsmith's meaning, the answer to be given to the solution might be that eating mutton cold, is eating cold mutton in its cold state, cooked or uncooked; but if the more general meaning is insisted upon, I cannot see how the masticator is unemployed, as his jaws which form a most material part of himself—are set in full motion by the operation of eating—hence full employment is given them—and as much to the "he" who is the owner of such jaws.

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 338.)

91. *Portrait of the late Earl of Kellie, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife.*—D. Wilkie.—A noble portrait, painted for the County Hall, Cupar.

92. *Night.*—H. Howard.—An exquisite scene from Milton:—

"—— now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

102. *Portrait of the Duchess of Richmond.*—Sir T. Lawrence.

110. *Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' Feet.*—D. Wilkie.—This ceremony takes place during the holy week, in the Convent of Santa Trinita dei Pelligrini; and Mr. Wilkie has infused a devotional character into this picture which is highly characteristic of Catholic solemnity.

127. *Portrait of Jeremy Bentham.*—H. W. Pickersgill.—An admirable likeness of the veteran-patriot and political economist.

128. *The Defence of Saragossa.*—D. Wilkie.—The subject is so well explained in the Catalogue, that we quote it:—

"The heroine Augustina is here represented on the battery, in front of the convent of Santa Engratia, where her husband being slain, she found her way to the station he had occupied, stept over his body, took his place at the gun, and declared she would herself avenge his death.

"The principal person engaged in placing the gun is Don Joseph Palafox, who commanded the garrison during the memorable siege, but who is here represented in the habit of a volunteer. In front of him is the Reverend Father Consolaqion, an Augustin Friar, who served

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with great ability as an engineer, and who, with the crucifix in his hand, is directing at what object the cannon is to be pointed. On the left side of the picture is seen Basilico Boggiero, a priest, who was tutor to Palafox, celebrated for his share in the defence, and for his cruel fate when he fell into the hands of the enemy. He is writing a despatch to be sent by a carrier pigeon, to inform their distant friends of the unsubdued energies of the place."

In this part of the room are half a dozen excellent portraits, all by different artists.

149. *The Soldier's Wife.*—W. F. Witherington.—This picture is from an anecdote of the late Duke of York. His Royal Highness, as he returned one day from a walk, observed a poor woman in tears, sent away from his house. On asking the servant who she was, he answered, "A beggar, some soldier's wife." "A soldier's wife!" returned his Royal Highness; "give her immediate relief: what is your mistress but a soldier's wife?"—An interesting picture, although we do not think the likeness of the benevolent Duke is very striking. However, the incident must have occurred a few years previous to his decease.

157. *Lord Byron's Dream.*—C. L. Eastlake.—A rich oriental landscape, and a most delightful scene of desert stillness.

172. *Portrait of Robert Southey, Esq.*—Sir T. Lawrence.—We hope the president's portrait will please the laureate, for he has been rather tenacious about his "likenesses" which have been engraved. The present is, perhaps, one of the most intellectual portraits in the roo n, but is too energetic even for the impassioned poet.

181. *Queen Margaret of Anjou,* being defeated at the battle of Hexham, flies with the young prince into a forest, where she meets with robbers, to whose protection she confides her son.—H. P. Briggs.—This subject is by no means new in art, but is here cleverly treated, and the whole is very effective.

214. *Othello and Desdemona.*—R. Evans.—Why is Othello in armour? Let Mr. Planché, in his *Costumes*, look to this.

216. *Portrait of Miss Phillips, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as Juliet.*—H. E. Dawe.—This picture is entirely devoid of flattery; and is by no means a good likeness of the interesting original.

224. *Roman Princess, with her Attendant, washing the female pilgrim's feet.*—D. Wilkie.—An affecting picture of a truly devotional incident.

246. *Camilla introduced to Gil Blas at the Inn.*—G. S. Newton.—This picture is considered to be Mr. Newton's *chef d'œuvre.* The landlord is entering the chamber with a flambeau in his hand lighting in a lady, more beautiful than young, and very richly dressed; she is supported by an old squire, and a little Moorish page carries her train. The lankiness of Camilla is somewhat objectionable, but the head is exquisitely animated. The sentimentality of Gil Blas too, is excellent.

293. *The Confessional—Pilgrims confessing in the Basilica of St. Peter's.*—D. Wilkie.—An interesting picture, though not equal to others by the same artist, in the present exhibition.

322. *Hadleigh Castle. The mouth of the Thames—morning after a stormy night.*—J. Constable.—The picturesque beauty of this scene is spoiled by the spotty "manner of the artist."

352. *Coronation of the Remains of Ines de Castro.*—G. St. Evre.—An attractive picture of one of the most extraordinary scenes in history. The remains of Dona Ines de Castro taken out of her tomb six years after the interment, when she was proclaimed queen of Portugal. This is an illustration of Mrs. Hemans's beautiful lines which we quoted in a recent number of the MIRROR.

455. *Portrait of Mrs. Locke, sen.*—Sir T. Lawrence.—A Reubens-like portrait of a benevolent lady, and which we take to be an excellent likeness.

592. *Portrait of John Parker, Esq. on his favourite horse Coroner, with the Worcestershire fox hounds.*—T. Woodward.—We can relate a curious circumstance connected with this picture. While in the room, a country gentleman and his lady inquired of us the subject—we turned to the number in the Catalogue, and gave him the desired information. "Ah," said he, "I was sure it was *Parker*, and told my wife the same, although I was not previously aware of his portrait being in the Exhibition." We should think the resemblance must be very striking.

The *Antique Academy* is almost covered with portraits, and the miniatures hang in cluster-like abundance—so that what with bright eyes and luxuriant tresses, this is not the least attractive of the rooms.

In the *Library* are several fine architectural drawings; among which is a view of Chatsworth, by Sir J. Wyatville, including, as we suppose, all the magnificent additions and improvements, now in progress there. Mr. Soane's Designs for entrances to the Parks and the western part of London, (which we alluded to in our No. 360,) are likewise here.

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In the *Model Academy*, Messrs. Chantrey and Westmacott have some fine groups, and Behnes three fine busts—the Duke of Cumberland, Princess Victoria, and Lady Eliz. Gower.

It would be easy to extend this notice through the present and next number, but as other matters press, and as all the town go to Somerset House, we hope this notice will be sufficient; for it is not in our power to enumerate half the fine pictures in the Exhibition, much as we rejoice at this flourishing prospect of British art.

MULREADY'S "WOLF AND LAMB."

In a preceding number we stated that the copyright of this picture had been purchased for 1,000 guineas, and appropriated to the Artists' Fund, which a correspondent, and "a member of the Fund," informs us is not the fact. He assures us that the original picture was purchased some years since by his Majesty, who granted the loan of it to the society, at whose expense it was engraved; the sale of the prints producing 1,000*l.* to the Fund. Mr. Mulready has the merit of painting the picture and procuring the loan of it; but our version of the affair would make it appear otherwise. We copied our notice from the newspapers, where it was stated, as from the Lord Chancellor, at the Fund Dinner, that Mr. Mulready had relinquished his copyright to the picture for the benefit of the Fund, which had thus produced 1,000*l.*; but we thank our correspondent for his correction.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FIVE NIGHTS OF ST. ALBAN'S.

This is a work of pure fiction, and is one of the most splendidly imaginative books we have met with for a long time. It is attributed to the author of the "First and Last" sketches in *Blackwood's Magazine*, some of which have already been transferred to our pages. No further recommendation can be requisite; but to give the reader some idea of the vivid style in which the work is written, we detach two episodal extracts.

THE IDIOT GIRL.

When Peverell reached his own house, his man Francis met him with a strangely mysterious look and manner.

"Here is one within," said he, "that will not, by any dint of persuasion, go; though I have been two good hours trying my skill to that end."

"Who is it?" inquired Peverell.

"That, neither, can I discover," quoth Francis. "She knocked at the door—it might be something after eleven, perhaps near upon twelve—and when I opened it, she whips into the hall without saying a word, walks into every room in the house—I following her, as a beadle follows a rogue, till he sees him beyond the parish bounds—and at last takes possession of your low chair, and, without so much as 'by your leave,' begins to wring her hands, and cry 'Lord! Lord!'—'What do you want, good woman?' said I. But I might as well have addressed myself to the walls, for 'Lord! Lord!' was all her moan."

Peverell hastened into the room, and there he saw poor Madge—her face buried in her hands, rocking to and fro, weeping most piteously, and as Francis had described, ever and anon calling upon the Lord, but in a tone of such utter wretchedness, that it pierced his very heart.

He spoke to her. She started up at the sound of his voice, looked at him, and then mournfully exclaimed, while she pointed to the ground—"They have buried her!"

"Then be comforted," said Peverell, in a kind and soothing voice; "your hardest trial is past."

"What a churl he was!" continued Madge, not heeding the words of Peverell; "I only asked him to keep the grave open till to-morrow, and he denied me! Only till to-morrow—for then, said I, the cold earth can cover us both. But he denied me! So I fell upon my knees, beside my Marian's grave, and prayed that he might never lose a child, to know that blessedness of sorrow which lies in the thought of soon sleeping with those we have loved and lost! It was very wrong in me, I know, to wish to call down such affliction on him—but he denied me—and I had to hear the rattling dust fall upon her coffin—ay, and to see that dark, deep grave filled up; as if a mother might not have her own child!"

"Poor afflicted creature!" exclaimed Peverell, in a half whisper to himself.

"Yes!" said Madge, drying her tears with her hands. "Yes! I have walked with grief, for my companion in this world, through many a sad and weary hour. But I shook hands with her, and we parted, at the grave of Marian. I buried all my troubles there. What is the hour?"

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"Hard upon two," replied Peverell.

"Then I must be busy," replied Madge, in a wild, hurried manner, and smiling at Peverell, with a look of much importance, as if what she had to do were some profound secret. "You'll not betray me, if I tell you?" she continued, taking his hand—"Feel!" and she placed it on her heart. "One, two; one, two; one, two—and so it goes on; it cannot beat beyond two! Oh, God! in what pain it is before it breaks!"

She now returned to the chair from which she had risen, at the sound of Peverell's voice. He approached nearer; and (with a view rather to draw her gently from her own thoughts, than from any desire that she should leave his house,) he asked her "if she would go home?"

"Yes," she replied; "bear with me yet a little while, and I'll go. It is near the time I promised Marian, when last I kissed her wintry cheek, as she lay shrouded in her coffin; and I may not fail. Lord! Lord! what a troubled and worthless world this seems to me now! A week ago, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the green earth, and all that was upon it, were dear to mine eyes; and I should have wept to look my last at them! But now, I behold nothing it contains, save my Marian's grave. You will see *me* laid in it, for pity's sake—won't you?"

"Ay," said Peverell, "but that will be when I am gray, and thinking of my own: so, cheer up. He that shall toll the bell for thee, now sleeps in his cradle, I'll warrant."

She beckoned Peverell to her, and taking his hand, she again placed it on her heart. A sad, melancholy smile played for a moment across her pale wrinkled face, and her glazed eyes kindled into a fleeting expressing of frightful gladness, as she feebly exclaimed, "Do you feel? One!—one!—one!—and hardly that.—I breathe only from here," she continued, pointing to her throat. "Feel!—feel!—one!—one!—another!—how I gasp—see!—see—"

She ceased to speak; the hand which retained Peverell's relaxed its hold—her head dropped—one long-drawn sigh was heaved—and poor Madge resigned a being touched with sympathies and feelings not often found in natures of nobler quality, in the world's catalogue of nobility. If, among the thousand doors which death holds open for mortal man to pass through, ere he puts on immortality, there be one, the rarest of them all, for broken hearts, this hapless creature found it. A self accusing spirit bowed her to the earth, with the sharpest of all griefs—a mother's anguish for an only child—lost to her, as gamesters lose fortunes—thrown away by her own hand.

FITZMAURICE THE MAGICIAN.

"*I have lived three hundred years!* In that time—in all that time, I have never seen the glorious sun descend, but followed still its rolling course through the regions of illimitable space. I have shivered on the frozen mountains of the icy north, and fainted beneath the sultry skies of the blazing east: the swift winds have been my viewless chariot, and on their careering wings I have been hurried from clime to clime. But, nor light, nor air, nor heat, nor cold, have been to me as to the rest of my species; for I was doomed to find in their extremes a perpetual torment. I howled, under the sharp, pinching pangs of the icy north; I panted with agony, in the scorching fervour of the blazing east; and when mine eyes have ached, with vain efforts, to pierce the darkness of the earth's centre, they have been suddenly blasted with excessive and intolerable delight.

"All the currents of human affection—all that makes the past delightful, the present lovely, and the future coveted, were dried up within me. My heart was like the sands of the desert, parched and barren. No living stream of hope, of gladness, or of desire, quickened it with human sympathies. It was a bleak and withered region, the fit abode of everduring sorrow and comfortless despair. I was as a blighted tree, that perishes not at the root, but is withered in all its branches. Tears, I had none. One gracious drop, falling from my seared orbs, would have been the blessed channel of pent-up griefs that seemed to crush my almost frenzied brain. Sighs, I breathed not. They would have heaved from my bursting heart some of that misery, which loaded it to anguish. Sleep never came. I was denied the common luxury of the common wretched, to lose, in its sweet oblivion, its brief forgetfulness, the sense of what I was. Death, natural death, closed his many doors against me. All that lived, except myself—the persecuted, the weary, and the heavily laden of man's race—could find a grave! I, alone, looked upon the earth, and felt that it had no resting place for me! God! God! what a forlorn and miserable creature is man, when, in h affliction, he cannot say to the worm, I shall be yours! I might have cast away, indeed, the YENARKON—the Giver of Life—the elixir of the Sibyl—but that would have been to subject myself to a power of darkness, in whose fell

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wrath I should have suffered the casting away of mine eternal soul!

"Thus the stream of time rolled on, burying beneath its dark waves, our little span of present, in the huge ocean of a perpetual past, and devouring, as the food of both, our swift decaying future. But I floated on its surface, and beheld whole generations flourish and fade away, while age and silver hairs, growing infirmities, and the closing sigh that ends them all, mocked me with a horrible exemption. I remained, and might have remained, for ages yet to come, the fixed and unaltered image of what I was, when in Mauritania I encountered the potent Amaimon, the damned magician of the den, but for that—woman's faith, and man's fidelity—which have made me what I AM!

"This *was* my destiny. Now mark, how I became enthralled to it; and how it befell, that at last I shook it off, and found redemption.

"In my middle manhood, when scarcely forty summers had glowed within my veins, I left my native Italy, and journeyed to the Holy Land, upon the strict vow of a self-imposed enance. It was for no sin committed in my days of youth, but for the satisfaction of an ardent piety, and the growing spirit of a long enkindled devotion. I had patrimonial wealth in Apulia; I had kindred; I had friends. I renounced them all, to dedicate myself, thenceforth, to the service of THE CROSS. My purpose was blessed, by a virtuous mother's prayers, that I might approve myself a worthy soldier of Christ; and it was sanctified by a holy priest at the altar.

"Even now, the recollection is strong within me, of the feelings with which, as the rising sun illumined the tops of the surrounding hills, I approached the once glorious, and still sacred, city of Jerusalem—that chosen seat of the Godhead—that Queen among the nations. Eclipsed, though it was, and its majestic head trodden into the dust, by the foot of the infidel, my gladdened eyes dwelt upon what was imperishable, and my wrapt imagination pictured what was destroyed. The valleys of Jehosaphat and Gehinnon, Mount Calvary, Mount Zion, and Mount Acre, stretched before me. The palace of King Herod, with its sumptuous halls of marble and of gold—the gorgeous Temple of Solomon—the lofty towers of Phaseolus and Mariamne—the palace of the Maccabees—the Hippodrome—the houses of many of the prophets—grew into existence again, beneath the creative force of fancy. I stood and wept. I knelt, and kissed the consecrated earth which once a Saviour trod."

"THE HUNTED STAG; A SKETCH.

WHAT sounds are on the mountain blast?
Like bullet from the arbalast,
Was it the hunted quarry past
  Right up Ben-ledi's side?—
So near, so rapidly he dash'd,
You lichen'd bough has scarcely plash'd
  Into the torrent's tide.
Ay!—The good hound may bay beneath,
  The hunter wind his horn;
He dared ye through the flooded Teith
  As a warrior in his scorn!
Dash the red rowel in the steed,
  Spur, laggards, while ye may!
St. Hubert's shaft to a stripling reed,
  He dies no death to-day!

'Forward!'—Nay, waste not idle breath,
Gallants, ye win no green-wood wreath;
His antlers dance above the heath,
  Like chieftain's plumed helm;
Right onward for the western peak,
Where breaks the sky in one white streak,
See, Isabel, in bold relief,
To Fancy's eye, Glenartney's chief,
  Guarding his ancient realm.
So motionless, so noiseless there,
His foot on rock, his head in air,
  Like sculptor's breathing stone!
Then, snorting from the rapid race,
Snuffs the free air a moment's space,
Glares grimly on the baffled chase,
  And seeks the covert loan."

"THE COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLETS.

BY the silent foot of the shadowy hill
  We slept in our green retreats,
And the April showers were wont to fill
  Our hearts with sweets;
And though we lay in a lowly bower,
  Yet all things loved us well,
And the waking bee left its fairest flower
  With us to dwell.
But the warm May came in his pride to woo
  The wealth of our virgin store,
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew
  Their sweets no more!
And the summer reigns on the quiet spot
  Where we dwelt—and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sisters' hearts, but not—
  Oh! not to *ours!*
We live—we bloom—but for ever o'er
  Is the charm of the earth and sky:
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore,
  Or bid us die!"

"THE FOUNTAIN: A BALLAD.

WHY startest thou back from that fount of sweet water?
  The roses are drooping while waiting for thee;
'Ladye, 'tis dark with the red hue of slaughter,
  There is blood on that fountain—oh! whose may it be?'
Uprose the ladye at once from her dreaming,
  Dreams born of sighs from the violets round,
The jasmine bough caught in her bright tresses, seeming
  In pity to keep the fair prisoner it bound.
Tear-like the white leaves fell round her, as, breaking
  The branch in her haste, to the fountain she flew,
The wave and the flowers o'er its mirror were reeking,
  Pale as the marble around it she grew.
She followed its track to the grove of the willow,
  To the bower of the twilight it led her at last,
There lay the bosom so often her pillow,
  But the dagger was in it, its beating was past.
Round the neck of the youth a light chain was entwining,
  The dagger had cleft it, she joined it again.
One dark curl of his, one of her's like gold shining,
  'They hoped this would part us, they hoped it in vain.

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Race of dark hatred, the stern unforgiving,
Whose hearts are as cold as the steel which they wear.
By the blood of the dead, the despair of the living,
Oh, house of my kinsman, my curse be your share!'
She bowed her fair face on the sleeper before her,
Night came and shed its cold tears on her brow;
Crimson the blush of the morning past o'er her,
But the cheek of the maiden returned not its glow.
Pale on the earth are the wild flowers weeping,
The cypress their column, the night-wind their hymn,
These mark the grave where those lovers are sleeping
Lovely—the lovely are mourning for them."

The Casket.

The Cosmopolite.

COUNTRY CHARACTER.

(For the Mirror.)

COUNTRY society has but little relief; and in proportion to intellectual refinement, this monotony appears to increase. We have always been favourable to Book Clubs in country towns, and about ten years since, established one in the anti-social town of ——. The plan worked well; its economy was admired, and extensively adopted all over England, but we heard little of its contributing to the social enjoyments of the people. Twenty families reading the same books, and these passed from house to house, among the respectability of the town, might have brought about a kind of consanguinity of opinion, and led to frequent interchange of civilities, meetings of the members at each others' houses, or at least a sort of how-d'ye-do acquaintance. The case was otherwise. The attorney and the doctor joined our society that their families of ten or twelve sons and daughters might keep under the sixpences and shillings of the circulating library; but they soon became jealous of *new books*, although they often returned them uncut and unread; and so far from knitting the bonds of acquaintance, we at last thought our plan served to estrange the members, by affording the little aristocracy frequent opportunities for venting their splenetic pride; the books were like *disjunctive conjunctions*, and when we left the place, the "society" did not promise to live another year.

We could entertain ourselves, at least, with sketches of a few of the members of this disjointed body; but we must be content with one, and that shall be the *bookseller* of the town.

Imagine a man of middle height, rather inclined to obesity, and just turned of fifty-eight. He had a broad, low forehead, sunken eyes, an aquiline nose, a heavy, hanging lip, and a chin which buried its projections in ample and unclassical folds of neckerchief. He was bald, except a tuft on the *occiput*, or hinder part of his head, and on dress occasions he wore powder. He was a widower, his wife having been dead about ten years, leaving him two daughters, the amiability of whose dispositions was a painful contrast to the uneven temper of their father. He kept a good table, and had the best cellar of grape wine in the town, but entertained little company. His guests were usually the valets or butlers of the gentry in the neighbourhood; but the housekeepers were never invited by his daughters, a point of propriety in male and female acquaintanceship which amused us not a little. His business was of a most multifarious description, and besides the trades of bookseller, stationer, and druggist, he had a printing-office, and was, moreover, a self-taught printer. He was post-master and stamp sub-distributor, receiver of bail, and agent for insurances—little official appointments which would have made him mayor in a corporate town. Of late years, he seldom meddled with these matters of business; but tired of their common track, he struck out a course of life, which was neither public nor private, but made him a sort of oracle in the town, whose opinions were freely printed and gratuitously circulated, whilst the author was seldom seen except at vestry-meetings. In this way he acted as secretary to a benevolent society established by the gentry, and such was his enthusiasm that he gave his services and £200. worth of printing during the first year; and the Committee in return presented him with a handsome piece of plate with a complimentary inscription, which he had the modesty to keep locked up, and never to display even to his visiters. This proved him to be a benevolent man, and he would have been ten times more useful had not his charitable disposition been over tinged with oddity and caprice. His contact with the poor of the parish soon made him overseer, although his religious observances would not qualify him for churchwarden; for he only went to church at funerals, to which he was frequently invited, his staid appearance, and a certain air of gentility of which he was master, being in such cases no mean recommendation. Overseer and select vestryman, he printed the parish accounts, for the most part gratuitously, although the poor and even the better portion of the towns-people never gave him full credit for this generosity, conceiving that he was repaid by some secret services or funds. The oddity of his

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pursuits was only exceeded by their variety. In politics he was a disciple of Cobbett, and year after year, foretold a revolution, an alarm which he communicated to every one of his household. He took extreme interest in all new mechanical projects, but seldom indulged in the practical part of them. In wine-making he was once a very experimentalist, and studied every line of Macculloch and unripe fruit; next, he turned over every inch of his garden, analyzed the soil *à la* Davy, and *salted* all his growing crops. His cogitative habits led him to take long walks in the country, and he soon flew from horticultural chemistry to real farming; and about the same time took to road making and macadamization, and became a surveyor of the highways. But the trustees wanting to macadamize the miserably pitched street of the town, he bethought him of dust in summer and mud in winter, and drew up a long memorial to the lords of the soil, remonstrating with them on their impolitic conduct; but all in vain. It is curious, however, to reflect that what the people of a country town about ten years ago thought a curse to their roads should now be adopted in many of the principal London Streets. The last we heard of our bookseller's hobbies, was that he had bought the lease of a house for the sake of the large garden attached to it, and here, like Evelyn in his *Elysium Britannicum*, he passes his days in the primitive occupation of gardening.

Our bookseller is a self-educated man, and in some pamphlets on the charitable institution to which we have alluded, are many of the errors of style peculiar to self-educated writers. Among his acquaintance we remember an attorney who practised in London, but had a small house in the town. He had been editor and proprietor of four or five morning and evening newspapers, and furnished our bookseller with all the news off 'Change and about town. This friend and the journals were his oracles, and their influence he digested in morsels of political economy, so introduced into his pamphlets as not to offend the landed gentry of the neighbourhood. To them, it should be mentioned, he was a most useful personage, and his aid and auspices, were almost necessary to the success of any project for the interest of the town. The trades-people looked up to him; they would agree if Mr. —— did, or they would wait his opinion.

We have heard that he has been a gallant in his time; and more than once he has told little stories of dances and harvest homes, and merry meetings at the wealthy farmers' in the neighbourhood, of the moonlight walk home, and of his companions counting their won guineas on their return from an evening party—all of which threw into shade the social amusements of our artificial times. We have said that he kept a good table; for presents of game poured in from the gentlemen's bailiffs in the neighbourhood, fish from town to be repaid by summer visits, and if the fishmonger of the place was overstocked, the first person he sent to was our bookseller. Again, he would take a post-chaise, or the White Hart barouche, for a party of pleasure, when his neighbours would have been happy with a gig. He did not join, or allow his daughters to mix with them at the tradesman's ball, but they staid moping at home, because there was none between the gentry and trade. Yet the professional and little-fortune people cried —— trade, and thus our bookseller belonged to neither class. The people of the place know not whether he is rich; he has been "making money" all his life-time say they, but he has "lived away." It is, however, to be regretted that they cannot settle the point, since they determine to a pound the income of every gentleman and lady in the neighbourhood, and doff their hats according to the total.

To sum up his character, he is just and sometimes generous; hospitable but not unostentatious; dictatorial and circumlocutory to excess in his conversation, and of an inquisitive turn of mind, and considering his resources, he is well informed and even clever in matters of the world; in short, he is a perfect pattern of the gentleman tradesmen of the present day.

PHILO.

Notes of a Reader.

EMIGRATION.

A PAMPHLET of *Twenty-four Letters from Labourers in America to their Friends in England*, has lately reached our hands. These letters have been addressed by emigrants to their relatives in the eastern part of Sussex, and have been printed *literatim*. We are aware of the strong prejudice which exists against the practice of parishes sending off annually, a part of their surplus population to America; but some of the statements in these letters will stagger the *Noes*. We quote a few from letters written during the past year:

Brooklyn, Jan. 14, 1828.

JOHN is at work as carpenter, for the winter; his Boss gives him 5*s.* a day, our money, which is little more than

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2s. 6d. English money. They tell us that winter is a dead time in America; but we have found it as well and better than we expected. We can get good flour for 11d. English money; good beef for 2d. or 3d. do., and mutton the same price; pork about 4d.; sugar, very good, 5d.; butter and cheese is not much cheaper than in England; clothing is rather dear, especially woollen; worsted stockings are dear.

New Hereford, June 30, 1828.

Dear Father and Mother,

I NOW take the opportunity of writing to you since our long journey. But I am very sorry to tell you, that we had the misfortune to lose both our little boys; Edward died 29th April, and William 5th May; the younger died with bowel complaint; the other with the rash-fever and sore throat. We were very much hurt to have them buried in a watery grave; we mourned their loss; night and day they were not out of our minds. We had a minister on board, who prayed with us twice a day; he was a great comfort to us, on the account of losing our poor little children. He said, The Lord gave, and taketh away; and blessed be the name of the Lord. We should make ourselves contented if we had our poor little children here with us: we kept our children 24 hours. There were six children and one woman died in the vessel. Master Bran lost his wife. Mrs. Coshman, from Bodiam, lost her two only children. My sister Mary and her two children are living at Olbourn, about 80 miles from us. Little Caroline and father is living with us; and our three brothers are living within a mile of us. Brother James was very ill coming over, with the same complaint that William had. We were very sick for three weeks, coming over: John was very hearty, and so was father. We were afraid we should loose little Caroline; but the children and we are hearty at this time. Sarah and Caroline are often speaking of going to see their grandmother. Mary's children were all well, except little John; he was bad with a great cold. I have got a house and employ. I have 4s. a day and my board; and in harvest and haying I am to have 6s. or 7s. a day and my board. We get wheat for 7s. per bushel, of our money; that is about 3s. 7d. of your money; meat is about 3d. per pound; butter from 5d. to 6d.; sugar about the same as in England; shoes and clothes about the same as it is with you; tea is from 2s. 6d. 3s. 6d. of your money; tobacco is about 9d. per pound, of your money; good whisky about 1s. 1d. per gallon; that is 2s. of your money.

Hudson State, New York, July 6, 1828.

I MUST tell you a little what friends we met with when we landed in to Hudson; such friends as we never found in England; but it was chiefly from that people that love and fear God. We had so much meat brought us, that we could not eat while it was good; a whole quarter of a calf at once; so we had two or three quarters in a little time, and seven stone of beef. One old gentleman came and brought us a wagon load of wood, and two chucks of bacon; some sent flour, some bread, some cheese, some soap, some candles, some chairs, some bedsteads. One class-leader sent us 3s. worth of tin ware and many other things. The flowers are much here as yours; provision is not very cheap; flour is 1s. 7d. a gallon of this money, about 10d. of yours; butter is 1s., your money 6d.; meat from 2d. to 6d., yours 1d. to 3d.; sugar 10d. to 1s. yours 5d. and 6d. Tell father I wish I could send him nine or ten pound of tobacco; for it is 1s. a pound; I chaws rarely.

Constantia, Dec. 2, 1828.

Dear Children,

I NOW write for the third time since I left old England. I wrote a letter, dated October 8th; and finding that it would have four weeks to lay, I was afraid you would not have it; and as I told you I would write the truth, if I was forced to beg my bread from door to door, so I now proceed. Dear children, I write to let you know that we are all in good health, excepting your mother; and she is now just put to bed of another son, and she is as well as can be expected. And now as it respects what I have got in America: I have got 12½ acres of land, about half improved, and the rest in the state of nature, and two cows of my own. We can buy good land for 18s. per acre; but buying of land is not one quarter part, for the land is as full of trees as your woods are of stubs; and they are from four to ten rods long, and from one to five feet through them. You may buy land here from 18s. to 9l. in English money; and it will bring from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat per acre, and corn from 20 to 50 bushels per acre, and rye from 20 to 40 ditto. You may buy beef for 1½d. per pound; and mutton the same; Irish butter 7d. per pound; cheese 3d.; tea 4s. 6d.; sugar 7d. per pound; candles 7d.; soap 7d.; and wheat 4s. 6d. per bushel; corn and rye

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2s. per bushel. And I get 2s. 4d. a day and my board; and have as much meat to eat, three times a day, as I like to eat. But clothing is dear; shoes 8s.; half boots 16s.; calico from 8d. to 1s. 4d.; stockings 2s. 9d. to 3s. 6d.; flannel 4s. per yard; superfine cloth from 4s. 6d. to 1l.; now all this is counted in English money. We get 4s. per day in summer, and our board; and if you count the difference of the money, you will soon find it out; 8s. in our money is 4s. 6d. in your money.

The reader will perhaps think we give only the "milk and honey" of these letters, but they bear the stamp of authenticity.

KENILWORTH.

EVERY body knows the delightful romance of Kenilworth, — a tragedy, of which the dramatis personæ are the parties themselves, called up from their graves by the novelist magician. Students who attend St. Mary's Church, Oxford, still look out for the flat stone which covers the dust and bones of poor Amy, and could any sculptured effigies supply the place of the whole historical picture, then imagined in the mind's eye? More than once attracted by the old ballad,* we have, when undergraduates, walked to the "lonely towers of Cumnor Hall," fancied that we saw her struggle, and heard her screams, when she was thrown over the staircase (the traditional mode of her assassination,) and wondered how any man could have the heart to murder a simple lovesick pretty girl. Even now, in sorrow and in sadness, we read this account:—

The unfortunate Amye Duddley (for so she subscribes herself in the Harleian Manuscript, 4712,) the first wife of Lord Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and after Amy's death Earl of Leicester, was daughter of Sir John Robsart. Her marriage took place June 4, 1550, the day following that on which her lord's eldest brother had been united to a daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and the event is thus recorded by King Edward in his Diary: "4. 8. Robert dudeley, third sonne to th' erle of warwic, married S. John Robsartes daughter; after wich mariage ther were certain gentlemen that did strive who shuld first take away a gose's heade wich was hanged alive on tow crose postes." Soon after the accession of Elizabeth, when Dudley's ambitious views of a royal alliance had opened upon him, his countess mysteriously died at the retired mansion of Cumnor near Abingdon,† Sept. 8, 1560; and, although the mode of her death is imperfectly ascertained (her body was thrown down stairs, as a blind,) there appears far greater foundation for supposing the earl guilty of her murder, than usually belongs to such rumours, all her other attendants being absent at Abingdon fair, except Sir Richard Verney and his man. The circumstances, distorted by gross anachronisms, have been weaved into the delightful romance of "Kenilworth."

Of the goose and posts, *we* can suggest no better explanation than that the goose was intended for poor Amy, and the cross posts for the Protector Somerset, and his rival Dudley Duke of Northumberland, both of whom were bred to the devil's trade, ambition. Others may be possessed of more successful elucidation. At all events, it is plain that the people had a very suspicious opinion of Leicester, amounting to this, that he was a great rascal, who played a deep game, and stuck at nothing which he could do without danger to himself.‡ —*Gentleman's Magazine.*

* We believe, in Evans's collection.

MEXICAN MINES.

IT appears that, on an average of the fifteen years previous to the revolution, about twenty-two millions of dollars were exported, and that there was an accumulation of about two millions. Since the revolution, the exports have averaged 13,587,052 dollars, while the produce has decreased to eleven millions. This change was the natural consequence of the revolution. The favourable accounts of Humboldt excited a spirit of speculation that was wholly regardless of passing events; and the Act of Congress, facilitating the co-operation of foreigners with the natives, produced a mania which has been destructive to numberless individuals, who trusted too much to names. Seven English companies, with a capital of at least three millions, were established, and these were followed by two American, and one German, companies. Such was the rage for mining on the Royal Exchange, that for a time it was only necessary for any one to appear with contracts made with Mexican mine owners to establish a company. Many who were so ignorant as not even to know the difference between a shaft and a level, commenced speculators, not for the purpose of fairly earning a reward for doing some service to those to whom they offered their mines, but to fill their own

† It is only three miles from Oxford, and six or seven from Abingdon.

‡ His general mode of murder was by poison and it is said, that he so perished himself.

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purses without reference to consequences. Such a system of unprincipled conduct could not last; almost all the minor performers have been driven from the stage, and the respectable associations alone maintain their footing, though the want of returns for the immense sums invested has tended to produce a general want of confidence.

Since these enterprises have been undertaken, an immense and fruitless expenditure has been incurred by sending out machinery, which could be of no earthly use—by despising the native processes, and substituting others that have been found wholly inapplicable—and by introducing British labourers, who when abroad reverse all the good qualities for which they are valuable at home. A reform in this system we believe to have been generally adopted, and we are sure that a reduction of expense, a management purely European, and native labour, with only such modifications in working, smelting, or amalgamating, as experience will prove to be advantageous, will, in a moderate time, return the capital already expended, with a commensurate advantage. But these things can only take place provided the public tranquillity be maintained, and the government keep their engagements with foreigners inviolate. The insecurity arising from the domestic feuds now disturbing this fine country, must, if it continues, finally annihilate its best resources.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Of the abhorrence with which the Dutch regard the French tongue, the following lines of Bilderdyk are an amusing example:—

Begone, thou bastard-tongue! so base — so broken—
By human jackals and hyænas spoken;
Formed for a race of infidels, and fit
To laugh at truth—and scepticize in wit;
What stammering, snivelling sounds, which scarcely dare,
Bravely through nasal channels meet the ear—
Yet helped by apes' grimaces—and the devil,
Have ruled the world, and ruled the world for evil!
Ibid,

COALS.

One of the pamphlets of the age of the Commonwealth is said, in the title-page, to be

Printed in the year
That sea-coal was exceeding dear.

The remembrance of this inconvenience, which the Londoners had suffered during the stoppage of their supply from Newcastle, made "the committees of both kingdoms conclude and agree among themselves, that some of the most notorious delinquents and malignants, late coal-owners in the town of Newcastle, be wholly excluded from intermeddling with any shares or parts of collieries;" "but as the parliament might find a difficulty in *driving on the trade*, they did not conceive it for their service to put out all the said malignants at once, but were rather constrained, for the present, to make use of those delinquents in working their own collieries as tenants and servants." The more stubborn and *wealthy*, therefore, were selected for example; and the others had this favour shown them.

LADY-POETS OF ENGLAND.

The following is a Frenchman's expression of homage to our modern female poets, in which we excel all the world:—

It is remarkable, that in the latter years of the eighteenth century, and also during the whole course of our revolution, there appeared in England a whole school, as it were, of female authors, whose pure and graceful productions are disfigured by no exaggerations, nor are they of that sombre character which distinguishes the modern literature of their country. Of the lady-authors of England, the most celebrated is Lady Wortley Montagu, the contemporary of Pope, who has left poems, but more especially letters, highly remarkable for their talent and philosophy. It is impossible to give here the names of the authoresses who appeared all on a sudden about half a century after Lady Wortley Montagu. One of the earliest of them was a lady of the same name, Mrs. E. Montagu, the author of the Essays on Shakspeare, and Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld, who wrote numerous poems and admirable hymns for children. There is great beauty in the Epistle of Mrs. Barbauld to Wilberforce, on the subject of the Abolition of the Slave Trade (1781.) Mrs. Hannah More has also written several works of *religious fiction*, and above all, some charming poems; Florio (1786,) and the Blue Stocking, or Conversation. The Blue Stocking is a burlesque name given to a lady's coterie, in which several females attempted to start a sort of *bureau d'esprit* under the direction of Mesdames Robinson and Piozzi, a coterie innocent enough, but which excited the wrath of Mr. Gifford, the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, who fulminated against it several satires in excessively bad taste, and written in a tone of disgusting pedantry. The verses of Mr. Gifford are infinitely more ridiculous than those he pretends to correct. Amongst the English ladies who have written romance, Miss Edgeworth,

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Mrs. Inchbald, and Lady Morgan, are worthy of especial note. Several ladies, without having written works of great importance, have still produced poetical pieces of graceful beauty; in this number it is but justice to distinguish Mrs. Opie. And lastly, in order to finish this hasty catalogue, we may remark that there have appeared in England, in our days, several ladies of a high order of literary, poetical, and at the same time, philosophical talent. Lady Morgan herself has contrived to mix up history and romance in her writings, with great ability; but among the ladies, who inscribed their fame on monuments more durable than romantic stories, we must select for honourable mention the names of Joanna Baillie, Aikin, Benger, and Helen Maria Williams. Miss Baillie, sister of the celebrated Dr. Baillie, the physician, is a woman of the highest talent. It is not your pretty nothings, your elegant trifles, which occupy her genius; on the contrary, she has attempted in a series of dramatic pieces, to paint the most energetic passion of the human heart; and her pieces, written in the most elevated and *Shakspearian* tone, will always be regarded as the work of a superior mind. John Kemble, in the part of *Montfort*, reached the sublime of agony. In the writings of Miss Baillie there is a combination of the solemn and the poetical, which is rarely observed in women. Miss Aikin has written some charming poems, far more beautiful than any I have met with in the writings of Miss Landon and Miss Mitford. The *Mouse's Petition*, by Miss Aikin, is a *chef-d'œuvre*. Miss Benger has published some historical works of great interest, which place her in the same line with Miss Aikin. Lastly, there is Helen Maria Williams, whose muse, half English, half French, has published poems, sonnets, and other pieces of verse, besides several political and historical works. This superior woman, at the same time that she gave birth, under the influence of sensibility and fancy, to works of inspiration, portrayed the details of the events of the French revolution, in the centre of which she threw herself, in 1792, from pure enthusiasm for liberty.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

AMERICAN LAW.

"No commentator," says Judge Hall, in his Letters from the West, "has taken any notice of *Linch's Law*, which was once the *lex loci* of the frontiers. Its operation was as follows:—When a horse thief, a counterfeiter, or any other desperate vagabond, infested a neighbourhood, evading justice by cunning, or by a strong arm, or by the number of his confederates, the citizens formed themselves into a "*regulating company*," a kind of holy brotherhood, whose duty was to purge the community of its unruly members. Mounted, armed, and commanded by a leader, they proceeded to arrest such notorious offenders as were deemed fit subjects of exemplary justice; their operations were generally carried on in the night. Squire Birch, who was personated by one of the party, established his tribunal under a tree in the woods, and the culprit was brought before him, tried, and generally convicted; he was then tied to a tree, lashed without mercy, and ordered to leave the country within a given time, under pain of a second visitation. It seldom happened that more than one or two were thus punished; their confederates took the hint and fled, or were admonished to quit the neighbourhood."

MONUMENTAL ALTERATION.

THE following odd story is related respecting a monument in a chapel, adjoining *Stene*, a fine family seat in the north:—The sculptor, in that vile taste which seems to have originated in an unhappy design of making every thing connected with the grave revolting to our feelings, had ornamented this monument with "a very ghastly, grinning alabaster skull;" and the bishop one day expressed a wish to his domestic chaplain, Dr. Grey, that it had not been placed there. Grey, upon this, sent to Banbury for the sculptor, and consulted with him whether it was not possible to convert it into a soothing, instead of a painful object. After some consideration, the artist declared that the only thing into which he could possibly convert it was—a bunch of grapes! and accordingly, at this day, a bunch of grapes may be seen upon the monument; for the chapel, which for a time had been abandoned to the rooks and daws who built their nests among the monuments, has been repaired, and is now united to the rectory of Hinton.

IT is easier to induce people to follow than to set an example—however good it may be both for themselves and others, most men have a silly squeamishness about proposing an adjournment from the dinner table. The host, fearing that his guest may take it for a token that he loves his wine better than his friends, is obliged to feign an unwillingness to leave the bottle, and, as Sponge says—"In

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good truth, 'tis impossible, nay, I say it is impudent, to contradict any gentleman at his own table; the president is always the wisest man in the party."

"Be of our patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much, think little, and talk less;
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat your pudding, fool, and hold your tongue."
MAT PRIOR.

Therefore his friends, unless a special commission be given to them for that purpose, feel unwilling to break the gay circle of conviviality, and are individually shy of asking for what almost every one wishes.—*Kitchiner.*

THOUGH much has been done, the orthography of the Dutch language can hardly be considered as positively fixed. A witty writer and one who has *biographised* the Dutch poets with some severity, but much talent, says—

Spell—"Wereld"—so sets up Siegenbeek, and then
Comes Bilderdyk, and flings it down again.
He will have "Wareld"—'Tis a pretty quarrel
Shall *I* determine who shall wear the laurel
Not I!—I like them both—and so I'll say
"Waereld"—and each shall have his own dear way.

THE MEXICAN NAVY

Is in a most deplorable state. The difficulty of reducing the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa led to the collection of some gun-boats, a couple of sloops of war, and two or three armed schooners. This number has since received the addition of a line of battle ship, two frigates, and some other vessels of war. Some English and American officers were engaged, but we believe that all the former have left the service, and that very few of the latter remain. Commodore Porter, of vain-glorious memory, (who once wrote a book of Voyages,) was, and may be still, the marine commandant, and distinguished himself by threatening to blockade Cuba, and by being obliged to skulk at Key West, to avoid destruction by the gallant Laborde. The Mexicans require no navy, and cannot maintain one; the sooner, therefore, they restrict it to a very few revenue cutters the better. The nature of the country and the destructive climate of the coast, diminish greatly the necessity for keeping up a military establishment for *external* defence. Foreign invasion can do little; more is to be dreaded from internal dissensions.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

A prudent host, who is not in the humour to submit to an attack from "staunch topers," "who love to keep it up" as *bons vivants*, whose favourite song is ever "*Fly not yet*," will engage some sober friends to fight on his side, and at a certain hour to vote for "no more wine," and bravely demand "tea," and will select his company with as much care as a chemist composes a neutral salt, judiciously providing quite as large a proportion of alkali (tea men) as he has of acid (wine men.) To adjust the balance of power at the court of Bacchus, occasionally requires as much address as sagacious politicians say is sometimes requisite to direct the affairs of other courts.

To make the summons of the tea table serve as an effective ejectment to the dinner table, let it be announced as a special invitation from the lady of the house. It may be, for example, "Mrs. Souchong requests the pleasure of your company to the drawing-room." This is an irresistible mandamus.

"Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And Folly in thought drowning revels delight,
Such worship soon loses its charms for the soul,
When softer devotions our senses invite."
CAPTAIN MORRIS.
Dr. Kitchiner.

MAKING TEA.

IT has been long observed that the infusion of tea made in silver, or polished metal tea-pots, is stronger than that which is produced in black, other kinds of earthenware pots. This is explained on the principle, that polished surfaces retain heat much better than dark, rough surfaces, and that, consequently, the caloric being confined in the former case, must act more powerfully than in the latter.

It is further certain, that the silver or metal pot, when filled a second time, produces worse tea than the earthenware vessel; and that it is advisable to use the earthenware pot, unless a silver or metal one can be procured sufficiently large to contain at once all that may be required. These facts are readily explained by considering, that the action of heat retained by the silver vessel so far exhausts the herb as to leave very little soluble substance for a second infusion; whereas the reduced temperature of the water in the earthenware pot, by extracting only a small proportion at first, leaves some soluble matter for the action of a subsequent infusion.

The reason for pouring boiling water into the tea-pot before the infusion of the tea is made, is, that the vessel being previously warm, may abstract less heat from the mixture, and thus admit a more powerful action. Neither is it difficult to explain the fact why the infusion of tea is stronger if only a small quantity of boiling water be first used and more be

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added some time afterwards; for if we consider that only the water immediately in contact with the herb can act upon it, and that it cools very rapidly, especially in earthenware vessels, it is clear that the effect will be greater where the heat is kept up by additions of boiling water, than where the vessel is filled at once, and the fluid suffered gradually to cool.

When the infusion has once been completed, it is found that any further addition of the herb only affords a very small increase in the strength, the water having cooled much below the boiling point, and consequently, acting very slightly.

Ibid.

The Naturalist.

THE HUMAN EAR.

THE Ear consists of three principal divisions, viz. the external, intermediate, and internal ear. The different parts of the first division, or external ear, are described by anatomists under the name of the helix, antihelix, tragus, antitragus, the lobe, cavitas innominata, the scapha, and the concha. In the middle of the external ear is the meatus, or passage, which varies in length in different individuals. The external or outward ear is designed by nature to stand prominent, and to bear its proportion in the symmetry of the head, but in Europe it is greatly flattened by the pressure of the dress; it consists chiefly of elastic cartilage, formed with different hollows, or sinuosities, all leading into each other, and finally terminating in the concha, or immediate opening into the tube of the ear. This form is admirably adapted for the reception of sound, for collecting and retaining it, so that it may not pass off, or be sent too rapidly to the seat of the impression. There have been a few instances of men who had the power of moving the external ear in a similar manner to that of animals; but these instances are very rare, and rather deviations from the general structure; nor did it appear in these instances that such individuals heard more acutely: a proof that such a structure would be of no advantage to the human subject. With respect to the external ear in man, whether it is completely removed either by accident or design, deafness ensues, although its partial removal is not attended with this inconvenience: the external ear, therefore, or something in its form to collect sound, is a necessary part of the organ.

The next division is the intermediate ear; it consists of the tympanum, mastoid cells, and Eustachian tube. The tympanum contains four small delicate bones, viz. the malleus, the incus, the stapes, and the os orbiculare, joined to the incus. The intermediate ear displays an irregular cavity, having a membrane, called the membrana tympani, stretched across its extremity; and this cavity has a communication with the external air, through the Eustachian tube, which leads into the fauces, or throat. The membrane of the tympanum is intended to carry the vibrations of the atmosphere, collected by the outward ear, to the chain of bones which form the peculiar mechanism of the tympanum. Besides the effect of the hard and bony parts of the ear in increasing the power of sound, the tension of the different membranes is also a requisite: thus various muscles are so situated as to put the membrane on the stretch, that the sound, striking upon it, may, from its tension, similar to that of the parchment of a drum-head, have full influence upon the sense. In respect to its tension, the membrane of the tympanum may be also compared, not unaptly, to the string of a violin, or musical instrument, even more properly than to a drum; as the state of tension and relaxation in such chords produces a variety of sound in the instrument, so, in the same manner, circumstances, which affect the tension and relaxation of the tympanum, vary most perceptibly its powers of action, and the customary agency of the organ. Its four bones act mechanically, in consequence of the power of the local muscles: they strike like the key of an instrument, and produce a percussion on the nerves of the tympanum. Not only may the membrane of the tympanum be partially destroyed, and hearing be preserved, but the small bones of the tympanum have been in certain cases lost, or have come away, from ulceration, and through a constitutional or other cause; but in such cases it appears that the stapes was, in most instances, left, and thus the openings of the fenestra ovata and fenestra rotunda were preserved, which prevented the escape of sound from the labyrinth and internal parts. With respect to the Eustachian tube, its aperture into the throat seems indispensable to hearing; and whenever closed, from malconfirmation or disease, deafness is the certain consequence.

The third division of the organ is the internal ear, which is called the labyrinth; it is divided into the vestibule, three semicircular canals, and the cochlea: the whole are incased within the petrous portion of the temporal bone. The internal ear may be considered as the actual seat of the organ; it consists of a nervous expansion of high sensibility, the sentient

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extremities of which spread in every direction, and in the most minute manner; inosculating with each other, and forming plexus, by which the auricular sense is increased. Here, also, sound is collected and retained by the mastoid cells and cochlea. To this apparatus is added the presence of a fluid, contained in sacs and membranes; as this fluid is in large quantities in some animals, there is no doubt it is intended as an additional means for enforcing the impression: the known influence of water, as a powerful medium or conductor of sound, strengthens this idea. The internal ear of man, therefore, has all the known varieties of apparatus, which are only partially present in other classes of the creation; and its perfection is best judged of, by considering the variety or form of the internal ear of other animals. The internal ear of some animals consists of little more than a sac of fluid, on which is expanded a small nervous pulp; according to the situation of this, whether the creature lives in water, or is partially exposed to the air, it has an external opening with the ear, or otherwise.—*Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, May* 30, 1828—*by J. H. Curtis, Esq.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE

POETICAL WILL

Of Nathaniel Lloyd, Esq. Twickenham, Middlesex.

WHAT I am going to bequeath,
When this frail part submits to death;
But still I hope the spark divine,
With its congenial stars shall shine.
My good executors, fulfil
I pray ye, fairly my goodwill
With first and second codicil,
And first, I give to dear Lord Hinton,
At Twyford School, now not at Winton,
One hundred guineas for a ring,
Or some such memorandum thing,
And truly much I should have blundered,
Had I not given another hundred
To Vere, Earl Powlett's second son,
Who dearly loves a little fun.
Unto my nephew, Robert Langdon,
Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done,
Though civil law he loves to hash,
I give two hundred pounds in cash,
One hundred pounds to my niece, Tuder,
(With loving eyes one Brandon view'd her,)
And to her children just among 'em,
In equal shares I freely give them.
To Charlotte Watson and Mary Lee,
If they with Lady Poulett be,
Because they round the year did dwell
In Twickenham house, and served full well,
When Lord and Lady both did stray
Over the hills and far away.
The first ten pounds, the other twenty,
And girls, I hope, that will content ye.
In seventeen hundred and sixty-nine,
This with my hand I write and sign,
The sixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but sound and sober,
Past my three-score and fifteenth year,
With spirits gay, and conscience clear,
Joyous and frolicsome, though old,
And like this day, serene but cold,
To friends well wishing, and to friends most kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.

C. K. W.

AN Irish gentleman being accustomed to take a walk early every morning, was met by an acquaintance, about ten o'clock, who asking him if he had been taking his morning's walk, was answered in the negative, but, added the honest Hibernian, "I intend to take it in the afternoon." W. G. C.

A FRENCH writer having lampooned a nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious wit; when, applying to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, and begging him to do him justice, the duke replied, with a smile, "*Sir, it has been done already.*"

TROTTERS AND GALLOPERS.

CHARLES BANNISTER, the actor, was one evening in company with a young man, who, being in liquor, began to moralize on the folly of his past conduct. "I have been a d— fool," said he; "my late father kept a tripe-shop in Clare-market, and got a decent fortune by it, which he left to me; and I, like an idiot, have stripped myself almost of my last shilling in horse-racing and the like."—"Well," said Charles, "never mind that, he *got* his money by *trotters*, and you *lost* it by *gallopers*."

NAVAL PUN.

A GENTLEMAN inquiring of a naval officer why sailors generally take off their shirts when going into action, was answered, "that they were unwilling to have any *check* to fighting."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 377.] SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1829. [Price 2d.

Loch Goil Head,

AND RESIDENCE OF CAMPBELL, THE POET.

The Engraving represents Loch Goil Head, a small village in Argyleshire, as it name imports, at the end of Loch Goil. It is an exquisite vignette, of Alpine sublimity, and is rendered extremely interesting as the residence of Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the "Pleasures of Hope," &c. and one of the most celebrated of British poets. His *château*, or retreat, is represented on the left of the Engraving, and its romantic position has probably inspired many of the soul-stirring compositions of the illustrious resident.

In this parish are the remains of Carrick Castle, which is said to have been built by the Danes. It stands on a rock, and was formerly surrounded by a ditch filled by the sea. The whole county in which Loch Goil is situate, is indeed a region of romantic beauty and mountain wild; of the last, Ben Cruchan is a sublime specimen, rising 3,300 feet above the level of the sea. At Inverary, the splendid castle of the Duke of Argyle rears in all the pride of art amidst the more lasting sublimities of nature; and in the same vicinity is Loch Lomond, whose limpid streams bathe the foot of Ben Lomond, where the tourist is fascinated with one of the most glorious scenes in nature. The valley of Glencoe, too, is not far distant, with all its opposite associations of massacre and maurauder, by its severe and desert aspect, recalling to the traveller's mind the most elevated defiles of the Alps, and whose massive heaps of rocks covered with shaggy turf are the only charms to gladden the eye. At Ardinglass, a few miles from Loch Goil, begins the country of *the Campbells*, storied and consecrated with some of the most brilliant epochs of Scottish lore.

The steam-boat on the lake is an attractive object in such a district as Loch Goil—by associating one of the boasted triumphs of art with the stupendous grandeur of the sublime.

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HILLAH ON THE EUPHRATES.

THE town of Hillah lies in latitude 32 deg. 31 min. 18 sec.; in longitude 12 min. 36 sec. west of Bagdad, and according to Turkish authorities, was built in the fifth century of the Hegira, in the district of the Euphrates, which the Arabs call El-Ared-Babel. Lying on a part of the site of Babylon, nothing was more likely than that it should be built out of a few of the fragments of that great city. The town is pleasantly situated amidst gardens and groves of date trees; and spreads itself on both sides of the river, where it is connected by a miserable wooden bridge, the timbers of which are so rotten, that they tremble under the foot of the passenger. The portion of the town, or as it is usually called, the suburb, on the eastern bank, consists of one principal street or bazaar, reaching from the small defenceless gate by which it is entered from Bagdad, down to the edge of the water; this is deemed the least considerable part of Hillah. On the other side, the inhabitants, Jews, Turks, and Arabs, are much thicker, and the streets and bazaars more numerous.

From the great central bazaar, well filled with merchandize, branch off in various directions minor ranges, amongst which are found the fish and flesh markets. In the former are several varieties, and some of enormous size, resembling the barbel. The fish in question is from 4 to 5 feet long, and is covered with very large, thick scales. The head is about one-third part of the length of the fish. They are said to eat coarse and dry, but are, nevertheless, a favourite food with the inhabitants; and are caught in great quantities near the town, and to a considerable distance above it. The flesh market is sparingly served with meat, for when Sir Robert Ker Porter visited the town, he states that the whole contents of the market appeared to be no more than the dismembered carcasses or two sheep, two goats, and the red, rough filaments of a buffalo. This display was but scant provision for a population of 7,000. The streets are narrow like those of Bagdad; a necessary evil in Eastern climates, to exclude the power of the sun; but they are even more noisome and filthy. In like manner also, they are crowded, but not with so many persons in gay attire. Here are to be seen groups of dark, grim-looking, half-naked Arabs, sitting idly on the sides of the streets, and so numerously, as scarcely to leave room for a single horse to pass; and even a cavalcade in line will not alarm them, so indifferent are they, even when travellers are compelled, at some abrupt turn, almost to ride over them. A few sombre garbed Israelites, and occasionally the Turks, attendant on official duties of the Pashalic in this part of the government, also mingle in the passing or seated crowd; when the solemn, saturnine air of the latter, with their flowing, gaudy apparel, forms a striking contrast to the daring, dirty, independent air of the almost ungarmented, swarthy Arab.

A few paces above the bridge, stands the palace of the governor, and the citadel, which was built by order of Ali Pasha. This imposing fortress, externally, is a handsome, smooth-faced, demi-fortified specimen of modern Turkish architecture, erected with ancient materials. Within is a spacious court, partly shaded with date trees. The whole of the town towards the desart is defended by a pretty deep ditch, overlooked by a proportionate number of brick-built towers (all the spoil of Babylon) flanking the intermediate compartments of wall. In this rampart are three gates.

As far as the eye can reach, both up and down the river, the banks are thickly shaded with groves of dates, displacing, it should seem, the other species of trees, from which Isaiah names this scene "the Brook or Valley of Willows," although the humble races of that graceful tribe, in the osier, &c. are yet the prolific offspring of its shores. G. L. S.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS FROM CURIOUS AUTHORS, FOR CURIOUS READERS.

(For the Mirror.

HOLLINGSHED, who was contemporary with Queen Elizabeth, informs us, "there were very few chimneys (in England in his time) even in the capital towns; the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled, and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow."

Cambrensis, Bishop of St. David's, says, "It was the common vice of the English, from their first settlement in Britain, to expose their children and relations to sale;" and it also appears, "that the wife of Earl Godwin, who was sister to Canute, the Danish King of England, made great gain by the trade she made of buying up English youths and maids to sell to Denmark."

Lord Bacon in his Apophthegms, says,

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"Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in a famine, sold all the rich vessels and ornaments of the church, to relieve the poor with bread; and said, 'There was no reason that the dead temples of God should be sumptuously furnished, and the living temples suffer penury.'". Ingulphus tells us, "For want of parchment to draw the deeds upon, great estates were frequently conveyed from one family to another, only by the ceremony of a turf and a stone, delivered before witnesses, and without any written agreement." Andrews, in his History of Great Britain, says, "In France, A. D. 1147, the great vassals emulated and even surpassed the sovereign in pomp and cost of living." As an instance of the wild liberality of the age, we are informed, that Henry the "munificent" Count of Champagne, being applied to by a poor gentleman for a portion to enable him to marry his two daughters: his steward remonstrated to him, "that he had given away every thing," "thou *liest*," said Henry, "I have *thee* left;" so he delivered over the steward to the petitioner, who put him into confinement until he gave him 500 livres, a handsome sum in those days."

Bede tells us, "Archbishop Theodore, when (in the seventh century) he gave lectures on medicine at Canterbury, remonstrated against bleeding on the 4th day of the moon, since at that period (he said) the light of the planet and the tides of the ocean were on the increase." Yet Theodore was, for his era, deeply learned.

William of Malmsbury says, "Very highly finished works in gold and silver, were the produce even of our darkest ages. The monks were the best artists. A jewel, now in the museum at Oxford, undoubtedly made by command of, and worn by Alfred the Great, is an existing witness of the height to which the art was carried. Curious reliquaries, finely wrought and set with precious stones, were usually styled throughout Europe, Opera Anglica."

Howel tells us, "In the education of their children, the Anglo-Saxons only sought to render them dauntless and apt for the two most important occupations of their future lives—war and the chase. It was a usual trial of a child's courage, to place him on the sloping roof of a building, and if, without screaming or terror, he held fast, he was styled a *stout-heroe*, or brave boy."

Fitz-Stephen says, "Thomas à Becket lived in such splendour, that besides having silver bits to his horses, he had such numerous guests at his banquets, that he was obliged to have rooms covered with clean hay or straw, in winter, and green boughs or rushes in summer, every day, lest his guests, not finding seats at his tables, should soil their gay clothes by sitting on the floor." He would pay five pounds (equal nearly to fifty pounds of our money) for a single dish of eels. Once riding through London with Henry, the King seeing a wretched, shivering beggar, "It would be a good deed (said he) to give that poor wretch a coat." "True, (said Becket,) and you, sir, may let him have yours." "He shall have *yours*," said Henry, and after a heavy scuffle, in which they had nearly dismounted each other, Becket proved the weakest, and his coat was allotted to the astonished mendicant.

"When William the Conqueror was crowned at Westminster, the people (says Andrews) within the Abbey shouted, on the crown being placed on his head, the Normans without, thought the noise a signal of revolt, and began to set fire to houses, and massacre the populace, nor were they satisfied that all was well until considerable mischief had been done."

"Dr. Henry, (says Sulivan) who has made a very full collection of the facts mentioned by ancient authors, concerning the provincial government of Britain, supposes its annual revenue amounted to no less than two millions sterling; a sum nearly as great as that which was derived from Egypt, in the time of the father of Cleopatra. But this calculation is built upon the authority of Lipsius. Nor are there perhaps any accounts transmitted by historians, from which the point can be accurately determined. The Britons excelled in agriculture. They exported great quantities of corn, for supplying the armies in other parts of the empire. They had linen and woollen manufactures; as their mines of lead and tin were inexhaustible. And further we know, that Britain, in consequence of her supposed resources, was sometimes reduced to such distress, by the demands of government, as to be obliged to borrow money at an exorbitant interest. In this trade, the best citizens of Rome were not ashamed to engage; and, though prohibited by law, Seneca, whose philosophy, it seems, was not incompatible with the love of money, lent the Britons at one time above three hundred and twenty thousand pounds."

P. T. W.

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HINTS ON DRINKING.

Abridged from Mr. Richards's Treatise on Nervous Disorders.

WITHOUT any intention of advocating the doctrine, or of commending the reputed practice of the Pythagoreans, ancient or modern, I must be allowed to reprobate the abuse of fermented liquors. Although wine was invented, and its use allowed "to make glad the heart of man," and although a moderate and prudent indulgence in it can never excite reprobation, or cause mischief, still the sin of drunkenness is an extensive and a filthy evil. Not only does it demoralize, debase, and finally destroy its unhappy victim, but it renders him incapable of performing the ordinary duties of his station; constituting him an object of disgust to others, and of pitiable misery to himself. It is well to talk of the Bacchanalian orgies of talented men, and to call them hilarity and glee. The flashes of wit "that were wont to set the table in a roar;" the brilliancy of genius, that casts a charm even over folly and vice; the rank and fame of the individual, no doubt, increased the fascination of his failings; but however bright and wonderful may be the coruscations of his talent, while under the influence of wine, his frame is debilitated, tottering, and imbecile, when the stimulus of the potation has subsided.

But I do not proscribe indiscriminately all stimulus. Those whose occupations are laborious, and who are much exposed to our variable climate, require an absolute stimulus, over and above what they eat. Dr. Franklin advocated a contrary doctrine, and inculcated the fact, that a twopenny loaf was much better for a man than a quart of beer; and he adduces the horse and other beasts of burthen as examples of the inefficacy of the use of fermented liquors. But all this is founded upon decidedly erroneous premises. To enable a hard-working horse to go through his toil with spirit, he must have corn, or some other article subject to fermentation. Now, the horse, as well as many other animals, have stomachs very capacious, and probably adapted to the production of this fermentation. So that corn is, in fact, a powerful fermented stimulus to the beast.

Let us then assume, that stimulus in a certain degree is necessary to sustain the strength and invigorate the frame of the toiling man; and the best proof of its good effect is the comfort and energy which it imparts to its consumer; but if this necessary stimulus be exceeded, then it is abused, and every mouthful in addition becomes ultimately poisonous. The first effect which is produced is upon the internal coat of the stomach, as we may learn from the warmth which we feel. The repetition increases the circulation of the blood, which seems, as it were, to dance through the veins; the pulse becomes quick and full, the eyes sparkle, and the imagination is quickened; in short, the whole frame is excited, as is evinced by every word, look, and action. If the affair end here, well and good; but we will suppose that the potation goes on, and very speedily a new effect is produced. The brain, oppressed by the load of blood thrown up into it, and irritated through its quick sympathy with the stomach; oppressed, also, by the powerful pulsation of the larger arteries about the head, becomes, in a degree, paralyzed. The tongue moves with difficulty, and loses the power of distinct articulation; the limbs become enfeebled and unsteady; the mind is deranged, being either worked up into fury, or reduced to ridiculous puerility, and if the stimulus be pushed farther than this, absolute insensibility ensues. Such is a brief view of the physical progress of a debauch; and it is needless to point out the effect of all this mischief upon the frame which is subjected to it.*

Although we have thus seen that fermented liquors, if taken to excess, become pernicious in their effect, we must not condemn their *use*, because their *abuse* is bad. Why should we act and feel as if this bountiful world, brilliant in beauty and overflowing with blessings, was a collection of steel traps and spring guns, set to catch the body and shoot the soul? Is it not much better and wiser to avail ourselves of the many blessings which Providence has placed before us, than to set ourselves to work to detect poison in our drink, and God knows what in our meat? It savours of learning, doubtless, to do all this; but *cui bono?* where is the *real* utility which it produces? Our grandfathers and their progenitors were well convinced that a good cup of "sherris-sack" comforted the heart, and aided digestion; and why the same opinion should not govern us, I must leave to the dieteticians to decide.

The moderate use of wine and of malt liquors is exceedingly grateful to our feelings, and abundantly beneficial to our constitution; but ardent spirits are found to be so pernicious to most constitutions, and especially to those of the inhabitants

* The reader, who is interested in this subject, will find in Mr. Richards's treatise a candid description of the ill-effects of drunkenness, explained with a view to admonish, rather than to censure the sufferer.

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of crowded towns and cities, that, excepting under peculiar circumstances, it is better to discard them altogether. A glass or two of good wine can never do any harm; neither can a cup of good, genuine, "humming ale." The chemists tell us that the London ale is a horrid and narcotic compound; and so, in truth, by far the largest portion of it is. But there are two or three honest men in the metropolis, who sell genuine Kennet, Nottingham, and Scotch ales, from whom it is very easy to procure it quite pure. If, however, malt liquor does not agree with the stomach, or what is the same thing, is *supposed* not to agree, it is a very easy matter to substitute wine for it.

A word or two, here, with regard to *genuine* ale. Half of what is sold under the name of Scotch, Kennet, &c. is manufactured at Bromley, or elsewhere, according to prescriptions adapted to the peculiarities of each kind. This, perhaps, is nothing very enormous; but the publicans "*doctor*" their beer, after it has left the brewhouse, in a manner that calls loudly for reprehension. Salt of tartar, carbonate of soda, oil of vitriol, and green copperas (sulphate of iron) are *some* of the articles in common use; and knowing this to be the case, it is really a matter of importance to know where good, pure beer is to be obtained. The best Kennet ale is to be had at Sherwood's, in Vine Street, Piccadilly, or at Chapman's, in Wardour Street; both these dealers have it direct from Butler's, at Kennet, and a very superior article it is. Nottingham ale may be procured in casks at Sansom's, in Dean Street, Red Lion Square; and the best Scotch ale in London, whether in draught or bottle, is at Normington's, in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

VIDOCQ.

[In our vol. xii. we gave a few extracts from vol. i. of the *Memoirs of Vidocq*, the principal agent of the French Police, until 1827; which extracts we have reason to know were received with high *gout* by most of our readers. The second and third volumes of these extraordinary adventures have just appeared, and contain higher-coloured depravities than their predecessors. Some of them, indeed, might have been spared; but as a graphic illustration of the petty thievery of Paris, the following extract bears great merit:—]

I do not think that amongst the readers of these Memoirs one will be found who, even by chance, has set foot at Guillotin's.

"Eh! what?" some one will exclaim, "Guillotin!"

> Ce savant médecin
> Que l'amour du prochain
> Fit mourir de chagrin.

"You are mistaken; we all know the celebrated doctor, who ——;" but the Guillotin of whom I am speaking is an unsophisticated adulterer of wines, whose establishment, well known to the most degraded classes of robbers, is situate opposite to the Cloaque Desnoyers, which the raff of the Barriere call the drawing-room of la Courtille. A workman may be honest to a certain extent, and venture in, *en passant*, to papa Desnoyers's. If he be *awake*, and keep his eye on the company, although a row should commence, he may, by the aid of the gendarmes, escape with only a few blows, and pay no one's scot but his own. At Guillotin's he will not come off so well, particularly if his *toggery* be over spruce, and his *pouch* has *chink* in it.

Picture to yourself, reader, a square room of considerable magnitude, the walls of which, once white, have been blackened by every species of exhalation. Such is, in all its simple modesty, the aspect of a temple consecrated to the worship of Bacchus and Terpsichore. At first, by a very natural optical illusion, we are struck by the confined space before us, but the eye, after a time, piercing through the thick atmosphere of a thousand vapours which are most inodorous, the extent becomes visible by details which escape in the first chaotic glimpse. It is the moment of creation, all is bright, the fog disappears, becomes peopled, is animated, forms appear, they move, they are agitated, they are no illusory shadows; but, on the contrary, essentially material, which cross and recross at every moment. What beatitudes! what joyous life! Never, even for the Epicureans, were so many felicities assembled together. Those who like to wallow in filth, can find it here to their heart's content; many seated at tables, on which, without ever being wiped away, are renewed a hundred times a day the most disgusting libations, close in a square space reserved for what they call the dancers. At the further end of this infected cave there is, supported by four worm-eaten pillars, a sort of alcove, constructed from broken-up ship timber, which is graced by the appearance of two

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or three rags of old tapestry. It is on this chicken coop that the music is perched: two clarinets, a hurdy-gurdy, a cracked trumpet, and a grumbling bassoon—five instruments whose harmonious movements are regulated by the crutch of Monsieur Double-Croche, a lame dwarf, who is called the leader of the orchestra. Here all is in harmony—the faces, costumes, the food that is prepared; a general appearance is scouted. There is no closet in which walking-sticks, umbrellas, and cloaks are deposited; the women have their hair all in confusion like a poodle dog, and the kerchief perched on the top of the head, or in a knot tied in front with the corners in a rosette, or if you prefer it, a cockade, which threatens the eye in the same manner as those of the country mules. As for the men, it is a waistcoat with a cap and falling collar, if they have a shirt, which is the regulated costume; breeches are not insisted on; the supreme bon ton would be an artilleryman's cap, the frock of an hussar, the pantaloon of a lancer, the boots of a guardsman, in fact the cast-off attire of three or four regiments, or the wardrobe of a field of battle. The ladies adore the cavalry, and have a decided taste for the dress of the whole army; but nothing so much pleases them as mustachios, and a broad red cap adorned with leather of the same colour.

In this assembly, a beaver hat, unless napless and brimless, would be very rare; no one ever remembers to have seen a coat there, and should any one dare to present himself in a great coat, unless *a family man*, he would be sure to depart skirtless, or only in his waistcoat. In vain would he ask pardon for those flaps which had offended the eyes of the noble assembly; too happy would he be if, after having been bandied and knocked about with the utmost unanimity as a greenhorn, only one skirt should be left in the hands of these youthful beauties, who, in the fervour of gaiety, rather roar out than sing.

Desnoyers's is the Cadran bleu de la Canaille, (the resort of the lower orders;) but before stepping over the threshold of the cabaret of Guillotin, even the canaille themselves look twice, as in this repository are only to be seen prostitutes with their bullies, pick-pockets and thieves of all classes, some *prigs* of the lowest grade, and many of those nocturnal marauders who divide their existence into two parts, consecrating it to the duties of theft and riot. It may be supposed that slang is the only language of this delightful society: it is generally in French, but so perverted from its primitive signification, that there is not a member of the distinguished "company of forty" who can flatter himself with a full knowledge of it, and yet the "dons of Guillotin's" have their purists; those who assert that slang took its rise in the East, and without thinking for a moment of disputing their talent as Orientalists, they take that title to themselves without any ceremony; as also that of Argonauts, when they have completed their studies under the direction of the galley sergeants, in working, in the port of Toulon, the dormant navigation on board a vessel in dock. If notes were pleasing to me, I could here seize the opportunity of making some very learned remarks. I should, perhaps, go into a profound disquisition, but I am about to paint the paradise of these bacchanalians; the colours are prepared—let us finish the picture.

If they drink at Guillotin's they eat also, and the mysteries of the kitchen of this place of delights are well worthy of being known. The little father Guillotin has no butcher, but he has a purveyor; and in his brass stewpans, the verdigris of which never poisons, the dead horse is transformed into beef a-la-mode; the thighs of the dead dogs found in Rue Guénegaud become legs of mutton from the salt-marshes; and the magic of a piquant sauce gives to the *staggering bob* (dead born veal) of the cow-feeder the appetizing look of that of Pontoise. We are told that the cheer in winter is excellent, when the rot prevails; and if ever (during M. Delaveau's administration) bread were scarce in summer during the "massacre of the innocents," mutton was to be had here at a very cheap rate.

In this country of metamorphoses the hare never had the right of citizenship; it was compelled to yield to the rabbit, and the rabbit—how happy the rats are!

* * * * * * *

Father Guillotin consumed generally more oil than cotton, but I can, nevertheless, affirm, that, in my time, some banquets have been spread at his cabaret, which, subtracting the liquids, could not have cost more at the café Riche, or at Grignon's. I remember six individuals, named Driancourt, Vilattes, Pitroux, and three others, who found means to spend 166 francs there in one night. In fact, each of them had with him his favourite *belle*. The citizen no doubt pretty well fleeced them, but they did not complain, and that quarter of an hour which Rabelais had so much difficulty in passing, caused them no trouble; they paid like grandees, without forgetting the waiter. I apprehended them whilst they were paying the bill, which they had not even taken the trouble of examining. Thieves

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are generous when they are caught "i' the vein." They had just committed many considerable robberies, which they are now repenting in the bagnes of France.

It can scarcely be believed that in the centre of civilization, there can exist a den so hideous as the cave of Guillotin; it must be seen, as I have seen it, to be believed. Men and women all smoked as they danced, the pipe passed from mouth to mouth, and the most refined gallantry that could be offered to the nymphs who came to this rendezvous, to display their graces in the postures and attitudes of the indecent Chahut, was, to offer them the *pruneau*, that is, the quid of tobacco, submitted or not, according to the degree of familiarity, to the test of a previous mastication. The peace-officers and inspectors were characters too greatly distinguished to appear amongst such an assemblage, they kept themselves most scrupulously aloof, to avoid so repugnant a contact; I myself was much disgusted with it, but at the same time was persuaded, that to discover and apprehend malefactors it would not do to wait until they should come and throw themselves into my arms; I therefore determined to seek them out, and that my searches might not be fruitless, I endeavoured to find out their haunts, and then, like a fisherman who has found a preserve, I cast my line out with a certainty of a bite. I did not lose my time in searching for a needle in a bottle of hay, as the saying is; when we lack water, it is useless to go to the source of a dried-up stream and wait for a shower of rain; but to quit all metaphor, and speak plainly—the spy who really means to ferret out the robbers, ought, as much as possible, to dwell amongst them, that he may grasp at every opportunity which presents itself of drawing down upon their heads the sentence of the laws. Upon this principle I acted, and this caused my recruits to say that I made men robbers; I certainly have, in this way, made a vast many, particularly on my first connexion with the police.

CONSUMPTION OF EUROPEAN MANUFACTURES.

From the Memoirs of General Miller. Second Edition.

THE aboriginal inhabitants of Peru are gradually beginning to experience the benefit which has been conferred upon them, by the repeal of ancient oppressive laws. In the districts that produce gold, their exertions will be redoubled, for they now work for themselves. They can obtain this precious metal by merely scratching the earth, and, although the collection of each individual may be small, the aggregate quantity thus obtained will be far from inconsiderable. As the aborigines attain comparative wealth, they will acquire a taste for the minor comforts of life. The consumption of European manufactures will be increased to an incalculable degree, and the effect upon the general commerce of the world will be sensibly perceived. It is for the first and most active manufacturing country in Christendom to take a proper advantage of the opening thus afforded. Already, in those countries, British manufactures employ double the tonnage, and perhaps exceed twenty times the value, of the importations from all other foreign nations put together. The wines and tasteful bagatelles of France, and the flour and household furniture of the United States, will bear no comparison in value to the cottons of Manchester, the linens of Glasgow, the broadcloths of Leeds, or the hardware of Birmingham. All this is proved by the great proportion of precious metals sent to England, as compared with the remittances to other nations. The very watches sent by Messrs. Roskell and Co. of Liverpool, would outbalance the exports of some of the *nations* which trade to South America.

SOUTH AMERICAN MANNERS.

WHETHER it be the romantic novelty of many places in South America, the salubrity of the climate, the free unrestrained intercourse of the more polished classes, or whether there be some undefinable charm in that state of society which has not passed beyond a certain point of civilization, certain it is that few foreigners have resided for any length of time in Chile, Peru, or in the principal towns of the Pampas, without feeling an ardent desire to revisit them. In this number might be named several European naval officers who have served in the Pacific, and who have expressed these sentiments, although they move in the very highest circles of England and France. Countries which have not reached the utmost pitch of refinement have their peculiar attractions, as well as the most highly polished nations; but, to the casual resident, the former offers many advantages unattainable in Europe. The virtue of hospitality, exiled by luxury and refinement, exhibits itself in the New World under such noble and endearing forms as would almost tempt the philosopher, as well as the weary traveller, to dread the approach of the factitious civilization that would banish it.

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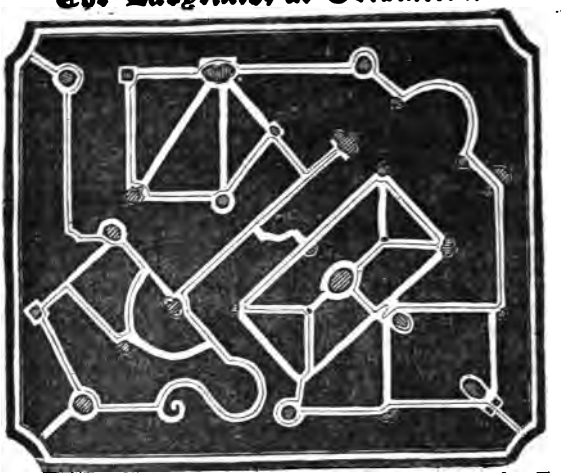
The Labyrinth, at Versailles.



THIS charming labyrinth is attached to *Le Petit Trianon* at Versailles. The palace and its gardens were formed under the reign of Louis XV., who was there when he was attacked by the contagious disease of which he died. Louis XVI. gave it to his queen, who took great delight in the spot, and had the gardens laid out in the English style. The *château*, or palace, is situated at one of the extremities of the park of the Grand Trianon, and forms a pavilion, about seventy-two feet square. It consists of a ground floor and two stories, decorated with fluted Corinthian columns and pilasters crowned by a balustrade. The gardens are delightful: here is a temple of love; there an artificial rock from which water rushes into a lake; there a picturesque wooden bridge, a rural hamlet, grottoes, cottages embowered in groves of trees, diversified with statues and seats—and above all, the fascinating MAZE, the plan of which is represented in the Engraving.

Versailles, its magnificent palace and gardens, are altogether fraught with melancholy associations. When we last saw them, the grounds and buildings presented a sorry picture of neglect and decay. The mimic lakes and ponds were green and slimy, the grottoes and shell-work crumbling away, the fountains still, and the cascades dry. But the latter are exhibited on certain days during the summer, when the gardens are thronged with gay Parisians. The most interesting object however, is, the orange-tree planted by Francis I. in 1421, which is in full health and bearing: alas! we halted beside it, and thought of the wonderful revolutions and uprootings that France had suffered since this tree was planted.

In *Le Petit Trianon* and its grounds the interesting Queen Marie Antoinette passed many happy hours of seclusion; and would that her retreat had been confined to the *maze* of Nature, rather than she had been engaged in the political intrigues which exposed her to the fury of a revolutionary mob. In the palace we were shown the chamber of Marie Antoinette, where the ruffians stabbed through the covering of the bed, the queen having previously escaped from this room to the king's chamber; and, as if to keep up the folly of the splendid ruin, a gilder was renovating the room of the ill-starred queen.

[WE thank our ingenious Correspondent for the previous description of his recent aerial voyage, as we are fully aware of the difficulty of describing such a magnificent scene as he must have witnessed in his ascent. During the whole voyage he experienced nothing but sensations of delight, the atmosphere being only disturbed by very light wind, just sufficient to waft the aeronauts without any laborious management, and the time—evening—being beautifully serene. We thought ourselves richly rewarded by the view of the Colosseum Panorama; but what must have been their sensations at a distance of 6,600 feet high, when with the huge machine they appeared little more than a speck. The varnish, or glare, which our Correspondent describes, was that charming effect which we are wont to admire here, on earth, in evening scenes, especially when they are lit up by the splendour of the setting sun; but which must be doubly enchanting when viewed from so great an altitude. He likewise tells us that the landscape appeared to recede like a moving panorama, whilst the balloon seemed to be stationary. In conclusion, we congratulate our friend upon his splendid recreation, for such his ascent must have been.]

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The Naturalist.

BEES.

THE faculty, or instinct of bees is sometimes at fault, for we often hear of their adopting the strangest and most unsuitable tenements for the construction of cells. A hussar's cap, so suspended from a moderate sized branch of a tree, as to be agitated by slight winds, was found filled with bees and comb. An old coat, that had been thrown over the decayed trunk of a tree and forgotten, was filled with comb and bees. Any thing, in short, either near the habitations of man, or in the forests, will serve the bees for a shelter to their combs.

The average number of a hive, or swarm, is from fifteen to twenty thousand bees. Nineteen thousand four hundred and ninety-nine are neuters or working bees, five hundred are drones, and the remaining *one* is the queen or mother! Every living thing, from man down to an ephemeral insect, pursues the bee to its destruction for the sake of the honey that is deposited in its cell, or secreted in its honey-bag. To obtain that which the bee is carrying to its hive, numerous birds and insects are on the watch, and an incredible number of bees fall victims, in consequence, to their enemies. Independently of this, there are the changes in the weather, such as high winds, sudden showers, hot sunshine; and then there is the liability to fall into rivers, besides a hundred other dangers to which bees are exposed.

When a queen bee ceases to animate the hive, the bees are conscious of her loss; after searching for her through the hive, for a day or more, they examine the royal cells, which are of a peculiar construction and reversed in position, hanging vertically, with the mouth underneath. If no eggs or larvæ are to be found in these cells, they then *enlarge* several of those cells, which are appropriated to the eggs of neuters, and in which *queen eggs have been deposited*. They soon attach a royal cell to the enlarged surface, and the queen bee, enabled now to grow, protrudes itself by degrees into the royal cell, and comes out perfectly formed, to the great pleasure of the bees.

The bee seeks only its own gratification in procuring honey and in regulating its household, and as, according to the old proverb, what is one man's meat is another's poison, it sometimes carries honey to its cell, which is prejudicial to us. Dr. Barton in the fifth volume of the "American Philosophical Transactions," speaks of several plants that yield a poisonous syrup, of which the bees partake without injury, but which has been fatal to man. He has enumerated some of these plants, which ought to be destroyed wherever they are seen, namely, dwarf-laurel, great laurel, kalmia latifolia, broad-leaved moorwort, Pennsylvania mountain-laurel, wild honeysuckle (the bees, cannot get much of this,) and the stramonium or Jamestown-weed.

A young bee can be readily distinguished from an old one, by the greyish coloured down that covers it, and which it loses by the wear and tear of hard labour; and if the bee be not destroyed before the season is over, this down entirely disappears, and the groundwork of the insect is seen, white or black. On a close examination, very few of these black or aged bees, will be seen at the opening of the spring, as, not having the stamina of those that are younger, they perish from inability to encounter the vicissitudes of winter. — *American Farmer's Manual.*

THE ELM.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I SHALL be obliged to any of your correspondents who can inform me from whence came the term *witch-elm*, a name given to a species of elm tree, to distinguish it from the common elm. Some people have conjectured that it was a corruption of *white elm*, and so called from the silvery whiteness of its leaves when the sun shines upon them; but this is hardly probable, as Sir F. Bacon in his "*Silva Silvarum*, or Natural History, in Ten Centuries," speaks of it under the name of *weech-elm*. H. B. A.

CROP OF BIRDS.

BESIDES the stomach, most birds have a membranous sac, capable of considerable distension; it is usually called a crop, (by the scientific *Ingluvies*,) into which the food first descends after being swallowed. This bag is very conspicuous in the granivorous tribes immediately after eating. Its chief use seems to be to soften the food before it is admitted into the gizzard. In *young fowls* it becomes sometimes preternaturally distended, while the bird pines for want of nourishment. This is produced by something in the crop, such as straw, or other obstructing matter, which prevents the descent of the food into the gizzard. In such a case, a longitudinal incision may

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be made in the crop, its contents removed, and, the incision being sewed up, the fowl will, in general, do well.

Another curious fact relative to this subject was stated by Mr. Brookes, when lecturing on birds at the *Zoological Society*, May 1827. He had an eagle, which was at liberty in his garden; happening to lay two dead rats, which had been poisoned, under a pewter basin, to which the eagle could have access, but who nevertheless did not see him place the rats under it, he was surprised to see, some time afterwards, the crop of the bird considerably distended; and finding the rats abstracted from beneath the basin, he concluded that the eagle had devoured them. Fearing the consequences, he lost no time in opening the crop, took out the rats, and sewed up the incision; the eagle did well and is now alive. A proof this of the acuteness of smell in the eagle, and also of the facility and safety with which, even in grown birds, the operation of opening the crop may be performed.—*Jennings's Ornithologia.*

HATCHING.

THE following singular fact was first brought into public notice by Mr. Yarrel; and will be found in his papers in the second volume of the *Zoological Journal.* The fact alluded to is, that there is attached to the upper mandible of all young birds about to be hatched a *horny appendage*, by which they are enabled more effectually to make perforations in the shell, and contribute to their own liberation. This sharp prominence, to use the words of Mr. Yarrel, becomes opposed to the shell at various points, in a line extending throughout its whole circumference about one third below the larger end of the egg; and a series of perforations more or less numerous are thus effected by the increasing strength of the chick, weakening the shell in a direction opposed to the muscular power of the bird; it is thus ultimately enabled, by its own efforts, to break the walls of its prison. In the common fowl, this horny appendage falls off in a day or two after the chick is hatched; in the pigeon it sometimes remains on the beak ten or twelve days; this arises, doubtless, from the young pigeons being fed by the parent bird for some time after their being hatched; and thus there is no occasion for the young using the beak for picking up its food.—*Ibid.*

MAN.—A FRAGMENT.

MAN is a monster,
The fool of passion and the slave of sin.
No laws can curb him when the will consents
To an unlawful deed. CYMBELINE.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE CHOSEN ONE.

" HERE's a long line of beauties—see!
Ay, and as varied as they're many—
Say, can I guess the one would be
Your choice among them all—if any?"

" I doubt it.—for I hold as dust
Charms many praise beyond all measure—
While gems they treat as lightly, *must*
Combine to form my chosen treasure."

" Will this do?"—" No:—that hair of gold,
That brow of snow, that eye of splendour,
Cannot redeem the mien so cold,
The air so stiff, so quite *un-tender.*"

" This then?"—" Far worse! *Can* lips like these
Thus smile as though they asked the kiss?—
Thinks she that e'en such eyes can please,
Beaming——there *is* no word—like *this?*"

" Look on that singer at the harp,
Of her you cannot speak thus—ah, no!"
—" Her! why she's *formed* of flat and sharp—
I doubt not she's a fine soprano!"

" The next?"—" What, she who lowers her eyes
From sheer mock-modesty—so pert,
So doubtful-mannered?—I despise
Her, and all like her—she's a *Flirt!*

And this is why my spleen's above
The power of words:—'tis that they can
Make the vile semblance be to Love
Just what the Monkey is to Man!

But yonder I, methinks, can trace
One *very* different from these—
Her features speak—her form is Grace
Completed by the touch of Ease!

That opening lip, that fine frank eye
Breathe Nature's own true gaiety—
So sweet, so rare *when thus*, that I
Gaze on't with joy, nay ecstacy!

For when *'tis* thus, you'll also see
That eye still richer gifts express—
And on that lip there oft will be
A sighing smile of tenderness!

Yes! here a matchless spirit dwells
E'en for that lovely dwelling fit!—
I gaze on her—my bosom swells
With feelings, thoughts,——oh! exquisite!

That such a being, noble, tender,
So fair, so delicate, so dear,
Would let one love her, and *befriend* her!—
—Ah, yes, *my* Chosen One is here!"

London Magazine.

TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT.

THE man whom we have known to be surrounded by respect and attachment at home, whose life is honourable and useful within his proper sphere, we have seen with his family drudging along continental roads, painfully disputing with postilions in bad French, insulted by the menials of inns, fretting his time and temper with the miserable creatures who inflict their tedious ignorance under the name of guides, and only happy in reaching any term to the journey which fashion or family entreaty have forced upon him. We are willing, however, to regard such instances as casual, and proving only that

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travelling, like other pleasures, has its alloys; but stationary residence abroad brings with it other and more serious evils. To the animation of a changing scene of travel, succeeds the tedious idleness of a foreign town, with scanty resources of society, and yet scantier of honourable or useful occupation. Here also we do but describe what we have too frequently seen—the English gentleman, who at home would have been improving his estates, and aiding the public institutions of his country, abandoned to utter insignificance; his mind and resources running waste for want of employment, or, perchance, turned to objects to which even idleness might reasonably be preferred. We have seen such a man loitering along his idle day in streets, promenades, or coffee-houses; or sometimes squandering time and money at the gambling-table, a victim because an idler. The objects of nature and art, which originally interested him, cease altogether to do so.

We admit many exceptions to this picture; but we, nevertheless, draw it as one which will be familiar to all, who have been observers on the continent. One circumstance must further be added to the outline; we mean, the detachment from religious habits, which generally and naturally attends such residence abroad. The means of public worship exist to our countrymen but in few places; and there under circumstances the least propitious to such duties. Days speedily become all alike; or if Sunday be distinguished at all, it is but as the day of the favourite opera, or most splendid ballet of the week. We are not puritanically severe in our notions, and we intend no reproach to the religious or moral habits of other nations. We simply assert, that English families removed from out of the sphere of those proper duties, common to every people, and from all opportunities of public worship or religious example, incur a risk which is very serious in kind, especially to those still young and unformed in character.

Quarterly Review.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT FARRIERY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following curious verses are copied from an engraving which the Farriers' Company have lately had taken from an old painting of their pedigree, on vellum, at the George and Vulture Tavern.

If suche may boast as by a subtile arte,
Canne without labour make excessive gayne,
And under name of Misterie imparte,
Unto the worlde the Crafte's but of their brayne,
How muche more doe their praise become men's themes
That bothe by art and labour gett their meanes.

And of all artes that worthe or praise doeth merite,
To none the *Marshall Farrier's* will submitt,
That bothe by Physicks, arte, force, hands, and spiritt
The Kinge and subject in peace and warre doe fitt,
Many of Tuball boast first Smythe that ever wrought,
But *Farriers* more do, doe than Tuball ever taught.

Three things there are that *Marshalry* doe prove
To be a Misterie exceeding farre,
Those wille Crafte's that many men doe love,
Is unfitt for peace and more unaptt for warre,
For Honor, Anncestrie, and for Utilitie,
Farriers may boast their artes habilitie.

For Honor, view this anncient Pedigree *
Of Noble Howses, that did beare the name
Of *Farriers*, and were *Earles*; as you may see,
That used the arte and did supporte the same,
And to perpetuall honour of the Crafte,
Castells they buylt and to succession left.

For anncestrie of tyme oh! who canne tell
The first beginning of so old a trade,
For Horses were before the Deluge fell,
And cures, and shoes, before that tyme were made,
We need not presse tyme further then it beares,
A Company have *Farriers* beene 300 Yeres!!

And in this *Cittie London* have remayned
Called by the name of *Marshall Farriers*,
Which title of Kinge Edward the Third was gaynde,
For service done unto him in his warres,
A *Maister* and two *Wardens* in skill expert,
The trade to rule and give men their desert.

And for utilitie that cannot be denied,
That many are the Proffitts that arise
To all men by the *Farriers* arte beside,
To them they are tied, by their necessities,
From the Kinge's steede unto the ploweman's cart,
All stande in neede of *Farriers* skillfull arte.

In peace at hande the *Farriers* must be hadde,
For lanncing, healinge, bleedinge, and for shoeinge,
In Warres abroade of hym they wille be gladd
To cure the wounded Horsse, still he is douinge,
In peace or warre abroade, or ellse at home,
To Kinge and Countrie that some good may come.

Loe! thus you heare the *Farriers* endelesse praise,
God grant it last as many yeres as it hath nated Daies.
Anno Dni 1612.

G. W.

* It commences from Henri de Ferrer, Lord of Tetbury, a Norman who came over with William the Conqueror.

CURIOUS SCRAPS.

WE read of a beautiful table, "wherein Saturn was of copper, Jupiter of gold, Mars of iron, and the Sun of silver, the eyes were charmed, and the mind instructed by beholding the circles. The Zodiac and all its signs formed with wonderful art, of metals and precious stones."

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Was not this an imperfect orrery?

In 1283, say the annals of Dunstable, "We sold our slave by birth, William Pike, with all his family, and received one mark from the buyer." Men must have been cheaper than horses.

In 1340, gunpowder and guns were first invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologne. In 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Cressy. Bombs and mortars were invented about this time.

In 1386, the magnificent castle of Windsor was built by Edward III. and his method of conducting the work may serve as a specimen of the condition of the people in that age. Instead of engaging workmen by contracts or wages, he assessed every county in England to send him a certain number of masons, tilers, and carpenters, as if he had been levying an army.

In 1654, the air pump was invented by Otto Guericke, a German.

1406, B. C. Iron first discovered by burning the woods on Mount Ida, in Greece.

720, B. C. The first lunar eclipse on record.

Anaximander, the disciple of Thales, invented maps and globes; born about 610 B. C.

894, B. C. Gold and silver money first coined at Argos, in Greece.

274, A. D. Silk first imported from India.

664, A. D. Glass first invented in England by O. Benalt, a monk.

1284, A. D. The Alphonsine Astronomical Tables constructed, under the patronage of Alphonso X. of Laon and Castile.

1337, A. D. The first comet described with astronomical precision.

The first diving bell we read of was a very large kettle suspended by ropes with the mouth downwards, and planks fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo in 1583, made an experiment with it before Charles V. They descended in it with a lighted candle to a great depth.

The Odyssey was written upon the skin of a serpent.

Formerly pennies were marked with a double cross and crease, so that it might easily be broken into two or four parts.

HALBERT H.

The Sketch-Book.

SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

By an officer engaged.

THE Leander, fitted for the flag of Rear-Admiral Milne, was at Spithead, in June, 1816, when Lord Exmouth arrived with a squadron from the Mediterranean, where a dispute had arisen between the Dey of Algiers and his lordship, in consequence of a massacre that took place at Bona, on the persons of foreigners, then under the protection of the British flag.

When the particulars were made known to government, Lord Exmouth was ordered to return to Algiers, and to demand, in the name of the Prince Regent, instant reparation for the insult offered to England. The squadron being still on the war establishment, the crews were discharged, and another expedition was ordered to be equipped with all possible dispatch. The Leander instantly offered her services, and she soon had the satisfaction to hear, that they were graciously accepted, and never was greater joy expressed throughout her crew, than when her Captain (Chetham) announced the determination of the Admiralty, that she was to complete to the war complement; an extra lieutenant (Monk) was appointed, a rendezvous for volunteers opened on the Point at Portsmouth, and in ten days she was ready for sea, with 480 men on board.

The flag of Rear-Admiral Milne was hoisted, and the Leander sailed for Plymouth, where she anchored in two days, and joined part of the squadron intended for the same service: the Queen Charlotte, bearing the flag of Lord Exmouth, soon appeared, and on the 29th of July, the expedition sailed from England with a fine easterly breeze.

The expedition arrived at Gibraltar in eleven days, when it was joined by a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, under the command of Vice-Admiral Von Capellan; five gun-boats were fitted out and manned by the ships of the line, and two transports were hired to attend with ammunition, &c. All lumber and bulkheads, were landed at the dockyard; the ships were completed with water, and in all points ready for sea by the 13th of August. The Rear-Admiral shifted his flag into the Impregnable, and on the 14th the combined expedition sailed for Algiers. The Leander was ordered to take a transport in tow, and keep on the Admiral's weather-beam, and the Dutchmen kept to windward of all. We were met by an easterly wind two days after leaving Gibraltar, and on the third day we were joined by the Prometheus, from Algiers, whither she had been dispatched to bring away the British Consul; the Dey, however, was apprized of the expedition and detained him, as well as two boats' crews of the Prometheus, but the Consul's wife and daughter escaped, and got safely on board.

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The foul wind prevented the squadron making much way, but the time was employed to advantage in constant exercise at the guns, and the men were brought as near to perfection as they could be; in handling them each man knew his own duty, as well as that of the captain of the gun, fireman, boarder, powder-man, rammer, &c. Each took his turn to the several duties, and continued changing up to the 27th.

The coast of Africa was seen on Monday, and as the day dawned on Tuesday, the 27th, Algiers appeared about ten miles off. The morning was beautifully fine, with a haze which foretold the coming heat: as the morning advanced, the breeze failed us, but at nine o'clock we had neared the town to within about five miles; the long line of batteries were distinctly seen, with the red flag flying in all directions, and the masts of the shipping showed above the walls of the mole. The Severn, with a flag of truce flying, was detached with the terms of the Prince Regent, and this was a most anxious period, for we were in the dark as to the feelings of the Dey, whether the offered terms were such as he could consistently accept, or that left him no alternative but resistance. During this state of suspense, our people were, as usual, exercised at the guns, the boats hoisted out, and prepared for service by signal, and at noon we were ready for action.

The ship's company were piped to dinner, and at one o'clock the captain and officers sat down to theirs in the gun-room, the principal dish of which was a substantial sea pie; wine was pledged in a bumper to a successful attack, and a general expression of hope for an unsuccessful negotiation. At this time, the officer of the watch reported to the captain, that the admiral had made the general telegraph "Are you ready?" Chetham immediately directed that our answer "ready" should be shown, and at the same moment the like signal was flying at the mastheads of the entire squadron. The mess now broke up, each individual of it quietly making arrangements with the other in the event of accident, and we had scarcely reached the deck, when the signal "to bear up" was out, the commander in-chief leading the way, with a fine, steady breeze blowing on the land. We ran in on the admiral's larboard-beam, keeping within two cables' length of him; the long guns were loaded with round and grape, the carronades with grape only; our sail was reduced to the topsails, and topgallant sails, the main-sail furled, and the boats dropped astern in tow. The ships were now steering to their appointed stations, and the gun-boats showing their eagerness, by a crowd of sail, to get alongside the batteries. As we drew towards the shore, the Algerines were observed loading their guns, and a vast number of spectators were assembled on the beach, idly gazing at the approach of the squadron, seemingly quite unconscious of what was about to happen. Far different were appearances at the mouth of the mole as it opened; the row-boats, fully manned, were lying on their oars, quite prepared for the attack, and we fully expected they would attempt to board, should an opportunity offer; each boat had a flag hanging over the stern. A frigate was moored across the mouth of the mole, and a small brig was at anchor outside of her.

At fifteen minutes before three P. M. the Queen Charlotte came to an anchor by the stern, at the distance of sixty yards from the beach, and, as was ascertained by measurement, ninety yards from the muzzles of the guns of the mole batteries, unmolested, and with all the quietude of a friendly harbour; her flag flew at the main, and the colours at the peak; her starboard broadside flanked the whole range of batteries from the mole head to the lighthouse; her topsail yards (as were those of the squadron,) remained aloft, to be secure from fire, and the sails brought snugly to the yards by head-lines previously fitted; the topgallant sails and small sails only were furled, so that we had no man unnecessarily exposed aloft.

The Leander, following the motions of the admiral, was brought up with two anchors by the stern, let go on his larboard beam, veered away, until she obtained a position nearly a-head of him, then let go an anchor under foot, open by this to a battery on the starboard side at the bottom of the mole, and to the Fish-market battery on the larboard side. At this moment Lord Exmouth was seen waving his hat on the poop to the idlers on the beach to get out of the way, then a loud cheer was heard, and the whole of the Queen Charlotte's tremendous broadside was thrown into the batteries abreast of her; this measure was promptly taken, as the smoke of a gun was observed to issue from some part of the enemy's works, so that the sound of the British guns was heard almost in the same instant with that to which the smoke belonged. The cheers of the Queen Charlotte were loudly echoed by those of the Leander, and the contents of her starboard broadside as quickly followed, carrying destruction into the groups of row-boats; as the smoke opened, the fragments of

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boats were seen floating, their crews swimming and scrambling, as many as escaped the shot, to the shore; another broadside annihilated them. The enemy was not slack in returning this warm salute, for almost before the shot escaped from *our* guns, a man standing on the forecastle bits, hauling on the topsail buntlines, received a musket bullet in his left arm, which broke the bone, and commenced the labours in the cockpit. The action became general as soon as the ships had occupied their positions, and we were engaged with the batteries on either side; so close were we, that the enemy were distinctly seen loading their guns above us. After a few broadsides, we brought our starboard broadside to bear on the Fish-market, and our larboard side then looked to seaward. The rocket-boats were now throwing rockets over our ships into the mole, the effects of which, were occasionally seen on the shipping on our larboard bow. The Dutch flag was to be seen flying at the fore of the Dutch Admiral, who, with his squadron, were engaging the batteries to the eastward of the mole. The fresh breeze which brought us in was gradually driven away by the cannonade, and the smoke of our guns so hung about us, that we were obliged to wait until it cleared; for the men took deliberate and certain aims, training their guns until they were fully satisfied of their precision. But our enemies gave us no reason to suppose that they were idle; so great was the havoc which they made amongst us, that the surgeon in his report stated, that sixty-five men were brought to him wounded after the first and second broadsides.

About four o'clock, a boat, with an officer, came with orders from the admiral to cease firing, as an attempt to destroy the Algerine frigates was about to be made. Accordingly three boats pushed into the mole, running the gantlet in gallant style; they boarded the outermost frigate, which was found deserted by her crew; and in a few minutes she was in a blaze; in doing this the boats' crews suffered severely. The smoke of our last broadside had scarcely left us, when the Algerines renewed their fire of musketry upon our decks, fortunately the men were lying down by the guns, and the officers alone were marks for them, but one midshipman was their only victim at this time. The masts began to suffer in all parts, splinters were falling from them, and shreds of canvass from the sails came down upon us in great quantities; traces, bowlines, and other running gear, suffered equally as the shrouds, fore and aft, got cut up so quickly, that the rigging men attempted in vain to knot them, and were at last forced to leave the rigging to its fate.

When the boats returned, we recommenced our fire with renewed vigour; occasionally a flag-staff was knocked down, a fact which was always announced with a cheer, each captain of a gun believing himself to be the faithful marksman. The Algerine squadron now began, as it were, to follow the motions of the outer frigate; the rockets had taken effect, and they all burned merrily together. A hot shot, about this time, struck a powder-box, on which was sitting the powder-boy, he, poor fellow, was blown up, and another near him was dreadfully scorched.

Through the intervals of smoke, the sad devastation in the enemy's works was made visible; the whole of the mole head, near the Queen Charlotte, was a ruin, and the guns were consequently silenced; but we were not so fortunate with the Fish-market; the guns there still annoyed us, and ours seemed to make no impression. A battery in the upper angle of the town was also untouched, and we were so much under it, that the shot actually came through our decks, without touching the bulwarks, and we could not elevate our guns sufficiently to check them.

As the sun was setting behind the town, the whole of the shipping in the mole were in flames; their cables burned through, left them at the mercy of every breeze: the outermost frigate threatened the Queen Charlotte with a similar fate, but a breeze sent her clear on towards the Leander; a most intense heat came from her, and we expected every moment to be in contact; the flames were burning with great power at the mast heads, and the loose fire was flying about in such a way that there seemed little chance of our escaping, but we checked her progress towards us, by firing into her, and in the act of hauling out, we were rejoiced to see a welcome sea-breeze alter the direction of the flames aloft, the same breeze soon reached her hull, and we had the satisfaction in a few minutes to see her touch the shore to which she belonged.

The guns were now so much heated by the incessant fire kept up, that we were forced to reduce the cartridges nearly one-half, as well as to wait their cooling before reloading; the men, too, were so reduced at some guns, that they required the assistance of the others to work them; the aftermost gun on the gangway had only two men left untouched. Between seven and eight o'clock, the fire of the

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enemy's guns had sensibly diminished, and their people were running in crowds from the demolished works to the great gate of the city; they were distinctly seen in all their movements by the light of their burning navy and arsenal. The battery in the upper angle of the town, which, was too high to fire upon, kept up a galling fire, and another further to the eastward was still at work. To bring our broadside to bear upon it, a hawser was run out to the Severn, on our larboard bow, the ship was swung to the proper bearing, and we soon checked them. At 45 minutes past nine, the squadron began to haul out, some making sail, and taking advantage of a light air off the land, while others were towing and warping: the only sail which we had fit to set, was the main-topmast staysail, and this was of too stout canvass to feel the breeze; the boats of our own ship were unable to move her, after a kedge anchor, which was run out to the length of the stream-cable, had come home; thus we were left, dependant either on a breeze or the assistance of the squadron. An officer was sent to tell the admiral our situation, but the boat was sunk from under the crew, who were picked up by another; a second boat was more successful, and the admiral ordered all the boats he could collect to our assistance. At this time the Severn, near us, had caught the breeze, and was moving steadily out; a hawser was made fast to her mizen-chains secured to its bare end, which had just sufficient length to reach the painter of the headmost boat, towing; by this means the Leander's head was checked round, and we had again the gratification to see her following the others of the squadron. The small portion of our sails were set to assist our progress; but without the help of the Severn there we should have remained; our mizen-topmast fell into the maintop, shot through. When the Algerines saw us retiring they returned to the guns which they had previously abandoned, and again commenced a fire on the boats, which made the water literally in a foam; this fire was returned by our quarter guns, but with very little effect. As we left the land, the breeze increased; the Severn cast off her tow, and our boats returned on board: at 25 minutes past eleven we fired our last gun, and the cannonade was succeeded by a storm of thunder and lightning.

At midnight we anchored within three miles of the scene of action; the report of a gun on shore was still heard at intervals. but all was soon quiet, except the shipping in the mole, which continued to burn, keeping all around brilliantly illuminated. We now attempted to furl sails, but the men were so thoroughly stiffened by the short period of inaction since the firing had ceased, that they stuck almost powerless to the yards; after great exertion, the gaskets were somehow passed round the yards, and the labours of the day ended; grog was served out, and the hammocks piped down, but few had the inclination to hang them up.

Soon after daylight we mustered at quarters, and found that 16 officers and men were killed, and 120 wounded; the three lower masts badly wounded, every spar wounded, except the spanker-boom; the shrouds cut in all parts, leaving the masts unsupported, which would have fallen had there been the least motion; the running gear entirely cut to pieces; the boats *all* shot through; the bulwarks riddled with grape and musketry; 96 round-shot in the starboard side, some of them between wind and water; the guns were all uninjured to any extent, and remained, the only part of the Leander, efficient.

The ship's company were again at work, clearing decks, unbending sails, and making every preparation to renew the action; but at noon we had the satisfaction to hear that the Dey had accepted the terms which were offered him the day before; at the same time that this information was conveyed to the squadron, a general order was issued to offer up "public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal victory obtained by the arms of England." — *United Service Journal.*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE RANZ DES VACHES.

THE Kurieholen, or Ranz des Vaches, the celebrated national air of the Swiss, does not consist in articulated sounds, nor is it accompanied by words; but is a simple melody formed by a kind of guttural intonation very closely resembling the tones of a flute. Two of these voices at a short distance produce the most pleasing effect, the echoes of the surrounding rocks reverberating the music till it seems like enchantment; but sometimes the illusion is dissipated by the appearance of the singers, in the persons of two old women, returning from their labour in a neighbouring valley. INA.

NAPOLEON.

DURING a tour through France shortly before Bonaparte's accession to the throne

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he received the addresses of the Priests and Prefects, who vied with each other in the grossness and impiety of their adulation. The Prefect of the Pas de Calais seems to have borne away the palm from all his brethren. On Napoleon's entrance into his department, he addressed him in the following manner:—"Tranquil with respect to our fate, we know that to ensure the happiness and glory of France, to render to all people the freedom of commerce and the seas, to humble the audacious destroyers of the repose of the universe, and to fix, at length, peace upon the earth, God created Bonaparte, and rested from his labour!"

INA.

APOSTLES,

IN the diplomatic language of Charles I.'s time, were marginal notes, generally in the king's hand, written on the margin of state papers. The word, in somewhat a similar sense, had its origin in the canon law. There are many instances of apostles by Charles I. in Archbishop Laud's Diary JAMES SILVESTER.

WHEN Voltaire was at Berlin, he wrote this epigram on his patron and host the king of Prussia:—

"King, author, philosopher, hero, musician,
Freemason, economist, bard, politician,
How had Europe rejoiced if a *Christian* he'd been,
If a man, how he then had enraptured his queen.

For this effort of wit, Voltaire was paid with thirty lashes on his bare back, administered by the king's sergeant-at-arms, and was compelled to sign the following curious receipt for the same:—

"Received from the righthand of Conrad Backoffner, thirty lashes on my bare back, being in full for an epigram on Frederick the Third, King of Prussia."

I say received by me, VOLTAIRE.

Vive le Roi!

THE church at Gondhurst, in Kent, is a fine old building, and remarkable for several reasons; one of which is, that thirty-nine different parishes may be distinctly seen from it, and in clear weather the sea, off Hastings, a distance of twenty-seven miles and a half.

SPECULATION.

SIR WILLIAM ADAMS, afterwards Sir William Rawson, which name he took in consequence of some property he succeeded to by right of his wife, was one of the victims of the South American mining mania. He plunged deeply into speculation, and wrote pamphlets to prove that so much gold and silver must ultimately find its way into Europe from Mexico, that all the existing relations of value would be utterly destroyed. He believed what he wrote, though he failed to demonstrate what he believed. At one period he might have withdrawn himself from all his speculations with at least a hundred thousand pounds in his pocket; but he fancied he had discovered the philosopher's stone—dreamed of wealth beyond what he could count—went on—was beggared—and you know how and where he died. Poor fellow! He deserved a better fate. He was a kind-hearted creature; and if he coveted a princely fortune, I am satisfied he would have used it like a prince. But I am forgetting my story. Well, then, it was after he had totally relinquished his profession as an oculist, that he might devote his entire time and attention to the Mexican mining affairs, that a gentleman, ignorant of the circumstance, called upon him one morning to consult him. Sir William looked at him for a moment, and then exclaimed, in the words of Macbeth, addressing Banquo's ghost, "Avaunt—there is *no speculation* in those eyes!"

Monthly Magazine.

ELECTION MANŒUVRE.

THE non-resident freemen of Berwick-upon-Tweed living in London, being put on board two vessels in the Thames, a few days previous to the election of 1768, in order to be conveyed to Berwick by water, Mr. Taylor, one of the candidates in opposition, covenanted with the naval commander of this election cargo, for the sum of £400. to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and in consequence, Mr. Taylor and Lord Delaval secured their seats without any farther expense.

THE DISAPPOINTED CRITIC.

AN orator having written a speech, which he intended to deliver at a public meeting, gave it to a friend to read, and desired his opinion of it. The friend, after some time, told the author he had read it over three times; the first time it appeared very good, the second indifferent, and the third quite insipid. "That will do," said the orator, very coolly, "for I have only to repeat it once."

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